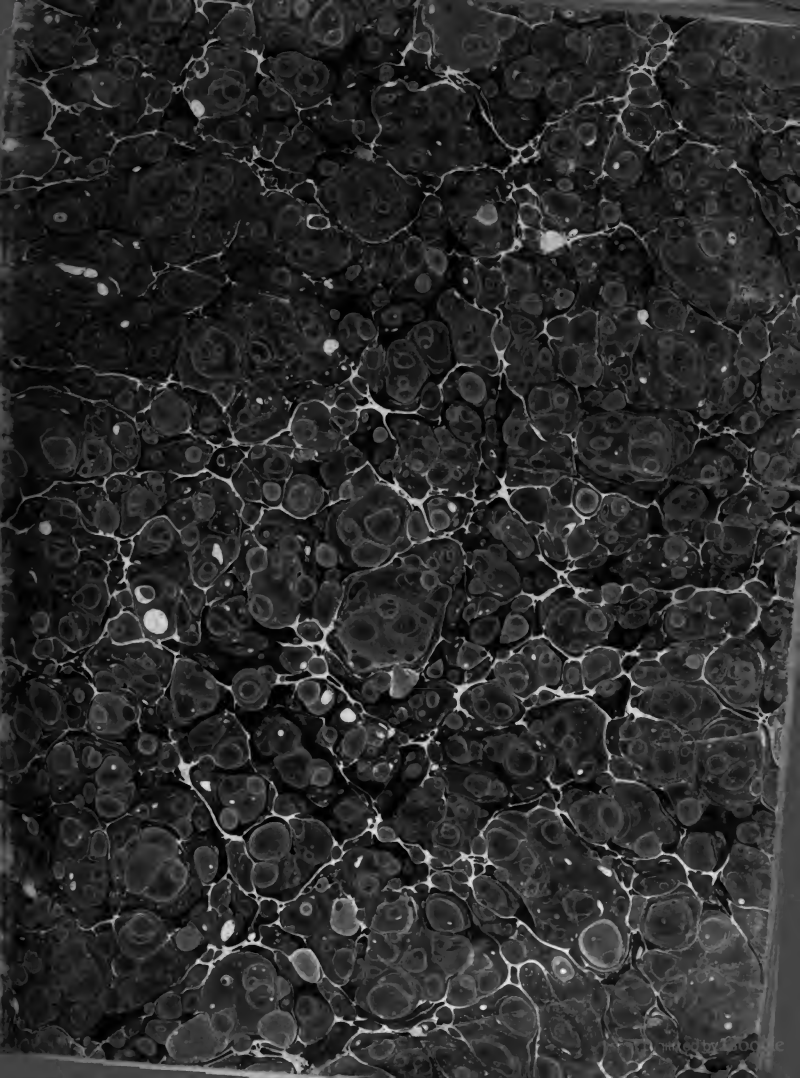


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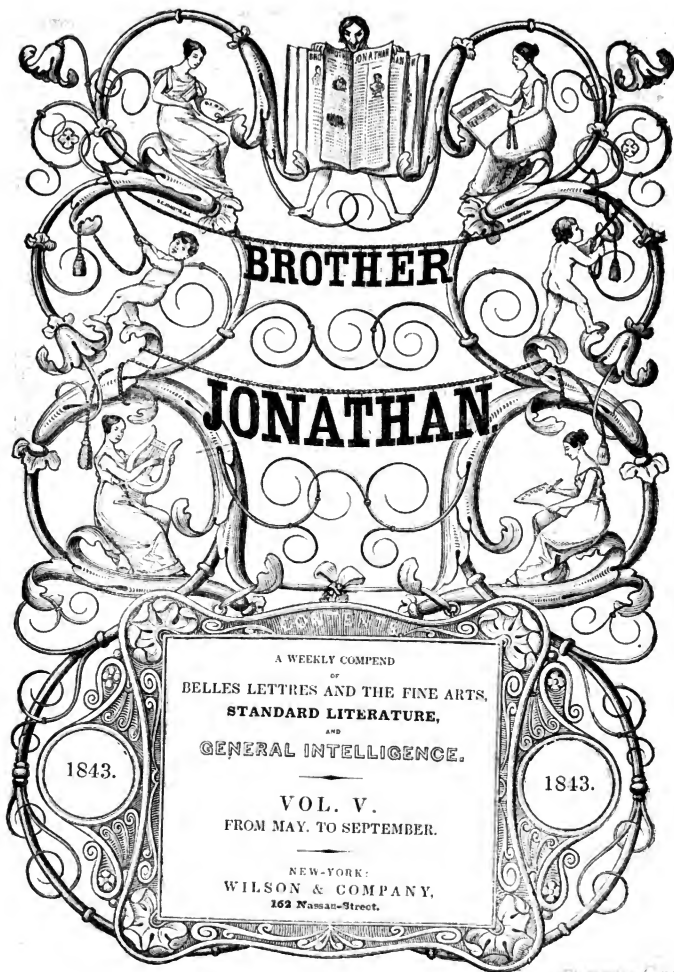
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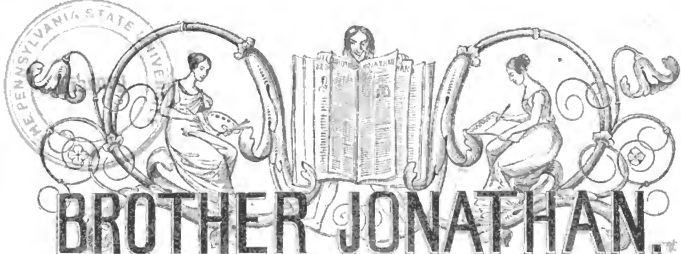
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NO. 1.

HECTOR O'HALLORAN AND HIS MAN.

BY W. R. MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

[Continued from page 451, Vol. IV.]

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

"If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Ruffour,
Till in her ashes she be buried."

KING HENRY V.

The exultation of the French garrison at the reported victories which had crowned the efforts of Suult for the relief of Pampeleusa was but a short-lived triumph—for as attorney vanquishing commences, and certainly very gallantly carried out, had been signally defeated.

Pieton, followed closely by Suult, had crept through the valley of the Zuberi before daybreak. On reaching Pampeleusa, the English general found that the fourth division had already passed Villalba; the garrison of Pampeleusa had sallied and spiked a battery—the blocking Spaniards were in terrible confusion—and everything bore the appearance of disaster. With a stern hardihood, which formed the best point in Pieton's military character, he determined at once to turn and offer battle to the pursuers—and accordingly formed in battle order upon the ridges of Miguel, Ercova, and Christoval; thus masking the fortress he came to relieve from Suult's view as he issued from the valley of the Zuberi.

The French marshal felt little doubt that the object of his previous efforts was now about to be realized. With two leagues of Pampeleusa he followed a retiring army, and in another hour would be in communication with that fortress. What, then, was his surprise when, on emerging from the valley, he found the third division and Morilla's Spaniards in position on the bold and rocky chain rising in front of Haurte, and Cole more immediately advanced, in possession of the heights near Zuhobida, which commanded the Haurte road. Hastily he adopted and executed a bold movement to form a line of battle; but, while that was in progress, adhesion and a greater actor appeared suddenly upon the stage; and when he came, the tide of Suult's fortune turned, and defeat followed in his footsteps.

On quitting the Bascon on the 27th, Lord Wellington learned at Otaz that Pieton had retired on Pampeleusa, and, riding at speed to Sauroren, he perceived Clause's division in full march, and with an eagerness discovered from the direction taken by the French columns, that the allied movement through the Laza must certainly be intercepted. There was not a moment to be lost; an order was dispatched that the troops should move boldly by the right to wards Orizaba, a village nearly in the rear of the mountain position taken up by Sir Lowry Cole.

In issuing this hurried order, one of war's romantic incidents occurred. The dispatch was written on the pavement of the bridge; and as the staff officer who carried it rode out of one extremity of the village, the French cavalry galloped up at the other; while the allied commander dashed quickly up the hill, and joined the allied troops who held it. His appearance was sudden, unexpected, and electrical. A Portuguese battalion raised an exulting cheer—the name of Wellington! passed from regiment to regiment, accompanied by a thundering hurra; while, by a strange coincidence, Suult was at that moment exultingly in front, that the rival commanders were pointed out distinctly to each other. The steaming passed without any striking effect. Suult examined the allied position under the fire of his light troops—a thunder-storm ended the skirmish, and both sides determined on a trial of skill and strength to-morrow.

The 28th, a day ever memorable in peninsular history, found both sides

pre-ared for action. Suult, intending to crush the left of the fourth division, and ignorant of the march of the sixth, made dispositions to enable him to attack Cole's left and front together, while Reilla at the same time should carry the height held by the Spaniards and the British 40. The former effort turned out a fatal experiment; and the blow intended to crush the allied brigade before it could be assisted, met with a tremendous counter stroke. "Striving to encompass the left of the allies, the French were themselves encompassed." Suddenly a Portuguese brigade appeared upon their right; the sixth division showed itself as unexpectedly in front; the fourth turned fiercely on their left; and, scoured at the same time by a front and flanking fire, the French columns were driven back, men falling fast on both sides; for the French fought desperately, but in vain.

The struggle for the mountain produced still bloodier combats. A bremsa crossed the heights, and the chapel was held by a regiment of Portuguese Cagoyors. Against it a column issued from Sauroren, and, heedless of a sweeping fire that fell upon it with deadly violence, as in close order it steadily pushed up the hill, the ridge was crowned, and the Cagoyors obliged to abandon the heights. But Ross's brigade were at hand, and with a headlong charge the heights were cleared, and the chapel recovered with the bayonet. A second time the French rallied, advanced, and were repulsed—but other columns were coming into action. The right flank of Ross's brigade became exposed—for a Portuguese battalion gave way—a heavy column of the enemy pressed in, and the British regiment retired for a time, but it was only to return more fiercely to the attack. "Charge succeeded charge, and each side yielded and recovered by turns." At that moment Byng's brigade rapidly advanced; while two able regiments of Asson—the 27th and 41—were posted from the centre, bore down everything before them, and the French were literally pushed down the heights by close and murderous fighting, which Wellington termed "blood-groove work." On the hill occupied by the 40th and Spaniards, Rilla's attack had failed—for, although the regiment of El Pavia gave way, flanked by a Portuguese battalion, the 40th held its ground immovably. Four times the French repulsed the heights—four times they were pushed down by the bayonet; each charge heralded by a cheer, and each repulse bloodier than the preceding one; until, at last, strength and spirit equally exhausted, they refused to follow their chief officers, and gave up the trial in despair.

The 29th passed quietly—both sides required rest—and to each some time was necessary to get their dispersed brigades again together. Not a shot was interchanged that day; but never did a more ominous tranquility favour the business of war. It was now evident that all ideas of re-entering Spain must be abandoned. The force displayed by Lord Wellington was not to be feared; and the French cavalry and artillery only on unbraces in a mountain country—were ordered to fall back and retire to the Bidassoa. While waiting for Elzibar to come up, Suult received intelligence which induced him to change his original plan, and he determined to throw himself between the allies and the valley of the Bascon, thus securing a close communication with the French frontier, and falling back on his resources, while, by a bold and well-timed movement, he might possibly effect one great object of his advance into the passes of the Pyrenees—the relief of San Sebastian.

Although unhappily non-constant, still the operations of the corresponding times, which day after day were severely engaged, or placed in the immediate presence of each other, to us were of absorbing interest. The first object that required the fortunes were oddly disconcerting; but on the fourth morning a striking alteration was visible on the countenance of our friend Cammaron, when he called to announce "tidings from the host." His mercurial temperament, yesterday in the very ascendant of fever heat, had sunk almost to zero, and it was very amusing to observe the ingenuity with which, while admitting stubborn facts, he still endeavoured to apply palliatives to his disappointment—

"Ah—sacré! what a country to operate in! Legs were of no use among those accursed Pyrenees, nor should have wings. What splendid combinations were those of the Emperor's lieutenants! Only for broken roads, ruined bridges, infernal gullies, and inaccessible mountains, the Duc's movement would have been a march of victory. He would have been at Vittoria on the 16th."

"Ibave!" I said, breaking in on the detail with a laugh—"He would never be contented to stop there. Why not push for Madrid at once!"

"Ah, you smile, my friend," replied Emmanuel, with a Gh. "But, pest! the d—d fog confused the general movements. One division went astray—another was obliged to halt—columns marching over precipices could not keep time. Ah! those incidents saved my Lord Wellington; the delay enabled him to collect his scattered corps, and when the Marshal cleared those infernal valleys and defiles with scarcely half the force of *artillerie disponible*, there—*Sacré Dieu!*—was your general in front of Pampluna, with all his divisions up and in position!"

"And honest Jack Soult discovered that all his magnificent combinations and previous success, had ended in his catching a Tartar! Ah! Camarader, I feel for you my poor friend. But out with it at once—or I'll compassionately do it for you. The upshot is, you have got a confused thrashing!"

"No—no—no!" exclaimed the Voltigeur. "The plan of operations is only changed!"

"And the Emperor's lieutenant has postponed the birthday entertainment; and in place of testing on the Zodorra, he will be over the Bidassoa in a day or two. Well, I can feel for you. But custom reconciles people to contingencies; and I latterly you have been so regularly beaten that it is a novelty no longer."

The Voltigeur smiled, shrugged his shoulders, pleaded duty in excuse for a brief visit, and hurried away—I suspect to avoid my *badinage*, which, at the time, was any thing but agreeable.

Indeed, judging from the scanty information I received, the deductions I had drawn from ulterior consequences proved correct. As yet, the French Marshal had only witnessed the complete misarrangement of all he had designed or hoped for; but now, the penalty of the failure was about to be exacted.

In pursuance of his altered plans, on entering the valley of Uizema, where he overtook D'Erion, who had already reached it at the head of five divisions, and with a sixth (Martinière's) in the rear, the French Marshal instantly determined to crush the corps under Sir Rowland Hill, posted on the ridge of Buerba. All was in his favor—the allies were scarcely half his strength, and the left of their position was vulnerable. The attack was fiercely made, as fiercely repulsed, and every effort against the allied flanks was unavailing. Finally, numbers enabled the French Marshal to turn the position; but Hill steadily retired on Ezcarnea, and there, joined by Campbell's Portuguese brigade and Morillo's Spaniards, he again boldly stood his ground and offered battle. But Soult declined an action, and contented himself with the leisurely march, he determined to force his way to San Sebastian; but it was decreed that, like Pampluna, the fortress on the Urumea should be abandoned to its fate.

Wellington had penetrated the designs of his able opponent, and with characteristic decision, prepared to meet them with a counter stroke. With him, to decide and execute were synonymous; any delay in the current conflict at Suroren, the intended blow was heavily delivered. It will be enough to say that, in the conflicts which ensued, the French were completely beaten. On the allied side the loss was heavy in killed and wounded, amounting to eighteen hundred. On the French it was enormous—two divisions—those of Maucune and Couraux were almost destroyed—the general disorganization was complete—Foy cut off from the main body altogether—three thousand men were prisoners—and nearly as many more rendered *hors de combat*. It was not the severe losses he had sustained which alone embarrassed the French commander. The allies everywhere were gathering around him in strength—his troops were overmarched and dispirited—his position untenable—all idea of his marching on San Sebastian abandoned—the only door open for retreat was to gain the pass of Don Maria, and by forced marches fall back on San Estevan. Accordingly, at midnight, his troops were put in motion to reach this dangerous defile, and thence, by ascending or descending the Bidassoa, regain the French frontier. How painful this retrogressive movement must have been, may well be fancied. Now "the leader of a broken host," and smarting the more keenly from defeat, because he had too presumptuously affirmed a certainty of success, and assured his troops of victory.

Nothing could be more critical than Soult's position; and while Wellington supposed that he intended entering the Bistan by the pass of Villate, the French marshal was too close to Bueza to hazard a retreat by the valley of the Lanza. Indeed, his situation was so dangerous, that a less determined commander might have despaired. His only means of egress from those mountains was by a long and perilous defile leading to an Alpine bridge, and both were overlooked by towering precipices; while, from holding a shorter and easier line of march, the chances were considerable that Wellington would anticipate his movements, and reach Elizondo—Graham was Yant before he could arrive there—Hill full on his flanks and rear, if obliged as he would be in these events, to take the route of Zagarundi—and, in the end, even if he fought his way to Urdax, he might find that position preoccupied, and his retreat finally intercepted. Fortune averted the great calamity; but still, safety was to be purchased at a heavy sacrifice.

As he had dreaded, Soult's rear guard was overtaken at Lizaso—was

attacked—defeated—and saved only by a fog which opportunely covered a hurried retreat. At Elizondo a large convey with its guard was captured—the crowning misfortune was impending, when, ignorant of Lord Wellington's proximity, Soult halted in the way of San Estevan. Behind the ridges which overlook the town four allied divisions were halted—the seventh held the mountain of Dona Maria—the light, with a Spanish division, were in haste marshaled to seize the passes at Vera and Echallar.—Byng had reached Maya, and Hill was moving on Almandoz. Every arrangement to enclose the retreating army was complete, and several military calculations, which the decision of the Emperor's commander, than that which awaited Soult. Unconscious of his danger, the French marshal gave no indications of alarm. With him, there was no appearance to excite suspicion—no watch-fire indicated the presence of an enemy—no scouting-party was seen upon the heights. Two hours more, and the fate of the Emperor's lieutenant would have been sealed, when one of those trifling incidents occurred, which in war will render the most studied and scientific efforts unavailing, and extricate from perilous results, those who have dared too much, but to whose despair is happily a stranger. Possibly, in the varied fortunes of a life "crowned with events," never did accident tax the Great Captain's philosophy more severely.

Unseen himself, Wellington with an eagle's glance watched from a height the progress of his combinations. The quarry in the valley rested in false security, when the falcon on the rock was pluming his feathers and preparing for a fatal stoop. A few French sentries carelessly patrolled the hollow, and although a hundred eyes were turned upon them they saw nothing which could betray the presence of an enemy or excite alarm. At that moment three plunders crossed their path. They were seized, carried off; presently the alarm was beaten, and in a few minutes the French columns were under arms and in full retreat; and "Thus," to quote Napier's words, "the dislodgement of these plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived our consummate commander from the most splendid success, and saved another of the most terrible disaster."

Although its total *deroute* was narrowly averted, no army suffered for a time more severely than the retreating columns of the French. Cumbered with baggage, embarrassed with the transport of the wounded, confined to a straight and difficult mountain road, no wonder that the whole mass of fighting and disabled men suffered occasionally in terrible confusion. The light troops of the fourth division appeared upon their right flank, and, moving by a parallel line, maintained a tearing fusillade. The bridge leading to that of Yant was strongly occupied by a battalion of Spanish sharpshooters. D'Erion, profiting by the inaction of Longa and Barceña, forced the pass; but Reille was not so fortunate. The light division, by unequalled exertion, crossed forty miles of mountain country by one incessant march; and they had already crossed the summit of the precipice which overhangs the pass to Yant at the perilous moment when Reille's exhausted column was struggling through the "deep defile." Never was a worn out enemy placed in a more terrible position. On one side, a deep river with rugged banks; on the other, an inaccessible precipice, topped by an enemy secure from every shot but the uncertain effect of vertical fire. The scene which ensued was frightful. Disabled men were thrown down, deserted, and ridden over. The feeble return to the British musketry produced no reaction. The bridge of Yant could not be forced; and night came opportunely, permitting the harassed column to escape by the road to Echallar, leaving, however, the wounded and the baggage to the victors.

The last struggle was at hand. Soult, with an indomitable courage which even in defeat established his military superiority, by powerful personal exertions, rallied his broken troops, and once more formed in order of battle on the Puerto of Echallar, with Clausel's diminished corps in advance on a contiguous height. But the stand gave but a breathing time. Two British divisions were already pushed on to recapture Roncesvalles, and Alduides—Byng was on Urdax, Hill on the Col de Maya, and the light, fourth, and seventh divisions in hand, and ready to fall on.

The affluents which followed were very singular, and mark the moral effect which success and disaster exercise upon the best soldiers in their turn. The light division was pointed on Santa Barbara to turn the right of the enemy, the fourth were desired to make a front attack by Echallar, and the seventh moved from Sanhila to operate against Soult's left. Outmanoeuvring the supporting columns, Barce's brigade boldly assailed the strong ridges occupied by Clausel's division; and, with a daring courage worthy of the good fortune that crowned it, actually drove from his mountain position a corps of four-fold numbers to his own. It is true that Clausel's troops had been beaten, overmarched, and dispirited. Already they had thrice bloody defeated the British, but that they, tried and gallant soldiers should be forced from a rugged height by a brigade not exceeding sixteen hundred bayonets, is an anomaly in war which seems difficult to resolve to common causes.

The last affair was that of Ixandoli. On that strong mountain the French rear-guard had taken its stand, and although evening had set in, the soldiers fasted two days, and the mist obscured the heights, the light troops mounted the rugged front and drove the enemy from that, the last ridge, which, in the course of nine day's operations, had been assailed or defended.

In the course of those arduous and continued combats, known by the general designation of the battles of the Pyrenees, the Allies lost seven thousand *hors de combat*. The French casualties were infinitely

greater; and a moderate estimate, framed from the most impartial statements, raised it to the fatal amount of fifteen thousand men.

It was with feelings of unqualified delight I listened to Cammaran's doubtful admission that "it was over the Rialto, and the battering guns, which, under an alarm, had been embarked at Passaro, had been again re-loaded, and the siege was to commence again. Sufficient proof of this intention was quickly manifested, for the trenches were repaired, San Bartolomeo armed anew, and the convent of Antigua furnished with heavy guns to sweep the beach and bay, if necessary.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the governor and his garrison when the tidings of Saul's failure were confirmed, still, like gallant soldiers, they showed no lack of confidence in themselves, but redoubled their exertions to increase all the means within their power of defence, and repel the second assault as effectually as they had repulsed the former one. On the anniversary of the Emperor's birth, the inhabitants of the city and the troops who invested it, were apprised of the event by frequent salvoes of artillery, and when night came, the castle exhibited a splendid illumination, surmounted by a brilliant legend, "Vive Napoleon le Grand!" visible distinctly at the distance of a league.

On the 19th, the long expected siege-train arrived from England, and on the 23d, fifteen heavy guns were placed in battery. On the 24d another train was landed. On the 25th all the batteries were armed and reported ready to commence their fire; and on the 26th fifty-seven pieces opened with a thundering crash, and in one unabated roar played on the devoted city, until darkness rendered the practice uncertain and ended this deafening cannonade.

The result of the siege was what might have been anticipated, when Wellington, with equanimity, had issued his order that the place should fall. On the morning of the 31st the assault was delivered, and after a long, bloody, and desperate struggle, the fortress was carried.

Would that with the fall of that well-defended city and the detail of "siege and slaughter" closed! "At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajoz, lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian the direct, the most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes." Thank God! from witnessing that horrid scene, the foster and I were exempted. In accordance with Mark Antony's advice, I had determined to give General Rey "leg bail;" and on the night of the 27th, Dame Fortune behaving towards us like a real gentleman, we contrived to get clear of San Sebastian before our friends the besiegers could manage to get in.

But this event, in this my hurried but "eventful history," requires another chapter.

CHAPTER XLII.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE, AND PREPARATIONS FOR ESCAPE.

"Arthur, Mercy on me!

Mathias, nobody should see but I;

"By my Christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I would be as merry as the day is long."

RING JUMP.

NEARLY a month had passed—a month of dreary captivity. It is true, there was not a prisoner within the walls of San Sebastian who had less reason to complain, but still I felt myself a prisoner. Cammaran, as far as means allowed, anticipated every wish. I was under no surveillance—the city was open to me—I wandered where I pleased—and every story I passed saluted me. The voltigeur was a general favorite—the scene of his deliverance had been told to the garrison, and even with more romance than had attended it; and every French soldier we passed pointed to the fosterer and myself as the preservers of a gallant comrade. If we met a group of officers, the monitor, the cipher-case, or the snuff-box were hospitably presented to me; and could Mark Anthony have drank "pottle deep," he had only to turn into a French gun-house, and every flask it contained would have been placed at his disposal.

Such were my relations with the enemy; but the bearing of my host was sometimes hard to understand. It was so profoundly kind; but the manner was forced, and repulsive. His habits were retired—no venture to futurity had been made—beyond the detached portion of his mansion where I had been located at the first, the rest of his domicile was to me a terra incognita. Of his establishment I had never seen but two—a particularly dark-visaged youth, with a cut-throat cast of countenance, and a pair of hairy eyes who was deaf, or pretended to be deaf. Still, our wants were carefully attended to, and at times Señor Francisco asked after my health in a tone of voice that would lead a person to imagine the man was sincere in the inquiry.

"Upon my conscience," observed the fosterer, as he presented himself one morning at my bedside, "I have a fancy this house is never good. If bandiers played the fiddle, I would swear that I heard one there three last nights in the garden that we see behind the window of my room. Arrah—do you think the place was formerly a mad-house? Except Newgate—and, blessed be God, I can only speak of it from description, the devil shall do you for Jacks and boys! I was ever in before. Has the odd gentleman, do ye think, much money? Every window kept up like a watch-dog—but they would require, for all that, to be looked over, for I had a son to tempt me two of mine—and if I live till to-night, I'll have a walk in the garden."

"No—no—Mark; that will never do. We must not intrude upon Don Francisco. He may have some secret to conceal."

"Truth! and yet 'tis right," returned the fosterer. "May be he has a

private snail at work, or does a little in the coining. But, faith, no matter—I'd have a peep to-night. But if he's forging notes, or making lead dollars, what can be wanted with the music?"

"Yes; I hear a guitar every night, and two nights ago saw something very like a ghost—"

"Or rather very like your grandmother!"—and I burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh—I knew you would make fun of me. Well—no matter. She was the light of Sergeant Antony, and he's six feet six without his shoes—and as white as your own sheet—not, in truth, that that's anything remarkable, for worse washerwomen than we meet with here you could hardly find if you were on the look-out for a fortnight. But there's no use in talking. There's a tall white woman parades the garden; and one if I live till the old Don is fast asleep, I'll be through the window, if I break my neck."

Leaving that although I could not listen without a smile, to Mark Antony's description of the lady like spectre that haunted the garden with her presence, and then and there discoursed "most eloquent music!" I felt, notwithstanding, a more than common curiosity on the subject—and while I reproached the fosterer's removal of the bars which obstructed his communication with the spot he haunted, as an act but slightly removed from burglary itself, still my scruples were easily overcome when he proposed that I should keep watch with him that night. The retreat was beaten in the fortress—supper-hour came—the host, as usual, presented himself, to make inquiry whether sight was wanted that had not been already provided—and then, after wishing us "Good night," we saw him secure his gate, and retire to that portion of his premises, from which, until the jealous reserve observed in an Eastern manner, we had been, as we were pleased to call it, inauspiciously excluded.

"Well!" said Mark Antony, "I suppose the man intends to be civil, but he has the quaint way of showing it. Although it's his own wine we're drinking, the devil a drop he would ever take in company. Give me that Emperical, after all! God forgive me! I did at value him at the time, as I should have done. What, though he had an off-hand way of shooting Frenchmen and hanging justices of the peace, the moment the job was over he was as pleasant a gentleman as ever stretched a boot under mahogany. But as to this dark-looking devil—why, we're here well on to a month, and he was never the person to say, 'Mister O'Toole have ye a month upon ye?'"

An hour passed and we finished a second flask of the surly Spaniard's mountain—and the fosterer proposed, that while we apparently retired for the night, we should extinguish the lamps, and then commence our vigil.

It was accordingly done—and, gliding into Mark Antony's dormitory we began our "watch and ward."

An unbroken stillness permitted the slightest sound to be heard distinctly; and we therefore conversed in whispers. The night in San Sebastian presented to the eye, was singularly imposing. The deafening roar of the allied batteries had ceased, and the city was wrapt in a calm but ominous tranquillity. Too distant from the breaches, we did not hear the working parties, who sedulously employed the hours of darkness in erecting new defences, and restoring others which the daily fire of the besiegers had destroyed. Another hour passed—the guitar was heard—no more "wicked or charitable," flitted past the casement. We heard the bells go round—the sentries changed—and all again was silent.

"Ah—Mark—I—Mark!" I whispered in the fosterer's ear—"The soldier's mountain has been uppermost in your brain, I fancy, on these moonless nights when this musical mystification was about. Are you sure that your imaginary guitar was anything but wind whistling through the window?"

"By all the crosses in a highland man's kilt, the music I heard," returned the fosterer, "but whether it was a guitar or a fiddle I'll not take on me to swear. Stop—hush!—Holy Mary! If that's not music, the devil an ear has Mark Antony!"

The fosterer was right. It was the distant tinkle of a stringed instrument—and at this I fancied that I heard voices taking in suppressed tones, and in that part of the building which Señor La Pablos had reserved so exclusively to himself.

"Now, Hecate," said the fosterer, "maybe you'll call me drunk after this? What's to be done? 'Pon my conscience, I think Señor Pablos is anything but sleepily, with his ten party every evening, and not say to people who have done him the honor to take up their quarters in his house, 'Mr. O'Halloran, will you, and that young gentleman along with you, meaning myself, step over, in the family way, and make share of what we have?'"

"By thy three upon my soul, I think it is, Mark!" was my reply. "Fighting the action to the word—and before I could put in a feeble remonstrance, he established an aperture in the casement, through which any one of slighter dimensions than a common councilman could easily slip out."

"Hush!—the guitar again!"

"By Saint Patrick! some company to listen to it!—Oh! the devil a one of me will remain longer without having a peep at the party, if I can."—And as he spoke, the fosterer popped through the casement, and—I lament to make the confession—next moment I was after him.

We found ourselves in a small garden thickly planted with shrub,

and fruit-trees, and encompassed by a lofty wall; several narrow paths intersected it, and the termination of one was bounded by a mass of the Spaniard's domicile. Through a chink in the shutters, a stream of light escaped; and thither the fosterer moved silently, bringing up the rear.

There was no doubt that from this apartment the voices and the music had proceeded which we heard in the fosterer's dormitory. I peeped in. A party was grouped about a table covered with game, fruit, and wine—and a lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling, enabled us to examine the company.

Five men were seated round the board, which was also graced by the presence of two personages of the softer sex. I never saw a party collected at a supper table whose appearances and pursuits were evidently so opposite. A burly monk sat directly in front of the treacherous figure in the window-shutter. He was of no ascetic order; but a christianian man, on whom good fare was not thrown away; and, even if the lamp were out by accident, one on whose honor you could place reliance, and drink with in the dark. Two others of the party wore the costume, and had the general air of Spanish traders. The fourth was a man of wild and formidable exterior; his arms, his dress, his bearing, all betrayed that he was no peaceable profession—and Mark Antony hinted in a whisper, "that if the Empeclado had a brother in the world, the dark gentleman with the pistols was the person, and no mistake." The fifth was an English seaman—at least his costume and carriage would infer it. He seemed a fine athletic man, and though his back was turned to the case, the fosterer observed in an under-tone, that the sailor would thrust the company collectively.

In years and appearance the females were still more dissimilar than the men. One well advanced in life was tall, slight, deeply pock-marked, and generally forbidding. The other—she sat beside the priest—had scarcely numbered twenty summers, and on a lovelier face, a finer form, the eyes of two interloping Irishmen never peeped through a split in a window-shutter. "Oh! murder!" ejaculated Mark Antony, so to reco—"That's the Ghost—and she's the darling!"

One seat was unoccupied. To whom did it appertain? Our host, no doubt, and therefore was he absent?

"What an odd troublesome thief he is!" whispered Mark Antony, pointing to the vacant chair. "Where the devil do you think he's scouting to? when every body's asleep or better employed, as they are within. I only wish that we were of the company—Isn't it a comfort to see his reverence set such an elegant example? How beautifully he relieves his elbow that's what I call honor bright! No sky lights, and he falls to the top every time the bottle passes him."

"Hush! I thought I heard something more behind us."

"Well, upon my soul, I fancied, myself, that I heard a rustle in the bushes," returned the fosterer—"I told myself on the ramble, and drop upon us, was, what a pretty figure we should cut!"

"Come, Mark, let us return to our own quarters; we risk the unpleasant consequences attendant on discovery, without any object to be found—"

"See—the sailor rises!—and the sooner we're off the better. May God bless that pretty face of hers—if I could not stop here all night to look at it! but, come along!"

We retired as quickly as we had advanced—the fosterer leading the retreat. No sound occasioned alarm—no ghost of Patagonian proportions crossed our path. We reached the lattice through which we had in vaded Don Francisco's garden. Mark Antony popped his head and shoulders through the aperture; but never did a man withdraw both more rapidly. A dark-visaged Spaniard pointed a pistol from within, while, without, a person immediately at my elbow, in a low, but peremptory voice, ordered us "to stand." The tones were perfectly familiar; indeed, there was no doubt touching the identity of the speaker, for Senor La Pablos stepped from behind one of the thick shrubs.

"So gentlemen," he commenced, while every word came hissing ironically from between his teeth—"I thought it was only Englishmen who were forced upon my unwilling hospitality. I was mistaken, it would seem, and appearance favored the deception. I believed my house was occupied by men of honor; but I have harboured French spies, it would appear."

"Oh—stop—Mister Pablos, if you please," exclaimed the fosterer, "divulge a bigger mystery yet made in your life. Arrah—what puts that into your head?"

"I judge not men by their assertions but by their acts," returned the Spaniard coldly—

"Senhor," I said, addressing the angry host, "you certainly have reason to question the motives of our midnight intrusion; but I declare, upon the honor of a British officer, it was entirely a silly trespass—one that I cannot justify, but one from which, towards you, no mischief design results. Let it be overlooked, and I promise, that while we remain beneath your roof, we will confine ourselves to whatever portion of your premises it may be your pleasure to restrain us."

"Captain O'Halloran," returned the Spaniard, coldly, "whatever your intentions may have been, your conduct warrants me to draw very different conclusions; that the motives you have been pleased to assign, the safety of myself—the family—their life are connected with me—all require me to guard against treachery. True, it has rarely come concealed beneath an English uniform—and, I am half persuaded you could not evil against me and mine; but you came here under a suspicious introduction. I am a devoted man and now completely in your

power. You have seen too much—and yet too little. In one brief scene I spy your doom—its necessity compels me to be over-cautious—if it please you better. One course alone remains to be pursued; I must secure myself, my friends, my wife."

"That's her I took for the ghost," said the fosterer, apart—"and the devil a foot I would have put into the garden but for the same lady."

"Hush! proceed, sir," I answered.

"Nothing can save me safe, but death or deportation. Walk with me, sir. I were idle to remonstrate here, or to refuse obedience to my order"—and with the perfect confidence that he had made no statement which he could not effectually support, the Spaniard talked on, and the fosterer and I followed.

"Well—Mr. O'Toole," I said, as, like two convicted culprits, we suddenly retraced our steps. "A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it!"

"Oh!" groaned the fosterer—"the game's up. The curse of Cromwell light upon the country. Isn't it hard that a man can't slip out of a window to take a little air without having his throat cut!"

As he spoke we reached the extremity of the garden. La Pablos unlocked a door. We entered the same chamber where two or three minutes before we had witnessed a scene of social comfort. There the remnant of the supper stood—but the company were gone, and their places had been filled by persons of a very different, and a very dangerous exterior.

It was hard to define their exterior. Their garb was that of marines; in all besides they looked banditti. My impression was not singular,—for the fosterer, in a whisper, declared that, "compared with these villainous, the gentlemen were regular gentlemen." All were armed—and I should say there was not a member of this respectable community, who, like Friar Tuck, would hesitate on resorting to the "carnal weapon," were it needed.

Our trial was shorter even than a drum-head court martial. Senor Francisco stated the offence, and then simply inquired what the safety of the commonwealth demanded. The twelve judges were never so unanimous. In the multitude of counselors there was but one opinion—and that, though differently expressed, resolved itself into one pithy adage, namely—that "dead men tell no tales."

From the apparent character of those around me, I certainly considered that I should be defunct to a moral before morning; but Mark Antony fully answered to the sentence, and put forward the reasons why death and execution should be stayed; but the fosterer's plea involved a confused story about ghosts and music. I question whether it would have carried an overwhelming conviction of our innocence to the dread tribunal before whom we stood. As it turned out, however, we were not on the verge of death, but, happily, on the eve of deliverance—and in a brief space the colour of our fortunes changed.

While the fosterer was listening, and with marked incredulity, to the fosterer's defence, a noise was heard without, and the personage who bore the appearance of an English seaman, but who, from his position at the table had eluded our former espionage, burst suddenly into the apartment.

"What the devil is all this I hear about spies and land-loppers?" he exclaimed—"What the chaps!—Egad—this here one, and be pointed to me, 'looks too honest to play traitor. But, what—Do my eyes deceive me?—Why, dash my buttons—it can't be possible—but it is—an old mesmate, by Heaven! What, Mark—am I so changed that William Rawlings is forgotten!"

It was indeed the brother of the fosterer's mistress; and the next moment, like Homer's heroes, their hands were locked together, and the pleasure of an unexpected meeting was expressed in sea parlance on the one part, and an elegant admixture of English and Irish on the other, which most have been perfectly unintelligible to the auditory, as I could but partially comprehend it.

With the host, a brief conversation put matters in excellent train. As regarded felonious designs, we received an honourable acquittal; and better for our cause we learned the particulars that before us, as we were if luck were on our side, we should be clear of the fortress, and free as the ocean-bird itself.

We returned to our own apartments, accompanied by William Rawlings. The seahor was full of mystery and business; and, I presume, the gentlemen of the spado school were equally engaged; and, consequently, from our casual view of the particulars not only of our host's domestic relations, but what was of more importance, the means and the probability of effecting an immediate escape.

Senor La Pablos, it appeared, was a contrabandist, and did business on a most extensive scale. His principles were neither considered particularly nice, nor was he a patriot of the purest water; albeit, he hated the French with an intensity which Dr. Johnson himself would have admired. The seahor's antipathy to the invaders arose rather from private than from public considerations. He had acquired much wealth as honestly as smugglers generally do, and, year after year, the levading commanders had him under heavy contributions, and obliged him to disgorge extensively. Senor La Pablos had also been blessed with a very young and a very pretty helpmate; and on a short excursion to the frontier to the coast, on his business, he received the news of the same intelligence that the lady of his love had levanted the second day after he had bidden her a tender, but as he, "good, easy man," believed, only a temporary adieu. He had replaced her loss as speedily as it could be effected—and as the successor of the lost one was equally fair, and might prove, "alas! for womankind" equally frail, he secluded

her as much as possible from common gaze; and certainly he had never intended that we, during our brief sojourn in his hospitable mansion, should have been introduced to the family circle. "But now for more important matters," said the sailor; "it would waste time to tell you by what course of events I got connected with these contrabandists, and shut up for the last month in this confounded fortress. I think escape tolerably secure—but could we but command one hundred dollars, it were certain. These Spanish smugglers are cold, calculating scoundrels—every remnant is made for a mercenary object—but if they receive the consideration for their services, they are proverbially faithful, even to death itself, in a punctual performance of what they have undertaken."

"How unfortunate!" I exclaimed. "Thrice the sum required is lying with my baggage outside, and all I am at present master of is this valueless ring, and a holy keepsake from my lady mother. Would your friends, Rawlings, deal in relics of marvellous value? for I doubt not that this I bear upon me is such."

The sailor smiled. "They are true Catholics, I have no doubt; but I fancy they would prefer plain silver, after all."

"Blessed Mary!" said the fosterer, "I wonder where the old lady got this charm, for I had drawn my mother's amulet from my bosom."

"She told you," he continued, "never to open it."

"Oh, no, Mark, I was directed when necessity pressed me, to use a free discretion."

"Why, then," returned the fosterer, "we will never be in a greater mess, Mark. Open it, Hector, dear! Not that I believe in charms, although I remember an old man at home that would cure cows when they were fairly given over by the smith."

"Well, Mark, your curiosity shall be gratified." I opened the silver envelope, unfolded a sealed paper—so relic was there—but, what an answer our present necessities! far better an English bank note for fifty pounds.

"Ah—long life to her ladyship!—wasn't she considerate!" exclaimed Mark Antony. "Talk of relics—isn't that a beautiful one?"

"But will it answer our purposes, Rawlings?" I inquired.

"Senior La Pablos would tell you not; but you will see how soon he will discover more dollars than we require, and take his chance. But no time must be lost—'tis past midnight; and within three hours we must succeed or fail. Get ready. When the time comes for the trial, minutes may crown or mar it," he said—left us to ourselves; and while the fosterer made up his mind, I sat down, and conveyed my parting adieu to my friend the voligeur.

Rawlings was not long away. He returned, having completed every arrangement, as he said—and the following night was named as that on which we should make the attempt that would ensure our liberty, or rivet our fetters if we failed. The fosterer and I retired, but not to sleep; and we were early afoot, and waiting for some more intelligence from the honest sailor regarding our nocturnal enterprise, when the captain of voligeurs, as was his custom, dropped in to make his morning inquiries.

"Am I to congratulate or condole?" said Captain Cammaran, when he made his morning call. "You are pronounced fit for service by the surgeon; my parole consequently has expired—and so doubt you will be required in a day or two to interchange it for your own."

"I won't give it," I returned. "You are wrong, my friend," replied the voligeur: "nothing can result from your refusal but personal annoyance. You will be sent into La Motte, and I, regret to say, there the prisoners are miserably inconvenienced. Think of it well, O'Halloran; escape from the fortress is nearly hopeless; why, then, add to the disadvantages of captivity?—Courage! An application has already been made in your favor: why not, at least, wait patiently until an answer is returned by the minister of war?"

"My dear Cammaran," I replied, "the reasons why I should not be patient are manifold. In the first place, I am in love, and wish to return home; in the second place, I am sick of San Sebastian, and very weary of contemplating the early features of my host Senior La Pablos agreeably diversified, it is true, with an occasional visit from an old Leonora, deaf as a door-post, and the attentions of an interesting male attendant, who, if he be not hanged within a twelvemonth, why I'll forswear physiognomy for ever."

"Oh! indeed, and you'll have no occasion," observed Mark Antony: "the gallows is written in his face, and, as they say in Connaught—Master Pedro is sure to 'spoil a market.'"

"Bah! my good friend, I have a remedy for all," returned Cammaran; "one poison neutralizes another—you must find another mistress; and if you are tired of your quarters, why we can look out for others which may prove more agreeable."

I shook my head.

"Well—well—don't refuse rashly. Tell them you will consider it for a day or two—and trust to the soldier's best dependence—you call it, happily, in English, 'the chapter of accidents.' Farewell! I will call early to-morrow."

"And the birds will be down," added the fosterer, as Cammaran closed the door and bade us, as we then believed, "a last good-morrow."

I never felt so impatiently as on that last day when I remained a prisoner in San Sebastian. The sun went gloomily to the ocean, the sea began to rise and break upon the beach, and with the evening as it

closed, the weather became worse, and a very skyeey appearance heralded a coming storm. Darkness came—the lamps were lighted—the ill-visaged attendant laid supper on the table, uncorked a flask of wine, and, as he always did, vanished without making a remark.

"I never will have anything but a poor opinion of that Senior Pablos," observed the fosterer; "he's an inhospitable devil, or on the last night he had the honor of entreating two gentlemen, he would have had the common manners to have introduced them to his wife, and taken a dock *au durtin* with them afterwards. No matter—here's luck!—and who knows where we'll drink the same toast to-morrow evening?"

"It were, indeed, difficult to say, Mark. But, hark! footsteps are in the court-yard, 'Tis unusual. But see—the door opens. Is it possible? Why, Cammaran! This is a late hour for a visit."

"It is," said the voligeur; "but I have a presentiment that you and I are about to part."

I felt the blood mount to my cheeks. Were then our plans known, and our intended escape discovered?

"What mean ye, my friend?" I returned, assuming an air of indifference. "No, no," I continued evasively. "Warmly as, through your kindness, I may have been recommended to the War Minister's consideration, I must not hope the application will prove successful."

"You mistake me. It is another chance that probably may end our acquaintance. I am on duty to-night."

"And so we go," observed the fosterer, in Irish.

"The feet is, we are going to try a sortie. The general has most handsomely put the detachment under my command. If I succeed, I shall gain promotion; and if Fortune favor me, I'll sweep your works extensively before I re-enter the fortress. Well, these things are not effected without broken heads—and I have come to have a pining glass with two friends I estimate so dearly."

The occasion of the visit relieved me from desperate alarm. The Frenchman came for an hour and then took his leave, to make the necessary arrangements for the intended sortie, which was ordered to commence at two o'clock.

Before the voligeur had cleared the court-yard, Rawlings, attended by La Pablos, presented themselves by a private door which communicated with the garden. The sailor's looks told that affairs went prosperously.

"All is ready for our attempt. The French sallied before day-break—and in the noise and confusion on the land-side, we shall be enabled to lose our men from the curtain and the sentry-box, and upon our own terms—and for the fidelity of our associates, Senior La Pablos holds himself responsible. You must assist your rigging, however—and here comes your trap."

The ill-visaged attendant brought me two suits of clothes of such anomalous cut and composition, as left it impossible to say for which element they had been especially intended. The host and sailor drank to the success of the expedition—the bell from the tower of San Sebastian beat twelve—the fosterer told each stroke—and then put up a pious application to Heaven, that this might be the last time he would ever count the same!

[*¶*] We fully endorse all that is said below, which we copy from the Boston Nation, in commendation of the NORWICH LINE between this city and Boston. We have had frequent opportunity to test the accommodations of this line and have never found cause of complaint. When the terminus of the road is brought six miles down the river, the work on which will be commenced next month, there will be a considerable saving in time and the route must become the favorite of the travelling public.

"We can cordially commend to the travelling public this route of travel, the accommodations on which are of a superior kind. The Worcester and Norwich cars are so sumptuous and commodious as to render a run over the railroad a real luxury. Of the boats which ply between Norwich and New York it is almost unnecessary to speak, for they are famous in travelling annals. Who has not heard of the magnificence, strength, and speed of the Great Steamer Worcester, so ably commanded by Capt. Vanderbilt, brother to the 'Commodore'?" This fine craft has, during the past season, undergone a thorough overhauling, and is now in apple-pie order from 'stem to stern,' and refulgent in the glory of a new coat of paint.

The Cleopatra has also been repaired and fitted up during the winter. She is a gem of a steamboat, and is commanded by as gallant and courteous a Captain as ever trod a deck. We speak of Capt. Duxton, a gentleman who is well known and in high favor with the travelling public. This line is 'bound to go' for its popularity is firmly established."

BRANDISH—A man who was recently convicted of manslaughter in Wake county, N. C., was sentenced to be branded with the letter "M" in the hollow of the thumb of the left hand, and to be imprisoned for six months—the hot brand to remain on the hand till the prisoner should have repeated three times, "God save the State." The branding took place forthwith at the bar, in the presence of the Court; and the prisoner was conducted to prison.

It is stated in the London papers that WORDSWORTH has been induced, by letters from Sir Robert Peel and the Lord Chamberlain, to accept the office of Post Laureate, vacated by the death of SOUTHY.

Original.

BY JOHN KEAL.

There is a long score against us as a nation. The brotherhood that was acknowledged by Pulaski in our day of trial, ought never to be forgotten by us, while there breathes a Pole worthy of the name.

POLSKO POWSTAN! HURRAH!

Poland, awake! The spirit of the Past
Leading thy buried legions out,
With banners sounding like the northern blast,
When Earth and Sea and Sky are overcast,
Waits thy long smothered battle shout,
Hurrah!

Wake Poland, wake! Who is there to withstand
Thy trumpet-song of death—the cry—
The wail of woe—the tear—the outstretched hand
Of his own Old and awful Father-land,
Appealing to the troubled sky,
Hurrah!

Up Poland, up! along thy mighty shore
The bulwark of the Christian World,
Where countless Poles have perished in the roar
Of Turk and Tartar legions, tumbling o'er,
Lo! Thy great day once more unfurled!
Hurrah!

To arms! To arms! and let all Europe hear
Once more that old "barbarian song,"
Sounding through all thy borders, and the cheer
That followed thy reply, with lifted spear,
And charging host, and trumpet-song!
Hurrah!

To horse! to horse! the People are awake!
The cannons all along thy shore!
Thrones are encountering thrones—and empires quake,
And all the dust about these thrones to take
Its ancient hue—shape once more!
Hurrah!

Up Poland, up! It cannot be that thou
For whom thou wast a shield so long,
The Christian World! can look upon thy foes
Without a kindling memory of thy woes,
Land of the generous and strong!
Hurrah!

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was evening; and a bright moon, riding through a sky whose deep blue was unclouded by a single cloud, shed its flood of clear cold light over the fairy city of Florence; brought into strong and bold relief, the outline of the lofty hills by which it is partially surrounded; gave to the villa-studded plain which stretches towards Pisa, the aspect of a sheet of molten silver; made the fairy bridge of the Trinity look like a band of ivory linking together the two shores of the lovely Arno, whose mimic waves were dancing and crippling beneath the splendor of the hour; slept upon the lofty tower of the cathedral; and relieved, by its bright flakes of light, and the long deep shadows with which they were contrasted, the airy Tuscan architecture of the ducal palace.

In a spacious apartment of that regal habitation, and beside a high-arched casement, which was widely open to admit the moonlight that poured across the tapestry-covered floor, sat a lady, so beautiful, that although forty summers had already passed over her head, and that the traces of both care and passion were written upon her brow, she seemed to have defied alike time and trial to rob her of her beauty and excellent lowliness. It was the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Francesco de Medici, the celebrated and worthless Bianca Capella, of whom it has been said by an accomplished writer of the present day, that "her story was a romance and her death a tragedy." Further within the chamber, and beyond the influence of the cold light which rested upon the person of the lady, reclined a man some four or five years her junior, whose lofty and well-proportioned figure gave a promise of strength and vigor which was negated by the worn and languid although handsome countenance above it. The extraordinary magnificence of his dress, and the majestic grace of his bearing, would at once have distinguished him as the sovereign of the grand-duchy, and the representative of the princely line of the Medici, without the witness of the elaborately carved shield, bearing

the arms of his house, by which the tall back of the large oaken chair in which he sat was surmounted, and which was fully revealed in the strong light of a silver lamp that was suspended from the ceiling immediately above it. He held a paper in his hand, upon which he occasionally dropped his heavy eyes, though rather, as it seemed, insensitively, than from any inclination to decipher its contents. But there was yet another individual in the chamber, standing a few paces distant from the regal pair, and immediately in front of the Grand Duchess, whose nobility, based upon a genius which was to render him immortal, was nevertheless, not sufficiently recognised at that moment to entitle him to a seat in so august a presence. The person in question wore a plain dress of black velvet, fitted closely to his tall and elastic figure, which was gracefully rather than powerfully moulded, and was principally conspicuous for the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, and for a certain expression of lofty and powerful intellect, which made him, despite the elevated rank and sumptuous apparel of his companions, by far the most prominent and interesting figure of the group. If, however, this were the first impression produced by the appearance of the individual under mention, a second glance complicated the feeling of the observer, for there was a wild and wandering expression in his large deep eyes, and an occasional restlessness in his manner, which told that the flame within burned at times too fiercely for the goodly lamp from whence it emanated, and that it had been fed so lavishly as to endanger all within the sphere of its influence.

Such was TORQUATO TASSO, æt. in the year 1585, the immortal author of *Gerusalemme Liberata*, stood a suppliant before the sovereigns of Tuscany.

The ducal houses of Medici and Ferrara had been long at feud, and Tasso had warmly espoused the party of his friend and patron, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, to whom, in terms of grateful affection, he had dedicated his wondrous epic; whose sister he had loved even to madness; and in whose cause he had put forth several writings, in which he had deeply wounded the pride of the Florentine nobility. The aberration of intellect of which he had been occasionally the victim since the discovery of his ill-fated passion, and the imprisonment by which it was followed, had so thoroughly unsettled his tastes and habits, that, pursued by imaginary evils, he had wandered to Turin, to Rome, and thence to Saragossa; but the magnet around which all the deepest feelings of his nature unceasingly revolved, drew him back once more to Ferrara, where the violence of his passion for the Princess Leonora displayed itself so publicly, that he was carried as a lunatic to the Hospital of St. Anne. The hypochondriacal malady deepened upon him in his compulsory solitude; but conscious that his incarceration, far from originating in vindictive measures on the part of Alfonso, had been designed by that prince rather as a boon than a punishment, he employed his every leisure in writing letters to the Italian courts, imploring their interference to terminate a captivity which he believed to be rapidly undermining his reason. His entreaties were at length complied with; and on the occasion of the marriage of Donna Virginia de Medici with Don Cesare d'Este, Tasso withdrew to Mantua, and a short time afterwards, when a reconciliation was effected between the houses of Medici and Ferrara, the Grand Duke of Tuscany having expressed a wish to see the author of the *Gerusalemme*, he was invited to Florence by the sovereign, who seldom suffered a request of Bianca to remain unsatisfied; while Tasso, on his side, probably feeling that Ferrara was no longer to him the home which it had once been, and still imbued with that love of wandering which had of late years formed so conspicuous a feature of his character, readily yielded himself to the invitation, and was so courteously received by the beautiful Bianca, that, after celebrating her attractions in a score of deathless lyrics, he resolved to offer his services to Francis, and to attach himself to the court of Tuscany.

As the project presented itself, he ascertained that the Della Casa Academy, which had constituted itself the supreme court of criticism in Italy—constituted by a party moved by the extraordinary popularity among the patricians of Florence, whom he had so deeply offended, resolved to subject to the ordeal of their shallow and verbal analysis, the *Gerusalemme*; and great was the contempt in which he individually held their decisions. Tasso was, nevertheless, aware that their verdict might operate unfavourably upon the mass of his countrymen, who were either too indolent or too prejudiced to think of their own judgment upon a work into which he had woven the brightest portion of his genius. Can it be wondered at that this reflection gave strength to his determination? He hesitated no longer. He at once addressed a letter to Francis, in which he implored his protection against the attacks which he had been taught to expect, and which were to involve both his person and his writings; and in return for this condescension, he volunteered to devote all his energies, both of body and mind, to the interests of Tuscany. But the Grand Duke had appropriated the affront which Tasso had offered to the Florentine aristocracy; and not even the entreaties of his consort could shake his resolution for revenge upon the unhappy poet. Vanity, ambition, and the love of power, alike urged Bianca to persevere in her endeavor to procure the reception of Tasso as an accused member of the court. Every endeavor, both on her part, and on that of the poet himself, had hitherto failed, and it had been with considerable difficulty that the Grand Duke had been induced to grant the interview which we are about to describe, and which had commenced by a presentation of the petition which Francis held in his hand, and over which as he received it from the poet, he had glanced his eye listlessly, and with a stolid expression of countenance which almost rendered words superfluous: "I cannot entertain the prayer with honor to my-

self," he said coldly, as he slowly raised his heavy eyelids, and looked from the paper which he held towards the poet: "for not even your skill, sir bard, can blind me to the fact, that we of Florence are indebted to the reconciliation which we have just effected with the house of Ferrara, for the proffer of Torquato Tasso's services."

"I came to Florence by your highness's invitation," was the somewhat haughty reply.

"I admit the fact; but it is not the less certain that in the feud which has so long divided the courts of Ferrara and Tuscany, you have little served my interests either by word or pen; and surely you, the friend of princes, and the lyric of royal dames, would not lean your fortunes upon the *nobili artisti* of Florence, *or il giglio della nuova tirannide della casa Medici*—I believe that I do not err in thus reporting your own words!"

"We must strive to overlook the intemperance of his language in the brilliancy of his genius," said Bianca, with a gracious smile, intended to blunt the edge of the Grand Duke's sarcasm. "Suffer the graceful compositions which he has lately addressed to myself, my lord, to counteract, in your mind, the lively expressions wrung from him by party feeling."

"If report wrong him not," pursued Francis, who evidently entertained a great distaste to the poet, "his homage to the sex does not always confine itself to adulatory sonnets; even where the strong barriers of birth and station might compel him to a more guarded worship; and your highness has rather to thank his necessities than his sincerity for the verbal license which he has offered at your shrine."

As the Grand Duke spoke, Tasso advanced a couple of paces towards him; his eye burnt with light, his lofty figure dilated, and he crushed between his hands the velvet cap which he had withdrawn on his entrance into the apartment. Every nerve quivered, and his beauty was almost fearful as he shook back the dark mass of curling hair which fell along his cheeks, while a smile, that was half bitterness and half defiance, played about his lips. The eyes of Francis were fixed upon him at the moment; for he designed that not only the irony with which he spoke, but also the subject to which he had made allusion, should wound the sensitive spirit of his listener; yet, nevertheless, there was something so overpowering in the wild emotion which his words had conjured up, that he suffered himself to be interrupted almost unconsciously, when the poet vehemently exclaimed—

"You do well to reproach me, my lord duke, and to cast back upon my spirit the load which it has long been striving to shake off! It is true that I have loved deeply and passionately—as those only can love who look beyond earth and earthly things for fuel to feed the fire which consumes them. I have loved and suffered—the heart does not study place or pedigree when it gives itself away; for where it is warm and honest, it must in every case enoble the object of its worship. And yet, men who bow down before an ermine-bordered mantle and a glittering star, called it madness in Torquato Tasso to love perfection, because it was so robed. Out on the apophthegm! Use throbs of such a passion was worth the lip-service of a century."

The enthusiast paused for a moment, and the Grand Duke was about to speak, when the Lady Bianca, whose flashing eye and burning cheek betrayed how deeply she had been moved by the energy of the poet, made a gesture of silence, as she looked imploringly towards her consort.

"And what though I stand before your highness, proffering fealty to the house of Medici," pursued Tasso proudly, "I am no vulgar plebeian unworthy of the service that I seek. I am the son of that Bergamo Tasso who, not content with the unsullied nobility of his birth, rendered himself honored by his virtues, and distinguished by his genius, and whose tomb it was held sufficient to inscribe the words, *Ossa Bernardi Tassii*. For myself, my lord, my only crime has been that I have clung too closely to the cause which I espoused; but, surely, if your highness hath found it meet to extend the hand of fellowship to the sovereign of Ferrara, it may be also fully granted to those to whom he has vouchsafed his friendship."

"Tasso pleads well, my lord," said the Grand Duke, "and, I trust, not vainly. As he has truly stated, he is no common suppliant; his fame is bruited throughout Italy; and if he be but just to his own powers, he will be an ornament to the court of Tuscany."

"The academy judges otherwise," said Francis, dully.

A withering curl of scorn played about the mouth of the poet. "And shall a Medici bow down his judgment to such a fiat?" he exclaimed contemptuously. "Shall a Medici consent to treat the outpourings of genius by the verdict of a bench of dullards, who suffer the bright spark of thought emitted by the spirit to escape them, while they are struggling amid the dross of words upon which it scintillates? Shall a Medici content himself to deal with those emanations of intellect with which the Creator has permitted his creatures, from time to time, to light up the dull materialism of a sensual and selfish world, as the school-boy cools his daily task? What are love, ambition, fame—save as the spirit robes them with its own brightness, and invests them with its own glory?—What is even life itself, save a hideous skeleton, until the glowing dross of mind has been flung over it, and lent a grandeur and a grace to the crude mass beneath them? Let the Della Cruscan sages cavil at words—'tis their vocation—and the extent of their intellectual power will reach no further than to make them the world's gibe; but the house of Medici and the author of the *Gerusalemme* look for a worthier and a prouder immortality!"

* Tasso, during the courtly controversy in which he supported the party of his patron, had so designated the Florentine nobility.

"I am content to share mine with the academy," was the cold reply of the Grand Duke. "We will detain you no longer, sir. Her highness thanks you for the courtly phrases in which you have done her homage; and I add my own acknowledgments for the proffer you have made of your talents and services to the court of Tuscany. While you continue in Florence, all honor shall be paid to you as my invited guest, even by the *nobili artisti*, for whom you have expressed so sovereign a contempt; but I cannot interfere with the decisions of the academy."

"I shall not urge you further, my lord duke," said the poet, "nor will I longer intrude upon your hospitality. Futurity will be the judge between me and my critics. Florence has granted a lordly tomb alike to Michael Angelo and to Michelangelo, and perchance Rome will not refuse a resting-place to the ashes of Torquato Tasso."

"You speak gloomily, signor," said Bianca Capella, in her softest and most sympathizing tone.

"Not so, madam, although perchance somewhat solemnly; for such a grave as I aspire to gain will not be lightly won. Fare you well, lady. This was my last appeal; and to-morrow I depart. I leave my gratitude with your highnesses—it has been nobly earned, and regally compelled."

"At least, sir poet, wear this trinket, to recall sometimes to your memory Bianca of Tuscany," said the Grand Duchess, and while she spoke she withdrew a heavy chain of gold from her neck, which, as Tasso knelt before her, she flung over his head; and then, extending towards him her small and beautiful hand, which he pressed with reverence to his lips, she added graciously: "Whatever may be the decree of the academy, rest assured that you leave behind you warm friends in Florence, who will rejoice in your prosperity."

"Heaven prosper the Grand Duchy!" murmured Tasso, in a low deep voice; and when he had risen from his knee, and made a profound obeisance to Francis de Medici, which was courteously but coldly returned, he quitted the apartment, and hurriedly withdrew from the precincts of the palace.

Early on the morrow, Torquato Tasso was on his way to Rome.

For the Brother Jonathan.

MAY DAY.

BY MRS. C. E. DA FORTÉ.

First voice.—See from earth green verdure springing,
Hark, to birds in rapture singing,
Nature dressed with life and gladness,
Throws aside her robes of sadness,
While from azure skies, she flings
Delicious odors from her wings;
Joyful bursts the opening day,
'Tis the merry first of May.

Second voice.—Ye, who smile with sullen lip,
Dew from flowers may not sip,
Weeping eyes and brows of care,
Crowns of roses must not wear.
Ye who love in wander long—
With a fleet step and a song—
Haste to perfumed bowers away,
'Tis the merry first of May.

First voice.—Come, our barque is on the lake,
Hither boughs and berries take;
Rippling waves flow calm and clear,
Lightly winds are sweeping there;
Hours unbecked fly, as we
O'er the stream glide merrily.
Hail with smiles the balmy day,
'Tis the merry first of May.

Second voice.—Wind that stealest fresh from heaven,
Guide us safe at close of even,
When upon the sparkling tide,
Homeward in our boat we glide;
Guide us when the shadow lies
On the lake's reflected skies,
Safely then wild waves may flow,
Gently, wind—ah, gently blow.

Th American Bible Society have compiled a Bible for the blind This is well; the light of the Gospel will enable those who "walk in darkness" to bear with cheerfulness the afflictive dispensation of Providence which renders outward objects to them a blank.

The amount of United States Treasury Notes outstanding on the 1st inst., was 11,632,675.

NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

This exhibition having been open for a week or more, and we, having spent the greater part of that time in the examination of it, are now ready to give such a description as will enable our readers to form some idea of its merits. To describe, in words, a painting, so that the reader or hearer can appreciate the effect produced, is impossible; nevertheless, it is not difficult for all to understand whether an artist has made advance or retrogression in his art; and it is chiefly upon this point that praise or dispraise should rest. Nothing could be more unjust than to bring in comparison and rivalry an old and long established artist and one who has but just begun his career; but the relative degree of improvement which either has made in a given time, is a fair subject of criticism.

In our remarks upon the paintings in this year's exhibition, we shall endeavor to exercise our judgment; and for commendation or censure we shall consult our taste rather than our feelings. It would be exceedingly agreeable to praise all the works of our favorite artists, and substitute silence for censure with regard to the rest; but this is not the course we have resolved to pursue. Having, as we believe, some title to consciousness and considerable independence of mind, we shall speak publicly our opinion as we should express it to the ear of private friendship, and undoubtedly, in so doing, shall give offence to many who were intended by nature and their stars, to be useful members of society; but who, in taking up the palette and the brush, have woefully "mistaken their vocation."

For convenience, we shall begin with the beginning, and take up the paintings generally in their course, omitting all such as are beneath criticism. These latter, from the difference of tastes always to be found among critics, will however find panegyrists, and their unlucky perpetrators be satisfied.

After the wearisome ascent to the gallery (*sic itur ad astra*) we are glad to sit down and contemplate, at leisure, the formidable array of pictures. Assuredly there is no lack of quantity: the eye grows weary with the very idea of examining carefully, and pronouncing our opinion upon so many. But it is only with the better portion of them that we have to deal.

No. 1 & 5, are two cabinet pictures—fancy portraits—full length by J. B. Read. This artist is, as we should suppose by his appearance, a mere boy; certainly he is yet in his teens, and therefore should be considered as a debutant. These two sketches are in a good school of art, and discover in the painter a clear perception of the beautiful in both form and color. We have no doubt that he will one day distinguish himself.

2. Moon-light Scene—This is a good picture. It does not strike the eye very forcibly at first, but will bear examination.

3. Mountain Pass in Switzerland—55 Willow Wemock Creek—69 Valley of Eversham. These are landscapes of more than ordinary merit by an artist but little known (*M. Livingston*). The second one is the best, and it divides attention with the beautiful one, beneath it by Cole. There are no faults in this artist's style which will not disappear in some of his subsequent productions. These and his other pictures in the exhibition, want mellowness, atmosphere and warmth, and yet he may well be satisfied with his success so far.

6 & 66. Humorous Sketches by Clonney.—They are very good for a beginner (as we take him to be, never having met his name before) and promise intimate success.

9, 25 & 97. By Powell.—Will not add to the reputation of the artist. He has other pictures in the collection of which we shall speak.

12, 45, 87, &c., &c. By E. Rousseau.—These pictures, especially the last and 119, seem to have been received by the good natured hanging committee, to give the visitors something to laugh at. "It pity there were not a 'hanging committee' to this off the villainous bad painters."

14. Death of Raphael. By F. Pink.—There are many good things about this picture tho' most people at first glance will pass it by.

21. The lover dismissed. By G. W. Flagg.—This is excellent. It tells the story to the life. Can it be that the artist has ever been placed in that uncomfortable position?

26. The Duel. By G. Jenkins. In this duel the artist is the one that falls.

27, 32, & 99, landscapes, by A. B. Durand. The first of these is a quiet farm scene. It is a good picture, but not in the best style of this

artist. The second is a splendid effort. It is perfectly like the scene it pretends to portray. Both of these, however, are a little hard. They want something which the artist could give them if he could see them as others see them. He has other pictures here, of which we shall speak.

28, 199, & 239—Portraits by H. Edman. The first is the best of them, but this is not equal to his former exhibitions. There are young aspirants who have entered the arena, who will distance him in the race, if he do not rise and exert that genius which he is well known to possess.

31. Girl at prayer, by J. E. Freeman. This is a very large picture, and to our eyes possesses no merit whatever. The figure of the girl might be cut out, and something made of it.

33, 95, 112, 134 & 342—Portraits, &c., by H. P. Gray. The first is a lady. The picture would attract attention and commendation anywhere. The style reminds us of *Allston*, but he has undoubtedly formed his tastes on the models left by the Great Masters. Mr. Gray is a very young man, and yet has scarcely a superior in his art in this country—always except *Allston*. He is one of the very few who have had the advantage of a study and practice in Rome and Florence, though we doubt not that he would, unaided by such study abroad, have marked out a path for himself which would have led to an enduring reputation. His other pictures in this year's collection are not so good as his exhibition in former years.

38, 187 & 268. Three landscapes by T. Doughty. We always expect great things from this artist, but we are somewhat disappointed this year. Perhaps it is that he has more and abler competitors than usual. These landscapes, however, are just such as would be an ornament to any parlour.

40, 51, 93 and 107—Portraits, by C. G. Thompson.—The first is of Mrs. Smith—the second of a beautiful lady—the third of Bryant, and the fourth of a gentleman. The face of Mrs. Smith does not please us, though, for aught we know, it may be like. The head seems too heavy—we think it cannot be a faithful portrait. The next one (51) is the artist's best picture, and does him much credit. That of Bryant is good as a portrait. This artist has other paintings here of which we shall speak.

42 is a head by a young lady—very young we should suppose. 44—The Trapper—This cannot be the one we have read of in Cooper's history. If it be, he has sadly degenerated.

52—Portrait by S. S. Osgood.—This is the only picture shown by the artist this season, and it does not enhance his former reputation.

54—View of Mount Etna, by T. Cole—164 and 196 Landscapes. The first though a good picture, (for Cole paints no bad ones) is not striking, but wins by degrees. The other two will please more. We shall speak of him more at length anon.

59—The Letter, by G. A. Baker, jr.—This is one of the best fancy portraits here. It is in Huntington's style, and most people would suppose it by that artist. Let Mr. Baker paint a few more such, and he will see few above him.

61, 68 and 222—Portraits, by C. C. Ingham.—Good, of course, so far as exquisite finish goes, though not equal to those he has heretofore exhibited. That of Channing (68) is the best.

74—Dance for niente, by Flagg—pretty good—save that the lady's eyes are enormous.

90, 116, 241 and 323—Landscapes, by R. Howell, of Sing Sing.—This seems to be the debut of this artist among us, and we heartily welcome him. The second one (116) is a very beautiful picture. We should be glad to exchange a hundred of the heads which have been "taken off" for another like it.

81—By Capelli—a passable picture of man with a clarinet.

85, 121 and 162—Portraits, by D. Bronson.—The second is of himself: it is good as a painting, but is not so good a likeness as a miniature of him in the exhibition, by Mrs. Bogardus. The other is an excellent portrait, in the best style of the artist. The picture deserves a better place than it occupies. This artist has other pictures here, and we shall speak of him again.

ANOTHER BOAT LOST.—The steamer TOWNEIGHT, Capt. Olway, on her passage from New Orleans for this port, was snagged and sank on Saturday last, about 15 miles below New Orleans, in the Mississippi river. A passenger from Montgomery, name unknown, was drowned. The boat and cargo a total loss—on the former no insurance; the latter partly covered.

COINCIDENCES.—After trying for twenty years to see Niagara together, we—that is the Rev. Mr Pierpont and "parsecif," parted at Boston, with arrangements all made for a trip thither in the course of a few weeks. But changes happened, and we were separated—he for the West, and we for the south of Europe. Thinking it hardly worthwhile to go abroad again, without having seen a little more of home, we determined to journey a few thousand miles in the western and south-western States, to begin with—in other words to go to Italy by the way of Ohio and Illinois, and the Rocky Mountains. Having "done up" these empires, we were hurrying home, by way of Niagara, to embark from New York; when, being at Buffalo, preparing to visit the Falls, we happened to turn our eyes in passing a large wooden pillar, by the tavern door—we saw a little bit of a notice wafted up there, to this effect:—"Rev Mr. Pierpont of Boston will preach this evening" &c. &c. Capital! so—off we started—found our man half asleep in his chair—waked him with a slap he'll never forget to his dying day—reminded him of our arrangements made twenty years before, and repeated, half a dozen times since, to go to Niagara together; got his consent—and, to make a long story short, succeeded in visiting the Falls together. Was it not wonderful? All our best concerted plans for twenty years baffled and defeated—only to prove that chance could do more for us than we could do for ourselves; when we had every reason in the world to believe that we were hundreds of miles apart—and must be thousands before we should ever meet again. It was our first visit—his third or fourth, to the Falls. But worse and more provoking by far than all that had happened, year after year, to keep us asunder when we had set our hearts upon going there, for the first time, together, it was that wonderful night, a few years ago, when the whole Empyrean was afire with multiplying brightness—the stars falling by thousands into the great deep of Niagara, and the stupid innkeeper—we haven't the heart to give his name—was afraid to wake us! Just think of that! After twenty years of disappointment, delay and baffled contrivances, to be thrown together—dumped down as it were—upon the outermost verge of these trembling oceans, with "the Earth shaking under us—banners on high, and streamers unfurling away in the sky"—the Heavens all in a blaze above our heads and nobody alive to give us a punch, or to cry, what ho, there!—wake! the heavens are passing away with a great noise!

PHILOSOPHICAL QUIRIES.

Is there any relationship between the first day of April and the Day of All-fours?

If a wheel runs easier for being tight, would the same effect follow the same cause in the case of a horse?

Is Mad. Celeste the same individual spoken of under the title of "Machonique Celeste?"

Is there any affinity between spring carts and spring radishes?

The tariff imposes a duty of cents on wines. Would the Sublime Porte be subject to this duty, should he visit the United States?

Is the reason that Miss Sedgwick writes so seldom of late, because she has previously written Hope Leslie?

The following were stolen from "Punch":

Is Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, equal to Deaf Burke on the Eye?

Is there any connexion between Ca-bal and John Bull?

What relationship is there between Crabsouthe Alley and Hydar Ali? Was Ben Jonson as successful a dramatist as Ben Lomond?

If the "Peace of the valley has fled," where has it consoled itself?

Is Sir Francis Bond Head related, in the remotest degree, to the New River Head?

Is there any similarity between the "Chaste Nine" and the Happy nine (Mountains)?

Was Arthur's Seat ever placed in the same room as Arthur's Round Table?

SPORTING.—"Gente" are particularly recommended to put the powder into their guns before the shot, and to withdraw ramrods from barrels previously to firing. The first of these directions may be reversed when the "Gente" form a shooting party which will be a sure way to avoid accidents. In this case, also, the removal of each other's percussion caps, or the pouring of beer into the flint locks, will be found excellent sport, and likewise conducive to general safety.

N.B. Geese, ducks, and barn-door fowls may not be shot without special licence from their proprietors.

The Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligence has the following items:—

Colonel Thorm gave a grand concert for the benefit of the victims at Guadalupe. His own family and amateur friends were successful as aids to great professional artists. The price of the ticket of admission to this hotel was twenty francs; the proceeds fell little short of twelve thousand. For the Countess of Sparre's similar concert, one thousand tickets were quickly sold at ten francs each. One of the most famous pulpits in Paris presided at the church of St. Roch for the same object, on Tuesday last; the seats within a marked area were disposed of at twenty francs and more each; the Queen and other female members of the royal family were present and liberal contributors; the total of the collection is stated at fifty thousand francs. Victor Hugo's trilogy, the Burgueses, performed last Saturday for the benefit of the Guadalupe sufferers (the fourth representation only) yielded but two thousand six hundred francs. The Duke of Bordeaux has subscribed five thousand francs to the Guadalupe charity fund. The duke laments that he is not richer—to be more magnificent.

It is reported that arrangements are in progress at Madrid for a match between the young Queen Isabella and the son of Jerome Napoleon, Prince de Mauduit; the young Prince, nephew of the Emperor Nicholas and cousin of Queen Victoria, and with personal merits which her Spanish Majesty has witnessed, cannot, say the Napoleonists, fail to succeed. Q. & A? We await festivals of every kind on the approaching nuptials of Louis Philippe's daughter, the Princess Clementine.

Of the annual exhibition at the Louvre, he says:

I have passed about two hours in them, and could scarcely consent to bestow one more on such a collection. In the newspapers, the Committee of Choice are mercilessly rated for absurd favoritism. If half the allegations be true, we may infer that many of the rejected performances surpass the elect. I trust that this is the case—for the honor of the French pencil. The wit observe of the committee, what they say of the dramatic censors—their stupidity is evidenced even more in what they leave than what they exclude. The exhibition may be thought better than that of last year, because less by some five or six hundred pieces; none of your cities, however they may envy the libraries, old galleries, and public edifices of Paris, need regret the want of such an annual display of the abuse of the brush. Some of the landscapes and sea views are very good; so the greater part of the miniature, so the specimens of lithography and photography, and some of the productions of the chisel; but the many battles are generally confused and coarse, and the proportion, on the whole, enormous, of pictures about or beneath mediocrity. In coloring, more hideous wrong was never anywhere done (except, perhaps, in the same city) to human flesh and natural scenery. Some of the portraits deserve all praise; preeminently, one by Schaefer, of the late Duke of Orleans. The majority of the portraits are paltry; the omission of the names in the printed catalogue occasions disappointment; some sense of the daubing may account for the fastidiousness in this case of men and women who love and seek notoriety in every other. This exhibition is happily free from the grossly indecent representations on canvases with which the antecedent were reproachable.

IMMENSE FIRE.—On the 30th ult., a tremendous fire broke out at Wilmington, N. C. It commenced in the rear of the store occupied by Messrs. Russell & Gammell. The wind blowing a perfect gale.

The fire commenced on the south side of Princess street, extending west to the river, and east to Second street, sweeping everything in its course north, with the exception of four buildings which were built of brick.

Nearly eight squares of buildings have been consumed, including the Methodist Church, Jones' Hotel, and about 100 other buildings, among which were some of the most splendid residences in the place. Besides this, the Rail Road Depot, Furnace, Machine shop, and Bridge; and in fact every building connected with the depot; also 6 locomotives, tools, and every other article belonging to the same, saving only 8 locomotives, and the cars, which were in at the time.

There have also been entirely consumed, 1,000,000 shingles, 800,000 staves, 10,000 barrels turpentine, and 3,000 barrels of tar, besides other goods and merchandise.

The estimated loss is \$300,000, of which the Railroad Co. come in for \$100,000.

Some of the principal sufferers are, Alex. Anderson, John Hall, Messrs. Brown and De Rossett, Robert H. Cowen, P. K. Dickenson, Thomas D. Moore, Wm. Calder, John Noyes, Mr. Lawton, Messrs. Love, Hall & Armstrong, Alex. Mc-Kee, and Wm. C. Lord.

One-fourth of the entire population have been by this dreadful fire turned out of doors, many of them without a shelter for the night, and not a cent in the world. The insurance is about \$100,000.

THE CANAL OPEN.—This is the day fixed for the commencement of the Canal Navigation. Up to 12 o'clock twelve boats cleared for the West. We believe that the Canal hereabouts are all in good navigable condition.—*Albany Jour. May 1.*

LONDON, April 9.—Health of her Majesty.—All the arrangements have been made at Buckingham Palace for the interesting event in the Royal household, which may now be very shortly expected. The attendants have been all summoned to their posts, and the apartments assigned to the physicians have been prepared in case of a sudden emergency.

GOING A MAYING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Oh! let us go a maying. We will away from the dull, brick-town: we will away into the country, the fresh, green, breezy country. Through our open casement the cool air comes in gusts, fragrant with blowing violets and budding trees. We can hear the rustle of lilacs in the garden, as they scatter their perfume around. Hark! the whistle of a bird—and with the sound we are away, climbing the hill side and watching for the early nests as when we were a boy. We are in the country—in imagination at least—idling in sylvan glades, listening to gurgling streams, bathing our temples in the soft, south wind, and idling among green meadows where the dewy footprints of April have left flowers at every step. Not a cloud is whitening the sky. The brown hills glisten in the sunbeams like the golden armor of a god, and along the valley glitters the dancing river, as if it were a chain of jewels; while the waving of boughs, the rustle of grass, the murmur of waters, the carol of birds, and the joyous laugh of childhood thrill our very heart, and bring back our youth. Oh! let us go a maying.

All through the long winter months we have been waiting for this day. When the snows of January spun in the tempest we turned from the chilly prospect and dreamed of May. When the ice ground in the rivers of February, and the trees groaned shivering with pain, we thought how different would be the mornings of May, when the streams would go singing by, the trees be green and luxuriant, and we should be abroad brushing the dew drops from the grass with a sound like the ringing of silver bells. And when in March, the hail pattered against the casement, and the rivers roared by swollen and yellow, still we sighed for May, and every night went to bed thinking, as a young girl whose lover is at sea, that we too were one day nearer. And one morning, in early April, after a soft rain in the night, when we opened our door we were greeted with those sights and sounds that awaken the feeling of the first coming of spring—that feeling which, however often gratified, never loses its freshness. Oh! the luxury of that moment. The air was full of balm from unseen blossoms, the grass had sprang up as if by magic during our sleep, the waters glistened in the sunlight, the trees rustled melodiously, and when suddenly the song of a bird gushed forth, every nerve within us quivered with ecstatic pleasure. Already we heard after the silver voice of May, and every morning thereafter we watched to see her coming with the sun across the hills. And she is here! beautiful as virgin white-robed for the altar. We feel her perfume breathed upon our cheek, tremulous as the first kiss a maiden gives her lover.

"You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooling upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck."

It is the first of May. Oh! for the days of good Queen Bess. Oh! for a bodily sight of a May-party as we see it in Leslie's picture, when England was merry England; when the flowers came, and they no longer come with May; and when the hawthorn flaunted, and the leaves were on all the trees. Oh! for the tall Maypole in the centre of the village green, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and streaming with ribbons of every hue, around which, with linked hands, danced the laughing maidens, to the sound of fife and rattle and viol. Oh! for the search after May dew; the kiss behind the white thorn; the trees hung with garlands, and the houses covered with wreaths of wild flowers. Oh! for the May Queen, blushing until her cheek vied with the crimson blossoms of her coronet. Oh! for the formal cavalier and lady of high descent—for the lubby horse and dragon, the jest and tale, the games at wrestling, archery and quoits. Oh! for the moonlight dance, and afterward the slow walk home, with the pining kiss and the love-dream, broken off provokingly at the chiming and vainly wooed again. Oh! for the song and smile, the blush and whisper, and the merry, merry moments of the afternoon. And oh! for the parting of the chaplets and the gift of the tall tale flowers:

"violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Priapus in his strength; bold tulips
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds."

But alas! the May-day sports have gone forever; the May-pole no longer waves its ribbons on the green, nor is the dance protracted until the crescent moon silvers the iron-tops as it sinks in the west. No longer

do maids hunt for May dew to increase their beauty, nor lover seek lover behind the blossom of the white thorn. There are sorrow-faced utilitarians who will sneer on you at talk of keeping May day; but what care we for them, when our room is fragrant with lilacs, and we can hear the delicious rustle of trees, calling us away to mossy banks and murmuring waters? Who will go with us a maying?

We have left the town and are out in the country. The hum of busy tongues has died away, and all around are pleasant rural sounds. The air is sweet with aromatic odors from unseen flowers, blossoming fruit trees and the upturned soil. In the quiet wood at the bottom of the valley there is a sound of running water, and the voices of birds make the clear blue sky ring with melody. Swallows are skimming around barns, the farm-boy whistles to his horses, and cool air comes and goes deliciously on our brow. In the green meadow running up the valley a party of children has come to spend the day. We love to see children a maying. Even an unwieldy omnibus looks pleasing when, crowded with their happy faces and decorated with green boughs, it rolls swiftly out into the country. We love to hear their sunny laughter as they race over the hill side or weave garlands of wild flowers for each other's hair. We love to see them playing Copenhagen, now diving under the rope, and now sliding their hands rapidly to and fro, each little maid coyly affecting to dislike the forfeit, and each bold boy watching his favorite with the eye of a hawk, and just as he seems about to strike another, turning and pouncing on her. Then the struggle, the shouting of the lads and the pity of the girls. Oh! we love to see children a maying. We love to see them around a swing, each eager to get on, yet half fearing to venture when their turn comes. We love to hear them singing down in a wood. We love their glowing cheeks, and loosely flying locks, their ringing laughter and twinkling feet, their arch smiles, mischievous pranks and pure and innocent looks.

"Tis sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers."

And because we love children we love wild flowers. There is something so exquisitely graceful, something so artless and sylph like in them, something that so remind us of the light hearted girl before she has become trammelled by the chains of art, that we will gladly leave the rarest exotics to the garden to pluck modest flowers in wood or meadow—to go after golden buttercups in fields; to hunt forget-me-nots alongside of quiet streams; to climb precipices for the solitary rose that blooms in some apparently inaccessible cleft, to come suddenly across honeysuckles in the woods, flooding the air with perfume; to search after many another plant dear to our memory, on sunny banks or in hidden nooks where we are sure to find it. Not are the blossoms of our common fruit trees less beautiful. There is nothing to dream of in fairy land so lovely as an orchard of peach trees in bloom, with the millions of delicately tinted flowers to which only the blush of a young virgin can compare; and who has not paused entranced where an apple tree by the way-side, shaking its rosy blossoms in the breeze, fills the air with gusts of fragrance, coming and going like unseen music out at sea? If you walk into the woods and see a dogwood tree in the distance, its white blossoms appear like a sudden fall of snow upon the branches, or if the sun shines full upon them, like a shower of starlight let in on the shadowy wood. And when the water lilies are in their glory, if you will go down where they abound, you will almost dream that you look on the still waters of Paradise. Well do we remember a little lake, embosomed among solitary hills, far away in the wilderness. In the widest part of this pond was a secluded nook where the water lilies, for a furlong at the least, grew so thickly that we could only row our skiff along by a narrow channel, that wound in and out, a silvery thread, in this labyrinth of fragrant plants. So still and quiet was the spot that sometimes a feeling of awe, almost of fear would come over us at the echo of our oars, and pausing we would hold in our breath and look cautiously around, ere we dipped our blades again into the water. Often we would spend whole afternoons in this delicious spot, reclining in our skiff and gazing into the depths of the calm blue sky, or looking listlessly over the sides at its image reflected in the wave. Save the rustle of the leaves or the light ripple of the water, and occasionally the scream of an eagle wheeling above the hill, no sound broke the stillness: and there it was that we first learned to shape out into words the dreams of our waking hours, the vague, restless

feelings of our soul. We never see a water-lily but that spot gleams vividly before us. We have read somewhere of a traveller in Africa, who coming suddenly upon a large Egyptian lily growing by a river, sat down and wept; and we have heard many wonder at his emotion. We can understand it. The flower spoke volumes to his heart. It told him of home, friends, and happiness gone, perhaps, forever.

We have been through the woods, and in the fields, and now let us go upon the water, then which to nature there is nothing so beautiful. Whether foaming down a rapid, running smoothly toward a fall, silvered by the moonlight, glimmering between tremulous leaves, or sleeping in the shade of a quiet afternoon, it is always beautiful. What can excel in loveliness the spray of a fountain twinkling against the moon, or painting mimic rainbows on a background of rocks or foliage? What is so stately as the flow of a mighty river? Oh! we love the water with a strange affection. Often after a hot day in the forest we have come across a cool spring bubbling up among luxuriant grass, and kneeling we have slaked our thirst with a feeling of luxury no after draught has equalled. And this love has haunted us from childhood. We were once delirious to a fever, but while all around wept at our fancied suffering, we dreamed of cool waters wherein we bathed our wearied and burning limbs. When we were a boy, often would our soul grow restless with wild longings for what earth could not afford; at such times we used to go and gaze into the calm breast of that mountain lake until we found peace and went home happy. We knew not the reason then, but our heart has since told us that the beautiful things of this earth are but types of the serene beauty of heaven, intended, by a wise Providence, at once to soothe and stimulate our yearnings for eternal loveliness, and thereby to draw us gently, by an invisible chain, up to our Father's footstool.

Have you studied the music of water? From the deep anthem of the sea to the silver song of a fountain, what is there in nature to equal it? If you will go forth and listen on a hill after a peltuous rain, when the gullies by the road-side have been changed into the beds of running streams, where the torrent, at almost every step, tumbles over a mimic fall, or gurgles among opposing stones, you will learn what a wonderful variety of tones the motion of water produces. Each sound is distinct, yet all, singly or together, melodious; and there is not a chord of your favorite instrument you cannot find there. Displace a single stone and you have a new melody. The old poets who lived, as it were, in the fields, knew this, and nowhere do you find so many sweet images drawn from the sound of water as in their writings. Have you ever listened to the pattering of rain on an arbor, or paused at the tinkling of a spring on rock? And in the summer nights have you never lain awake for hours, to hear the murmur of a neighboring rill rising and falling fitfully?

"A voice as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the silent woods all night
Sings its quiet tune."

So to the ringing of the large rain drops that precede a thunder shower especially if they fall on deep, still water, there is a mysterious music. Stand on a beach in a storm, and listen to the wild boom of the surges without awe, if you can. We never hear the roar of an unseen cataract, in the pine woods of a mountain without holding our breath, as if almost in the visible presence of the Almighty; and often we have started at what appeared to be the sound of childish laughter in the forest, caused by the noise of a brook gurgling swiftly among stones and shooting down rapids. A young poet of our day has beautifully compared the voice of his mistress singing to the leaping of a fountain in starlight; we could lead him to a thousand sounds as musical—the dropping of water down a well, its silvery clearness where it runs swiftly through long grass, its indescribable melody when gliding over sand, or the quick gur-gur with which it shoots darkly clear out of the cool depths of a cedar swamp. It is only in the symphonies of Beethoven that you can find any parallel to the music of water; now impulsive and now measured; frantic with rage, or "mourning like a god in pain;" soft, plaintive or terrific, he alone, of all the great composers, has transmuted into instrumental harmony something of the music of water. And it is only in its wildness that the comparison holds good.

Then, let us go a-maying, and let it be upon the water. Our barge is rocking at the slip, her gay streamers fluttering in the wind, and her oars keep time like sister Graces dancing. The air is breezy and fresh, invigorating us with new life. We will away, up the placid river, gliding

by bold headlands, quiet coves and green islands sleeping on the water by summer houses perched on cliffs, and old mansions formal among patriarchal trees; and, as we go, the wind will crisp each tiny crest into frosted silver, and the mellow sound of lutes from passing boats will melt across the water, "as 'twere aerial music." We will land often, and again push off; but with none, selecting a sylvan spot, we will disembark for the day, and while the servants place the greensward meal, wander off into the woods hunting for violets in the hollows or climbing after the columbine until the bugle summons us to dinner. And then the noon-tide meal, with the green leaves rustling above and the breeze playing around us, bringing back the memory of bold Robin Hood and Sherwood forest.

Oh! the woods are ever beautiful—beautiful in the sterc majesty of winter when the wind waits through them like a spirit cast from heaven; beautiful to the sultriness of summer when the deer seek their coolest recesses, and when, as early morning, their leaves are tremulous with the songs of myriads of birds; beautiful in autumn when clothed in a thousand glittering colors, and covering hill and valley with a glory such as is reflected from the ruby and sapphire walls of the new Jerusalem. And beautiful are they in spring, ere the old oaks have put on their verdure, and when the larch stands rich and green, among the melancholy firs. If there is a stream in the wood, you may find its margin fringed with willows, their light green pensile tresses drooping, like a soft eye-lash, on the water. On every side are trees in every stage of leafing, some nearly bare, some with the younger buds shooting, and some green even to the top; and pleasant it is to sit and listen to the rising wind, at first just lifting the highest leaf, then rustling the whole foliage, and so swelling out until even the branches of the bare old oaks sway to and fro with a wild mournful sound. Nor is it their outward beauty alone which affects us. How mysterious their growth from the little seed to the lordly tree. See how their heavier branches protrude toward the north to screen them from the inclement storms of that quarter; while, for the same purpose, one side of the trunk is covered with moss. Mark that gnarled and twisted tree growing out of the edge of the ravine; at first the plant bends earthward pressed on by that mass of rock, then it is forced horizontally, but serpent-like it soon winds upward and around the locusts, thus amid every obstruction shooting to the light. Every leaf is an organ through which, as it were, the tree respires; and how wisely does nature ordain that, when the leaves fall off, the sap ceases to shoot, and the tree grows torpid. Then how wonderful has been the progress of the different species, from the gigantic fern amid which the terrific iguana-don nestled in the earlier geological epochs, to the lofty palms through which the mammoth broke as the hippopotamus now rushes through the reeds of Africa. Oh! mighty in the thoughts they suggest, and overpowering in their majestic beauty are the forests. No fruited roof of minister inspires us with such awe.

"Ah, why,
Should we, in the world's ripper years neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?"

This breezy wood is another forest of Eden, and we almost look to see a new Rosalind tripping out on the glade. It was a beautiful trait in the classic mythology to people the forest with dryads and hamadryads, nor do we wonder that this poetic superstition lingered long after paganism was no more, and breathed its benign influence into Tasso's immortal poem. But since tree and rock no longer have their divinities, let Rosalind be the presiding influence of this spot—Rosalind the sweetest, loveliest of all Shakespeare's females. So graceful and sprightly, so arch and witty, so tender and loving, impulsive often, and, therefore, needing forgiveness, such as a page, yet full of a womanly feeling, I give us Rosalind. The girlish Perdita, the gentle Desdemona, the frank Miranda, the majestic Portia, Helen, Beatrice, Ophelia, and that angel Imogen, are all lovely, though different, but no one combines so many womanly and winning qualities, is at once so heavenly and yet of earth, as Rosalind. If she falls in love at first sight, it is because she has agreed "to make sport withal;" but she soon finds that her passion is in earnest, and exclaims, wringing her pretty hands, "oh, cos, cos, cos, my pretty little cos, that thou didst know how many fashions deep I am in love." How exquisitely she fools it with Orlando; but how soft her woman's heart when she faints, at hearing of his wound; and with what roughish hypocrisy she says, on recovering, "ah! sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited; I pray you, to tell your brother how well I

counterfitted. Heigh ho!" We love the little vices. We love her for her pretty way of teaching Orlando to make love to her—we love her for her merry chiding of him when he comes behind his time—we love her for the gay manner in which she ruffles it as the page, though when alone with Aliona she piteously says, "never talk to me; I will weep;" or with more spirit and somewhat of vexation, at her cousin's exclamation, "Cupid have mercy! Not a word," retorts "Not one to throw at a dog." Ah! Rosalind, when you said that, you felt your heart was gone, and feared it might be hopelessly. Come a maying then with your Rosalind, or, if you be a lady, bring your Orlando.

But we have loitered in the woods, now dancing on the sward, and now engaged in merry talk, until the evening star, glistering like a tear in the blue eye of beauty, hangs over the western hill, and the cool air of approaching night warns us to embark. As we float softly down the stream, our ears scarce dipping in the water, gentle thoughts will incessantly possess our souls, and deep silence ensue. It is the hour of vesper, and the sky and river remind us of Italy. They have a beautiful custom there, when the vesper bell is heard, for the rowers simultaneously to stop for prayer until the silver sounds cease melting over the water. And equally poetic is the practice of the fishermen's wives who go out at twilight on the sea-shore and sing, that their husbands, hearing them, may know whither to direct their skiff. If you are on the water at that hour, the answering songs around, from unseen vocalists on sea and shore, produces an indescribable effect. It is like music from angels in the air.

To float on a calm river at eventide wakes the poetry of a man, if he has any in him. There is nothing we so love as to see the pearly water dripping from the oars, each drop glistening in the starlight as it falls, or to watch the long lines of trembling light that shoot and die, as the blades disturb the placid surface. Thus occupied we will silently float on. But when the moon, sliding above the tree tops, shoots its bridge of silver along the tide, suddenly, at the sight, we will burst into rapturous exclamations, the oars will rattle gaily, the barge shoot ahead with a start, songs will be heard, gay laughter again ring out, and away, like a bird skimming, we will go. This is a May day for you. Will you go?

EXECUTION OF THE MURDERER OF HIS FATHER.—Benjamin D. White was hanged at Batavia, N. Y., Wednesday, January 26, for murdering his own father. Up to the hour of his execution he remained altogether indifferent about his fate; refused to permit his body to be decently interred by his relatives, and insisted upon its being dissected by the doctors. A few moments before his death, he declared that if his father was yet alive he would kill him if he could. During all the preparatory movements he moved not a muscle, and was apparently as self-possessed as the firmest present. At 10 minutes to 8, the Sheriff said, "White, you have only three minutes to live." He remained standing calmly for a little over two minutes when the cap was drawn over his face, and White was launched into eternity.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Much distress prevails among farmers in several parts of the Province of New Brunswick, owing to the partial failure of Hay crop last season, and the great length of time which the ground had been covered with snow during the winter. Many cattle have died for want of food. The Bank of St. Stephen has advanced \$650 for the purchase of hay, to be distributed among those in the neighborhood who are unable to raise the means to purchase fodder for their cattle. The St. Stephen Courier says that Mr. George Lindsey of that place, having volunteered his services, started for Kennebec river on Monday last to purchase a cargo of Hay, which he would ship immediately.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The splendid new steamer "Harry of the West," which but a few days ago was announced as having made her first trip, met with a sad accident. On the 19th ult., two flues of one of her boilers exploded, near Louisville, Kentucky. One hand was blown overboard, another killed, and several of the hands and passengers are missing. A large number are more or less injured, but their names, or the number of those lost, are not yet known. The reports variously estimate the dead from five to twenty-five. The most authentic report states the number of deaths at five, and about double that number scalded—some badly. The boat did not sustain much injury.

Capt. Van Houten, Mr. Pierce, the Pilot, and Mr. Way and Mr. Beers, Clerks, were uninjured. The Memphis Enquirer mentions that Mr. P. B. Sherwin, of New York, and Mr. A. Fragerard, were injured. Mr. J. Smith, of Ypsawo, is missing.

RETURN OF MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Eugene Kincaid and Lady, of the Baptist Mission in Burmah, arrived in this city on Sunday last, via England, in the ship Mount Hicks from Liverpool. Mr. Kincaid has been absent nearly fourteen years, and has returned to his native land on account of declining health. He has brought with him, besides his three children, two of the children of the Rev. Mr. Comstock, of the same Mission, who will remain with their relatives in this country.

THE BELL OF HAPPINESS.

(From the German of J. G. Seidl.)

THE king his heir has summoned—his life is near its close,—
By both his hands he takes him, the royal throne he shows;
"My son,"—thus speaks he, trembling—"you thence I leave to thee;
Yet take, with my dominion, one parting word from me.

"Think't thou this world a palace, where naught but pleasures dwell?
Indeed, my son, 'tis not so!—thou truth remember well!
By drops we have our pleasures, our griefs from buckets flow;
Two drops of joy there are not in countless streams of woe."

He spoke, and he departed. His words could not be true;
The word appeared so lovely, so rosy was its hue.
His heir the throne ascended, to prove, as he believed,
How much some gloomy spirit his father had deceived.

Straight over the apartment which for his use was kept,
In which he sat at table, reflected oft, and slept,
He had a bell suspended, and clearly would it ring,
Like silver, if the monarch but slightly touch'd the string.

And he would surely touch it, he told the country round,
As oft as in his bosom true happiness he found;
No single day would pass him—ay, he believed it well,
But he might justly venture to ring that little bell.

And all his days at morning with ray brow appear,
But when they set at evening, a mourning veil they wear;
The cord, he oft would grasp it,—his eye is clear and bright,—
Yet feels he may not touch it, for something is not right.

He once was blest with friendship, and to the cord drew nigh;
"At length, now, can I ring it, and tell how blest I am!"
A messenger came weeping, and trembled as he said,
"The friend has proved a woman; my lord, thou art betray'd!"

He flew once, for the raptures of love had fill'd his breast,
"At length, at length I'll ring it, to tell that I am blest!"
His chancellor approach'd him, pale, lowly murmuring:
"Are all alike unfaithful to thee, my lord and king?"

The king is yet unquenched, for still he holds his land,
His purse with treasure weighty, and many a mighty hand;
He still has fragrant meadows, his fields are fresh and green,
Where stout men work, while o'er them the Lord's own sky is seen."

He gazes from his window, the prospect round he eyes,
He views in every cottage a cradle of his joys;
Now to the cord he hastens,—will pull it!—when he sees
His people crowd his chamber, and fall upon their knees.

"My lord, my lord, look yonder,—the fire, the smoke, the crash!
Our cottages are burning,—the women's babes flash;
"The robbers!" shouts the monarch,—he may not touch the cord;
With passion wildly storming, he draws 't' avenging sword.

And now his hair is whiten'd, and grief his strength has broke,
And yet upon the house-top the bell has never spoke!
Though of a flush, like pleasure, his aged cheek glows o'er,
The bell which he suspended he scarcely thinks of more.

Upon his chair repining, the monarch waits his death,
When to his window rises the sound of sobb beneath.
He softly asks his chancellor—"Tell me, what means that sound?"
"My lord, the sire is dying,—the children flock around."

"Then quick admit my children!—Were they as true and good!"
"My lord, could life be purchased, yours would they buy with blood."
With noiseless steps his subjects within the hall appear—
Once more they wish to bless him, once more to see him near.

"You love me, children?"—"Yes, sire."—"And tears descend in streams
The monarch hears and rises—how like a saint he seems!
He looks to Heaven—he clutches the cord without a word—
Pulls it, and dies yet smiling—for now the bell is heard.

TRINITY CHURCH.—This beautiful structure, now in progress, has been so costly that the Corporation of Trinity have been compelled, as appears by a communication in the *Chatterbox*, to stretch some annual grants, of long standing and great practical benefit to the Church and the people. This is to be regretted. Better were it to take more time to finish the building, and continue the other accustomed grants. [American.]

A WIFE STABBED BY HER HUSBAND.—On Friday night, a man who keeps a cigar store in Washington street, between Murray and Warren streets, made a most foul and desperate attack on his wife with a knife, wounding her in several places, two of which were in the breast and one in the neck. He fired, and has not been seen or heard of since. His name is Hernandez, (supposed to be a Spaniard.) The inhuman act is attributed to jealousy.

We learn that Mr. Cushing has arrived in this city from Washington and the Times says that "it is his intention to run as a candidate in his district for congress—praising to the people without distinction of party."—*Boston Merc. Journal Friday.*

From the Lady's World.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. A. F. STEPHENS.

The cold wind moaned along the street;
The keen, sharp frost came biting;
To sting his small, uncovered feet,
As the poor beggar boy crouched by.

They sat together—the widow and her boy—wretched, hungry and desolate. A few pipe shavings had just sunk into a handful of black ashes on the broken hearth, and one lingering spark of fire darting like a tiny serpent through them, was all the promise of warmth afforded by that yawning and empty fire-place. Yet the day was bitterly cold; the bleak wind gushed down the chimney, scattering the ashes over the floor with each chill blast. It came through the crevices and pierced the ill-fitted windows, till the snow, which lay blanketed against the glass, drifted through from the area and lay in ridges all around the sash. The boy had been crouching close to his mother, and, as the fire went out, she drew him nearer to her side, and strove to shelter him beneath the old shawl which but scantily protected her own shivering. The boy needed to her bosom for a moment, but it was not to seek shelter from the cold. The poor woman felt his arms gliding by her waist with an affectionate clasp, and his warm lips were pressed to her cheek again and again, till the tears that stood half frozen there vanished beneath the loving caress. Alas, for the widow! save those young lips there was no warmth in the wide world for her!

"Mother, are you very hungry?" inquired the boy. The winter twilight darkened the room, or the pale, famished face of that poor woman had been answered enough. She turned away her head and murmured,
"No—not very."

"Oh! mother," cried the boy, drawing his head and looking in her face through the dim light, "if we could but get a shilling—one little shilling—I saw four pig's feet lying close by the door at the grocery this morning—one of them was almost out on the pavement. You don't know how I tried to earn a shilling or sixpence, or only three cents, that I might bring one for your supper; but no one would give me work, and you told me not to beg."

The poor mother burst into tears, and kissed the face lifted with such touching earnestness to hers.

"Your father little thought his son—his and mine, would ever have thoughts of begging," she said mournfully.

"But he did not know how hungry we should be," said the lad meekly, while his eyes drooped beneath their thick lashes, and a look of shame stole over his features, for he understood his mother's words as a reproach. "He had not seen you shivering with cold in the dark here."

"Oh! if he could have foreseen it!" The poor woman rose to her feet as she spoke, and gathering the shawl about her, took an old quilted hood from her chest, and seemed preparing to go out. The lad turned his eyes anxiously on her.

"May I go with you, mother?" he said, buttoning the scant jacket round his shivering mouldered person, and taking a leathern cap from the floor, he stood ready to go forth.

"I will try again," muttered the unfortunate woman; "yes, Joseph, we will go once more to Mrs. Henry's. It is but ten cents, and she may have forgotten it; but even then it is nothing to her, everything to us; we will try, surely we cannot starve, boy, starve when food lies before us in such quantities." As she spoke the woman lifted her finger and pointed to a baker's shop across the way, where the windows were just lighted, and loaves of bread lay heaped on the counter beyond.

This conversation had led the suffering pair into the street, and they walked forward facing the wind and the driving snow with desperate energy.

"Mother," said the lad, as the two passed before the high granite steps of a proud dwelling in Bond street, "will ten cents be enough to buy the pigs feet and fire to cook them?"

"Do not begin to think of it," said the widow, "I have been here again and again, but could never see the lady; it may be no now: try and think of something beside food, my boy, for I have little hopes of any to-night."

"I would think of something else if it were for you, mother. I can do without eating a long time, but—"

The widow quietly wiped the tears from her eyes, and descending into the area of that princely dwelling, knocked at the door. The steps above sheltered her from the curtain, and she waited long and patiently.

A pampered cook, who sat comforting her crimson face before the kitchen fire, heard the knock, and after a few minutes deliberation, arose to answer it, muttering sullenly at this call to perform duties out of her piece, as she went through the lower hall. She opened the door, a gust of wind came through and put out her lamp, but not till she had seen the poverty-stricken creatures standing there.

"We have nothing," she exclaimed, setting down the lamp, and using both large hands to force the door against the wind; "no cold victuals for beggars—such a night as this—you ought to know better than to come when the snow drifts into a gentleman's hall in this way," and taking up her lamp, the overfed cook made her way to the well-heated kitchen range, and sat down to regale herself on the best part of a canvass back dish and put away for her own benefit between two plates with cranberry sauce, before she set up her master's dinner.

The widow turned to her son, his hand was clasped in hers, and the look of mute despair which lay upon his young face was fully revealed by

a street-lamp that stood close by; she did not know that her own thin features were still more faded and ghastly.

"What shall we do?" She could not even hear what he said to say, "Let us go to the front door," said the boy; "ring the bell, and ask for Mrs. Henry. Your are a lady as well as she is—"

It was a bitter and sad smile which flitted across the trembling lips of the widow.

"I see a lady," she said, "a proud one—but not now, not under these garments, want and hunger crush our feelings so—come, boy, come—Why should we not go in at the front door?" The two passed hurriedly up from the area and stood upon the pavement.

"How warm it looks," said the boy, pointing to the drawing-room windows, where the light from a chandelier came streaming like a flood of wine through the crimson curtains that fell in voluminous folds over them.

"The mother made no reply, but grasping his hand tighter, led him up the steps. She rang the bell boldly and with energy. Her eyes had been mocked with luxuries once familiar; she was starving, and her first-born, and felt wronged, as if the inmates of that house were insulting her destitution.

It was indeed a scene of luxurious splendor—that spacious drawing-room—its gleaming arabesques flashed in grates of glittering steel and silver. The crystal pendants on the chandelier took a rainbow tinge from the fire lights that burned among them. Rare pictures hung in glittering frames on the walls; a soft glowing light fell upon them, and swept all around on the Ackmea carpet, the silken ottomans, and tables of rich mosaic. There was but one person in the room—a young girl of magnificent beauty and queenly presence. A harp stood before her, and as she stooped to sweep the strings, the golden muslin drapery which shaded her arms fell loosely; her thick black hair caught the light, and the color on her round cheek grew deep and rich as a warm sunset. What was it to her that the wind blew chill and sharp without? It could not penetrate the depths of those damask curtains. It touched not the cluster of ten roses, and that snow white japonica that stood on the sofa table, and shed a bluish perfume over the corner of embroidered silk which the lady had just occupied: it touched not the rare prints and the last magazine, which lay half concealed beneath the crimson cushion. Her dress was that of summer, and like summer was the atmosphere of these beautiful rooms. Her hands wandered among the harp strings, and the color deepened in her cheek as the music which they drew forth rose and swelled around her; but, as if the discord had startled her with a pleasant surprise, she turned her head as the ringing of the door bell broke through the low notes which her harp was at that instant whispering; her white arm reared motionless against the wires; her lips were slightly parted, and the color on her cheek was like the crimson side of a peach. She longed to steal toward the door and listen if it was indeed his voice.

When the footman opened the door, saying that a woman and boy wished to speak with his mistress, he could see the beating of her heart through the folds of pure muslin crossing her bosom, and there was a meaning smile on his lip when he observed the look of annoyance and disappointment which settled on her beautiful face.

"Who are they, Joha? go ask what they want. You knew that I was engaged," she said, impatiently; "I am engaged and mamma is out of town." The man went back to the hall door, where the widow and her son stood shivering in the cold night—he inquired their business sharply, for the wind, which swept through the opening, deranged his temper.

"We only wish to see Mrs. Henry for one moment," said the poor woman, meekly.

"Mrs. Henry has gone out of town."

"The young lady, then, can we see her?"

"I tell you she is engaged—if you have any message speak out; you cannot expect a gentleman to stand here all night," replied the dignitary of looks and binges.

"Will you be so kind as to tell Miss Henry that there was ten cents due on the linen I made for her—she could not make the exact change, and—"

"A heavy business, that!" interrupted the footman, sneeringly.

"I would not have come here to-night, but—"

A young gentleman, who had alighted from a close carriage to the pavement, while they were disputing, came hurriedly up the steps, and interrupted the widow in her humble appeal. She shrunk back, and the poor woman again, just in time to see the small hand of his mistress snatched from the clasping fingers of the young gentleman who had just entered, and her radiant face covered with blushes as it was turned toward the door.

She advanced to the footman, and as he spoke in the undertones of a well-tutored servant, her sympathy leaned against the harp and passed strangely while he played, and she saw the strings of the harp. Miss Henry turned from the servant, went to a little work box of rich mosaic and took out her purse. It contained nothing but bank notes.

"Tell her to come again: I have no small change. I don't re-

member that any thing is due, but that is no matter, *tell her to come again.*"

The young girl turned away as she spoke, and gliding to the side of her lover, began trifling with the sharp strings close by his hand, till her own was once more impressed in his clasp. They forgot the instrument and sat down, content with the musical beating of their own young hearts, and there, upon the door steps, stood two fellow beings perishing with want, famishing from lack of a few pennies, which that beautiful girl thoughtlessly withheld. Alas! when will the rich and prosperous learn the value of a penny to the poor?

"Who were the two persons I found at the door?" inquired the lover of Miss Henry, playfully turning the torqueline ring on her finger—"The woman's face struck me as peculiarly intelligent as I hurried up the steps."

The lady smiled and answered in a quiet voice that it was a sewing woman, whom her mamma sometimes employed out of charity.

"It is a dreadful sight for any human to be out," said the young man thoughtfully; "and the face I saw beneath that old hood was strangely wan and sorrowful."

"Is it very cold?" inquired the young lady, beginning to look serious, "I have not felt it in the least."

"God forbid that you should ever feel the inclemency of a night like this!" said the young man carelessly, "and yet, my girl, the poor woman who stood at your door a few minutes since, may have been less so tenderly, and nurtured gently as you are; but, no! her terrible destitution would have called her out on such a night as this!"

"Do you think so?" replied the young girl, and the color grew faint on her cheek, "I am sorry I—"

The young man looked in that speaking face with some surprise, it became still more troubled beneath his glance, and tears stole like dew into those dark eyes.

"What is the matter, Frances?" he inquired anxiously, "you are too sensitive, my sweet girl."

Frances Henry covered her face and wept—"I have been cruel, careless," she said in a low voice, "the poor woman asked for a little change that she says is due here. I expected you, my heart was full of you, and I sent her away."

"To suffer!" said the young man seriously, though his voice was still affectionate.

"It was so little—such a mere trifle—I could not think ten cents of the least consequence. It was only that, but she will come again tomorrow, and I will give her fifty times the sum!" added the really kind girl with sudden animation, for she was only thoughtless, not cruel.

"Let us try if she cannot be paid to night," replied the lover, still very seriously. The footman was summoned, but he knew nothing of the poor woman. She was standing on the steps, when he closed the door against her, perfectly moist, but the boy had noticed on coming in, hanging the bell violently twice after he was shut out, and for some minutes the sound of his voice was heard above the wall of the temple. Perhaps he was there yet. Frances Henry and her lover went eagerly to the door, and looked out; no one was visible; the steps were covered with sleet, and drops of frozen rain fell like a storm of pearls over the dark tresses and maulin drapery of the young girl, while the keen wind almost took away her breath.

"Does any one know where she lives?" inquired the young man taking up his cloak. Frances turned anxiously to the servant, who did know something of the widow's residence; but the night was tempestuous, and John had notions of braving it for the benefit of any one; so he expressed himself profoundly ignorant, and hastened to close the door, lest his young mistress should take cold. It was a necessary precaution, for she was shivering from head to foot.

The young couple went to the back drawing room, to an atmosphere so charged that the sleet which had fallen upon their garments turned to water, and hung tremulously all over them, like dew drops, before they had crossed the room. They sat down, but loquidity was in the heart of each. The young man was thoughtful, and Frances could not shake off a sense of regret and self reproach that saddened her spirits all the evening.

The widow and her son reached the wretched dwelling at last; Joseph turned his face resolutely from the baker's window as they went by, and his mother had not spoken a word since she left the rich man's door. They went into the dark basement and sat down. Joseph took the damp shawl from his mother's bosom, flung off his own wet jacket, and winding his arms around her neck, laid his cheek close to hers, and murmured, "Cold, mother, don't give up; see, this will warm you a little, I know it will!"

He was answered by a low convulsive sob, which the poor woman tried in vain to suppress, but the brave lad would not be discouraged. He besought her to be calm, to see how strong he was—he who had eaten nothing for two whole days, and whose ways had such an appetite, it was not much to be hungry when one got used to it. It was beautiful, but it was a child's way! His voice was unutterably cheerful, but it had a sound as if the little fellow was choking back his tears all the time.

There was a straw bed lying on the floor in one corner of the room.—Joseph had become accustomed to the dark, so he went to this bed and shook up the straw, heaping the principal part on the side which his mother always occupied. Then he persuaded her to lie down; he spread, he wove quite carefully over her, tucking them in against the wall, and

placed a piece of old rag carpeting between the bed and the floor, that it might seem as much like a pillow as possible.

"Now, mother, isn't it nice to feel that everything is so clean, if there isn't much of it?" said the boy, still lingering on his knees where he had been arranging the fragment of carpet. "Do you begin to feel any better, mother?"

The poor woman murmured that she did, and told the child to make haste and come to bed, for she heard his teeth chattering as he spoke.

In a few minutes, mother; I have just thought of something!"—and starting to his feet, little Joseph went into a back passage and dragged out an old door which stood leaning against the wall. He placed this against the bed, slanting it over his mother in a manner that shielded her from the wind which penetrated the windows.

"There," exclaimed the boy, triumphantly, "only think, mother, how much better off we are than those poor people that haven't any old door to keep off the wind!"

If it had not been so very dark, Joseph would have been encouraged by the faint smile that crept over the face of his parent; for even her misery could not resist the determined courage of that brave hearted boy.

When Joseph had arranged the door, he gathered fresh spirit from success, and the exertion of dragging it forth had driven away the excessive chill which had fettered down his strength; so, obeying a desperate impulse, he let himself into the street, and ran across to the baker's shop. A hard faced woman stood behind the counter talking to a mild looking female, who had just placed a couple of shilling loaves in a basket which hung on her arm. She seemed to be the wife of a mechanic, purchasing her store of bread for the next day. When she turned from the counter Joseph took her place; there was something in the clear, fresh features of the boy which attracted her attention. Though wont to thread, his clothes were mended, and perfectly clean; the bright black hair had never been neglected, and exposure to the storm only crisped it into a thousand tiny ringlets up from his bold, open forehead, and all over his head. But he was very pale, and the long black lashes that stuck over his eyes when he felt that she was looking earnestly at him, concealed an expression of terrible suffering.

"Mrs. Blake, will you let me speak with you a minute," said the child, lifting his eyes to the shop-woman, with an appeal so earnest, that she impulsively bent down her head; but the widow owed her a few shillings and this thought steeled her heart against him.

"It is of no use," she said, before he had time to express his wishes; "I can't trust you another loaf, it is out of the question."

"I did not come for this time—there is, not all trust," replied the boy, with almost breathless anxiety. "Send for your sister, and keep them till we can pay you—they have only been mended twice."

"The boy stooped down, untied his shoes, and seemed about to set them on the counter.

"Don't put your wet old shoes there!" exclaimed the woman, roughly. "What good are such shoes to me—do get out of the store."

"I did not mean to set them on the counter, but only to show you how nicely they are mended," said the boy in a broken voice, stooping down to put on his shoes again; and as his fingers trembled among the wet strings, the woman, who stood at the door, saw that the poor child was crying as if his heart would break, though he made no noise. She looked at the bread in her basket: there was just enough for her own large family; she could not give him that; but a sixpence lay within her hand palm—harder than her heart, good woman. Her face brightened, and stepping forward, she laid her coin on the counter.

"Give the boy some bread, he looks hungry, poor fellow;" and before Joseph could start up, shake the tears from his face, and thank her, the kind woman had passed into the street, muttering, "My young ones must do without their candy to-night; they will make a terrible time when I get home; no matter, I could not help it."

Joseph reached up his eager, trembling hands, and almost snatched the loaf from Mrs. Blake. He darted through the door, and across the street, laughing amid his tears, and hugging the bread close to his bosom.

The widow had sunk to that heavy uncomfortable sleep which, in truth, was scarcely more than stupid endurance of privation and cold. She had not heard her son go forth, and when he rumbled into the room, sobbing out a laugh, and dancing through the darkness, she started up in affright.

"Here, mother, here, I've got some bread, new bread—a whole loaf—are you sitting up, mother?—come break it, my hands shake so I can't. Give me a piece of the crust, and eat the soft yourself. Have you got it? the crust is all away, mother, it's all paid for!"

Joseph broke off short, for his mouth was full of something more substantial than words, and he only interrupted his mother's expressions of gratitude by now and then pausing to ask, if she ever tasted such bread in her life?

The next morning Joseph crept from the side of his mother, where he had nestled all night, and went out to a carpenter's shop in the neighborhood in search of something to burn. The carpenter was at work, and Joseph's heart leaped when he saw the delicate shavings dropping in curls from his plane to a great heap which lay by the work-bench. When the man saw Joseph, he smiled, and pushed the shavings towards him with his foot. They were eagerly gathered up, but underneath lay some chips and square pieces of wood, which the child would not have touched but for the unusual benevolence the carpenter had thrust them also towards him. So the widow was warmed by the cheerful crackling of a

on the hearth which, if it gave forth little heat, served to illuminate a otherwise cheerless room. Joseph was before the fire, looking quite cheerful and happy as he fed the flame with handfuls of crisp shavings. "Come, mother, we have a crust or two left for breakfast, here it is, I don't feel hungry after our famous supper," said the boy, approaching his mother with some fragments of bread.

The widow would have persuaded her son to eat, but he quietly laid the portion she gave him on a deal table, saying that he was not hungry, and would go into the street to see if any body wanted to send him on an errand, or have wood carried in. He kissed his mother before going out, and besought her to lie still and cover herself with the bedclothes; but the child did not guess how ill his parent was, how utterly broken down and strengthless.

It was a clear day, but intensely cold, the air was full of sharp biting frost, and the little wind that stirred along the streets was keen and stinging rather than boisterous. Poor Joseph was thinly clad, and the cold penetrated every pore of his body as he hurried along the icy pavement, looking eagerly from side to side in search of something to do, but no pile of wood gladdened his eye, no little mound of coal gave him an excuse for ringing at some street door to beg the privilege of carrying it in. But the boy had suffered, and seen his mother suffer till the resolution of manhood seemed springing up in his bosom, his eye grew brighter and more determined as he walked on; his pale lips were pressed together, and he turned his face firmly against the wind as if that were his fate, and his young soul had found courage to brave it.

He went down to the wharves, in hopes that some traveller might employ him to carry a bundle or portmanteau, but larger and more hard-hearted boys drove him away, and he was more than once in danger of being crushed among the hackney coachmen and cab-drivers that thronged the thoroughfare to every ferry. Still he would not be discouraged, though hungry and tortured with the cold, he pressed forward pleading for work till sight drew on, and then, for the first time in his young life, "begging for money, saying that he would keep his mother from perishing with want." At daylight he stood in Broadway, and asked for "pennies to buy bread for his poor mother," of the passers-by—it was an old story and excited no sympathy. Once that beautiful, earnest face, thin, and pale with famine, might have touched a heart of stone, but it was too cold for men to pause long enough for more than an impatient glance, and if the voice with which he pleaded was sad and broken-hearted, they set it down as part of his profession, lacking somewhat in winning homeliness, but very well for a new beginner, and so they passed him by. Men who risked thousands every night at the gambling-table, withheld their pennies from *conscientious scruples*. They looked upon street beggars as a moral evil; women who were driving their husbands to bankruptcy by extravagance and dissipation, except by the shivering boy, wrapped in velvets and costly furs, but they too had conscientious scruples, or could not afford the penny for which he supplicated. Some passed with averted faces and heard him not. Others ordered him away as if a wild animal had crossed their path; one or two paused as if to aid him, but it was difficult for such to find their purses without being chilled through, so when the child almost fed a coin in his palm, and looked upon them already with grateful eyes, they passed on with the compassionate impulse that had almost impelled them to a kind act by the common observation that after all this begging was but a business. So they passed him one and all till the night came on, and when every limb was chilled, and his very heart cold in his bosom, the boy crept towards home miserable, hungry and exhausted.

The night was colder even than the morning, a clear wintry sky bent over the city, studded with myriads of golden stars beautiful and bright, but the boy shivered beneath them, and it seemed as if they hung there to mock him with thoughts of a warm fire which he must never see again. The shop windows too with their glittering lights gleaming over piles of confectionery and southern fruits that had tempted him a little while before, but now the gas flames and the fruit seemed mocking together in a sea of beautiful colors that danced before his eyes, still they tempted him no longer, for he had ceased to feel hungry as a faintness and loathing of food crept over him; sensation seemed gradually dying from his limbs, and he was conscious of but one wish, and that was to lie down by his mother and sleep. Still he crept on, moving to and fro beneath the bright glittering stars, and the yet more pitiless throng that passed him by, till he mistook the way and stood quite alone in a public lumber-yard. It gave him no anxiety, for his limbs were already asleep, and his eyes grew heavy. He sunk to the earth with his face turned upwards to the stars. And when the Beggar Boy awoke he was in Heaven.

They were sitting at the table—Frances Henry and her parents, one day had passed by since the sewing woman had sought their house in that terrible storm; but she had not called again as directed. So Frances cast the subject from her mind, and smiled quietly when she thought how much anxiety the trifling sum of ten cents had cost her.

Mr. Henry, who had been amusing himself with the morning papers after his coffee, occasionally read a paragraph aloud: after running over the amount of stocks he came to the *conqueror's* inquiries, and read on as if he had been still immersed in the money market.

"*Coroner's Inquest*—an inquest was held at 27—street, on the body of a young lad, who was found dead in a wood-yard in the rear of 27. Verdict, died of exposure and want. The body was removed to the dead house."

"Another inquest was held on the body of Margaret S—, was found dead in the basement of a house in W—street; the room in which

she was found betrayed the utmost destitution. Verdict, died of disease and exhaustion."

"Margaret S—," said Mrs. Henry, taking the paper from her husband to be certain of the name, "Frances, was not that the woman who did the sewing for us a few weeks since?"

Frances did not answer, her elbow was resting on the table, while her trembling hand lay pressed over her eyes; the hand and face were both colorless, and there was something in her manner that frightened the two persons gazing upon her.

That day a fashionably dressed young man came out of the dead house, followed by two persons, bearing a child's coffin between them—they placed it in a carriage, and the gentleman stepped in after it, ordering the coachman to drive to 27—street. When the carriage stopped before the gloomy dwelling, the boy was once more removed and carried into the basement; a female coffin, and ready for burial, lay upon the deal table, and close by sat a young girl muffled in a cloak of black velvet, and weeping bitterly.

The Beggar Boy was placed by the side of his mother, and for the first time, when so near that bosom, his arms were not stretched forth to embrace her.

"My Fanny, this is a gloomy scene for you," said the young man, bending over the weeping female, "you will take cold in this damp place."

"They lived here for weeks and months," said the distressed girl, and her eyes filled once more as she looked around the miserable apartment; "and I might have helped them; I might, at least have paid the pitiful sum that we owed them. If I had but seen her that night—if, alas, I shall never forgive myself."

"Fanny," said the young man, taking her hand with affectionate earnestness, "that is the first instance of terrible suffering that you have witnessed, if it has occasioned some self-reproach, tears alone will not appease it; soon as these are passing in this great city every day. Thousands read the paragraph which brought us here, and yet you are alone with the dead in this dismal place."

"They did not know the mournful details as we do," replied the young girl.

"And if they did, Fanny, if the touching devotion of his poor boy, the patient suffering, the meekness and death of his mother were written out word for word, act by act, what would the effect be?"

"Men would be interested, touched, excited to benevolence," replied the kind girl with beautiful earnestness.

"They might be excited to *tears*, perhaps, but can the details, the whole story of this poor Beggar Boy appeal more strongly to the sympathies, than the simple truth proved and sworn to, as set forth in the coroner's inquest?"

A breeze roused to the door, and when the coffins were carried out, Frances Henry arose, folded the cloak about her person, and went forth wiser, more subdued, and far more worthy of love than she had ever been in her life.

SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

BY MRS. ANN B. STEPHENS.

Oh, give me welcome—I come—I come
From a sweet and balmy land;
With the tropic rose I have made my home;
Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam—
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,
I have played with the foam of a Southern strand.

Oh, give me welcome! I bring—I bring
A gift for the coming May,
The sunshine falls from my joyous wing,
Butcher the ice of the mountain spring;
But I laugh—I laugh as it melts away,
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

Oh, give me welcome—a welcome now!
The winter was stern and cold,
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow,
While I tucked his robe of spotless snow,
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old,
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now! while the south wind waves
His breath with the morning dew,
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves—
And drives from the hollow the snow dry leaves.
Where the violet hides its eye of blue,
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

Oh, welcome me—while I have a rust
With the pleasant April rain—
The birds that sing with a silvery shout,
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out,
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,
'Mid 't'he delicate leaves that are green again.

To CLEAN PLATE.—The best mode of plate-cleaning is that adopted in St. Giles's, which may be regarded as an Eastern custom. Put your plate on the ground, and turn a Newfoundland dog loose upon it.

New-York:

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1843.

JOHN KEAL. G. M. SNOW. EDWARD STEPHENS.

CRITICISM.

Is there any such thing on earth as honest criticism? Are we never to set personal antipathies and preferences, likes and dislikes, entirely lost sight of, in the estimation of men's doings? Why should it be more difficult in the chair, than upon the bench? And why should a critic be forgiven any more than a judge, for rendering an unjust judgment? Why should he not be impeached, if manifestly partial, vicious, or incompetent?

Do we not always know, in advance, the opinions of a reviewer, if an author be opposed to him in politics, or religion? And may we not safely infer the personal understanding between both, without knowing either, the moment we cast our eyes upon the review of a book, or a song, a picture, a play, or a speech? If the parties are on good terms, every sentence will betray the fact. If they are only bowing acquaintances, it may need a paragraph to make all clear. But if hostile—no matter for what reason—if both should happen to have written a bit of music, a novel, or a play, or to have made a speech or painted a picture and not to be on speaking terms—bless you! a man might see it with half an eye, before he had got through with the heading of the paper. Puff—puff—puff—where the parties happen to belong to the same neighborhood, to have been brought up together—to have written for the same paper—and not to have quarrelled; each occupying precisely the same position with regard to every body else in the same business. Pish—pish—pish! and pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! if they belong to different neighborhoods, or different publishers, to rival magazines or to interfering newspapers, if they have been brought up in a very different manner; if they are opposed to one another in church or state—above all, if they happen to enjoy different degrees of consideration with the public, no matter whether they have ever quarrelled or not—nor whether they have ever seen each others faces, you may be sure the whole review will be nothing better, reduced to its ultimate principle, than pish, pish, pish—and pshaw, pshaw, pshaw.

Is there no help for this? We think there is. As Editors, we say to our Brethren throughout the land, that we acknowledge no preferences, no friendships, no antipathies; neither likes nor dislikes. Of our bitterest enemy, if any such there be, we would speak the simple truth, so far as in us lies; and of the best friend we have on earth, we shall do the same, without fear or favor. As reviewers, we profess to belong to no party, either in Church or State; to have nothing in view but our own—and the general welfare; to have well weighed the cost of our undertaking, and to be fully prepared for the worst, while hoping for the best, on the part of all those who are yearning to see a bold and generous paper, alike fearless and magnanimous, taking a place for itself among the ablest of our land.

Not being disposed to mince the matter, we now say to our Brethren every where, and to the People at large—and we are willing to have it looked upon as the sum and substance of all we have to say, just now—

There's our hand—open or shut—take your choice.

Rev. S. D. Burchard will repeat, in the Houston-st. Church. (corner o' Thompson), by request, his discourse on the analysis of a well-cultivated mind, to-morrow evening—which is the first of a series on mental culture.

MAY DAY.

"'Twas a moving sight."—Anybody.

Well, May-day has come and gone once again. The saturnalia of extorting carmen, carpet shakers and scrubbers—the yearly sacrifice to the Goddess of Unrest—the "three days" condensed into one in which a mighty revolution is completed—the annual turn of the city kaleidoscope, when, Presto! every body is just where every body was not before—the sequel of the House Hunt, when not only is every body in at the death, but it is also nearly the death of every body—another "turning corners" in the great Dance of Life—another obedience (when shall we say 'the last?') to the iron despotism of landlords.

In the front rank in most things touching the pocket or personal comfort, the citizens of Gotham are certainly sadly behind the intelligence of the age in the art and mystery of moving. In the observance of a supremely foolish custom of our fathers, we endure disagreeable manifold, and extortions most piratical, with only now and then a slight struggle, the failure of which only fastens more firmly our chains.

When will tenants become sane on this question?

On the first of May our citizens suddenly seem seized with a monomania, which drives them in the most remarkable manner, to toss their movables into the street and rush wildly about, calling in a most desperate state of excitement for this carman or that servant, and indulging generally in a state of hallucination in which, spring carts, are the predominant feature. We become for the day a nomad tribe, and the sundry belongings of our household seem to be taken with the whim of enjoying themselves *à fresco*, and go jaunting about the streets in every fashion of vehicles, most detrimentally to the integrity of their polish, or form or usefulness, as may easily be supposed. A general disruption of the Peanates and Lares takes place, and over the hearth-stone, where yesterday brooded sweet Peace and Family Union, and all the gentle spirits, reigns to-morrow, perchance, the goddess of Discord and so, the reverse. Housekeeping turns out to the garish light of day and to the observance of lookers on, its defective side. Dilapidated bedsteads—backless and legless chairs—tables and books, minus their leaves—crockery of democratic earthen and aristocratic porcelain, with fractures simple and compound—all sorts of specimens of the antique, from garrets, and some (mostly empty) from the cellar—sofas past the reach of surgery—carpets from which the tears have certainly never been weeded—mirrors, like the laugh of Wendell Holmes's old man, 'with a most melancholy crack'—bureaus peeled of their veneer or minus some half dozen drawer pulls—and so on to the end of the chapter—all the little discrepancies and imperfections, which in the house had been concealed by the housewife's skill and ingenuity—the little expedients of domestic economy—all brought out into the broad sunshine and laid open to our neighbors' most particular investigation.

We believe this mania for an annual phlegmatic migration is peculiar to us of Gotham, and if some philanthropist in this era of panaceas for all human pains and ills, would invent a pill or potion powerful enough to exercise this fiend, he would deserve our gratitude during life and a real marble mausoleum of the most considerable dimensions in the pleasantest corner of Greenwood Cemetery at his death. Gentlemen doers, we pray you fervently, exercise yourself on this subject.

SPRING.—This laggard has at last condescended to make us his annual visit, and traces of his presence are all around us. The triangular plots in the Park opposite our window, which a short time since were brown and barren have donned their green mantles and the tired artisan, the gain-absorbed merchant, the consumptive student, and the pale, thin sempstress

may here catch a slight glimpse, a type, of the glorious country what God made; a broken reflection, as it were, like a landscape seen in an unquiet lake, of the green hills of Jersey, or the verdant plains of Long Island. To the eye blinded by brick and pavement ophthalmia, the little patches of God's green earth in the Park are more delicious and curative than all the medicaments that medical science has discovered since the flood. The trees are sending out their buds to drink the air and sunshine, and some have taken their leaves, and in the gardens of the city, emeralds set in granite, the early trees, apricots, &c., are covered with clouds of blossoms, like clusters of new fallen snow, tinged with the blood of the rose. The garden plants dare not yet tempt the air with their tender flowers, but the parlor windows are garnished with gorgeous masses of the brilliant children of the hot-houses, and we catch here and there in our walks, from open casements, the perfumed breath of the rose, intermingled with that of other bright flowers, and we forget for a moment that we are a prisoner between brick walls, and not a free ranger over the grassy, flower-encumbered, breezy meadows and uplands of God's country.

CONGRESS OF SLAVEHOLDERS.—We don't know how far it may be safe to calculate upon the disclosures just made by our able French cotemporary here. But this we do know, that our brethren of the South are quite as much mistaken as our brethren of the North ever can be, with regard to the *advantages of slavery*. Still—it is their business, not ours. And though it may happen that they will make it ours before they have done with it, still we see no good reason for alarm, even supposing they should begin to look about them, and try to take care of themselves in this way. Combinations beget combinations, and what all that we have endured, in Congress and out, from the encroachments and pretensions from the South could never effect, a Congress of Slaveholders, come together avowedly for the purpose of perpetuating their "peculiar institutions," and checkingmate the spirit of emancipation, would do within twenty-four hours. It would unite all the North and West with all the real and all the pretended lovers of the black man throughout the world.

Let but the West India planters once enter into a negotiation with our leading men of the South, and we of the North should begin to look upon our leading men of the South as little better than West India planters, and to be dealt with accordingly.

Now—we happen to know the men of the South, and we doubt neither their justice, their common sense, nor their magnanimity, when it comes to the pinch—spoiled children though they are—in this great Commonwealth of nations; and therefore do we appeal to them, praying them as *men and brethren*, not to be in a hurry.

MURDER.—Trial of Thomas Thorn and Lois, alias *Louisa Wilson*, for the murder of her husband.

We have engaged a reporter, and shall have either the whole of this trial, day by day, or an abridged account of it, in our next.

The parties are indicted separately—each as principal, and the other as accessory. The trial begun, at Portland, on Tuesday, May 24, before the whole Supreme Court, Chief Justice Whitman, Mr. Justice Shepley and Mr. Justice Tenney.

MESSE. Howard and Osgood are counsel for the woman—Messrs. Fessenden (W. P.) and Francis O. J. Smith, have been assigned by the court for *Thorn*. Two or three previous assignments had been made, but somehow or other it so happened that the gentlemen picked upon were all under previous engagements, or otherwise prevented—the *accused being unable to pay*.

By reference to our advertisement, on the last page, it will be seen that we have engaged the celebrated Mr. Slick as a correspondent. The following is the answer we received to our application.

To the Editors of the *Brother Jonathan*, a damned great Newspaper down in York.

DEAR GENTLEMEN SIR:

I sponse your letter came down from York like a streak of chalk, but I've got kinder out of the literary world since I cum back hum here, and I didn't hear a word about it till the 22d of april, jest as all Weathersfield had got the irrobles made and their caps set for tother world.

I'd ben out to work all day in the onion patch, and toward eoid I thought it wouldn't do no harm to take a tide and git the kinks out of my back. So I jest went to the barn, and arter saddling the old boss, and measuring out some rye from the bin, I went into the house for some bags, and concludid I'd go to mill, and take the way back by old Whiters, jest to see how Judy got along arter the last singing school.

Wal, I took a short cut through the orchard, and it made me feel kinder chirk to hear the robins a singing in the apple trees, and to see the young buds busting out all over my head, and the grass a sprouting under my feet, all on a looking fresh as a gal's lip, and greener than a hull meetinhouse full of Millitites. The peach trees in the back yard had jest begun to blow out; they wasn't in full blow yet, but seemed to be kinder blushing all aver at their own backwardness; and that are old pear tree by the well, looked as if nater had shook a flour bag all over it, and yit, the old critter was't in full blow more than the rest on em. I was't dry, but the air smelt so tarnd sweet, and the water in the bucket, that was a little leaky, kept a falling drop, drop, drop, down the well, so kinder tempting, that I couldn't help ketching hold of the wellpole as I went by, and arter tilting the bucket on the curb, I tip it down and took a drink that raly did me good.

Wall, I went through the yard, and opened the back kitchen door to ask marm for the bags, and there she sot, close by the table, with her lincsey woolsey apron on yet, jest as she'd washed the morning dishes. Her old gray hair was sort a crumpled up under her cap, and her steel spectacles had slid half way down her nose, she was bending so earnest over the big bible, and reading the Prophecies of Daniel. Poor old marm, she looked dreadful woebeggint, as if she'd jest made the discovery of a new mare's egg in the bible, and was waiting to see what sort of a critter it would hatch out.

"Marm," sez I, "if you'll give me the bags I'll go to mill, the last grist must be purty neary out by this time."

Marm sot still, looking at the bible, and didn't seem to know as I was talking. She shook her head kinder awful, till the specs rattled on her nose, and then she groaned out something consarning fire and brimstone and the end of all things; and she wiped her eyes with her apron as if she felt dreadfully and couldn't help it.

"Marm," sez I, "what on airth ails you? you'll make me booboo right out, if you look so melancholy and take on so."

Marm gave a jump, and looked up sot a skeary, and sez she, "Oh, dreadful sus! Jonathan, is it only you?"

"Wal, I reckon so," sez I, "wheres the bags?"

"Oh, Jonathan!" sez she, "are you ready for the end?"

"Yes," sez I, "I guess I be; I ruther calculate those two strings are tough enough to tie up the end of any bag on these ere premises."

Marm shook her head agin, and her face was as solemnlike as a gal that's got the mitten, and sez she, "Jonathan," sez she, "have you ever calculated on the boss with the horns?"

"Wal," sez I, a putting my hands in my pockets, "I can't say that I ever calculated much on them critters; if you and par want me to take em, I don't object to the old oxen, but Id a little ruther have the black steers, if you'd jest as lives."

"Marm shook her head wuss than ever."

"Wal," sez I, "the old oxen will do," so chirk up and tell me wheres the bags are."

"With that I went up the back stairs and found the things myself, and was a going out when she called arter me and," sez she, "Jonathan, Jonathan, don't go on so—oh dear me, poor unregenerate critter, what do we want of another grist; have you forgot Miller and his promise?"

"Goodness gracious, no," sez I, a ewiging my bags over the old boss, how could I forget him—he's as clever a critter as ever lived, and

he promised to give this grist a tarnation bolting: I told him how mad you was about 'tother."

With that I got out the boss, hitched up the bags to make 'em lie even under me, give the bridle a shake and jogged on, wondering what on arth had not marm up so. Jest as I was a turning down the lane toward Squire White's, I looked back and there she was a standing by the winder, with both hands up, and her cap knocked a one side like a crazy critter. Jest then par came across the corn lot, where he and old uncle White had been a ploughing, and I told him what a tantrum marm was in about as the oxen and the grist.

"Par shook his head, and," sez he, "consarn that Miller! 'ahe's been a brooding over the varmint's nonsense this ever so long, till she could n't sleep a nights, and now as its jist coming on to the 23d of April, I spose she's broke out in a new spot."

"Darn the old scamp to duration," sez I, "Its jest got through my head what ails marm; the sneaking old varmint, he ought to be sung to death by screech owls, and knocked into the middle of next week by crippled grasshoppers!" With that I rode along, and Par went hum, a looking jest as if he was bound to bust out a crying or a swearing he didn't care which.

"Wal, I was purty much womblecropped all the way to the mill, for somehow it made me feel sort of all overiah to think how near the time had come. I wasn't raly a skered, but everything looked pikerish all around. The mill was shet up, so I stood up my grist at the door, and got on to the 'old boss agin, determined to ride into town and see if I could find anything to chirk me up. Jest as I got agin the post office, a chap holloed out that they'd got a letter for me from York, post paid and all. I turned up and laid the bridle on the old boss's neck, while I broke open the letter and read it. By gawley! didn't it make my heart jump right up into my mouth! But yet I felt a leetle uneasy about it. I wanted to come like all natur, but Par 'ain't been willing to hear a word about York never since I took sich a shine to Miss Elsler, at the Astor House, and I was afear'd that he'd say no to it. Then there was marm and Judy White both on 'em set agin York, and hating Miss Elsler like rank poison; howsomever, I'm purty good gitt when I set out in earnest, and I rode along thinking the matter over till I got to old Mr. White's. Judy came out with her colico son bonnet on and looking good enough to eat.

"Come Judy," sez I, "jump on behind, and go hum with me; marm has got a fit of the dreadful sort, about that tarnal old Miller's business, and I want you to chirk her up a little, if you can."

Judy run up to the fence, so I made the old boss side up while she took off her check apron and spread it on behind. "Come up," sez I agin to the old critter; he got so close to the fence that he almost smashed my leg agin the boards, and then shied agin; but Judy White is clear grit and no mistake—she give a jump and come down square right on the crooper with one arm round me. The boss shied agin; Judy kinder slipped a leetle, and she hung on to me closer yet, and laided till you couldn't tell which made the sweetest noise, she or the robins in old White's orchard. When I turned to ketch her, them pesky red lips of hers were poked right agin my face; the harsome varmint hung onto me with both arms like all natur, and every time she laided out, that tempting breath of hers come right over my mouth. Consarn the critter, I enmost give her a buss afore I knew it, and when the te-hu bust out through them lips agin, I had to stop her mouth for fear she'd scare the boss.

"Now you git out, Jonathan!" sez she, a righting herself agin in no time; "aint you ashamed!"

That stubborn old varmint beguo another double shuffle, right there in the street, and it was all I could do to hold him in, so I had'n't no time to mofify Judy with another buss. The critter wouldn't speak a word all the way hum, but there she sot, with one arm round me kinder loose, as if she'd a kept herself on some other way if she could, and a holding on her son bonnet with tother hand, till one couldn't git the leastest peep at her face. It was purty near dark when we got hum. The cows stood by the gate a lowing to be milked. The old hens—sitting ones and all—come round us hiltier skitter, as if they were enmost starved to death, and when we got into the kitchen, there stood the table jest as it was left arter breakfast, covered with dirty dishes, the strainer lay in a little wash in one of the sarsers, and the cat was a licking off the cream from a pan of milk that stood on a chair by the cheese-room door. Marm had

gone off and shot herself up to the out room, with the bible and a bull heap of the "Midnight Cry" newspapers.

I swamy, it enmost made me booboo right out to see how the things lay about the house. There never was a neater critter on airth than marm; but the hull premises raly looked more like a hog pen than any thing else. Judy and I went to work like good fellers—she forgot to be mad and tackled too, washing dishes and gitting supper, while I went out to milk. Marm wouldn't come to supper, and par enmost choked with every mouthful he eat, and yit he looked more than half wrahy, as if he'd about as much trouble to keep his dander down as to hold up the tensa that every once in a while kept a dropping from under his eyes down the side of his nose.

I guess you never sot eyes on so melancholly a sot of critters as sot round our kitchen till midnight, for marm wouldn't go to bed, and was wafared to leave her up alone in the out room, with that pister of the horned beast a staring her right in the eyes. When the old clock struck twelve, we heard the out room door shut so, and by am by marm come where we sot in the kitchen, dressed out in a great long consarn like an overgrown nightgown, with white shoes on her old feet, and that gray hair of hers a hanging down her back; I sware, it made me ketch my breath to see her!

I haint got the heart to write all the shames marm cut up that night and all day the soday arter—it seems like pokin fun at one's own marm—as she went from one room to tother, a riaging her hands and a crying her eyes out, because we wouldn't put on the robes she'd made for us, and go right up to heaven without making a fuss about it. I thought it wouldn't do no harm to try and rile her up to thinking of something he sides the horned beast.

"Marm," sez I, all to once, "I cant think of fixing up for tother world yit, no how. I've jest got a letter from York, and if you're so determined in going to heaven, I ruther guess York's the place for me."

Marm jumped right up from her knees, and sez she, "Jonathan, what do you mean?"

My heart riz, it was the only sign of gumption she had made for a hui day. Par looked up, and his chin kinder quivered, for he thought I was poking fun at the old woman, and Judy White, she sidled up to me, and sez she, all in a twitter, "Jonathan, you aint in earnest now?"

"If I was, would you give up and let me go?" sez I.

Darn the harsome critter, how mad she looked! "No I won't nor touch too," sez she, and afore I knew it, she bust right out a crying and went out of the room.

I didn't foller her, for marm had got down on her knees agin and was a looking through her sprocks at a tarnal big thunder cloud that cum a rolling its blackness to knolls and furtwals all over the sky, as if the world had raly cum to an end, and all the oiggers in creation was a going up first.

Marm's face was as white as a taller candle, and she was enough to scare anybody out of a week's growth, a kneeling there in that white gown; and her old hands a wrenching away at each other, like a crazy critter. Thinks I, I'll try and rile her up agin, but it wasn't of the leatest use, she wouldn't git up from the winder, but knelt there stock still—with her head hung backwards, and the lightning a blasting over her steel specks, and the gristley hair that hung away down her back. I swan to man, it made my hair stand an end to look at her. By am by the thunder come a rolling and tumbling through the clouds, as if somebody was a blasting rocks up above; and the lightning come a streaming out agin in great blazes of fire, till it seemed as if all nater was torred wrong end up, and all the brick kilns, coal mines, and foundries on airth were a playing away in the clouds; and a groaning and hissing through the rain that came down in painfull, and a scaring folks to death.

There!—look a there!—sez marm all to once a jumping up, and a stretching her arm through the winder. "I'm ready—I'm a coming!"—Look a there, Deacon Zephaniah, look there, my unrepresented son—look!"

Sure as a gun, there was something all dressed out in white a standing in the orchard, right agin the winder. Par and Judy White—for the critter ran back from the out room when she see that I wasn't a going to foller her—'ain right up, and they wor about the streaked agin critters that ever you sot eyes on. Jest then cum a loud noise, snort, snort, snort, from the orchard. "Oh gracious me!" sez marm—"the trumpet! the trumpet!"—and down she slumped on her knees agin.

By Gracious, think see I—I'll see what the matter is, anyhow; so I give a dive to the winder, and I hollered out, "shew—stubby—git out!" but I kinder think I didn't yell low loud, the words stuck like wax-eends in my throat, and afore I could git 'em untangled, out cum the noise again, louder, and twice as saucy as it was before.

Thinks see I—gracious knows, I'm afraid we'er gone suckers, but I'll try agin anyhow; so see I, a clapping my hands, "git away, you varmint, tramp—scout—stubby—y—y—"

I guess I yelled it out like a trainin gun that time. The white spirit seemed to feel it, for it flung its arms in the dark, and gin us another blast of his assorted old trumpet. Just then the lightning came cutting down agin, and—oh, git out—it was only the old white hoss, a snerting and a kicking up his heels, in the arched. I sat down, and haw hawed right out, till it was all I could do to catch my breath agin, then I bust out agin, till Par and Judy joined chorus, and we made the old house ring as if there had been a quilting frolic in it; just then the clock struck twelve.

"Hurra!" I sung out, "Marm, the 23d of April has cum and gone; come, Marm, git up,—the storm is blowin' over, and the moon heint turned to blood yet. Hurra!"

I was jest a going to give poor old Marm a buss, but Par had got her in his arms a kissing her white face, and a bo hooing, the old coot, like a spring coot. So as the buss was all made up, and too heavy for my mouth, I gin it to Judy. And she handed over a cuff for pay. The tasterling little snapping turtle.

Judy was all sot to rights agin, afore the old hoss had got over his double shuffles.

"Oh, dear, only to think that I should a cut up such a heap of factory cloth, and all for nothing," see Marm, arter a good while.

We didn't say much to Marm that night, but when Par and she got up to go to bed, she took a stantindicular look at her robe, and then gin a sneaking squint at us. I couldn't hardly keep from busting right out agin, but choked in. And Par says,—he never seems to mind it—"you can use it for a night-gown." When the old folks had gone, Judy and I went into the out room, and seeing as it was Sunday night, and nobody to interfere, we sat down, and hitching our chairs close together, didn't git sleepy till nigh about morning, but kept on talking, as chipper as two birds. I didn't say anything to Judy about coming to York, she is a sneezer when her dander is once up, and I kinder think it best to come off, and then write a letter to her arter it is all done. She's afeared jealous of the York gals, and dreads them that dance like Miss Elsler as a cat hates hot soap.

I guess I shall cum any how, but not jest yet. I must git in all the onions fust, and help about the grain some; arter that, you'll see me at the Brother Jonathan office as large as life, and twice as natral. Par won't hear a word on it yet, I'm afeared, he got so all-fired uneasy about me and Miss Elsler, that he sent for me right bum, when I was at the Express office; he thinks politics and dancing gals about the meanest things that a feller can bunkle arter. But I'll set Capt. Doolittle to arguing the matter with him, and as for marm, I guess she will feel truble to streaked to make much of a fuss about anything jest now. I mean to cum the soft soddier over her a leetle any how; so this morning I went out to my onion bed back of the barn, where the sun comes all day from morning till night, and I pulled up a harmful of young onions that would make your mouth water, they had the tenderest green tops you ever see, and when I held 'em up and shook the dirt off, they looked more like a harmful of snow drops a blowing out at the wrong eend, than anything else. Fust these to marm, jest as she was a setting down to breakfast. She was enmost tickled to death with them, and I reckon that is one long step towards York.

Mebby I shall be in York afore you git another letter from these parts and mebbey not, there's no knowing when I can git away.

Yours to command,

JONATHAN SLICK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"De Lisle." The translation from the French with this signature, will not do for our columns. We shall be glad, however, to hear from "De Lisle" again.

"To meet—To part." Has some good lines, but there is much of it which cannot be considered poetry.

"The Hill-Side." will probably appear next week.

"The Story of a Gambler." Is worthy of being re-written; in its present shape, we must decline it.

LITERARY.

HEALTH JOURNAL.—ITS CORRESPONDENTS AND DOCTOR GRAHAM.—The *Journal of Health* was an excellent work; but the *Health Journal* is better. That was published at Philadelphia, and ought to have been continued for a century at least. This happens to be published at Boston, or was but the other day, as we see by a number on our table, and having swallowed up, no body knows how many other Temperance Journals, Health Journals, and Independent Journals, may possibly outlive the struggle—provided it does not, like the great box constrictor, grow torpid upon a full stomach.

One of the largest and best contributors, if not the very best of the whole, is a woman; a woman too, of remarkable strength and simplicity, whose real character, both as a woman and as a writer, the world—has yet to become acquainted with. She is a follower of Sylvester Graham—otherwise called Dr. Graham—and not only one of the sturdiest and most faithful, but one of the clearest. Having known the man, and quarrelled with him—on paper—it may be that we are prejudiced; and that the testimony we find in the writings of Mrs. G.—and that of her favorite correspondent, who calls him "that blessed man, Dr. Graham," which in good sooth appears to us little better than sheer hallucination, is, nevertheless more to be depended upon than ours. But never mind, *non servare*, as the politician says. One thing however, is pretty certain. They have known him longer and better than we have; and are truthful and conscientious. Let their testimony go for all it is worth, therefore. Through the *Health Journal*, the newspapers, and other publications, the woman we speak of is doing for Women, what Graham has long been trying to do for Men; and being, as we believe, much the honestest of the two, is likely to do more good, even where she goes astray. The great error of the matter lies in what may be called unreasoning enthusiasm—a sort of sweeping headlong fanaticism. He goes too fast and too far; asserts too boldly—with too few qualifications—and sticks to what he says, right or wrong, like the pitch that defies. Reformers must go too far—this we acknowledge, or the people would never go far enough. He who undertakes to lead, must always be ahead of others. No great thing was ever done by those who began by attempting just enough. All reformers have gone too far—else were they no reformers. If you mean to clear a ditch, you must try to jump over it, and therefore beyond it.

That Sylvester Graham has done much good, we have no disposition to deny. That he has done a deal of mischief, we know. And though there may be no great danger now, of people starving themselves to death now upon the Graham system, or of their bleaching themselves to death by their self-denial, to oblige either Mr. G. or Mrs. G.—still, there is great danger that people who have begun to make thorough work in their habits of reform, may be discouraged, or skeletonized, before they have got well through the experiment. Finding so much to do and so little time to do it in, with pains inapplicable, or inefficient for this purpose, they may give up in despair, lose their faith in every thing, and keep on stuffing themselves and spoiling their children, even to the third and fourth generation.

But Mr. Graham—or Doctor Graham—if they will have it so, deserves our thanks for one thing, whatever may be his claims as a great Teacher of Universal Truth. He has led a woman, equal to the work, and in every way well prepared to undertake the regeneration of Woman—their physical and therefore moral regeneration. If he had done nothing more than this—the, of itself, were enough to entitle him to the heartiest acknowledgments of every husband, every father, and every brother of our country. But he has done something more. Even his great "zeal without knowledge," has been a help, and a great help to this generation. He has sent bards over the whole length and breadth of the land—apostles of his peculiar faith—possessed with his spirit, and full of that generous contagion which men call enthusiasm—who are waking up the people, by the thousands, and obliging them to think for themselves. This, of itself, will do much towards reforming the age, whether he be right or wrong, as the builder up of a new system. But stay—we are told he is getting more reasonable of late. If so—God help him! He will be sure to survive. And constituted as Mankind are, he will be likely to do less good now than ever. There's encouragement for you Dr.

THE NEW MIRROR.—Much as we have looked for, and had a right to look for, from the General—who has not heard of the General!—after his long experience in the way of total embellishment, and pleasant

literature, while publishing the handsomest paper in the world, we were not altogether prepared, and may as well acknowledge the fact without more ado, for precisely the kind of *New Mirror* he has given us. In two or three particulars it is not so good—some of the arrangements, and some of the matter being rather old-fashioned; in most others, it answers all our expectations, which, by the by, were not very reasonable, but in one particular, if no more, it goes beyond everything we had hoped for. We take our stand upon the etchings by Chapman—and we say in so many words, that they have never been equalled, either ahead or at home, since Herich's outline illustrations of Faust appeared.

To say nothing just now—for more reasons than one—of the literary department—save that, after making every reasonable allowance for the beginning of such a spirited enterprise, the *New Mirror* cannot be much more than about half as good as it will be—and must be indeed—to keep up with the extravagant expectations of the fashionable world—the etchings, we refer to, would be enough of themselves to establish any paper, anywhere—among a people who know their value. They are certainly among the cleverest, if not in sober truth, the cleverest things of the sort that ever appeared; and we remember nothing to compare them with except the outline illustrations of Faust, above referred to. Full of piousness and quiet playfulness, happy and graceful, betraying a singular felicity of touch, great plenitude of imagination, and a freedom and truth of drawing altogether wonderful, they are the only embellishments we ever happened to meet, which satisfy the mind, even better than language; the only illustrations we know of, which neither baffle the understanding, nor disappoint the imagination. They are, in fact, rather a help to both.

To show what we mean more clearly. You have read the description of little Nell, by "Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady." You had formed a picture of her in your own mind—it lay nestling at the very core of your heart, well, by and by, you saw a notice from abroad of "*Dickens illustrated*,"—and illustrated too, by the "*imitable Cruickshank*;" and after a month or two of longing, the book fell in your way, fresh from London mayhap, and you opened it, all out of breath to look for the portrait of little Nell—your little Nell—painted from life by George Cruickshank, under the eye of Charles Dickens himself. Well, you found it—and how did you feel? Have you ever forgiven either Cruickshank or Dickens, or shall you ever do so, to your dying day? We hope not.

Now turn to any of these embellishments—for illustrations they are not—by Chapman; and say whether you don't look to be disappointed in the same way, when they come to be illustrated by language. Brimful of poetry must the man be, who shall ever try his hand at their interpretation; and if he be not a wonder in his way—take our word for it he will burn his fingers—and you will grow peevish and fretful over the illustrations of Chapman's etching, just as you do now over the illustrations of Dickens's writing. If Chapman dealt in caricature, or Cruickshank dealt in anything else, there would be no difficulty; but as the matter now stands, it is the author who has most to fear in the one case—and the painter or engraver in the other. Give Chapman fair play. Let him wander at will—coquetting with every subject that falls in his way; and then look about you, and find, if you can, a writer to illustrate him—never think of employing him to illustrate an author. Such, dear General, is our best advice, and much good may it do you.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK. A pretty thing is the May Queen—an embellishment of this month's Godley; and the second plate, "On the fence," is scarcely inferior. The fashion plate is a decided improvement on all that has gone before; but the middle figure has a thick waist, most certainly—we like her the better for it though! With such dresses, what is lost in grace of person, will be made up in roses for the cheek. We have no time to give an opinion of all the contents, and so select a few gems, which seem especially bright to us. "Deacon Carpenter's Hard Case," by the author of "Patty Bean's Courtship," is a unique story, full of Yankeeisms, and not unlike some of the late tales written by Seba Smith; but it is vastly inferior to "The Sleigh Ride," or "Patty Bean,"—for both are untrifled in their line, and cannot be equalled, even by the same author, we fancy. "The Carrier Dove," by G. P. Morris, is a simple, sweet lay, musical, and full of the author's peculiar genius. N. P. Willis has written some of the best poetry, and most graceful prose in the English language. The "Letter from the Astor" is neatly done, and interesting—but not among his best efforts.

Miss Leslie finishes her story of "Annette Haverstraw"—it will give time enough to say how very pleasant a production it is. There is some good poetry in this number. Among that contributed by ladies, "The Rambler," by Miss Catherine Cowles, is most perfect—we can see no fault in it. But the gem of the book, be it prose or verse, is "The Wife of the Isabellite," by Judge Conrad. There has not appeared, in any work of American within the last year, anything near so beautiful.

SARGENT'S MAGAZINE.—The May number of this periodical is decidedly the best which has been issued. The letter press is varied and generally well written, and the embellishments are of a very pleasing character. "The Light of the Light-house," is a spirited picture although the artist has made the face of Ellen much too old, and there is scarcely difference enough between her size and that of the light house. The plate of "Wild Flowers" is very pretty. We are glad to see that the usual abominations called facetiously (*lucra a non lucendo*) "Fashion Plates" are omitted in this Magazine. The article illustrating "The Light of the Light-house" is a sweet and imaginative poem by the Editor, and we have seen nothing from his pen we like half so well. We should gladly transfer it to our pages but for the copyright. Mrs. Berkley furnishes a sketch of Mrs. Trollop in which she endeavors to counteract the prejudices against her on this side of the water. She also answers the remarks of Mr. Willis on Lady Bulwar, written in reply to Mrs. Berkley's previous article. Tuckerman gives "A day among artists" and the Editor a pleasant sketch, illustrating "The perils of pleasing everybody." In an article on Blackwood, some daring youth has thrown down the gauntlet and in nine mortal columns demolished John Wilson—Kit North—the Giant of the Intellectual World. The article is strongly and ably written, but we really think some of its severity should have been tempered with mercy in consideration of Wilson's feelings. He will however feel grateful no doubt when he finds that his critic admits he has written something "the world should not willingly let die." Not having read the poetry of this number, we don't feel fully competent to speak of it.

THE LADIES' COMPANION FOR MAY.—Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Embury have become editors of this magazine. It is printed with new and better type, and the cover is decidedly improved in color and general appearance. Its list of contributors continues to register the best names in the country, and the embellishments are rich and varied; of the three which this number contains, we prefer "the Fountain." We have not perused the literary portion very thoroughly, but are delighted with exquisite mixtures of prose and verse from Mrs. Sigourney. New writers may start up from year to year, and prosper too, but as a writer of pure English, of high and almost holy thought, Mrs. Sigourney stands unapproached, and we believe, unapproachable. She has the best attributes of genius, a pure, warm heart, and a cultivated intellect—no intellect refined by deep thought, not passing fancies—a heart that gives life and loveliness to everything it touches—through the whole length and breadth of our land her name has become a pleasant sound, and wherever her writings are, public patronage is sure to follow. Mr. Snowden has acted wisely in placing her name upon his cover. Mrs. Osgood, the pleasant, warm-hearted, artless Mrs. Osgood has contributed a beautiful gem of poetry. We always read what she writes, in spite of time or business. There is a new writer, but one of considerable promise, Mrs. Jane L. Swift—her little poem in the Companion, must be *coler de rose* to all who read it. T. S. Arthur contributes an interesting mercantile story. Mrs. Arne's story is probably good—all her stories are—but we have not read it. There are one or two prose articles which we have dipped into, but not being particularly pleased, or sufficiently interested, prefer to pass them in silence. Others we have not glanced at, not from lack of interest, but want of time. Mrs. Stephens has a spirited and graceful poem, "Song of the Spring Breeze," which we shall copy; and now we congratulate Mr. Snowden on having his editorial department in efficient hands, and on the general improvement visible in his present number. The Companion yet retains its stand as the ladies' magazine in New York.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN CAERUL.—*Carry & Hart Philadelphia.* This is a work by Lieutenant Eyre giving a detailed account of the operations in Affghanistan, which ended in the retreat and destruction of the British army. Lieutenant Eyre was an actor in the scenes he describes, and suffered a long imprisonment in the hands of the Affghans.

CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.—The May number of this work, edited by Rev. Felix Varela and Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, contains several well written articles upon subjects within scope of the work. The Expositor is edited with a great deal of ability. The present number is embellished with a view of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street.

READINGS IN AMERICAN POETRY. John C. Riker. New York. This is a collection of the best articles from our poets, and intended for the use of schools. That the selections have been made with excellent judgment is guaranteed by the fact that the compiler is the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

THE GRAND VIZIER'S DAUGHTER.—This interesting novel by Mrs. Mahely, author of "Emily" and "The Love Match" &c., has been published at this office. It is an exciting story of Eastern Life, and embodies many adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS, AND MR. SMITH.—Lee & Blanchard, Phila.—These two popular tales by Miss Leslie, have been issued in a cheap shape.

AMERICAN ECLECTIC.—E. Littell N. Y.—This is one of the best publications extant, and the number for May is full of articles selected with great judgment from the foreign periodicals, and all on highly attractive subjects.

THEATRES.

PARK.—There has been nothing of a novel character at this house this week, excepting in the illegitimate line. A person calling himself Professor Risley—Professor!—has appeared and performed in connection with his son some very clever gymnastic feats. We suppose it is useless to talk about desecration of Old Drury, &c. The public will not support the legitimate, and what wonder the manager resorts to other attractions to fill his pit and boxes.

OLYMPIC.—Amy Lee has continued to run during the week, and has been quite successful. The only new piece produced has been "The High-symon," which was well received. On Wednesday Mr. Raymond took a benefit, and we were glad to see, a crowded house rewarded his exertions. A comical incident, we think unparalleled in this country, for stage effect, occurred during the evening. Some persons in the pit threw upon the stage a calf's head, shaved and cleaned. The wit of the thing was not very clear, but we have no doubt the inventor thought it very clever. Whether after he had been thrust out into the street, he thought it was worth while to go through so much to so little purpose, is doubtful.

BOWERY.—Mr. Booth has played an engagement at this house, but we had no opportunity of seeing him.

THE CHEAT SYSTEM OF MATRIMONY.—The following fashion of marriage which we find in the Concord (N. H.) Courier, has certainly some advantages, but they appear to be all on the part of the gentleman. It saves the parson's fee, and various little attendant expenses, but we doubt if it will ever become very much of a favorite with the ladies. It is a bad rule indeed, which will not work both ways, and should the gentleman take a pique some morning at breakfast, because the bread is undecorated, or because he can not have an extra lump of sugar in his coffee, the marriage might be dissolved as unconceringly as it was contracted, which might be awkward for the lady.

In this town, by Dea. John B. Chandler and Miss Maria French, Dea. John B. Chandler to Miss Maria French—two non-resistants married by themselves to themselves—all on the Sabbath Day, at the breakfast table, calling upon God and the family present, to bear witness to the act.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—At no very distant day we hope to find time for taking up this matter, so important to the generation that is bustling into flower all about us, and dealing with these wretched and presumptuous book-wrights as they deserve. Not one in fifty of the whole, is ever written in English—the English that live people speak, we mean; and most of the popular manufacturers don't even appear to know that children, not only do but are intended by God Almighty, to talk a different language from their fathers—in other words, to be children, before they are men and women.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The accounts, so far as they have come in, give 52 Whig delegates elected, and 48 Democrats, a gain of ten to the Whigs. The Senate stands 11 Whigs to 18 Democrats, as far as heard from.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

News from Europe, five days later, was received on Sunday last by the packet ship England, Captain Bartlett, which left Liverpool on the 9th inst.

The debates in Parliament have been wholly upon questions of local interest.

The President's message on the Right of Search is the subject of considerable comment in the British journals.

The Madrid Gazette publishes a defence of the course adopted by government for the disposal of the produce of the Almadar mines.

A letter, dated Milan, the 24th ult. published in the Mannheim Journal, states that four earthquakes had been felt in Calabria since the 27th of December, 1842.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 15th ult. published in the Gazette des Tribunaux, states that the Emperor of Russia had granted a full amnesty to a number of Poles exiled to Siberia or in the interior of Russia, for the part they had taken in the revolution of November, 1830.

A frightful explosion took place on Wednesday at Digham, near Birmingham, in the house of a percussion powder maker named Capella. One boy was blown to pieces, and another much injured.

An engineer at Birmingham on Monday was caught by the machinery, and whirled round 520 times, by which his left arm, both legs, and several ribs were broken. He shortly afterwards died of the injuries.

YASSETT, RICHARD AT SEA.—The seaboats *Jonina*, of Glasgow, Capt. Thomson, after experiencing heavy gales of wind from the northeast, which lasted for several days, was, on the evening of the 22d of February, discovered to be on fire in the after hold, when about 180 miles from Madeira. The crew had only time to get into the boat and shove off, when something exploded and blew the decks up.

The Morning Chronicle announces that a French frigate has been despatched to Rio de Janeiro, with the consent of Louis Philippe, to his son's marriage with the Emperor's sister.

Dr. Bulard, known by his experiments on plague in the East, has just died at Dresden, aged 38. The deceased had been known to pass nights and days with plague patients, even when the natives dare not approach them.

The comet has been observed in Germany. The journals of that country are filled with details from astronomers beyond the Rhine, agreeing very closely with the observations made at Paris.

The oldest of the French diplomatists, the Chevalier de Gausseus, died on Saturday in Paris, having reached the great age of 96.

SPAIN.—We have Madrid journals of the 9th March. However certain the result of the elections may be, the ministry do not consider themselves as beaten, for the speech on the opening of the Cortes, before which they intend to present in boldy, is now under discussion. The returns as hitherto received of the elections, give the state of deputies elected to be 92 anti-coalitionists, 54 coalitionists, and 10 doubtful. A rich capitalist from Cadix has arrived at Madrid to negotiate for the Almadar quicksilver mines for four years. Zurbano, according to letters from Catalonia, appears by his conduct to set all laws at defiance; deserters are shot without mercy or any form of trial.

PORTUGAL.—We have accounts from Lisbon to the 20th March. The principal article of intelligence is the intimation of Lord Aberdeen's final and positive rejection of the propositions made by the Portuguese Government respecting the tariff, and the consequent breaking off of the negotiations. It is stated that in all probability the Portuguese Government will find itself eventually obliged to accept the terms originally proposed.

THE BRITANNIA. Capt. Hewitt, left at 9 o'clock for Halifax and Liverpool, with 82 passengers, and the expectation of taking in an additional number at Halifax from Canada, by the Unicorn. George D. Strong, Esq. of New York, goes out as special bearer of despatches to our minister at London; Duff Green, Esq. bearer of despatches to Liverpool, and Capt. Crawley, bearer of despatches from Canada, to the British Government. Her mails in charge of Lieut. Roberts, contain besides thousand letters and fifty bushels of periodicals and newspapers.—*Boston Trans. Monday.*

Four of the mutineers on board the Texan man-of-war *Antonio*, Landois, Hudgins, Allen and Simpson, recently found guilty by a Court Martial, were hung at the yard arm of the *Austin*, on the 21st ult., soon after the squadron left port. Three others were sentenced to receive one hundred lashes each, and another fifty.

FLORIDA.—General Worth is to make Tampa his head quarters during the summer. The population of Florida is rapidly increasing by immigration.

Gen. COCKE of Virginia has resigned the office of President of the American Temperance Union, and Chancellor WALWORTH has been appointed in his place. It is expected that the Chancellor will preside at the Anniversary of the Society at the Broadway Tabernacle on the 11th of May.

ORGANIC REMAINS.—A poor drunken musk grinder, with a red monkey after him, fell over a curb stone yesterday and broke his unfortunate organ all to pieces. We happened to be passing along when he was staggering about collecting together his own organic remains!—*Pic.*

A queer fellow being asked to find a rhyme for *scissors*, declared he knew of nothing that could come nearer to it than *shears*!

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

(FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.)

ENGLISH MANNERS.—The English are uncivil to a proverb—out of their own houses, and among strangers, I mean. They are not rude, nor absolutely rough, but careless, neglectful, and uncivil; and especially towards women. I have been told by a high-bred Englishwoman, who did not know me, and had never seen me before, that from the first, after we had met by chance in travelling, she had been trying to make me out—"as she knew I could not be an Englishman." "And why not, madam? By my language!" "Oh no, Sir," was the reply. "By your manners toward a stranger. I saw you help a woman down from the top of the coach: I saw you lend your umbrella to another, and give up your seat to a third—by no means remarkable for pleasant manners—and I could see that they were all strangers to you. An Englishman never does such things!" If the lady intended to pay me a compliment, and I believe she did—upon my soul, I do—what a hit it was, to be sure, at the behaviour of a well-bred Englishman under such circumstances!—Women are obliged to look out for themselves here. They force their way into churches and theatres—literally working their passage—where men are almost afraid to go: and why? Simply because they are no longer treated as women.

"From the grape they have brushed the soft blue—
From the rose they have shaken the tremulous dew!"—

fcc., &c. What wonder that Englishwomen are sometimes trampled to death in the streets, or crushed in the theatres, or that women of high rank, and amazing personal beauty, jump down from their carriages, leave their shoes in the mud, and run about in their stocking feet, when they are not allowed to draw up, within a square or two of Carlton House, or St. James's, to look at one of the royal household of death, "lying in state."

An Englishman of the highest rank will wipe his hands on the tablecloth, and wash his mouth, and empty the water into the finger-glasses, at table. An Englishwoman, of good education, and otherwise of unblemished propriety, after a certain age, and whether married or unmarried, will blow her nose like a fish-barn, at the opera, or even at the table; and if travelling with you, face to face, in a stage-coach, will so contrive to "arrange knees," if you are at all crowded, as you, if a modest man, would never think of, much less venture to suggest to a stranger and a female—aye, and laugh in your face when you begin to look foolish (as you soon do) at every tilt of the coach, if unaccustomed to the arrangement—which, after all, is a very proper one, and much to be commended, after you have got over your sheepishness. Young men, —adults,—bathing openly by day, in the Serpentine River, while the banks at the distance of a pistol shot, are thronged with fashionable women and girls, of twelve and fourteen, with their hoops and corsets, and nobody thinks of making a fuss about it—not even the newspapers—any more than if all the flesh and blood they saw were statutory, representing so many water-pumps, and so-forth: and yet were naked statutory to be set up in the most fashionable part of London, it would be covered with decency, or, mutilated in every possible way, be offensive to modesty, within a week.

EVENSOM, AUTHOR OF TRAVELS IN GREECE.—A young Irishman: five feet ten; good, agreeable features, fair complexion, light hair: pleasant manners—nothing remarkable. Several engagements with the Turkish ships—nothing gained by it on either side: no yard-arm and yard-arm; no boasting. Turks began to fire at the distance of four miles—great hurry and trepidation, visible as far as they could be seen. Greeks believe in the direct, personal interference of their saints and martyrs—more superstitious, if possible, than the Americans in their revolutionary war: and they believed that Washington was saved by a miracle, on Long Island, after the battle of Brooklyn; and that just before the march upon Trenton, they were all saved by another—the sudden freezing of the road by which they escaped, while they were holding a council of war, and in the greatest possible danger; and so did the British at the south, when the sudden rise of a river there saved the troops of Tarleton, with the Americans in full pursuit—all those things were believed to be so many special interpositions of Providence—just as if Providence fought on both sides, where nations have set upon each other in solemn warfare! The Greeks believed that it rained only around the Acropolis while they were besieging that fortress: a spring of fresh

water was discovered by the sea-side just when they were reduced to extremity. Hero were two more special interpositions. All right, nevertheless, for what is partial evil but—

—universal good?

All discord, harmony not understood!

WILLIAM CORRIE.—With all his good looks and great bodily strength, was a "blasted coward," says Frank Place, the tailor; and no man knew him better, and of no man alive was Cobbett himself half so much afraid. After his conviction he offered to stop the Register, if they would not call him up for judgment. His behaviour at the time of the compromise with Government was pitiful in the extreme. Place, who had the management of the whole business for Cobbett, and the party of which he was the avowed organ, had resolved that Cobbett should defend himself, and read the letters in Court which had provoked the prosecution. "Could he read them?" said I. Place laughed. "But when I saw him," continued he, "and talked the matter over with him, he began to bellow, O, that I—d—d prison! and he did not, and durst not, read a single letter, though he promised me he would—he made his defence like a great green girl. I determined to have nothing more to do with him, and I told him so, and when he asked the reason, I let him have it plump—said I, because you are such a blasted coward."

Fig. 24.—Miss Foote plays Louisa Hardy. All the world craves to see her because of her intrigue with Col. Hardy. Childish, pretty, and very affected—talent by no means remarkable. Fine passages—very graceful, though stooping—at times rather silly; dancing very womanish and primp. Kemble, cheap—cheap—may be called paltry. Saw Miss Foote in Maria Darington—Rowland for an Oliver: dancing beautiful—herself ditto—fresh impressions very favourable: waxes life and strength and naturalness. But, for Col. Berkeley and his shameful treatment of her. What would the world of fashion care for Miss Foote, or, if she were not so very beautiful, how much would they sympathise with her. Had my pockets picked both nights—cleaned out—even to the play-bill, though I wore a frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, and carried all I was worth in my trousers' pockets. "The villain came behind me," as young Nerval says—armed, I might add, "but I slew him!" Worst of all, on crying out, "Pickpockets! pickpockets!" found my own pockets filled with purses belonging to other people—but empty.

Saw a sight in the Park to-day—Washington Irving tells a story of the sort somewhere, and a very good story it is: but then, that I should live to see it with my own eyes!—an old woman—a spinster, you'd swear, at a glance—followed by a tall footman with an umbrella—*airing*—*airing*—what shall I say?—*airing* a female of the dog species—fat and heavy, with the hair all worn off her tall. You might be sure that all three were abroad for the sake of the female dog.

PRONUNCIATION, LANGUAGE, &c.—Lord Brougham says off his of—*as*, I shall take it off you, for off you; manner, for manner—and have, for have; fust, for first. Scarlett says, Important, for Important—giving the same sound of O in Important that we do in impost; he says hadn't went, for hadn't been. A Chester coachman says "It's no use—I can't get any good e' hur. Hur likes it hard (speaking of a horse). If hur can feel hur foot rattle under her, she'll jump like a book—there!"

TRICKS.—Men going about with printed boards on their backs—clap way of advertising. Saw two women standing over a third with a sick child, in the Park—sympathizing with her—but too poor—God bless you!—help the poor thing.

KEAN.—Saw his Macbeth last evening. Row expected. All London agog on account of the action for crim. con. Great forbearance towards the wretched woman—judges wouldn't suffer her letters to be read in Court—altogether too shameful—said by the newspapers to be out of delicacy to her! Yet she has employed women of the town to serenade her husband since. K. himself a pretty blackguard: shined her letters to my Tailor (Chester) who acknowledges they were abominable. C. offered me tickets to the boxes on the first night of Macbeth—being a friend of K's. Performance went off pretty well: no interruptions. After the play is over, some outrages—a brief uproar, and a few questions, not much to the purpose, about "Little Breeches:" and the over-sensitive moralists of London are perfectly satisfied.

To-day heard boy crying—"Mr. Kean's interment with the Duke of York!" Observer—got for my pennyworth, cash down, the following important intelligence, contained in four lines—"Mr. Kean and the

company for conducting the Drury Lane Theatre, had the honour of waiting on his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when his Royal Highness was graciously pleased to appoint the anniversary dinner for Friday March 18th—*—prize one penny. Cheap enough!* Not long ago, met another boy, with a large handbill affixed to a board upon his back, with the words, "*Death of the Duke of York*" upon it. Anxious to verify such an alarming fact, I bid for a paper, (who same, I believe) and found it contained "a full and particular account of the death of the Duke of York—in Richard the Third—Mr. Kean playing Richard." So much for London tricks. Are they not a match, and more than a match, for Yankee tricks?

A SPOONGING HOUSE.—The English novels are no longer what they were. Once, a landlady, not to be satisfied with less than a pound of flesh nearest the heart—a mouse in great demand everywhere, like the buffalo's haunch, or the reindeer's tongue, by your true epicure; or a spooning-house had to come into the story whether or no. The picture could not be finished otherwise. Now everybody there has grown so familiar with the horrors of a spooning-house, that nobody thinks of trying to wail it up. It was once my good fortune to be arrested by 'mistake.' Among the charges were \$5. search for a detainee; fee to boy, 1s. 6d.; bail-bond; gulches—8.50—besides cooche-hire, &c., &c.—all which the plaintiff had to pay, at last—for trying to catch a weasel asleep. Nevertheless, I can well understand the feelings of a stranger—unprepared—unadvised—with nobody to consult, perhaps, before it is too late, to one of these accursed London lock-ups, or spooning-houses, under pretence of sparing your feelings, if you have a respectable air; and of giving you time to get ball, you are carted off and bundled into a small crowded room—with leave to get a better if you can—at prices unheard of anywhere else on earth: 7.50 legal fees for a bail-bond for a fifty dollar debt; perhaps. Of a truth, law is a luxury, and ought to be—would it were less dear—too dear for any but the rich.

MINTALENE CASTELLANO, the celebrated Spaniard—tall, thin—very dark; with one eye materially injured; a man to follow—to be followed, rather—and to be trusted under all circumstances. Despair!—55—speaks English remarkably well; married to a young and beautiful Italian girl. Gave up his whole pay to the Cortes. Unhappy—and literally perishing of want. Garrido—but enough. England has undertaken to see these great men provided for—and when that is done, their portraits, at full length, will be found in the print-shops, and their biographies upon all our centre-tables.

THE DAIRY.

For the benefit of our country friends, we copy the following information upon the subject of cheese from the Farmers' Encyclopedia:

CHEESE (*Lat. CASEUS; Sax. cæse*). A well-known kind of food, prepared from milk by coagulation, and separated from the serum or whey, by means of pressure, after which it is dried for use. Cheese has been made from a very ancient period; it is mentioned by Job, and also by Homer. According to Strabo, our British ancestors did not understand how to make cheese, a deficiency with which their descendants cannot well be charged.

Good cheese, says Dr. Thomson, melts at a moderate heat; but bad cheese, when heated, dries, curdles, and exhibits all the phenomena of burning horn. From this it is evident that good cheese contains a quantity of the peculiar oil of cream; hence its flavor and smell. Proust found in cheese a peculiar acid, which he called the caseic.

The best season for making cheese is during those months when the cows can be fed on the pasture; that is, from the beginning of May till towards the end of September, or, in favorable seasons, the middle of October. In England, on many of the large dairy farms, in several districts, cheese is frequently made throughout the year; but that made during the winter months is considerably inferior in quality, and much longer in becoming fit for sale, or for use, than that which is made within the periods which have been just mentioned. In Gloucestershire, the season of making this cheese is from April to November; but the principal one for making thick is during the months of May, June, and the beginning of July. If made late in the summer, the cheese does not acquire a sufficient degree of firmness to be marketable in the ensuing spring.

The making in Cheshire, during the summer season, is at six o'clock, both morning and evening; and in winter, at daylight in the morning, and immediately before dark in the evening. But in other districts, as Wilt, Suffolk, &c., the people are frequently employed in milking by four o'clock in the morning in summer; and the business in a dairy of forty or fifty cows is nearly completed before the usual period at which it commences in Cheshire.

The coloring of cheese has been so long common in the cheese-districts, that it is probable that cheese of the best quality would be in a

great measure unsaleable if it did not possess the requisite color. The object of the introduction of this practice was no doubt to convey an idea of richness which the cheese did not really possess. This is the more evident, as it is universally allowed that the poorest cheese always requires the greatest quantity of dye to bring it to the proper degree of color. The material which is employed for this purpose is the Spanish annatto. The weight of a gulcher and a half of it is considered in Cheshire sufficient for a cheese of 60 lbs.; and in Gloucestershire an ounce is the common allowance to 1 cwt.

In regard to the *crust*, it may be observed, that milk may be coagulated, or curdled, by the application of any sort of acid; but the substance which is most commonly used in the mass or stomachs of young calves prepared for the purpose. These are most generally denominated *crusts*; but they are also often provincially called *evils*, and in Scotch *yeagings*.

In Cheshire, after the rennet is added to the milk, and as soon as the curd is firm enough to discharge its whey, the dairy woman plunges her hands to the bottom of the vessel, and, with a wooden dish, stirs the curd and whey; then lets go the dish, and by her hand agitates the whole, carefully breaking every part of the curd; and, at intervals, striking it hard to the bottom with the dish, so that no curd remains unbroken larger than a hazel-nut. This is done to prevent what is called *slip-curds*, or lumps of curd, which, by retaining the whey, do not press uniformly with the other curd, but, in a few days, if it happens to be situated towards the end of the cheese, turns livid and jelly-like, and soon becomes rancid and rotten. In a few minutes the curd subsides. The dairy woman then takes her dish, and lades off the whey into a milk-ladle to stand for cream, to be churned for whey-butter. This is a practice peculiar to the cheese counties. In Norfolk the whey, even from milk, passes from the cheese-vessels immediately to the hog-tub. Having laded off all the whey she can, she spreads a straining cloth, and strains the whey through it, returning the curd retained in the cloth into the cheese-tub. When she has got all the whey she can by pressing the curd with her hand and the lading-dish, she takes a knife and cuts it into square pieces of about two or three inches. This lets out more of the whey, and makes the curd more handy to be taken up in order to be broken into the vat.

Having made choice of a vat or press proportioned to the quantity of curd, so that the cheese when fully pressed shall exactly fill the vat, she spreads a cheese-cloth loosely over the mouth of the vat, into which she rebreaks the curd, carefully squeezing every part of it in her hands; and having filled the vat heaped up, and rounded above its top, she folds over it the cloth, and places it in the press, on the construction and power of which much depends.

When the vat is properly placed in the press, the ordinary degree of pressure is applied, which is more or less, according to the sizes of the cheeses usually made. At all large dairies, there are two or three presses, all varying in respect to weight or pressure. There are various kinds of cheese-presses. As soon as the vat is placed in the press, and the weight applied, skewers are thrust in through the holes in the side of the vat; this is done repeatedly during the first day, when the vat is being pressed. From the time the vat is first placed in the press till it is again taken out, does not, in ordinary cases, exceed two or three hours. When taken out, the cheese is put into a vessel with hot whey, with a view of hardening its coat or skin, where it stands for an hour or two; it is then removed, wiped dry, and after having remained some time in cool, is covered with a cheese cloth; and the vat being wiped dry, and the cheese replaced, it is again put into the press. In the evening, supposing the cheese to have been made in the morning, which is the usual time, it is again taken out of the vat; and another dry cloth being applied, it is turned and replaced; what was formerly the upper becoming now the under side. In this manner it is taken out, wrapped in clean cloths, and turned in the vat twice a day for two days, when it is finally removed.

The salting of the coat operation. The cheese, on being for the last time taken out of the vat, is carried to the salting house, and placed in the vat in a tub filled to a considerable depth with brine, to which it stands for several days, being regularly turned once at least every day. The vat is then removed from the brine-tub; and the cheese being taken out, is placed on the salting-bench, where it stands for eight or ten days, salt being carefully rubbed over the whole every day during the period. When the cheese is of a large size, it is commonly surrounded with a wooden hoop or fillet of cloth to prevent running. After it is supposed to be sufficiently salted, it is washed in warm water or whey, and when well dried with a cloth, is placed on what is called the drying-bench, where it remains a like period before it is removed to the keeping-house or cheese-room.

The last part of the business is the management of the cheese-room. In Gloucestershire the young cheeses are turned every day, or every two or three days, according to the state of the weather, or the fancy or judgment of the dairy-woman. If the air be cold and dry, the windows and door are kept shut, as much as may be; if close and moist, as much fresh air as possible is admitted. Having remained thus ten days in the dairy (more or less according to the space of time between the washings), the cheeses are cleaned; that is, washed and scraped.

The produce of a dairy of cows, where the milk is converted into cheese, is very variously stated by different writers. In some districts 24 cwt. from each cow, whether a good or a bad milker, if at all in milk is considered a good return. In others, the average runs as high as 30 cwt.; and in the county of Wilt, in particular, from 34 to 40 cwt. is the usual quantity. From accurate calculations made by Mr. Marsha and these several times repeated, he found that in Gloucestershire also

15 gallons of milk were requisite for making little more than 11 lbs. of two-meal cheese, and that one gallon of new milk produced a pound of curd. It is the general opinion of dairy farmers that the produce from two and a half to three and a half acres is necessary to maintain a cow all the year round. Taking, therefore, the medium of the three averages of cheese above mentioned (amounting to 355 lbs. from each cow), the quantity of cheese by the acre is 118 lbs. Every calculation of this kind must, however, be extremely vague and uncertain.

In the making of *Bergamans* cheese, as informed by Mr. Price, in the *Papers of the Bathwick W. Engl. Society* (vol. vii), that the method is, "to put, at ten o'clock in the morning, five brents and a half of milk, each bent about forty eight quarts, into a large copper, which turns on a crane over a slow wood fire, made about two feet below the surface of the ground; the milk is stirred from time to time, and about eleven o'clock when just lukewarm, or considerably under a blood heat, a ball of rennet, as big as a large nut, is squeezed through a cloth into the milk, which is kept stirred. By the help of the crane the copper is turned from over the fire, and left till a few minutes past twelve; at which time the rennet has sufficiently operated. It is now stirred up, and left for a short time. Part of the whey is then taken out, and the copper again turned over a fire sufficiently brisk to give a strongish heat below that of boiling. A quarter of an ounce of saffron is now put into the milk to give it a little color; and it is well stirred from time to time. The dairy-maids frequently feed the curd. When the small, and, as it were, granulated parts, feel rather firm, which is in about an hour and a half, the copper is taken from the fire, and the curd left to fall to the bottom. Part of the whey is taken out, and the curd brought up in a coarse cloth, having a syringe in a tough state. It is then put into a hoop, and about half a hundred weight laid upon it for about an hour; after which the cloth is taken off, and the cheese placed on a shelf in the same hoop. At the end of two, or from that to three days, it is sprinkled all over with salt; the same is repeated every second day for about forty or forty-five days, after which no further attention is required. While maling they generally place two cheeses one upon another; in which state they are said to take the salt better than singly. The country between Cremona and Lodi, says Mr. Evans, comprises the richest part of the Milanese. The irrigation, too, is brought to the highest degree of perfection; the grass is cut four times a year as fodder for the cows, from whose milk is made the well-known Parmesan cheese. The cows, which are kept in the stall nearly all the year round, are fed during summer on two of the best pastures which the country affords; and in the winter on the other two, which are hayed. The milk of at least fifty cows is required for the manufacture of one Parmesan cheese.—Hence, as one farm rarely affords pasture for such a number, it is usual for the farmers or metayers of a district to club together.

Cream Cheese is made in various places; but that which is generally known by the name of *Saint Germain* is of Leicestershire. In the following manner, according to the *Agricultural Report* of the county.—The night's cream is put into the morning's new milk with the rennet; but when the curd is come it is not broken, as is done with other cheeses, but is taken out with a souldish altogether, and placed in a sieve to drain gradually; and, as it drains, it is pressed, till it becomes firm and dry; then being placed in a wooden hoop, and afterwards kept dry on boards, it is turned frequently, with cloth binders round it, which are tightened as occasion requires. Cream cheese of good quality is likewise made, in some districts, by adding the cream of one meal's milk to the milk which is immediately taken from the cow. This, after being made and pressed gently two or three times, and carefully turned for a day or two, is fit for use.

Since the late reduction of duties in England upon provisions introduced from abroad, cheese has been among the articles extensively shipped from the United States to that country, where the complaint against American cheese is, that it is generally insufficiently pressed, a fault which gives it, when out, a porous or freecomb appearance. Its flavor is also rendered unpleasant by the too free use of rennet. The removal of these defects would very much increase the value of our domestic products both at home and abroad. Nevertheless, cheese of excellent qualities as to richness, flavor, and other requisites, is made in the northern portions of the Middle and Western States.

Pine Apple Cheese.—E. Perkins, of Herkimer county, New York, as fine dairy district, gives the following description of making those cheeses moulded in the order made form. These weigh from 7 to 8 lbs., and are chiefly made in small dairy establishments. The cheese is pressed in a hoop for the press, is pretty much like that usually pursued in making common cheeses. Some add a little more salt. The pressing is performed in wooden blocks, gripped together, and, after this process, the cheeses are suspended in nets, till so hardened as to stand on a trencher made for the purpose, where they remain till fit for market. This kind of cheese is chiefly made under the supervision of the farmer. In the presses, nets, and trenchers, the price is from 7 to 8 cents per lb.—When the maker finds every thing, he gets about 8 or 9 cents per lb.—In the preparation of pine-apple cheese, more allowance is made for shrinkage than in the manufacture of common cheese.

All new cheeses require to be well dried to fit them for the market and when taken out of the press should be laid upon a shelf and turned every day for some time. This operation was formerly done by hand, which proved very laborious. But contrivances have been invented by which the work can now be done very quickly and without the least exertion of strength.

After the cheeses have passed through the different processes, and the

drying is completed, they are to be deposited in the cheese or store-room. This should be dry and airy, and the hard and soft cheeses ought not to be kept in the same room. In some of the best dairy districts in the United States, it is thought best not to darken the cheese rooms, or attempt to keep out the flies, but in hot, sultry weather, the doors and windows are opened to admit the air freely. Cool dry air blowing directly upon the cheeses, is apt to crack them. These cracks are to be filled up with paper, either black or cypress. To mature cheese fast, the milk of the kept warm is used. In the fall, the curd is made in the United States, it is thought best not to darken the cheese rooms, or attempt to keep out the flies, but in hot, sultry weather, the doors and windows are opened to admit the air freely. Cool dry air blowing directly upon the cheeses, is apt to crack them. These cracks are to be filled up with paper, either black or cypress. To mature cheese fast, the milk of the kept warm is used. In the fall, the curd is made in the

We learn from the *Transactions* of the Highland Agricultural Society in Scotland, that the flavor of an old cheese may be communicated to a new one of whatever species, by the insertion of some portions of the old one into the new cheese. Small pieces are to be extracted with a sample scoop from each cheese, and those taken from the old are to be inserted into the new, and those from the new put into the old. After this interchange, the new one, if kept well excluded from the air, in a few weeks, become thoroughly impregnated with the mould, and have a flavor hardly to be distinguished from the old one. The cheese selected must be dry, and the blue mould should be free from any portion of a more decayed appearance.

A great variety of cheeses are made in Switzerland, the most celebrated of which are the *Schabziger*, (or *sapago* as we commonly call it), and *Grugere*. Of the quantity of cheeses exported from Switzerland, we have no information that can be relied upon; but it is computed that 30,000 cwt. of Grugere cheese alone, fit for exportation, is annually made; and that, from the middle of July to October, 300 horses, weekly, are employed in transporting Swiss cheese over to Mount Grut. (*For. Res. and Com. Africa*).

The *Schabziger cheese* is made by the mountaineers of the canton of Glarus alone; and, in its greatest perfection, in the valley of Kloos. It is readily distinguished by its marbled appearance and aromatic flavor, both produced by the bruised leaves of the melilot. The dairy is built near a stream of water; the vessels containing the milk are placed on gravel or stone to the dairy, and the water conducted into it in such a manner as to reach their brim. The milk is exposed to the temperature of about six degrees of Reaumur (forty-six degrees of Fahrenheit), for five or six days, and in that time the cream is completely formed. After this it is drained off, the caseous particles are separated, by the addition of some sour milk, and not by rennet. The curd thus obtained is pressed strongly in bags, on which stones are laid; when sufficiently pressed, and dried, it is ground to powder, and mixed with salt, and with either the pressed flowers, powdered and sifted, or the seeds of the melilot trefol (*Melilotus officinalis*, Pl. 10. f.). The practice of mixing the flowers or the seeds of plants with cheese was common among the Romans, who used those of the thyme for that purpose. The entire separation of the cream or viscous portion of the milk is indispensable in the manufacture of *Schabziger*, and the superior salt and nut make it far more than three halfpence a pound; whereas, prepared as *Schabziger*, it sells for sixpence or sevenpence.

The *Grugere cheese* of Switzerland is so named after a valley, where the best of that kind is made. Its merit depends chiefly on the herbage of the mountain pastures, and partly on the custom of mixing the flowers of bruised seeds of *Melilotus officinalis* with nut and salt, before it is pressed. The mountain pastures are rented at so much per cow's feed from the 15th of May to the 15th of October; and the cows are hired from the peasants at so much, for the same period. On the precise day both land and cows return to their owners. It is estimated that 15,000 cows are so grazed, and 30,000 cwt. of cheese made fit for exportation, besides what is reserved for home use.

Cream-cheese of Switzerland.—One measure of ewe's milk is added to three measures of cow's milk; little rennet is used, and no acid. The best Swiss cheese of this kind is made by the *Bergamans* sheep-masters, on Mount Spilgen.

Sage Cheese, an humble imitation of the Swiss green cheese much relished in some parts of the United States. "To make this cheese, take the leaves of the sweet red sage, and have them pressed the juice from them by beating in a mortar, do the same with the leaves of spinach, and then mix the two juices together. After putting the rennet to the milk, pour in some of this juice, regulating the quantity by the degree of color and taste it is intended to give the cheese. As the curd appears, break it gently, and in an equal manner, then emptying it into the cheese vat, let it be gently pressed, in order to make it set mellow. Having stood for about seven hours, salt it and turn it daily for four or five weeks, then it will be fit for the table. The spinach besides improving the flavor, and correcting the bitterness of the sage, will give it a much more pleasing color than can be obtained from sage alone."

Cream Cheese.—Excellent cream cheeses are supplied to the Philadelphia market by the neighboring Pennsylvania farmers. They are curd gently from six to ten inches thick, and are very fat cheese. The thick. The mode of preparing cream cheese is as follows. Expose cream to the air and it will be found to grow thick gradually, so that in three or four days the vessel containing it may be turned upside down without loss. In eight or ten days more, its surface will become coated over with a kind of mucus and a woolly mass or yeast. After this, it is longer ready for the use of cream, but in a very few days more, the dairy differs from butter in containing both curd and serum or whey, together with the oily matter; whereas in butter the oil is obtained separate from the whey and curd or cheesy matter.

Another mode of making cream cheese is the following, given by the late Judge Coffey, whose endorsement makes it worthy of the highest

credit. "Take of the top or surface cream that has been collected for three or four days in the cream-croak so as to be slightly acid, one pint; on each of two common plates lay a dry napkin four-doubled; put half a pint of cream on each napkin. Next day have ready another plate covered with a folded wet napkin, turn the two cheeses one on top of the other upon the wet napkin, cover them over with the ends of this wet napkin, and change it every day for a week till the cheese is ripe. It must not be done in a cellar or damp place, but in a room, otherwise it will mould."

IDIOSYNCRASIES.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

And what the plague no Idiosyncrasies! Why not tell us in good wholesome English what your meaning is? A learned man, to be sure; but what of that? Of what value to the multitude is that learning which the multitude cannot understand? You might as well preach in Hebrew, as employ the language of books, in the familiar business of life. Away with all this parade of learning, if you have to do with the people. Would you ask for bread and butter in blank verse? or begin—as most people do—with the most difficult part of a language—its poetry—Tolemachus, for example, if you wanted your children to talk French? No, no, my friend; if you are to tell your story to any good purpose, it would be in that household speech, whereof we hear so much and read so little. That you are unlike other men, I know; but I do not know in what particulars. I see you wondered at—reversed—reviled, and as I believe, shamefully misunderstood, not to say misrepresented; but whose fault is it? You came before the world as a Prophet and a Teacher. You foretold the inevitable consequences of our doings, and thus far, had you been gifted with the spirit of ancient prophecy, you could not have been more triumphantly happy in your soothsaying. You go about doing good. You venture to rebuke, in language that no man is able to withstand, the mighty of our earth, no matter who they are, nor how they are looked upon by the rest of mankind, not where they dwell. As if commissioned from on High, you lift up your voice from the midst of the great cowering patient multitude, while they are prostrating themselves by thousands and tens of thousands, before the feet of their Idol, and say to him in a language that thrills the blood—*Thou art the man!* And yet, if we are to believe you, you are a by-word and a reproach, powerless and aimless; alike unfared, unsought, unhelped for.

That you are unhappy, all can see. That you have made others happy—very happy—that to do so has been the great business of your life, so far as they know or believe, all are ready to acknowledge. Doing so much for others, can you do nothing for yourself? Wake up, my friend! Be a man! Shake off the unworthy load that crushes you to the earth; and be a man—altogether a man, once more! Are you weary of the world, tired of life: or is there indeed nothing worth living for?

Stop. I see what you want, said the other. Stop. You shall have my story. Having heard it, you will judge for yourself. I hate babbling—and eavesdropping—but you have prevailed. Overmastered by circumstances, I give up.

Look at this hand. A month ago—not more—it was the hand of a strong man. Lift your eyes to mine. You see how pale they are; how they tremble when you try to look into their morbid depths. Yet only a month ago, they would allow me to gaze upon the sun, at noon-day, without winking. They would allow me to see an angel sitting there, as plainly as I now see you; and after gazing at her for a little time, her countenance haunted me—till, look where I would, there it was, glowing and smiling for ever and over, and looking—as I look my young friend, I tell you nothing but the truth—the simple truth—like as if it had a message for me, and would if it might, comfort me. Do you wonder that I grew blind with gazing at that people began to persuade themselves—not me, sir, but themselves—they were never able to persuade me into such a preposterous belief—that I wanted looking after. Sir!—would you believe it! at the very moment, while I was lecturing under one name, to a large class of scientific men, upon a subject of transcendental importance, my friends were upon the watch for me, under another, as a wretched lunatic, who needed the guardianship of a toothless old nurse and obnoxious driveller, like the man they have built into the hospital where you found me. I, say built in, because no other language would so well express the relation he bears to the whole building, inside and out, which he has had the spilling of. Blockheads!—

do they not know, can they not be made to know, that, however mad a man may be north-north-west, as our friend Hamlet the Dane has it, he may still know a hawk from a handaw—handaw, some people say—but I don't care a snap for their opinions, do you?—when the wind is easterly! Ah—you think I am wandering; I can see. You need not shake your head—were you put upon oath now, you would be willing to swear that you once had a long talk with me, and that I kept wandering from the subject; wouldn't you now?—there's a good fellow. And yet, as sure as you are alive, I am no more of a mad man than you are. Try me: question me: probe my understanding to the quick. See if I cannot repeat all I have been saying to you, and all you have said to me, and precisely in the same order. Can't be out of my senses then? are mad men able to do these things? If so—who would not be a mad man?

A poser, by Jupiter!

Oh, you smile; and you are not more than half-persuaded of my sanity; notwithstanding that I foresee you will be pleased to call hereafter, if questioned by the court, my craft and cunning, or maybe my eloquence. What say you sir? As a man, I ask you; and as a man I charge you to speak the simple truth. Should you or not be willing to testify, I feigned to the stand, that I had acted very strangely in your presence; that I had talked incoherently, and kept wandering from the subject? And if you did, and others like you should do the same, what should hinder me from cutting the throat of any person I might take a fancy to—your own, for example?—there, there, don't be frightened; I am only putting the case. And yet, mark me—you would swear to a falsehood, and so would they. I am not now—I never have been beside myself. That I have counterfeited madness heretofore, that I could do it now, so as to deceive you, and half the physicians of the country, is very true; and that—if I were so disposed, I could satisfy any jury upon earth, Impaneled for the purpose, that I had gone mad before their faces, and that, let me tell you, without rolling my eyes or making faces, or screaming or staring. You might feel my pulse—or watch my breathing—and still you would be satisfied. You might examine the palms of my hands—my tongue—the moisture upon my forehead—or myself; and the result would be alike satisfactory to the bar and the bench—to the jury and the mob. Have you ever happened to see drunkenness well represented—by such a player as Matthews, for example? Which would be the easier, think you, to counterfeit a loss of appetite, a devouring thirst, watchfulness, and a wandering or flighty speech; or to play the drunkard to the life?

No sir, I am not mad. I never was mad. And though I should cut the throat of my best friend to-morrow—or blow out the brains of my worst enemy—it matters little which, for the more unprovoked and atrocious the crime, the stronger the argument, you know, in favor of my insanity—and if you, yourself, were disposed to go into court and testify to this very conversation, with a view to punish a murderer, the very acknowledgment I have now made to you, would ensure my acquittal. Once get possessed of the notion that a man is mad—and every thing he does or says, will count for proof. Let the public sympathy be engaged in favor of a man—and you cannot punish him, do what he may, in this country: *provided* nevertheless and notwithstanding, that he is able to engage lawyers enough—the "Indiscriminate defenders of right and wrong." For ten thousand dollars, I would undertake for the acquittal of any man, under any circumstances—the more aggravated the better. You have but to engage the newspapers—to speak the sympathy of people, whose sympathy is always in the market—and have half a dozen decent members of the bar, and your business is done.

Goodness me!—what are we coming to, if what you say is the truth! whippersnapper the little man, at our elbow.

To business, I hope. Don't I know what I say to be true? Haven't I tried it? You shudder!—pooh!—You shall have the story at length, when we meet again. See if I don't show you how to bamboozle a jury to say nothing of judges, by the help of lawyers and the newspapers.

NURSERY DIRECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Transplant beds for seedlings, if requisite, to make room for holiday olive-branches. Sew buttons on shirts for the vacation. Graft slips and offsets on damaged frocks, and pruned elder sisters' pelisses into little girls' cloaks. Prepare hot beds for coddles caught at snowballing, or tumbling through ice. Cut sprigs of birch and hawthorn up for future use. Plant sockets of hardake and cuttings of Twelfth-night in nurses' cupboards. Previous to Black Monday general crops may be looked for. Rake beds with small-tooth comb and dress with pomatum.

From the Southern Sportsman.

AN IRISH RACE COURSE.

BY A NEW ORLEANS IRISHMAN.

Oh! the fun and frolic of an Irish race course! There you may see the very extremes of society met, if not in absolute equality, at least the social character of the nation is so very apparent, and its elements are brought into such close contact with each other, that, strip them of the appendages of rank and fortune, and hardly will you be able to distinguish which is the high-born descendant of a thousand years of illustrious ancestry, and which the hereditary beggar. It is a high and beautiful quality that of natural humor and mirth; and my country, though it has never lost it, amid the trying scenes of its bondage, the pressure of its unmerited poverty, and the constant admixture of foreign blood, that wretched current of haughty domination, with which the policy of the Saxon oppressors have sought to dilute it! The perennial fountain of over-pleasant anticipation, of ever gushing animal pleasure, is so abundant to be dolled by the phlegm of the stranger, or the preachings of the hireling apostle of a sadder creed; and the green of thy native hills is but a type of thy verdant mind, that received from the Creator in its pristine gifts, the eternal traits of thankfulness and joy! Mark that elegant turn out, with its four spanking bays, without the shadow of a shade of opposition in their color; with a similarity of height that defies the detection of a line of difference; look at their thorough-bred points, and confess that they would honor even a royal equipage; within and without are displayed the most recherché gout, with the richest appliances of all that art can invent or luxury supply. It is the carriage of Ireland's only Duke, the head of the sept of the Geraldines, Hibernian purgum fideum liberrum, who in all that enables and benefits his countrymen to the utmost to the last part. He is here, according to his constant annual custom, to adorn by his presence, and to give by his example, the matches Carragh, in comparison with which Epom and Ascot, Newmarket and Goodwood, are but sandy walks. The beaux of Dublin, the bucks of the surrounding country, from the titled patrician to the boisterous squire, are all here to sport their bit of blood, and make known their judgment in horse-flesh to all around. With hook in hand and voice of riotously loud mirth, they thread their devious way through a motley crowd of pedestrians, that would defy even the pencil of a Hogarth to portray with fidelity their individual avocations. Paddy shows his characteristics in every walk of life here. The peasant with his frayed coat and brogue of ample size; the middleman with his "bated breath" and swelling sip of his superiors; the mendicant, with his rag of every possible color, flitting in the wind; men, women and children, of all ages, from country and town; itinerant instrumental musicians, balled singers, vagabonds of both sexes abound, and all are bodged in by a body of *Pollitians*, on horseback and foot, to whom the peace and safety of the whole mass are confided. What say the Groves of Blarney of this incomparable scene!

The Duke of Linster

Wid the lovely spinster,

Ye all may see, in classical array.

Oh! Cress a bono, man,

Ye'll ne'er get through, man.

Though ye try all night, until the break of day.

Och, Tim, my darling,

Now don't be snarling,

But stand foremost one while we kape the line.

There's Dunc Clancy

Wid purty Nancy,

Like Matt and Yama, who love to incline.

It was in the year 18—, when the 87th Foot, commonly known in the British service by the true Euse name of "Faugh a ballagh," or "clear the way," was stationed in Ireland, that a detachment, consisting of a subaltern's party, was on its road to Head Quarters, from a stiff hunting in the mountains, or hostile excursion after native contrabandists, or distillers of that delicious fluid, Potteen whiskey, and its routo passed the Carragh at the time of the races. By the way, I may as well in this place relate an anecdote respecting this captivating "orange," which contains, perhaps, the only authentic story of a Monarch's breaking the revenue laws of his country that the history of modern times presents. During the short visit which George the Fourth, the British Tiberias, that "cold-blooded voluptuary," as he was publicly designated by one of the brightest luminaries of the British judicial bench, paid shortly after his accession to his Irish dominions, he very eagerly inquired, when in Dublin, if he could be furnished with a degree of surprise at the expression of the royal wish, and testified, no doubt, an abundance of well-expressed ignorance of its existence, &c., &c. However, he was not to be foiled in any of his extravagances, and some plant worshippers of the throne was soon found, to administer to the sovereign's palate. It is related that when he had drained the first glass that was presented to him, he declared that he could now understand the Irish peasantry were willing to risk life and liberty in its illegal production—it was the royal desire that the only stiff tip to fuddle a prince withal—royal in its flavor, royal in its odor, and super-royal in its effects! That Poeten!

To our story. The officer in charge of the command, took the favorable opportunity thus afforded him, of visiting the course, quartering the men in the vicinity, and giving them the wise discretion of following his laudable example, or not, as they saw their taste directed them. It may therefore be presumed, there was a good sprinkling of red coats amongst

the crowd; and lads who were neither too fastidious, nor too moral, to sit in giving their quota of embellishment to the scene. I shall pass rapidly over the amusements of the day, merely observing that the racers wore the pride of this island, the betting was spirited, and the day most propitious. Unlike his phlegmatic neighbor in the sister country, who bases his hazards on his solitary calculations, and seldom swerves from the tenor of his blood-bought wisdom, the Irish gentleman carries the game of his fistful, wayward, but over generous nature with him, wherever he goes, and too frequently from contact and conference with similar unsteady materials, which in such places surround him, sudden impulse defeats the current of his previous meditations, and his interests materially suffer in the result. With him it may be truly said, that his heart usually runs away with his head. "Barney Bragalligan against the field—long odds, and where's the wicket!" exclaims an equestrian, in those rich Melvian tones, which so enchant my little friend, Sidney Flannel, O'Connell, now my Lady Morgan, who calls them "the liquid accents and flowing articulation of my own loved Eain!" "Six to four on Calliope," (a favorite,) "barring Signor Paganini in the Kate!" cries out another on the grand stand, making his high, manly voice resound over the noisy multitude below. "I'll down with me three tin pennies on Brian Boru, and we'll drink it out, Mikky Doolan, whichever wins," whispers a countryman in a caubert and a sturdy inexpressible, unbuttoned at the knees, to show his tightly gartered new hose to a friend by his side, whose round, plump and ruddy face, with a joyous twinkle in his full dark eye, is directed in eager scrutiny of the animal, rejoicing in that, to every Irishman, captivating name. Their money is destined never to change hands, for poor Brian Boru has nothing but his sobriquet to recommend him. So he says the boy for the *treedies*!" roars out a bailed singer, at the top of his lungs, and the shouts of the multitude are raised to a pitch that popular sense is ever an announcement of unbridled merriment.

The important sports of the day, including a few handicap sweepstakes made on the spot, concluded while the sun was high in the firmament. Signor Paganini, as was expected, distancing every competitor, when the officer I have before alluded to, inspired by that spirit of fun which is so much the Irish character, proposed to form a small party, to be run for by dokeys, of which there was an abundance, granting about the green award that skirted the course on all sides. The idea was eagerly embraced by the gentlemen around, and soon getting wind, the mob was agitated throughout its whole extent, and instantly exhibited such a scene of grinning faces that one glance would have sufficed to cure the deepest hypochondriac of his malady forever.

The dokeys, who were expected, to catch a down or so of the poor animals, which were quietly pondering, in their usual solemn manner, on the general ways of the world, and the fate of asses in particular, little dreaming of the plot which was working against their modest tranquility; and, in a few minutes, a regular set of them were eluded in front of the grand stand. Six of the best conditioned were soon selected, regularly entered as Jerusalem ponies, age, height and genealogy of course inserted, with all due regard to the rules of the turf, and notices were hastily posted, in manuscript, on the most conspicuous objects in sight, from which it was learned that it was to be a two mile heat, open to all comers, subject to rejection, however, without appeal, by the committee. A purse of five pounds was to be the prize of the winner, and thirty shillings to the second in, provided he saved his distance.—There was some little difficulty experienced in taking the riders from the overwhelming multitude, who vociferously advanced their claims to the honor and prospective advantage of jockeyship; but the committee, hundreds of competitors, amidst whom such a variety of acrimony took place, that at one time the whole affair threatened to wind up in a general row, but the police riding in, after a sharp scuffle dispersed the more combative portion of them, and order was again restored. Many broken heads and a good deal of tattered country finery, however, plainly showed the keenness of the contest, and gave another fine proof of the inflammable nature of the material, by which we are so often injured, and the ruling propensity of the "Grims." Six finely proportioned fellows were at length mounted, the dokeys were brought to the starting post, amidst the cheers and loud laughter of the assembled spectators, each animal exhibiting a long streamer of ribbon, pendant from his ample ear, hastily furnished by the ladies, who very readily cut off their bonnet ties for the purpose, and each rider, with outstretched neck and attentive mien, waited impatiently for the trumpet to sound Off! They were green, red, blue, white, yellow, and tartan. Amongst them, conspicuously distinguished by his glaring uniform, was a soldier of the 87th, one of the detachment to which I have alluded, set down in the cards as Patrick Rooney, of whom we shall have more to say anon. The signal was at length given, and away they went, followed by the whole field, on the edge of the sword, screaming, yelling, and animating their separate favorites, in every variety of tone and conventional equestrian phraseology. It would be lengthening the communication beyond all fair bounds, to particularize every event in this strangely hilarious match; suffice it to say, the dokeys displayed all the obstinacy of spirit common to their race, now joggling on with tolerable evenness, now stopping doggedly, as if engaged in the solution of some abstruse mathematical theorem, thoroughly insensible to the showers of blows, which fell on them from above and below, in quick succession from the eager riders, who were again and again thrown out of their seats, by the plentiful contusions which these animals use when bent on getting rid of an unaccounted or distasteful burthen. Two of them declared off before they had set on half a mile, resolutely rolling on the ground with their heads in the air, and intimating most significantly that they had no ambition,

and would go no further. The other four kept on, with various fortunes sometimes one and sometimes another in front, until a mile and a half of ground was cleared, when, most unfortunately, a lady member of the assize community, grazing near the spot in which they were all huddled together, in most admired confusion, set up a loud and lengthened bray, which operated with magical effect on two of the remaining competitors, rampant stallions, who immediately responding in gallant congenial strain, pricked up her ears, kicked up their heels, and in spite of whip and spur, off they belted, in their amorous pursuit, nor could they ever more be again brought on the track. Two more could scarcely dispose the prize, on one of which was Rooney the soldier, who had managed his dubious start with much skill, moving forward unintercepted, "with solemn step and slow," and yet, by the perverse disposition and uncertain gambols of the rest, he generally led. The other hero, presenting a rich specimen of native characteristic physiognomy, a face so truly Milesian, that to use a figure, invented on the other side of the channel, you might pick a point out of it, now came prominently into view, whose name, uttered in tones of encouragement by a score of violently excited partisans, close at his heels, revealed to history the cupbulous epithet of O'Shea, Dennis O'Shea! "On wid ye, Dinny, darling! and could Ireland for ever! Don't let the red coat bate you, any how, and bring shame on the country that nursed you! Whoitt!" These and similar ebullitions, of alternate applause and invective, reassured from all sides. The comrade Rooney began crying out some sentiments of hope and fear, as they contemplated his mild and unexcited bearing. "Paddy! what are ye after? y'e owe sivil; y'e're sitting there like odd Nosey, on the stone horse, and the karkariker of the regiment at stake! Thy y'er hand at the butt, sick him in the crupper, the baste!"

They were now at the distance past, and the goal, with all its golden advantages, was plainly in view. Both animals were nearly even, O'Shea peeing away with whip and spur, and Rooney, now getting a little anxious, began to urge on his charger, with rather more violent appliances than he had hitherto used. Just at this moment, O'Shea, who was rather in advance, by an unlucky away on one side of the donkey, originating in an ardent desire to hit him on the nose, which he had suddenly turned round, to take a glance at the space he had compassed, or to look for his absent friends, fell headlong to the ground, dragging the poor beast on top of him. A shout rose from the accompanying crowd, testified the anguish and triumph of the friends of the two parties. On went the soldier, confident in his success, and glowing with his anticipated victory, when at about a hundred yards from the winning post, "a change came over the spirit of his dream." The perverse devil, as if he had reserved his independence to this point, for the sole purpose of making his rider's mortification the more bitter, as he had the prize almost within his grasp, extended his front legs, in a lateral direction for the purpose, no doubt, of holding more ground, in the discussion he was about to challenge, stood stock still, refused to budge an inch, and was alike insensible to prayers, reproaches and blows. O'Shea, in the meantime, had remounted, and was approaching fast. "Och! hooe, thin, I'm ruined entirely! Jewel! darling! oh! ye deceiver, is this, the way ye are! Murther! he's close behind!" Thus did poor Rooney alternately cajole, entreat, push from behind and drag before. Now he belabored him, and now he coaxed, but it was no go, as each furious blow descended on his head, he shook it mildly, yet with a significance that could not be misunderstood. It seemed as if each iron hoof had met a magnet in its path, and was chained to it forever. "Och! thin," cried he, as he gazed in despair on his rival, now within a dozen paces of him, "what shall I do? I'm as wake as a piece of wet paper, wild the toll and the fright, and the thrimbling I'm in! I do be thrimbling like a straw upon the water!" At this moment a thought struck him, which he acted upon with the rapidity of lightning, there was no time to lose.—He drops the whip, runs to the head of the obstinate brute, turns his back on him, and stooping low, lifts his fore leg off the ground, and places them on his shoulder. Then pulling with all his might, he gets him on a run, and in this grotesque and violent way, amidst thunders of applause, gentlemen shouting, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the mob yelling in triumphant accord, rushed past the winning post, breathless and exhausted, thus besting his antagonist by a couple of lengths. A curious question was started as to the legality of the soldier's claim to the prize, but the ingenuity of the device, and the promptitude and ready invention of Paddy Rooney, were so conspicuous in their effect on the whole field, (none so ready as my countrymen to bow before a scintillation of genius, and Paddy was a genius), that the faint murmurs of O'Shea, evidently made with shame on his mind at the injustice, were drowned in a simultaneous burst of admiration from all parts, which came like a tempest on victor and discomfited, and his money was paid, with a hearty shake of the hand, by the chairman of the committee.

I do not know whether a case of similar nature has come before the Jockey Club, or not: if any of your readers choose to make it a subject of grave discussion, I shall always be ready to afford all the authentic information respecting the match, as it proceeds or can collect.

En attendant, I can say, that the story lives, and will continue to live, in the traditions of the far-famed Curragh of Kildare, and I regret that the poor ass thus compelled to win, in spite of himself, has not had her name chronicled with that of her memorable jockey, the renowned Paddy Rooney!

"A-las! a lass!" as the old bachelor exclaimed when he felt a desire to marry. He made the same exclamation after marriage, but spelt it differently.

MILITARY LIFE.

From the adventures of Tom Plunket.

Upon my return from Infesto I made a detour to the south of several leagues, into the mountains, where I halted at a small village for the night. The people seemed courteous enough; but in the evening the wise men of the place came into my apartment, I at first thought to pay their respects to me, but none of the usual empty compliments following, I began to suspect their rectitude. Having seated themselves, they held a council of war, to decide whether or not they should put me to death for being a Frenchman. The English army, they said, was dressed in scarlet,—I was not so,—and that was proof positive. An interpreter was called in,—a soldier who had been a prisoner on board the hulks at Portsmouth, where he had learned English. His vocabulary consisted of three words, *salt, bread, and water*, which I was called upon to translate in due form. Having sung the changes upon them some fifty times, and displayed his art to his wondering congregation, he at last gave it as his opinion that I was English, from the profusion of my hair. I felt much obliged to the honest man; but as I did not like my situation much, I bawled on my breeches next morning long before cock-crowing, and marched off without beat of drum, escorted by a soldier, however, back to Infesto, to make sure that I was not an impostor. The road was beautifully garnished with crosses, emblems of an easy martyrdom.

At Calabritto, plunder being the order of the day, Sir John Moore formed the troops into square, and told them that, "Soldiers, if you do not behave better, I would rather be a shoe-black than your General!" These were the last words I ever heard him utter. Next day, matters not being mended, the troops were again formed into square, while three delinquents were hoisted upon men's shoulders, with the ropes round their necks, to be suspended from the boughs of trees, when an officer of war, (one Ross) rode in from the outpost, to say that the enemy was close at hand. The troops were ordered, with two guns, to prepare for shooting. The troops were moved through the town without delay, but not before half of one of our companies were taken prisoners by the enemy's cavalry. Our brigade was then placed in the vineyards on the face of the opposite hill, one of the best positions which the whole line of retreat afforded. But they were badly in position, when the two other regiments were retired, leaving our battalion with two guns, to the tender mercies of some 3000 or 4000 Frenchmen, with the most delightful of all orders, to *hold on to the last*, to allow time for the evacuation of Villafranca, which was not far off.

Plunket was at this time going to the rear sick in an hospital wagon; but as soon as he heard that there was to be a fight, his sickness left him. He got hold of his rifle, stole out in the rear of the square, without Docyn's knowledge, joined his company, and posted himself by the great road, where he was sure to be in the thick of it.

The enemy having made his disposition for attack, advanced in a dense column of cavalry and infantry, along the great road. As soon as they debouched from the town, our guns opened upon them. They advanced steadily however, until about half way up the hill, when a Sharpshooters' burst in the centre of the column, and the enemy's ranks were completely disrupted. This staggered them for the moment, and brought them to a stand. Volunteers then, as they appeared to us, rode out from different parts of the column, and formed at the head of it: there might be about forty of them. They then advanced at speed, headed by Generals Colbert and Goulien, to capture our guns, which limbered up and retired. The gallant cavaliers, however, passed through between us; and I never saw men ride more handsomely to destruction. Had Sharpshooters seen them, he certainly would have chased them with those with whom time gallops withal. My company was on the left of the road, and two more on the right of it. We poured it into them right and left, and they went down like clockwork. Goulien, who was mounted on a capital white charger, was particularly conspicuous. Lord Lyndis called out, "I give you man, two guineas to shoot the fellow on the white horse—any man two guineas to shoot the fellow on the white horse!" "Pleaze your Honor," said Plunket, who had just shot General Colbert, "it would cost you a tester." He missed him, however, as did many others. The fellow on the white horse rode the gunnet most gallantly, and got clear off, but I never think he was the only one that did so.

Lieutenant Layton, jumped upon a Frenchman's horse, of which he was not a little proud. He had but a short ride, however, for Plunket observing the Imperial eagle on the saddle-cloth through the smoke, had an idea that he must be French, and as the horse and rider generally belong to the same nation, he thought them fairly entitled to the benefit of a shot. He accurately missed Layton, but shot the horse dead. The fellow, said Layton to me afterwards, "I shot my horse, and I said him, he might think himself particularly fortunate in not being shot himself, which was certainly intended."

The march from Dinaburgh was disorder personified. Four hundred men were left there intoxicated, and I think we must have lost ten or twelve hundred stragglers that day. The French advanced guard did not secure them, but passed on, so that friends and foes got blended together, forming only one column, and seeming to have the same object in view. Numbers were sitting by the roadside, never to rise again. Among others I remember a poor Highland recruit, completely knocked up, but retaining every article belonging to him. Upon being asked why he did not throw away his musket, "Ah, Sir," said he, "the Colonel would be angry." It was broken to pieces, and his baggage taken from him, so that it was too late, nature was exhausted. It would be an interesting document, if it were possible to ascertain it, to know how many men we lost

during the Peninsular war, solely from the enormous load they have to carry. I do not think it could be less than fifteen thousand.

Next day, as we were marching along the side of a hill, my company happened to be in the rear with a few dragoons. I observed a host of the scramble in the column before me. When I came up, I found it to be several car loads of money standing in the middle of the road, the bullocks that drew them were completely knocked up. Both officers and soldiers were helping themselves very freely to bags of dollars, which was certainly better than letting them fall into the hands of the enemy. They only got a small portion, however, for Goulou, who was close behind us, as soon as he observed what was passing, sounded a charge, which made us take to our heels. There being a steep bank on our left, and a deep ravine on our right, we had to run a little way before we got out of the road; to fire down upon him, according to the custom of war in like cases. We then placed ourselves at a turn of the road behind some stone walls which covered us completely.

Goulou halted his column to plunder the money, while he himself rode on a little in front to water his horse by the roadside, which brought him within about one hundred yards of us. The opportunity was not to be lost. I got hold of a tile, and my officers did the same, to have a go at our tormentor. My gun flashed in the pan, and I shall probably never have such another opportunity of smiting a General. Before I got my coach-hole cleared, a man of the name of Matthews, standing by me, had felled him. He shot him right through the body, and the gallant fellow fell dead from his horse.

Have let me warn all bold dragoons to beware of white chargers. They look very pretty in a picture, or at a review in Hyde Park, to show off before the ladies, but they are dangerous cattle in the field.

We saw the horse afterwards, but the rider was a prudent person, and did not come quite so near us.

GARRISON BELLES.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER."

It is wonderful how this species of young lady keeps up her career of dancing, talking, chain-smoking, (for watches and eye-glasses, I mean) flirting, singing, laughing, (sometimes with a heavy heart, poor thing,) flower-painting, fortune-telling, &c., &c., &c. Wonderful, too, how her health stands the fatigue and excitement of a life passed in adroit of anxieties, expectations, and disappointments. Loungees admitted as morning visitors begin to waste her time, and their own, by inspecting the contents of her work-box, breaking her lute strings, or teaching her dry tricks. Then come the visits for strolling, not walking, up and down the same esplanade, or square, or garden, where the same set of young ladies continue flirting for a certain number of years, and then merge into matrons, wedded to husbands generally the very opposite of the smart young gentlemen in scarlet and gold biberos their warmest objects of admiration, or into unacknowledged old maidhood in showy bonnets and coloured muslin dresses; except in winter; when these latter ladies are seldom seen, in a morning at all, since they reserve themselves for the less certain light of gas or wax candles in the ball, or concert room, or theatre.

The garrison belle herself has always, however, been a subject of much less wonder to me than her mamma and papa, especially the former, since the papa is frequently either a nonentity, or a man with a profession or business to attend to; in the one case he is too obtuse to be alive to all the mischief that is going on in his family, in the other too full of worldly concerns in general to look much into the detail of his own domestic circle; but how the mamma can be so wanting in tact and knowledge of the world (or indeed of human nature,) not to discover that what men can obtain cheaply they little prize, (especially young military men, who live on excitement and change of place and acquaintances,) I never could make out. It is true that now and then a girl who has exalted herself, so I have mentioned, for three or four or more years, does make what her friends call a good match, that is, she marries a man for whom she does not care three straws, with a good private fortune; after much to do, his family perhaps consents to receive her as a great favour, often, however, taking care to let her know she is looked upon as an intruder, and occasionally throwing out hints against "man-servant mothers with large families of daughters for sale." Sometimes the large private fortune turns out to be encumbered, or the lover cannot make settlements without the consent of his parents or guardians, or the said fortune is only in reversion; every one, however, who hears of it, talks of "poor young so and so" being taken in, and his brother officers who kill him at mess till on the very eve of matrimony he would give the world to "be off," only there is no prospect of a route, and having lately had leave on "urgent private affairs," there is no possibility of obtaining it with so many candidates for the same indulgence on the list.

At the same time the habit of paying undivided attention to some young, innocent girl, and then telling her with an unconcerned air that the route is expected, is but too common. It is to be regretted in some such cases that there are no "tall Irish cousins;" because some young ladies prove themselves as well contented with the new comers as the old; girls who really have been supposed to be coldly callous, and thus the influence of evil example spreads itself invisibly, but in various directions. Then men are certainly the most ungrateful beings in the world, since those from whom they receive the highest marks of favor and encouragement are invariably the subjects of their boasts, and too

frequently of their ridicule. Young military men have been blamed for this system especially. The fault does not originate with themselves, but with those who have admitted them to a degree of intimacy beyond what they would permit to any one else with whom they are as slightly acquainted, and that at an age, too, when others have by no means finished their education, nay, frequently have not left school.

But all this is rather prosy; I must "illustrate my theme," and I will do so, by sketching a scene or two from real life.

When the recruit arrived at L— for the 10th Regiment, it found one of the two officers in debt, some really in love, and young Capt. Leslie entangled in "an affair" with a sentimental young lady. It must be confessed the mamma had made the first advances towards the young man, whom she had early understood to be either in possession, or at least in expectation of, three thousand a year. Now the fact was, she had long been noted among the military quartered at L— as a determined fortune-hunter, and a wag of the 17th resolved on misleaving her and letting her fall into her own trap. With an acuteness and judgment worthy of a better cause, Mrs. Thorpe did not usually "trout her daughters" as you unpractised, or less shrewd mothers are apt to do.— To the new comers she always appeared anything but *empress*; the real fact was that she preferred taking a cool and quiet survey of the new comers themselves before she committed her girls or herself, and again there might be some truth in a story which ill-natured people delighted in telling against her in her young days of matrimonial speculation. The story ran thus, whether true or false it is not for me to determine.

Her father, a respected apothecary, whose mania for building swallowed up his earnings, who had in fact, to use a phrase of a wit of the day, "lost more to the MORTAR than he had grined by the *pettle*," began, worthy man, to grow anxious about getting his only daughter settled for life, and having detected the progress of a young man apparently inexperienced gentleman's attentions to her, determined to lose no time in bringing matters to a speedy issue. Accordingly he summoned his son to a confab, which ended in the old gentleman despatching the young one to ask the lower "his intentions." In spite of his entreating a very proper affection for his exemplary parent, and attractive sister, the young man could never forbear a joke. It is singular that undertakers and apothecaries (both ministers of death,) should generally incline to wagwag, but so it is. He came back from the interview with a smile on his lip.

"Well, John," said the old gentleman.

"Well, Sir," said the young one.

"Well, what news?"

"News? why, it is all settled."

"Not you don't say so?" exclaimed the respected apothecary, rubbing his hands.

"It is though," said John. "He won't have her."

It was probably some experience of this sort which had rendered Mrs. Thorpe more cautious than she otherwise would have been in her motherly advances towards marriageable young men. Capt. Leslie, however, the reputed expectant of a fortune far beyond what had been offered to her coach, well might overcare her usual produce. The bait was so dazzling, as almost to throw her off her guard, albeit her generosity was usually as cool and collected as the Duke's; and but for those odious routes which upset her castle-building eye she had the foundation secure, she would in all probability have been deservingly successful. In a town the scythe of Time cut her web short ere she could complete it.

Striding one evening near the door of a ball-room, soon after the arrival of the 10th, she heard Mr. B—, of that regiment, say to a brother who stood near him, "What a lucky fellow Leslie is; just fancy his coming in for six thousand a year!"

And having said this, and ascertained from Mrs. Thorpe's countenance that she had overheard him, he quitted his position.

Her expectations as to the amount of Capt. Leslie's fortune, were a little lessened by the course of the evening; still she heard enough to feel convinced that he was well worth angling for.

"That Capt. Leslie is a very fine young man," observed old Mr. Palmer, on whose arm Mrs. Thorpe was leaning, while they stood near the circle watching the waltzers.

"Very," said Mrs. Thorpe, with a careless air; "by the way he is heir to six thousand a year."

"Six thousand and fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Palmer; "I don't believe a word of it; but he is a very fine-looking, gentlemanly young fellow."

"Who are you talking about?" said Mary Thorpe, who just now

paused in the waltz to take breath.

"Capt. Leslie," replied her mother; "Mr. Palmer thinks him a very fine young man."

"Six thousand a year!" interrupted the old gentlemen, with a peculiar smile.

"He is a very nice young man," said Mary Thorpe, innocently; indeed, I think all the —th are remarkably nice young men."

There were too many of the nice young men of the —th close to Mrs. Thorpe, to permit her to pursue her inquiries respecting Capt. Leslie at that moment; but the next person she endeavored to sit, was an officer's wife, who being too old to dance, and too young to volunteer for the card-room, sat out with painstaking patience for three hours, looking on as her husband was engaged at whist, and she, poor soul, had gone about with the regiment so long, that the "young men," as all unmarried officers, whether young or old, are called, had ceased paying her any attention. Poor thing! her cap with pink roses, and marabouts, was rather

crushed with frequent pecking, and her satin dress looked as if it had been rolled up in a whelp, and pushed into her trunk at the point of the bayonet by her master-servant, after he was accosted in heavy marching order. She felt very much obliged to Mrs. Thorpe for opening the conversation, and was beginning to show unequivocal surprise at the apparently casual remark touching Leslie's fortune, when an officer, who was in the confederacy, and who was standing behind the sofa, stepped forward just in time to receive the question himself—

"Do you know anything of our Capt. Leslie's accession of fortune? this is the first I have heard of it. Six thousand a year! but is true?"

"I always abide by the old proverb," replied Capt. Wilson, "and believe no more than half what the world says. I have good reasons for knowing, that by his uncle's will, Leslie does not come in for more than three thousand a year. Allow me, Mrs. Thorpe, to see you to the refreshment-room. I see Talbot is very busy there with a number of young ladies; depend upon it, he is coming going on."

And so saying, Capt. Wilson led Mrs. Thorpe away from the dangerous neighborhood of Mrs. Major Cassmajor.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AWFUL MURDERS IN NEW JERSEY—\$1000 REWARD.—A whole family was murdered!—men, women and children!—on Monday last, near Fort Colden, Warren County, New Jersey, with every circumstance of deliberate barbarity.

Mr. John B. Parker, an aged man, who for years has had the means of converting all his property into specie, and the folly of hoarding of the amount thus accumulated, lived on his property—a bachelor—having in his house his brother-in-law, John Carter, who worked the farm—his wife and four children, together with a servant woman.

Yesterday morning the neighbors were thrown into consternation, by hearing that of these persons, except the male servant, who was not at home the preceding night, were murdered.

On reaching the spot the most dreadful spectacle was presented. Carter, who appears to have been decoyed out of the house, was found partially thrown into a lime kiln, his head literally beaten to pieces with a rail, which was picked up close by, with all the horrid marks of the use which had been made of it.

On entering the house, Mr. Parker was found in his bed dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear. His sister, Mrs. Carter, and the infant at her side, in like manner murdered; and a little son of four or five years old, was stabbed in several places, and only not dead.

There were two other children, but they slept in a distant part of the house, and thus escaped the murderers.

The house was rifled completely; but what amount of plunder was obtained, no one could give any account of.

The news spread rapidly, the country is raised, and handbills are already circulating in all directions, offering, in the name of the surviving relatives, \$1000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

Plunder undoubtedly was the motive, and universal opinion ascribed the herd to strangers, who must have come from a distance.

As there must have been two or three concerned, the hope seems reasonable that a clue will be found, and due punishment will be awarded to this unparalleled massacre.

A STRANGE DISH.—The following good story belongs to the Pica yone. We don't believe the thing ever happened.

"A gentleman not particularly well acquainted with the French language, and just in from the upper country, was dining at the St. Charles, yesterday, when a number of Max Bohrer's concert bills were promiscuously scattered over the table with the bills of fare. The stranger took up a bill of the concert, not knowing the difference, and was intently looking over the programme for some dish which he might fancy, when the waiter said to him—"What shall I help you to, sir?"

"Well, I don't know," answered the countryman, "you call your fixins by such queer names a fellow can't understand them! but I believe I'll try some of this," at the same time putting his finger upon *Souvenir de Bellini—Max Bohrer*. The waiter politely suppressed a smile, and taking the hint, gave the boarder a dish of *ragout sauté aux herbes*, between which and the *Souvenir de Bellini—Fantasia—Max Bohrer*, the stranger found about as much difference as a Comanche Indian could.

IMPORTANT TO THE LITERARY WORLD.—A debating society out West recently advertised the discussion of a question in manner and form in wit—

Which has powder
Or paper been the
Most benefit to mankind
in general?

PICKLES. A GOOD FAMILY PICKLE—Order in goods on all sides from your tradesmen. Take the choicest viands from your butcher, the best vegetables from your greengrocer, and the most costly apples from your tea-dealer. Go on as long as you are able, mixing up in hot water, and draining off in all directions as fast as you can. Repeat this as often as possible, and you will soon find the result to be a fine family pickle.

"**LEO BAIL.**" A *dansante* lately made an engagement with the manager of a theatre out West, for a certain number of nights, and as a surety for the performance of her part of the contract, said she would give him *leg bail*, having nothing else to offer.

THE FLYING MACHINE AT NEW ORLEANS.—The Pica yone has the following:

We have seen this strange "fowl" at the theatre, and heard a lecture upon the subject from Mr. Davidson, the inventor. He appears tolerably sanguine that he will be able to soar with his aerial machine; but, we are constrained to believe that he will have to procure larger wings for the new fashioned eagle, and destroy several known laws of nature, before he can ever reach the clouds without the aid of ropes and pulleys.

In considering the probabilities of the flying machine, now attracting so much attention in England, proving successful, no one seems to have suggested the positive certainty, even if the impelling power be found sufficient to overcome the gravitating power, of the whole concern coming down "by the run" some day by reason of some disarrangement of the confix machinery of the engine. Steam engines are continually getting out of order, and such an accident happening to the Flying Machine when over the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, would we think prove decidedly embarrassing to the voyagers.

A CHASE.—The large chandelier by which the Baptist Church in North Pearl street is lighted, fell in the floor last evening, a few minutes before the commencement of evening service. The chandelier, which cost upwards of \$400 was considerably damaged by the fall.—Ath. Adv.

We understand, says the Albany Evening Journal, that MICHAEL HOFFMAN declined the office of States Prison Agent.

THE NEW BANK LAW.—The Comptroller has appointed Henry H. Van Dyck and John F. Bacon, Registers of Bank Notes, under the Law requiring all the Banks of this State to deposit their Plates with the Comptroller, and to receive their circulating notes, countersigned and registered, from that Department.

The house of Judge Jones, in Marion, Montgomery Co. N. Y. was destroyed by fire a few days since, together with all its furniture and a valuable library. Loss, from \$5 to \$20,000, and no insurance. A female servant is suspected of having set fire to the building.

The body of Mr. Ringstein, a native of Leipzig, and Music Teacher at Fort Plain, whose sudden disappearance in November excited some attention and alarm, has been found in the Canal near that place.

Mr. Gardiner, who shot Mr. Cook in an affray at Neilskil, is under bail for \$10,000 to appear and take his bail before the Supreme Court of the State of Virginia, which meets in June.

A lawyer of Syracuse, having attempted an outrage upon the person of a child, on being committed to prison, attempted to cut his throat. *Ja-sane, of course.*

FIRE.—The large dwelling house or the widow of the late Col. Ichabod Miller in Middletown, (Middlefield Society) occupied by herself and family, and son, Capt. Elbert Miller, was reduced to ashes on Monday night. Loss estimated at \$2,000.—*Hardford Current.*

The cars on the Railroad from Auburn to Rochester ran off the track a few days since. Mr. Hord, of Buffalo, messenger of Pomeroy & Co., was considerably injured.

MISS SEDGWICK.—This lady took passage in the Britannia for Europe, last Monday.

MARRIED.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. Godfrey Johnson to Miss Mary Ann Morecock, all of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. Thomas P. Miller to Miss Elizabeth Bennett.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr. Henry B. Pierce to Miss Catharine Rebecca Nobles.

On Monday, the 17th April, by the Rev. J. Ostrom, Mr. Joseph Thompson to Miss Sarah Matilda Mauley, all of this city.

At New Rochelle, April 16th, by the Rev. John W. Le Ferre, Mr. James W. Dimes, of West Farms, to Miss Harriet J. Le Ferre, of New Rochelle.

At Portersville, Conn., 23d ult., by the Rev. Erastus Denton, Mr. William Esquire, of New York, to Miss Eliza Welch, of Portersville.

On Thursday evening, by the Reverend L. M. Vincent, Mr. John Combes to Miss Catharine Densett, of this city.

On the 5th ult., Mr. John Miles, a Revolutionary soldier, (aged 86 years) to Miss Sally Fazzelle, (aged 68 years) of Fazzelle's creek, all of Kankakee county, Nias.

"Nunc hat brava deserves the fair."

DIED.

On Saturday, 28th ult., Leonora Louisa, daughter of John D. Cooke, in the 5th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 28th ult., Amy Lawrence, aged 69 years.

At Brooklyn, on Thursday morning, 28th ult., in the 39th year of her age, Mrs. Teresa Miller, wife of Mr. Henry Miller.

At Newark, N. J., on the 26th ult., Rev. Joseph McKever, aged 21 years.

On Sunday, 31st April, Mary Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Ebenezer Bernell.

At Fort Kennedy, Pa., on Wednesday, 28th ult., Sarah, wife of William Kennedy, Esq., of that place, and daughter of Robert Warnock, deceased, of this city.

On Tuesday, May 3d, Mrs. Hannah Wheeler, widow of Mordica Wheeler, in the 91st year of her age.

On Tuesday, the 3d instant, Charles Edward, son of Rufus and Susan Brooks.

PUNCHINGS FROM PUNCH.

THE TICKETING SYSTEM.—The tenacity of tradesmen to speak "by the card" is made manifest by the enormous extent to which goods to the present day are ticketed. At each establishment articles are being "given away," whilst at the next door the proprietors are undergoing the daily torment of an "alarming sacrifice." One would imagine that self-motivation was a popular pastime with the tradesmen of London. Nearly every window announces the determination of the proprietor "to sell considerably under prime cost;" from which it would seem that keeping a shop was a piece of disinterestedness, by which one man determines to victimize himself, and occasionally a few creditors, for the benefit of the public in general. These sacrificial however, do not seem to be without their reward, for the tradesmen who resort to them very frequently prosper, in spite of their recklessness of their own interests. Thus, while the tickets in the windows bespeak a "ruinous reduction," the premises themselves display a "splendid enlargement," and when sacrifices are to be performed, the temples are often decorated in a style of gorgeous magnificence. That sacrifices are made there can be no doubt, but it is another question who are the victims.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.—What a glorious thing to be an author! To write—to have one's thoughts wafted to the four quarters of the globe—to chasten the degenerate spirit of these licentious times—and, in reforming abuses, to ameliorate the condition of one's fellow men! But how faint and insignificant those pleasures compared with the luxury, as one walks along, of seeing one's own portrait to be sold for one shilling plain in every shop window!

Lives there the man who can lay his hand upon his breast, and say he has ever paid a tailor's bill!

"Too much familiarity breeds contempt," says the ancient proverb; and how many married men have been martyrs to the truth of it!

A fashionable baronet has said with no less feeling than high moral senses, "Happy! thrice happy the man who has the means to keep a servant to stretch his tight boots before he wears them himself."

"Sweet," exclaims our immortal bard, "are the moments of adversity."

This reflection always occurs to us at the sight of a birch tree.

Who can describe the anguish of being caught in a shower of rain when wearing a new gossamer?

A gifted novelist says, "There is nothing more unpleasant than to be amongst a party of young ladies, and in pulling out your pocket handkerchief to drop a large comb upon the floor."

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—This venerable body met last week for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee that had been appointed to sit upon a square piece of flag-stone, which had been removed from beneath some rubbish on clearing the ground for the new Royal Exchange. The stone was produced, and seemed to be an object of intense interest. The committee reported that it was crustaceous in its outer coats, and had been clearly used as a flag; but by whom, or when, or why, there was no means of ascertaining. From the venerable appearance of the relic, it was supposed to have been the flag that "braved a thousand years;" and, having passed a resolution to this effect, the meeting broke up perfectly satisfied.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC UNDERTAKING.—We are informed, that in consequence of jealousy, acrimony, chafed insinuations, threatening letters, and other considerations equally uncomfortable to men high in office, the Polytechnic Institution and Adelphi Gallery have undertaken, for a adequate consideration, to *electrotype all the members of the Cabinet*, and perfectly sheath them in copper, that they may walk abroad in confidence. It was intended to extend the process to the members of the House of Parliament as well, but some chemical obstacles in depositing the precipitate upon a brass surface, has led to the plan being abandoned.

MRS. SMITH visited Drury Lane Theatre privately on Monday evening last. Her presence was not noticed by the audience in general; and at the conclusion of the performance, she retired in the same quiet manner as that in which she had arrived.

Master Jones was taken for an airing in the Green Park on Tuesday. After distributing his usual bounty of bread and hiecut to the ducks, he returned home.

Baron Nathan has resumed his cribbage parties for the season. The second party takes place on Saturday, when the Baron will mount a new cribbage board.

Why is a bull like a bad marksman?—Because he never shoots into his own eye.

WHYS AND WHENS.—BY AN EMINENT PROFESSOR.

What is the difference between a soldier and a bomb-shell? One goes to war—the other to pieces.

When is a pig like pease in a garden? When it requires sticking.

Why is a rook's throat like a road? Because it's his car's way.

Why is a cow-field grayer than any other? Because it runs in rags and has lots of larks.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.

Why is Guy Faux always over-dressed? Because he's done to rags in the morning and burnt to a cinder in the evening.

LATER STILL FROM EUROPE.

The Hibernia arrived at Batna on Thursday morning, after a passage of fourteen days and sixteen hours. She brings Liverpool papers to the 19th ult.

The accompaniment of the Queen is expected to take place during the present month. Her majesty continues in excellent health, and looks forward to the event with courage. It is rumored that after her recovery from the visit to Claremont, and then take up her residence at Windsor. This rumor seems to give considerable dissatisfaction to the tradespeople of London, who had hoped that the court festivities might give an impetus to trade.

O'Connell's son is about to visit America. He had better confine his peregrinations to the north side of the Potomac. The extreme South may prove too warm for him.

Lord Brougham, in an elaborate speech a few nights back, in the House of Lords, proposed the thanks of Parliament to Lord Ashburton for his successful negotiation on the Boundary question. The noble Lord interspersed his speech with profuse billingsgate language against the Yankees. He castigated Gen. Cass with great vindictiveness and gave the whole nation a pretty sound drubbing. Two or three nights after, Lord Ashburton returned thanks with much feeling and eloquence, for the personal compliment thus rendered to him. The Duke of Wellington, in order to perpetuate the compliment, moved that it should be entered on the Journal of the House, and his motion was unanimously carried.

Loss of the West India Steamer "Ralecy."—The "Solway," Capt. Duncan, after having landed her mails at Covanna, proceeded on her outward voyage about nine o'clock on the evening of the 7th inst. The sky was clear, the sea calm, and all circumstances appeared to augur a prosperous voyage. Exactly at midnight, the vessel, which was at that time proceeding at the top of her speed, struck upon a rock, and within twenty minutes from the occurrence of the accident, sank in deep water. Capt. Duncan, her commander, who unfortunately perished with her, displayed the greatest fortitude and self-possession under the trying circumstances in which he was suddenly placed. The boats were launched, (at least so many of them as could be disentangled) and the passengers were placed in them. One of them was engulfed in the whirl and vortex occasioned by the sudden sinking of the vessel.

The amount of the loss of life it is impossible to ascertain. At least 18 passengers are known to have perished, and 12 of the crew are missing.

Latter Liverpool Cotton Market.—We have had a fair business doing in cotton to-day, but the market continues flat. The sales amount to 5000 bales, nearly all American, and 10000 bales are bought on speculation; the remainder are to the trade.

At Liverpool Assizes, Mary Hunter, a resident of Manchester, was tried for poisoning her husband with arsenic. The case is one exhibiting peculiar cunning and atrocity, and from the evidence produced, there can be little doubt of her guilt.

Mrs. Wood, the vocalist, has found her woman's affections too strong for the requirements of the Catholic Church, and has left the Convent at York, and is once more domesticated with her husband and children.

In the revenue returns, to the fifth instant, the quarter decrease upon the customs is considerable, which may be chiefly ascribed to the discominuation of the revenue from corn—There is a small decline in the return for the quarter of the Excise duties. The decline upon the year is £1,039,000, but of this less than £2,000 occurs in the last quarter.

On the 13th inst. a dreadful explosion took place at the Government Powder mills, at Waltham Abbey, which did considerable damage, and unhappily caused the death of seven individuals.

The belfry tower of Valenceiennes had fallen down and killed eight persons. It appears that the structure, for the repair of which 80,000 francs had recently been voted, suddenly sank down, about two hours after the labourers who had been working at it, alarmed by the falling of some loose stones, had quitted their dangerous position.

Aerial Steamship.—The wings for Mr. Henson's aerial machine are, it is stated, now in the course of erection at Mospieler Gardens, Walsworth.

COURT CIRCULAR EXTRAORDINARY.—A very curious and valuable knife, of the value of 1s. 6d., a present from the beadle of St. Mary, Newington, to the timekeeper at the Elephant and Castle, was submitted to the Lord Mayor, at the Mission House, on Monday, by Mr. Sheffield. It is of cast-iron, and the framework is of bone; the handle being divided into compartments, and enclosing a large and small blade, a corkscrew, a pair of tweezers, and a gaiter hook, elegantly wrought in cast-iron.

His Lordship was pleased to express his highest approbation.

SENTIMENTAL AND DOMESTIC.—Now begin to roam through flowery meadows with sweethearts; whisper soft nothings, imprint soft kissings, and breathe hard vows. Stroll out at evening hours to listen to nightingales, and meet lady loves by moonlight alone at graves by the side of yales. Eat your small salad at supper with your bread and cheese—if you get it in which case you will be lucky, considering the times.

Where is birch like water?—When it's laid on at a guinea a quarter. When are pig noses more clever than books?—Because they are always up to snuff.

Great Improvements

IN THIS VOLUME OF THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most Interesting of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ. OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Dorwin," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nouvelle tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "hamsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn us the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as

BEST LITERARY PAPER

IN THE COUNTRY.

And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

TERMS.

The BROTHER JONATHAN is published weekly on an immense mammoth sheet of paper, and each number contains two very large octavo pages. The fifty-two numbers comprise three yearly volumes of 544 pages each, commencing on the First of January, First of May, and First of September respectively.

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BROTHER JONATHAN.

Wilson & Company, Publishers. Office 162 Nassau Street, New-York. Price \$3 a-year.

VOL. V.—NO. 2

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1843.

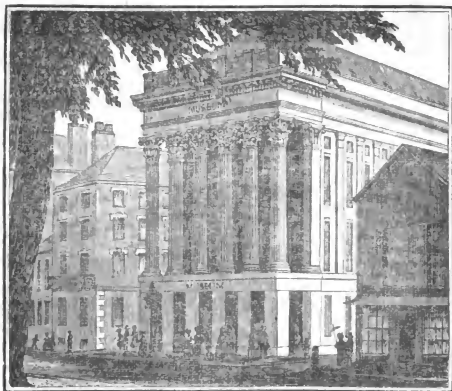
WHOLE NO. 200.

BOSTON MUSEUM AND GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

This establishment, undoubtedly one of the most magnificent institutions of the kind in this country, is situated on Tremont street, in a new building erected for the purpose, a few doors from the Tremont Theatre, and nearly opposite the Tremont House. The main part of the building is of brick, with a front of New England granite, of pure Corinthian order,

with six massive columns, and is one of the most imposing buildings in the city. In the location, the proprietors were exceedingly fortunate in regard to an abundance of light, that great essential for a museum of curiosities, extending as it does from Broomfield street on one side, to Montgomery Place on the other. The following cut gives a tolerable idea of the

EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING.



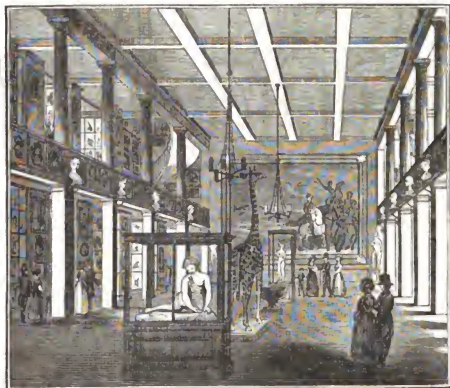
Entering the centre door, the basement being occupied by stores, and ascending a broad and easy flight of stairs, the visitor enters the lower and principal Hall of Cases, which is admirably calculated for the purpose, being a spacious Doric Saloon, which may be called the Museum Proper. Around this hall is a commodious gallery, supported by a colonnade of square pillars and bearing another colonnade of round pillars which reach to the ceiling. Arranged through the centre, stand a variety of massive articles of curiosity and art, among which are an admirably preserved specimen of the great Egyptian Giraffe, a recumbent statue of Venus at the sea shore, a Medician Venus by *CAROVA*, allowed to be the

finest piece of statuary in this country; and in a massive glass case, a specimen of Yankee ingenuity and industry, an accurate model of the *Somers*, with the officers and men, carved and painted like life, standing on the deck at the moment of the execution. At the upper end of the hall hangs *SULLY's* splendid original painting of "Washington crossing the Delaware," which is of immense size, and considered as the artists best effort, as well as the finest specimen ever painted in America. At the sides of the hall, between the pillars, are a series of alcoves, in which are spacious glass cabinets, containing rich and beautiful specimens of the beast, bird, fish and reptile tribes; Indian implements, reli-

ca, &c., utensils excavated from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and innumerable other articles of equal interest, arranged and labelled in the most convenient manner for exhibition. At the lower extremity, over the main entrance, is a spacious and elevated apotheca, and at each of

the upper corners, an easy winding staircase leads to the gallery, which is broad and commodious, affording room for seats or a promenade for the company, the front of which is adorned with a large number of portraits of distinguished men of the present and former times,

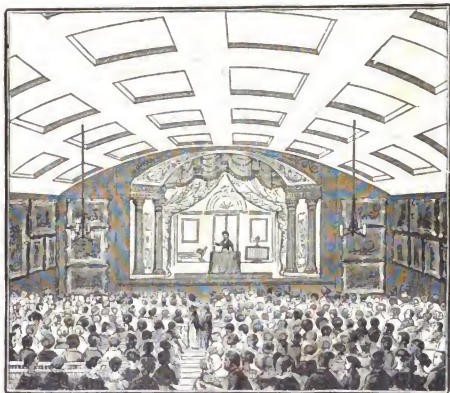
HALL OF CABINETS.



framed in a rich and uniform style, with a neat and lettered name beneath each.

From the vestibule of the gallery two broad and well lighted staircases lead to the

PICTURE GALLERY,



which is festooned by three wide door-ways, furnishing the most ready means of ingress and egress for large crowds of people. The floor of

the gallery, which is arranged expressly for a concert room and picture gallery combined, descends towards the stage at the lower end, for the

convenience of distant spectators, and is covered with settees handsomely cushioned and capable of seating upwards of 1000 people. The stage, with its proscenium and gorgeous curtain of satin damask, is visible from every seat in the room; the walls are adorned with rich and costly paintings, and the ceiling, as is that of the wall below, is divided into compartments and lighted from windows through the roof. In this room, concerts or other light entertainments, are given every evening, free of extra charge to visitors.

Although but in its infancy, the collection of specimens of natural history, antiquities, curiosities, paintings, engravings, drawings, &c. belonging to the institution, is already rich and extensive. Among the paintings alone, are gems by Ruysdael, Vanduyke, Caracci, Teniers, Brughel, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Oudae, Sir Galfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, West, Morland, Copley, Stuart, Pears, &c. The collection of engravings and water color drawings, which is perhaps unequalled, embraces rare pieces by Raphael, Morghen, Bartolozzi, Sharp, Martin, Robinson, and other celebrated engravers, besides a set of the magnificent battle pieces of Le Brun, in admirable preservation, which are believed to be the only copies in the country. But we have no room to particularize further where all is so rich, and must bring this article to a close. Not the least charm about the establishment is the judicious taste of arrangement and parlor-like neatness every where exhibited, to which are added a facility of inspection and study, and a quietness and decorum, even on the most crowded occasions, seldom encountered in places of public resort.

Original.

SARAH GRANGER.

A NOVELETTE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STAPHERS.

CHAPTER I.

I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come;
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

Our village lay in the heart of a luxuriant valley, hedged in and almost overshadowed by a range of gray and broken hills, piled up against the eastern and western horizon. These boundaries, cut up as they were into rocks, ravines and forest trees, seemed but a counterpart each of the other, as if one beautiful mountain had been cleft in twain, and forced back just far enough apart to leave space for the village, which lay cool and sequestered in its bosom. At one end of the valley a river came gliding drowsily round the shoulder of the eastern hill and ran up to the village; there it took a graceful curve, embracing a maple grove, some three hundred acres of wheat land, three apple orchards, and half a dozen luxuriant meadows, all of which lay a mass of thrifty herbage in the bend of that beautiful stream, where it swept gently round, retraced its course by the base of the western hill, and glided off through the mouth of the valley, having visited our village, as it were, in a fit of caprice, and only to refresh and beautify a spot so quiet and lovely.

At the opening of the valley, just where the stream began its course around the hill, the stage road crossed it by a wooden bridge. Nothing could be more delightful than a view from this arched bridge. The river rolled silently on, half in shadow, and sparkling like waltzes of silver where the sunshine fell upon its waters. Hedges of wild honeysuckle, sweet briar, boxwood and blackberry bushes, now and then broken by a clump of drooping alders or a line of slender poplars, fringed its banks. Close by the end of the bridge a family of magnificent willows bent over the bank, where the waters caught their flexile branches and tipped playfully among their delicate leaves. Just below, the stream widened and fell in a beautiful sheet over a neighboring mill-dam, and went sparkling onward toward three superb old elms that stood on the borders of the village. Away up the valley, far as the eye could reach, lay rich meadows, fields waving with yellow grain and orchards fragrant with blossoms or ruddy with mellow fruit. On either hand rose the majestic hills, swelling out into verdant pasture, rocks jutting rudely out, forest trees towering grandly upwards; beyond, the soft blue sky, and at twilight a golden sunset, burning among the leaves and the uneven knolls. Here, on an outer bend of the stream, stood the village;

nestled in the bosom of that shadowy valley, with its houses half-hidden by a multitude of orchards and ornamental trees, and a taper steeple pointing like a good spirit up to the cool blue sky, and catching the last sunbeams on its glittering vane. Here and there, where the hills swelled boldly out, red and white farm-houses were scattered far up the valley, and on a gentle eminence just beyond the church, a congregation of marble slabs gleamed mournfully among the long grass which grew rank and green in the shadows flung by a grove of gloomy yew trees and weeping willows.

From the bridge you could just gain a view of old mother Granger's cottage. It stood on the outskirts of the village in a meadow, which sloped down to the river, and almost within the shadow of those magnificent elm trees. It was a beautiful old dwelling, as white as snow, and bedded in roses and clambering honeysuckle vines. Behind it, was a yard full of peach trees, superbly beautiful in fruit or blossom, and in front lay that lovely meadow, rolling in emerald waves down to the highway which divided it from my own dear home.

My little friend, Sarah Granger, lived with her grandmother in this part of a cottage. The good old lady always gave us our own way in every thing. The meadow was crimson all under the rich grass with strawberries in August, and wild pinks all the summer, and was a pleasant play ground. The elms threw their shadows delightfully on the river's brink, and the stream, just where it came by the back windows, sparkled and murmured joyously, as if to notice us to play truant. It was a very coquette, that beautiful stream, sometimes stealing slowly and steadily along, reflecting back the hedge rows on its banks, and rippling among the long grasses that drooped greenly down to meet it, or frisking onward, dashing and eddying in the warm sunlight, and making sweet music among the loose stones.

What two school girls ever thought of sitting in the house and studying all sorts of hard lessons, when persuaded into the open air by such sweet temptations! Amiable young ladies may be found who love their books better than racing over the grass, or playing with their shadows on a bright stream; but I am very much afraid that Sarah Granger and myself were not of the number. We almost lived in the little peach orchard when its boughs were bent with their loads of fragrant and golden fruit, loitered away whole days on the sloping banks of the river, built our play-house under the old elms, carried our dolls and china there, and should have been happy and gleeful as the birds chirping in the great branches over head, but for thoughts of school hours, over and over seams, samplers, grammar lessons, and huge atlases, which would intrude themselves upon our minds now and then, with a force that somewhat dampened our enjoyment.

During two or three weeks each year, we enjoyed our outdoor haunts with peculiar zest, not that they were more beautiful or that our tasks were less, but from a consciousness of unlimited freedom, a rough determination not to wear our bonnets, to wade in the river, gather roses by the arbutus if we liked, even from grandmother Granger's choice bushes, and knock the green peaches off the trees all day long, without asking consent or giving reasons, if the whim for that sort of mischief happened to seize us. These happy weeks always happened sometime in the summer, when mother Granger and my parents went to the seashore for salt water bathing. At such times Mrs. Granger shut up her house, and Sarah was sent to sleep with me, that we might be kept safe under the guardianship of Betsy Johnson, a good-natured servant, who invariably gave us our own way after a faint struggle, and who always returned us to our parents unburied and freckled, beyond redemption, with a load of misdeeds and mischievous pranks to atone for, that would have bowed less courageous young ladies to the earth.

On the day before the expected return of our parents from one of their summer excursions, we heretofore informed Madam Betsy that school was not comprised in our arrangements for the day; and, glorying in our rebellion, took our departure for the elms. Six successive days had we been devising amusements, till our manifold resources were completely exhausted. Tired of our dolls, of our moss-beds on which we had played sickness the day before, of ranging out china, and even of seeking for birds' nests, we looked about, puzzled and striving to invent some original pastime. Just below us, the bank shelved off into a space of white sand, that sloped gently to the river's brink. We were beginning to get serious, when Sarah cast her eyes on the glittering surface, and clapped her tiny hands, shouting—

"I've got it! I've got it! we'll finish the well that we began yesterday, in the sand there."

"But we can't reach to the bottom now," I reasoned.

"That's nothing," cried the joyous creature; "I'll jump down and pass up the sand to you, in my bonnet."

Away she bounded, her pink sun-bonnet hanging by the strings and flying out behind.

In a few minutes we were hard at work, scooping out the sand with a couple of white-wood chips, gathered from a new fallen tree farther down the river, Sarah all the time chatting and laughing like a morning lark just rising from its nest in the meadows. Suddenly she left her task, seated herself on the bank, and placing her elbows on her knees, and her chin in the palms of her hands, looked cunningly into my face, and said, "Sophy, I have a thought."

"Have you?" I answered, throwing down a handful of sand, and standing before her in eager expectation; for when Sarah proclaimed a thought thus deliberately, it was sure to be luminous, brilliant, original, teeming with fun and most exquisite mischief. I knew this must be transcendent; for a whole swarm of roguish dimples clustered, like drops of sunshine, about her ruby mouth, and her bright face was radiant with suppressed laughter.

"You know," she said, shaking her light curls, among which the sunbeams were playing like dissolved gold, "you know when Benjamin killed my beautiful little yellow and black kitten, only because the poor dear bit his hands and clawed his ugly face till it bled?"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember, we promised to pay him for it."

"And we will," said Sarah, nodding her head and smiling archly.

"But how can we?" I questioned, "he is such a great boy and was not at all frightened when we put the dead kitten, all stiff and frozen, into his bed: think of that Sarah—how can we pay him?"

"We can, if you'll only help me to earnest!" repeated my little friend. "I'm afraid not," was my responding answer; "every thing seems to fall away—I had a thought once—"

"Had you? what came of it?" said the mischievous thing, and her sweet face brightened with a roguish smile again.

"You see that hollow choked up with Canada thistles across the river there," I said, laughing, but a little impatient that Sarah should interrupt so important a subject with her unamiable mischief.

Sarah turned her eyes to the jungle of thorny foliage, where a hundred crowns of soft, feathery purple were unfolding to the sun, and nodded her head once more.

"Well, when the great flowers first began to open and the leaves were all covered with pretty, sharp thorns, I thought how nice they would be, laid all fresh and green on the under sheet of Ben's bed, some night when we could hide away the kitchen lamps and send him up stairs in the dark."

"Capital!" exclaimed Sarah.

"No, oo, I gave it up; Ben has grown terribly shy since he found the poor frozen kitten under his pillow; besides, if he did jump right into the thorns, we could not be there to see the fun. It was a bad plan, so I gave it up."

"But I'll tell you what," exclaimed Sarah, "if Betsy Johnson tells us, because we have played truant and torn our frocks, the thistles will do for her. Let her bring us out, and the very first Sunday night Ben goes to set up with her, we'll sprinkle thistle leaves all up the back stairs, floors and hall. Betsy always goes up in the dark, and takes her shoes off that your father and mother need not hear how late Ben stays when he comes a courting."

"That will do, that will do," I exclaimed. "Let Betsy take care what she says about us; won't she scream and dance up and down in the dark!"

"The cruel creature!" my friend chimed in; "I wonder the ghost of that poor kitten does not follow Ben about everywhere; but he shall be paid off." And once more a roguish sunshine broke through her eyes.

"But how, how can we do it?" I said, eager to learn her project.

"Set it down here and I will tell you," replied my friend, moving along and patting the grass with her hand.

I took a seat as she requested, and bent my head in deep attention. She had scarcely entered upon her explanation, when the whole splendor of her design broke upon me. We leaped up, clapped our hands in triumph, till our glad laughter frightened the birds sporting in

the branches above us. We revelled to our hearts' content in the certainty of revenge, in a most original manner, the death of Sarah's hyena in the shape of a kitten, and when sufficiently composed, we set to work in good earnest to accomplish our purpose.

The genius of mischief must have aided us; for just as we most wanted him, Ben, who was no other than Mrs. Granger's boy-of-all-work, and a good hearted sort of a fellow, was seen crossing the river, mounted on a huge pair of stilts which he managed with astonishing dexterity.

"Now! now!" whispered Sarah, springing up and running to the edge of the greensward, as if she were attracted by something creeping in the grass. Then she snatched up her bonnet, waved it high above her head, and called out—

"Ben! Ben! do come and tell me what this is in the grass!"

Ben threw his stilts on the bank, and came towards us, his long arms swinging lazily at each step, his head bent forward, and his mouth in a broad laugh, from sympathy with our unexpressed gloom.

"Where, where, what is it?" he said, stumbling forward, stretching out his neck and looking on the grass to which Sarah's little white finger was pointing.

Sarah bent her head, and her voice was rich with struggling laughter as she moved her finger a little, and with a soft coaxing manner wiled him on.

"There it goes, come a step nearer."

Ben put his heavy feet forward, and, crash! down he went into the pit we had dug for him and concealed as nicely, with a net work of dry sticks, wild cabbage leaves woven over the surface, and a layer of sand smoothed treacherously over the whole.

We sprang to our feet, shouting, dancing and flinging up our bonnets, like crazy creatures. It was too ridiculous! Poor Ben, up to his armpits in the earth, his great eyes staring with astonishment, and his superlatively ugly face moving to and fro, first towards me and then to Sarah, as we danced around him, or bent down with clasped hands, half suffocated with merriment, the better to enjoy his hideous grimaces. In vain did our ungainly victim attempt to throw up his long arms and pelt us with sand; our work had been done thoroughly; the hole was too deep; his arms were powerless, and the sand he intended for us, fell in a shower over the mass of red hair which covered his huge head, so feiliciously planted in the sand, and to which there was no other visible appendage, save those lank arms playing about in the air to very little purpose or profit. Poor Ben; every effort to extricate himself only sunk him deeper in trouble and increased our mirth to a perfect convulsion of shouts and laughter. Still he struggled on, writhing and disturbing that exqu岸tely ugly face, till it became absolutely too ridiculous. We could withstand it no longer, but fell to the ground, clapping our hands, with the tears streaming down our cheeks, and sending forth peal after peal, about after about, at every new grimace or trial of our victim. The very birds that lived in the old elms, began fluttering in the leaves and flew across the river terrified by the noise; and a fish hawk, which was sailing over head, with his talons extended for some unfortunate perch, wheeled in the air, darted upward, and away towards the hills, frightened from his prey, and probably very much astonished at our own system of gardening.

By this time, we had completely laughed ourselves out of breath, and lay upon the grass, tears streaming from our eyes, but perfectly exhausted by our own turbulent mirth. Poor Ben became completely humbled, and begged piteously to be extricated from his untimely burial. That rueful face—it almost set us into convulsions again, but the unfortunate fellow persuaded and threatened us almost with tears in his eyes; and at last, we got up and exerted all the strength we possessed in attempting to extricate him, but the work of his incarceration was too thoroughly performed; at every struggle the sand gave way beneath his feet, and his resurrection was a thing which we had no power to accomplish, quite unable as he was, to give us the least assistance; so, after alternately pulling and laughing for some ten minutes, we found it absolutely necessary to go in search of Betsy Johnson, and entreat her to rescue her lover from his untimely fall, but we deemed it prudent to assert a promise that no complaint should be uttered against us when our parents came back.

"Now, Ben," said Sarah, sitting down on the bank and stooping over, with an elbow planted on her hip, her cheek resting on one palm and her laughing eyes bent to the comical looking head at her feet, "if we go up and get Betsy, will you promise not to tell of us?"

"Yes, Sarah, yes," said Ben, rolling up his eyes till they met the mischievous gaze of my little friend, and set her to laughing again.

"Well," said Sarah, "very well; but will you ask Betsy not to complain of us, not to say anything about playing truant, breaking grandma's honeysuckle vines—and—"

"Betsy won't mind me; how do I know about what Betsy will say, I, I—"

Ben's face grew red as his hair, and he began to look particularly foolish about the eyes.

"Well, then," replied Sarah, turning to me and gathering up her sunbonnet, "it's time to go home, some one may come the field in a week or two; I dare say Betsy Johnson would not come if we asked her."

"Oh, yes she would; do ask her Sarah."

Sarah shook her head, and Ben appealed to me.

"Sophy, dear Sophy, you will go, that's a good little girl!"

"But will you make Betsy keep quiet?" said Sarah, putting me back with one hand.

"I'll—I'll try," answered poor Ben.

"Well, you must do this every evening, no matter if it isn't Sunday night," persisted the little negotiator, laughing slyly as Ben's face colored up again. "But remember, she must keep all to herself; the torn frocks, the broken sweetmeat jar, and everything."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Ben, beginning to disturb his face again; "all, everything!"

This important point being settled, we went in search of Betsy, and soon brought her down to the river, panting, angry, and yet half enjoying our trick against her crest-fallen suitor. She burst into a fit of laughter when we came in sight of his forlorn condition, and then began scolding us with praiseworthy energy. She was a fine stout girl, and set to work in good earnest, lecturing us warmly at every pull. In a few minutes Ben was drawn from the hole, looking exceedingly indignant and desperately sullen. He gave his head a shake, which sent a shower of sand all over us, and strode away, swinging his arms with greater energy than ever.

Sarah ran after him, and seizing one of his great hands, looked coaxingly in his face.

"Dear Ben need not be angry, it was all fun you know."

Ben attempted to shake her off, but she entangled her little white hands around his rough fingers, and persisted in being friends.

"It was all fair; you remember the kitten, Ben. It was only pay for that!"

Ben looked into that beautiful face, and a smile began to spread around his ugly mouth in spite of himself. Sarah took advantage of it, and nestled her little hand into his hard palm; his fingers closed over it. Sarah's face brightened; she gave an inviting look over her shoulder, and beckoned me to take his other hand. The next minute he was leading us towards the house, good naturedly calling us all sorts of pet names, but threatening future vengeance, in a tone, however, which gave us but slight uneasiness. With all our faults, we knew very well that the poor fellow loved nothing on earth half so well as ourselves, except, it was just possible, the healthy and warm-hearted Betsy Johnson, who walked smilingly behind us.

Ben kept his promise, and no one informed against us when our parents returned. He threatened us sometimes, at which we laughed confidently, and all things passed off well, till the next bathing season; when we were left at home with Betsy, while our parents went to the sea shore again.

Sarah and myself had spent the first day of their absence very harmlessly under the elms, and were about to return home at sunset, when Ben came up the river in a beautiful canoe which he had himself constructed from the trunk of a huge tree. After displaying it awhile—its painted sides and its delicate prow—cutting the waters with graceful and curling sweeps, he asked us to get in and take a run on the stream. Unsuspectingly we took our seats in the bottom of the canoe. Ben, with a broad smile, dipped the ends of his stilt, which served as paddles, into the bright waters, and it sped along with the grace and swiftness of a water-fowl.

The sunset was glorious, gliding with a beautiful brightness the waters about us, withdrawing its beams slowly from the meadows, and casting a veil of soft purple over the magnificent oaks, covered with the wealth

of their natural foliage. The ripe hazelnuts rattled from their husks into the rippling waters as we glided up the stream, and the heavy grapes bent the tree-tops with the weight of their purple clusters. Even when I was a child, the beauty of such an hour would soothe the most turbulent misanthropist of my nature into a feeling of pleasant sadness—an abstract sentiment of gratitude to the Giver of earth's loveliness, something deepening into thoughtful melancholy, or brightening with sweet imaginings. These feelings stole over me as our canoe cut its way gently up the stream. Sarah was never thus; nature to her was full of music—glad, mischievous melody, like the happiness revelling in her own pure heart. All the way she was tending her beautiful head over the side of the canoe, holding her hand in the water, and smiling as the waves rippled through her tiny fingers—now and then parting her red lips, and sending forth a burst of wild melody, like the gushing notes of a hundred singing birds.

Before our return down the stream, the moon had risen, and her beams lay upon the water, like multiplied links of quivering silver; the bright stars were mirrored about us, and dark shadows lay among the bushes on either side. Even Sarah was silent, and sat with her curls thrown back, and her large blue eyes raised to the illuminated expanse above us. Ben sat at the end of his canoe with his stilt dragging in the water, his eyes half closed and fixed with a sinister expression on the unspacious Sarah. When we came opposite the elms she raised her finger, and pointing to the bank, asked Ben if he remembered the last summer. A chuckling laugh was his reply, as he placed his stilt upright in the water, spurned the canoe with his foot, and sprang upon them, shouting as he stalked on shore, "yes, and I guess you'll remember this one too."

The canoe rocked like a cradle, and a quantity of water dashed over us, but it did not sink as it was evidently his intention that it should; and the water being shallow, no danger, except a thorough wetting, would have attended us. But as the canoe floated, the case was entirely different. A few yards below, the river became narrow and deeper, gliding heavily along toward a hollow, where its sluggish waters gathered in a dark eddying pool, fearfully deep and overshadowed by tall trees. Surprise at the sudden departure of our boatman had prevented my noticing that the canoe was gliding almost imperceptibly downward, and that in a few minutes we should be in deep water. Sarah sat in the bottom, shaking the water from her head and laughing immediately. I told her of our danger, and entreated her to get out and wade on shore.—She refused, laughing louder and calling me a coward. Onward went the canoe, the water deepening each moment in its path. Almost mad with apprehension I leaped out and tried to pull Sarah after me. She grew angry and shook off my hold. The canoe glided from me and floated slowly onward. I reached the shore, without difficulty, and with an anxious heart looked down the stream. Sarah was standing up and waving her bonnet at me in the triumph of her courage. I cried out and begged her to sit down, for she was nearing the "Deep Hole" rapidly. She looked about, her sun-bonnet dropped, and her laugh came less cheerfully up the river; the poor child began to see her danger. The limb of an apple tree projected from the bank; she caught at it as she passed; the leaves stripped off in her hand, and the slight motion caused the frail bark to veer and rock unsteadily to and fro. The poor child sank down and clung to the side of the canoe, and her sharp cries rang fearfully up the still waters. Wild with fear I rushed down the bank till I came below the "Deep Hole," and breathlessly waited the coming of the slight vessel. It came slowly on, now in the dark shadows, and then in the moon light; Sarah was on her knees clinging to the sides, her face was as pale as death, her white lips apart, and at intervals emitting a single cry that cut sharply through the hushed air. Again a branch allured her to seek safety just as she was over the deepest water. I saw her spring and grasp at it—it snapped with a crash; Sarah tottered—reeled—the canoe shivered under her, and curved suddenly—she lost her balance and plunged headlong into the deep. Something seemed tightening about my heart, but I could utter no sound; the sight had paralyzed my voice, and I stood grasping a young tree for support, and gazing wildly on the stream. The empty canoe drifted slowly by me—a circle came in the water—a bubble bubbled—another, and the form of my poor Sarah arose. The moonlight was full upon the spot—her eyes were open and turned to me in imploring agony—her little arms were tossed wildly from the water; her golden hair all abroad, and I heard a suffocating cry of "Help! help! oh Sophy, help!" With the strength of desperation I

bent down the young tree—its green top fell into the water before her, and I saw her hands grasping among the leaves. A moment, and all was under water—another, and the young tree flew back, scattering the drops about like a shower. Sarah had lost her hold. I thought my heart was broken, and fell helplessly on the grass. Indistinctly I heard a rushing as if a great bird had passed—a splash, and I knew no more. When consciousness came again I was lying on the grass in the moonlight, with the little form of Sarah Granger shivering by my side, her arm about my neck, and her wet hair over my face. Standing by us was the penitent Ben, dripping wet, and sobbing and moaning over us like a child.

[To be continued.]

Original.

THE BIRTH OF WOMAN.

BY JOHN KEAL.

In the Beginning, this fair Earth was dark,
And fashionless; and the hie Firmament,
Even like the Earth, a huge and shapeless dream.
The Sea was motionless, and the empty Sky,
A roaring darkness, till n'er it moved
The Spirit of the Everlasting God.
One mighty throes, and Time and Space were born!
Another! and the Universe awoke!
Death shuddered in his sleep, and Darkness felt
A whisper thundering through her awful depths,
And echoed it afar—*Let there be light!*
And straightway from the dark and silent Void,
The vast and bottomless abyss, outbreak,
In one exulting shout, the song of Day!
The quivering harmonies of Life and Power!
The glorious Sun, rejoicing in his strength!
The pale sweet Moon! the multiplying Stars!
And all the Host of Heaven!

Let there be Light!

Unquenched, unsatisfied, these words of Power,
Wrought like the breath of Life, and straightway filled
All Heaven and Earth and all the Mighty Oases,
The Cherubim and Seraphim, with hope.
The Constellations rang! The hoary Deep
Thundered for joy! The kindling atmosphere
Burned with a solemn whisper. Night and Day,
And Earth and Sea and Air, and echoing Sky,
Trembled and brightened with tumultuous Life!
And lo! obedient to the summons, Man,
The giant, Man! stood up with steadfast look,
Trampling the Earth, and gazing on the whole,
With arms uplifted, as in brotherhood
With all he saw of wonderful or vast,
Within that boundless Empyrean—*atood—* 1
And shouted in his strength, *Let there be Light!*

His cry was heard. A sweet refreshing change
Steals o'er the earth. The constellations fade.
The sultry air grows cool. The Ocean sang
Dies with a gentle murmur on the shore;
And all the flowering wilderness about,
And all the busy leaves and twittering birds,
Grow faint and sleepy; and a summer shower,
Rich with the drowsy music of the woods
And breath of dampened roses, plays upon
The uplifted brow of Man, and lo! he sleeps!
And in that sleep of childlike helplessness,
A yearning seizes him—he tries to pray—
For light—more light—and wakes to find
A Woman nestling at his very heart!

And when he rose, in trembling and in tears,
And staggered to his knees, and bowed, even there,
His lofty forehead to the dust; even there?
Acknowledging with thankfulness and love,

While gazing in the depth of Woman's eyes,
And listening to the heart that answered his,
Thou God, their Father, merciful and just,
Hast understood his prayer and answered it,
Vouchsafing to his cry, *Let there be Light!*
All that Man wants of light beneath the skies,
All that he needs of high companionship,
All impulse, and all strength, and all that gives
Beauty and wisdom to the Great of Earth,
Unselfish hope! unquailing Faith! and more—
The unextinguishable light of Woman's steadfast Love!

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

LA SALVARETTA; OR, THE FEMALE PATRIOT.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

It was after a succession of brilliant victories, that Bolivar, the great father of South American liberty, was at length defeated by the royalists, and compelled to retreat with the shattered remnant of his army, while Spanish troops again became masters of the beautiful provinces of Caracas and Venezuela. The great General appeared as a fugitive in Carthage, where the Congress was sitting; and notwithstanding his disasters, he received the grateful applause due to one who only needed means in proportion to his abilities, permanently to deliver his beloved country from its oppressors. In the meantime Morillo, the commanding General of the Spanish forces, was overrunning and reducing New Granada and Carthage, which compelled Bolivar again to flee to some place of greater safety.

In December, 1816, Bolivar proceeded to put those plans into execution which he had formed, for taking possession of the island of Margarita; where he again raised the standard of independence, and being previously invested with full power, he issued a proclamation, convoking the representatives of the United Provinces, in order to take proper measures for resisting Morillo, who was rapidly advancing with a powerful army, already elated with recent victory.

It was at this period of war that the interesting incidents of the following tale transpired:—

Under the command of Morillo, the royalists perpetrated the most savage cruelties and sanguinary deeds that ever have stained the annals of time. Painful is the task to relate with what inhumanity this simple and inoffensive people were treated. No age, sex, nor condition was exempt from the revolting barbarities of this ruthless tyrant. The rack, the sword and the faggot were the common engines of torture. The inhabitants were hunted down like wild beasts, burnt alive in their thickets and fastnesses, and every species of atrocity that ever invaded the human breast was put in requisition to harass this wretched people. Language is totally inadequate to delineate the character of the petty tyrant, who seemed to take delight in exceeding his predecessor, Monteverde, in degree of fiendish cruelties.

Among them who were the principal objects of his hatred were those distinguished for either civil or military talent, opulence or influence; his grand object being to annihilate the leading and more powerful families of the Provinces, by which means their estates would revert to the Spanish crown. The mercenary Morillo thus hoped to obtain the fruits of his labours, and to enjoy the possessions of his enemies, the martyrs of liberty.

One of the prominent objects of his animosity was an eminent nobleman, Don Almagro De Alvarez, long distinguished for his inflexible adherence and persevering ardour in the just cause of his country's freedom: all that he held near and dear upon earth was pledged in her behalf: he swore to extirpate the heartless Morillo, or immolate himself upon the altar of his country, still smoking with the blood of thousands.

A castle, which was once an ancient fortress, now repaired in all the elegance and magnificence of modern architecture, was the superbly beautiful abode of this powerful nobleman and his beautiful daughter. This almost regal palace was situated upon a spacious terrace of shelving rocks, overlooking the mighty cataract of Tequendama, and midway up one of those lofty peaks of the Andes which range along the western part of the Province.

Stretching far to the north, the eye of the beholder is arrested by an enchanting view of immense upland plains, terminated alone by those cone-like peaks of the Chimborazo, which seem in the blue distance to support the cloudless vault of heaven's eternal dome. Here beautiful nature seems to have revelled in all her magnificence; and in fantastic confusion, to have piled up these mighty towers of granite, whose lofty heads are clad in shining helmets of eternal snows, glittering in cold grandeur amid the frigid realms of upper air.

Sheltered by those majestic sentinels, (like fabied giants of olden time,) in beautiful repose lay the sunny woodland at their feet. Here the lofty pines rear their heads; the elegant magnolia waves her umbrageous boughs, shaking a thousand odours from her gorgeous flowers; here is the stately palm, whose pillar-like shafts, with the intermingling of their arms, resemble the ivy-wreathed colonades of some Pagan temple; and here the palmetto, with its fluted leaves, "fans the clanging music by its boughs." The never-fading laurel, interlocked with the multiflora rose, breathes its fragrance; and here, abounding in the riches

profusion, clusters the luscious grape, the spicy citron, the gold-bound orange, and the pale lemon.

Amid this gay profusion of fruits and flowers, the orange-created oriole suspends his downy nest, the parrot erects his feathered crest, and the loquacious parrot, with glossy plumage, in default of audience, gibbers to himself in post of self-appreciation, vocalic notes. The stately flamboy, in his uniform of scarlet, stalks forth in all the foppishness of dandyism, and the beauteous bird of Paradise, sweeping his gorgeous train, stilly embosoms itself in the flowery glades.

The very air was balmy; and, but for the dreadful token of war which invaded these holy solitudes of nature, it might have seemed an elysium of bliss. But, alas! the war-cry was on the breeze: To arms! to arms! was echoed and re-echoed from mountains and valley; the banners of Morillo already floated from the summit of the castle of Puerto Caballo.

The palace of Don Alvarez was accessible only by a passage leading through a ledge of rocks, from the top of which might be seen a living landscape, extending afar to the east and south. Away in the distance the waters of the Ba Bogota came gliding on in silent grandeur, extending their leaden sheet to the width of an hundred and forty feet, then suddenly contracting within the limits of thirty-five feet, they plunge over the precipice.

At two bounds the river descends to the depth of six hundred feet; and the thunders of its waters are perfectly deafening.

To the spectators below the sight is grand and terrible. The waves seem to bear immediate destruction from the dizzy height upon the head of the observer, but fall harmless at his feet. The ground around him shakes and trembles; the waves boil, hiss, and leap up towards the cliffs, in impotent rage, and in vain attempt to reach the summit, and pass as they attempt at description; it superinduces a feeling of total and immediate annihilation. The hand involuntarily seizes the head, to prevent, if possible, its dread of being compressed into nothingness. The agitation of the atmosphere is such as to produce a tremor of the whole frame; and nothing but a certainty of safety could induce any one to remain for a moment in a place where every object of sight appears so truly terrible and demoralizing. The angry vapours arise from the waves, forming a beautiful cloud, curling into strange forms and fantastic shapes.

Viewed from above, the falls and the basin appear more like the crater of a volcano, or the heavings and bellings of the lake of Tattarus. The condor and the mountain eagle soar around the "toppling crags," flapping their wings in the wildness of their transports; then with sudden flight they wing their course over amid the gold-glazed clouds, as still, as a dark spot upon the mountain, they are lost to view.

In addition to this romantic scenery might be seen the new troupe of Bogota weeding its way far over the southern plains of Venezuela. Still further in the distance, the proud city of Santa Fe de Bogota rears its vaulted domes and glittering spires.

It has been remarked, that the representatives of the Province were convened at Margarita, in order to concert the most effective measures for exterminating their enemy. Meanwhile the most of the military chieftains had retired to the mountain fortress, there to await the decision of congress in regard to their next enterprise.

Of the number of those who enjoyed peace and security in the hospitable mansion of Don Alvarez, were the gallant Paez Marino, Jaelot, Mezanda, Uliana, d'Eluyar, and many others, among whom was a youthful enthusiast American, who, in the spirit of adventure, had wandered far from his home and kindred among the fertile plains of Kentucky, and now found himself among a people who were struggling, as his fathers had done, against the iron hand of oppression.

Reared amidst a free and happy people, he still preserved within his bosom all his fondness for the institutions of his native land—all his enthusiastic love of liberty. He beheld this beautiful country writhing under the blood-stained sword of the spoiler. He beheld the smouldering ruins of peaceful villages, and saw the terror-stricken inhabitants flying in every direction to escape the brutal soldiery. His heart ached within him as he contemplated these appalling scenes; and he felt that he could not remain an uninterested observer of passing events. His thought of the "times that tried men's souls" in his own beloved country; of the generous interference of La Fayette, and many others, in her behalf; and with a nobleness of soul worthy of his country, he resolved to fight the battle of freedom under South American banners.

Moulton was reclining in the recess of an open window overlooking the landscape beneath, as these reflections were passing through his mind. The sun was flinging his departing rays through the casement, irradiating the silken folds of crimson drapery, and softening all the surrounding scenery with his mellow light; while nature, by her stillness, in defence seemed to pause at his departure. Suddenly a strain of sweet music rose upon the air. The fine-like tones of a female voice, blending with the soft, rich melody of a guitar, fell upon his ear. He listened with intense interest, while she sang and played a martial air, with exquisite taste and feeling.

Overcome by the excitement of the scene, he hastily arose, in order to seek the retreat, whence those inspiriting sounds proceeded. After threading his way through tangled mazes of vines, orange and tamarind shrubbery, and over mounds of gorgeous flowers such as never before met his northern eye, he at length arrived at an open space, and beheld with the deepest emotions, the lovely minstrel, in the person of La Salvierra, the daughter of his host.

Moralists may lecture,—ministers may preach,—still beauty is a fasci-

inating object. Whether we consider it abstracted from warm and breathing life, and embodied in cold, lifeless marble, or in the vivid colourings of the painted canvass,—or behold it in all the freshness of blooming youth, still there is a surpassing witchery about it. There are some of such exquisite delicacy of perception, that they love beauty for its own lovelessness. Of this stamp was Moulton. What then must have been his situation, whose refined taste and practiced eye taught him fully to appreciate the noble and beautiful being before him? She had thrown aside her guitar, through whose silvery strings the murmuring saphyrs played, and stood in a thoughtful attitude. Her tall, majestic form was drawn up to its full height, and she seemed revolving in her mind some deep resolve. The whole contour of her beauty was symmetrical itself; possessing that roundness so essential to beauty.

—Her upturned eye
Was dark, as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moon-rise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seemed to melt in its own beam,
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like sunbeams 'who at the stroke expire."

Her dress, of white muslin, was highly picturesque. The sleeves were laced up at the shoulders with diamond clasps. Her jetty and glossy ringlets fell in rich profusion upon her neck. Her complexion was not of that transparent clearness which distinguishes northern women, but of that fine texture which looks so "softly dark, and darkly pure." But for the proud curl of her lip she might have been taken for a creature of the most feminine softness; totally devoid of that firmness and decision of character for which she was really distinguished. But her commanding brow was that which gave her a dignity which never failed to inspire the beholder with admiration, if not with awe. Such was she—in perfect keeping with the rich and voluptuous features of her native land, when the eyes of Moulton first rested upon her. She heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed in a voice of the most depressing grief—"Dearest, unhappy Venezuela! in this hope to rescue thee!"

At this moment Moulton drew near, saluting her with the most profound respect. "Forgive, gentle lady, the intrusion of one who to yourself is comparatively a stranger, but not to your father's generous hospitality, not to the wrongs of an oppressed people. I am now come to tender my services, and my life, if necessary, in the cause of your bleeding country."

Tears sprang to her eyes as she replied, "Generous stranger! I trust that the prayers of orphans and helpless widows have not ascended to Heaven unheard, and that the blood of their fathers and husbands have not been shed in vain; but that you are sent, perhaps, as an earnest from Heaven to signify that redress is at hand."

"Surely," replied Moulton, "so just a cause cannot but be victorious at last! especially as Venezuela is the seat of such stern and uncompromising patriotism as Bolivar and your noble nation."

"Alas!" resumed she, "be not too sanguine! Methinks I hear a voice from the dead crying aloud for justice; and are, as it were, the shades of our slaughtered countrymen stalking amongst us; *dear*," continued she, "are yet unavenged."

"Do not despair!" replied the enthusiastic Moulton. "Already is the mighty arm of justice upraised; but first, sword unsheathed; and the claron of war has sent its shrill blasts to the breeze; and each and every true-hearted patriot is ready to do battle for his country, and to achieve the liberty of her sons. I freely stake all upon the issue of the contest, being assured that heaven will not, cannot fail to prosper so righteous a cause."

She smiled despondingly, and they proceeded to the castle. The warmth with which the noble youth had espoused the cause of the patriots made a deep impression on the mind of the young lady, and promised an able conjutor to her father.

CHAPTER II.

La Salvierra retired to her chamber, while Moulton, entering the spacious hall, found Don Alvarez, Merino, and several other distinguished officers, engaged in a warm and animated debate as to their future movements. It was found necessary that commissioners should be dispatched to Margarita, in order to ascertain what measures had been adopted by congress; likewise to represent the deplorable state of that part of the country, and to urge the necessity of raising troops sufficient to meet the main body of the enemy, and thus at once to strike a decisive blow.

This resolution being adopted, its execution was found to be one of imminent hazard and peril; but Moulton, anxious to prove the sincerity of his declarations, offered at once to make one of the party. Accordingly, a letter of known production to his father was chosen leader of about a dozen officers, including Moulton. They took their departure amid the cheering shouts of their brother officers; and, as their nodding plumes waved gracefully in the wind while they wound their way through the narrow defile leading from the mountain fortress, sensations altogether new pervaded the boom of La Salvierra, and unconsciously she heaved a deep sigh.

At the expiration of three days absent; and Don Alvarez and his associates at the castle having gained no intelligence of the proceedings of congress, were forced to act as the emergency of the case demanded. Dismay followed in the footsteps of Morillo, and the horror-stricken inhabitants were flying in every direction, seeking shelter in groves and under rocks, while "green-eyed famine stalked over the land with horrid strides." It was

revolving to the wild, untamed spirit of Don Alvarez any longer to remain inactive amid these scenes; nor could he any longer resist the appeal of the people for aid; and, in accordance with his feelings of justice and humanity, he set out accompanied by those children of formerly manacled slaves, it being agreed that the standard of the Liberator and the United Provinces should be planted as the rallying point of the provincial troops.

Thus, then, La Salvatierra was left alone in the castle, except a few domestic and fugitives, whom Don Alvarez left as a defence to raise of an attack from those marauders that were daily scouring the country in quest of booty. In the afternoon, when the meeting Moulton in the garden and the time of his departure, the latter instinctively sought each other's company, and were mutually interested.

The mind of La Salvatierra was of no common order; but, reared amidst the thunders of the Tequendama's cataclysm, and surrounded by the most sublime scenery in the world, it seemed beautifully to harmonize with wild and lovely nature. Enthusiastically devoted to her father, she entered into all his plans for the welfare of her native Province, and would sometimes sigh to think that her sex prevented her from buckling on the sword, and entering into the midst of the contest. Occasionally there was a sublimity in her ideas; a boldness of conception in her plans, and a strength of judgment in deliberating, that filled even Moulton with admiration at her superior mind, and still more captivated his fancy with the graces of her person. He having proffered his personal services in assisting to stay the arm of oppression, struck in her breast a responsive chord, which trembled like the string of an Æolian harp. His offers were accompanied by an expression of the eyes which spoke things "utterable," but which women alone know how to read. Accustomed to the society most generally of military men, the comparisons of her father, her mind's dwellers upon their many other feelings than those which cold politeness would dictate, as the friends of her father. But here was one who addressed her, a North-American, a lover of these institutions which she had been taught to venerate, young, and in all the perfection of manly beauty. He was rather taller than ordinary, yet so finely formed that it was impermissible; and as he raised his brow, the finest, subtle hair fell in wavy masses upon his forehead; whilst his face, that crowning feature of the whole, spoke volumes through its lustrous azure. There was an expression of severity and calm repose resting upon his features, whilst his heavy brow, indicating a mind of profound reflection, was relieved at times with an arch smile, playing about his lips, irradiating like a sunbeam his expressive countenance.

Although the heart of Moulton was touched, yet he forbore to breathe anything like passion, until an opportunity should offer itself of earning a reputation, or of winning the victor's laurel, to lay it at her feet. As for La Salvatierra, she was conscious of a vague, indefinable feeling, yet she scarcely chose to analyze it; but her eye had often met his, and her burning blushes too truly told that she did not misinterpret their meaning. It was in this state of mind that she saw him depart, and she felt "an empty void left aching in the breast." How little do men in the active pursuits of the world, think of the vast difference between those who leave, and those who are left; of the still, deep loneliness of the young heart whose only consolation is to recall over and over the scenes of the past! In this situation was La Salvatierra, left, as it were, to endure all the tortures of ennui and suspense; but at length an incident occurred which broke, in some degree, the monotony of her life; relieving her of that painful suspense in regard to the fate of Moulton and the other commissioners who had been sent to congress.

A young cavalier, who had been accidentally separated from a foraging party belonging to a detachment of Morillo's army, was unfortunately beleaguered among the mountains, and in groping his way among the rocks and cliffs, was suddenly precipitated down a deep ravine, some thirty or forty feet; and, but for the intervening shrubbery, he must inevitably have been dashed to atoms. Fortunately he was discovered by some domestics belonging to the castle, who on the succeeding morning were passing that way, and conveyed the unhappy stranger, in a state of insensibility, to the hospitable mansion of Don Alvarez. La Salvatierra, with her wonted kindness, immediately made preparations for the restoration of the suffering youth, and with the assistance of the family physician, succeeded in bringing him to recollection; but upon examination, he was found to be fatally wounded.

From him, however, she gained some very interesting intelligence, of no less import than the capture of Moulton and his fellow-commissioners. As they were returning they were taken by the minions of Morillo, and conveyed to the fortress of Puerto Cabello, the head quarters of the Spanish General. In a few hours the suffering youth expired, attended by a Catholic priest, who, at the desire of La Salvatierra, celebrated mass for the repose of his soul; and after these religious rights were closed, the tomb received its tenant.

The castle bell tolled the solemn hour of midnight. An unusual gloom pervaded the mind of La Salvatierra. She pondered over the events which had recently transpired, and was deeply distressed at the uncertainty of her father's position. She was anxious to hear, yet almost feared to learn the fate of Moulton and his comrades. She too truly surmised, that all communication between her friends and the castle was entirely cut off, and that she and her family must remain in ignorance of the proceedings both of Morillo and Bolívar. Her distracted fancy painted a thousand horrors, and she already saw that all was lost.

"And where," said she, "is Moulton, that generous youth! that stranger who has thus voluntarily exiled himself from his native land, and basely ends his life in defence of bleeding Venezuela! Alas! perhaps im-

mured in the horrid dungeons of Puerto Cabello, loaded with chains, or writhing in agony under the tortures of the rack, to satiate the vengeance of the diabolical Morillo. And can I remain unmoved, and look with apathy on the prospect of those appalling scenes of danger, suffering and death!"

The elevated form, contracted brow and compressed lip showed, that some deep resolve and stern purpose were revolving in the mind of the high-souled maiden. "No! no!" resumed she, "it must not be! My woman's arm, however weak, may still do something: I long to mingle in the strife of death. The cannon's roar, the thunder of artillery, and the clash of steel, shall not blanch my cheek; nor shall my heart quail before the grim visages of the enemies of my country! I will release him whose loved idea, save that of Venezuela, is the sole possessor of every thought. I myself will bear intelligence to my father, or perish in the attempt."

Under the influence of these feelings, she entered the apartment, where the apparel of the deceased Cavalier was left, in which she immediately attired herself for her intended expedition. After having shorn her head of those beautiful clustering ringlets which nestled around her neck and shoulders, seemingly for protection, she placed upon it a cap, adorned with a snowy plume, and hugging by her side a keen edged sword, she mounted a fleet charger of her father's, and set out for Puerto Cabello.

Let the fastidious reader start, and be ready to exclaim, "how shocking!" at what he may consider an outrage upon female delicacy; but let him consider, for a moment, the extreme emergency of the case, the horrors of death around her, the insecurity of her person. All these circumstances seemed to concur as sufficient motives for her apparently rash undertaking, from which a mind, made of less stern material, would have shrunk in dismay.

She reached the lines of the Spanish army without interruption, in consequence of wearing the uniform, and fortunately finding a pass in the pocket of the dress, she entered the accompaniment of Morillo.

CHAPTER III.

In the mean time the tripartite patriots had been on the alert, and Bolívar again appeared in the field at the head of a considerable army, raised from the province of Caracas; while Don Alvarez, with a strong division of Venezuela's troops, was rapidly advancing to effect a junction with Bolívar. While these eventful circumstances were transpiring, La Salvatierra was exerting all the energies of her powerful mind to put her design in execution. She had been permitted to pass, as yet, unmolested; each division supposing the youth belonged to the one adjacent, or to the train of some of the superior officers. Instead of finding Moulton and the rest of the commissioners immured in the damp dungeons of Puerto Cabello, she met her astonishment and grief at the fourteenth day against their country, being compelled by the pitiless Morillo to bathe their swords in Venezuelan blood.

With much difficulty she at length succeeded in discovering herself to them, and communicated the object of her expedition. They immediately transmitted to her the necessary intelligence, informing her of the state of Morillo's army in regard to numbers, artillery, &c., and laid open his whole plan, for the complete subjugation of the Province. These important documents she carefully concealed about her person; and, as soon as practicable, took her departure from their scenes of brutal revelry; but not until she had succeeded in obtaining a promise from Morillo and his companions that they would desert as soon as possible, it being extremely difficult to evade the vigilance of the guards.

Thus far, all promised a favourable issue; but various are the vicissitudes of fortune. The youth with the snowy plume was met by some plundering troops, and the circumstance of his being alone, and so far from head quarters, excited suspicion that all was not right; and he was compelled to return with them, and give account of himself to General Morillo. But the fortune of our heroine did not forsake her, even in this hour of peril. She had never been far from the trial, and met the searching eye of Morillo with undaunted firmness.

The ill-fated documents were discovered in her possession, and the names of the persons from also received them were peremptorily demanded. The hapless girl knew they were still within the power of the tyrant, and she maintained the most inflexible silence.

"Meddles such extreme youth but little becomes such insubordination," said he, in a soothing tone; "disclose but the names of these rebels, and wealth, such as thou hast never dreamed of, shall be thine."

She involuntarily curled her lip, and cast on him a look of disdain; but checking her feelings, she still preserved an obstinate silence.

"What!" cried he, almost choked with rage and disappointment, "dost thou still refuse to comply with my commands?"

"My Lord," said she, "I have never committed an act which would cause my cheek to burn with self-reproach. I am willing to suffer the penalty I have incurred; but a brave man, or a generous mind, if revealed, would respect the motives which seal my lips, and bid me rather die than betray the confidence reposed in me. I am in your power; I throw myself upon your lordship's clemency; and surely you will not fasten a foul stigma upon your name by sacrificing the life of one who has but just entered upon his enjoyment."

A curse trembled on the lips of Morillo. "Put him on the wheel!" thundered he to his attendants: "we will find means to humble the proud bearing of this scornful rebel!" which, having said, he strode out of the apartment.

Although La Salvatierra was prepared to meet death, yet the idea of torture, physical torture, was dreadful; flesh and blood shrank from it; but she determined that the dear names required should never be wrung from her lips.

With all the devotion of a true Catholic she prostrated herself in supplication to the Blessed Virgin. "O! mother of our Saviour! I come to thee for consolation and support; thou who didst suffer anguish and sorrow while here upon earth, pity and comfort thy unhappy child in this hour of mortal agony."

She was rudely converted by the minions of tyranny to the gloomy dungeons containing the horrid engines of torture. They proceeded to remove her outer apparel; but while binding her delicate limbs with cords, what was their surprise and confusion at discovering that a female was about to suffer torture at a rebellious boy. However, as she had incurred the penalty, they proceeded to execute their sentence, and although her haughty spirit was wound up to the utmost exultation, and not a groan escaped her, yet she fainted long before the time appointed for her release. By the application of proper restoratives, she was at length brought to a sense of her extreme suffering, and laid upon a bed of straw, to await the further orders of Morillo.

When the fact reached his ear that it was apparently a Lady of high rank who was his prisoner, a gleam of malignant pleasure darted across his features, and he sent an ancient duncun, a creature of his, to tend upon her, and endeavour to restore her from the violence she had suffered, and array her in appropriate apparel. The day was one of brilliant splendour, yet no ray penetrated the gloomy prison to which Morillo descended to visit his inmate. To his extreme surprise and astonishment, he found her to be the daughter of his inveterate enemy, Don Alvarez.

He had seen her occasionally before the commencement of hostilities. "Now," thought he, "that grey-headed old rebel is in my power;" and assuming a most courteous air, he said, "Lady! in justice to myself I must say that I sincerely regret the stern policy which has caused you so much suffering."

"And to whom do I owe it?" answered she, coldly.

"Believe me, gentle lady! had I known your name and rank, I would not have ordered the performance of what I considered my duty;—but I now hasten to make ample amends, by offering you the fullest pardon, on condition that you accept the friendship and protection of one who is captivated with your beauty. Surely," continued he, (as he cast his eyes upon her, whose expression she could not misinterpret,) "those limbs would repose much softer upon the couch of Morillo than upon that squeal bed of straw."

The roused lightnings of her soul gleamed fiercely from her eyes as she heard this insolent proposal. "Thou dost not know me!" said she haughtily; "thou dost not know that I would rather have these limbs loaded with chains, and be for ever immured within these walls of stone, than purchase my life and liberty at such a price," and her lip quivered with indignation.

"And dost thou reject my proffered friendship? With thou dost suffer me to hope that thou wilt not lightly cast it away!"

"Thou and thy offered friendship I sell thee, tyrant! I despise! The most loathsome reptile that ever by its presence polluted the face of earth, and startled the beholder by its hideousness, I would rather clasp to my breast than touch thee,—viper as thou art! I would rather have limbs and this body, whose beauty you affect to admire, torn into a thousand fragments, and cast to the dogs, than be that to thee which I am loath to name."

"Recollect," said he, "that it was in the service of my king, when I gave these orders for thy punishment as a traitor; yet even now thy intrepid bravery commands my respect."

"Is it in the service of your king that you thus insult a defenceless woman? Is it in the service of your king that you have desolated the fairest province under heaven, by cold-blooded butcheries! That fire and sword and rapine have been the precursors, and famine, with all its attendant train of horrid evils, has everywhere borne unrelenting testimony of your vices!"

"Moderate your temper a little, lady! I hardly think an exhibition of wit will add to your already matchless beauty;" and he offered to take her hand, but she recoiled as from a viper.

"Touch me not; and," continued she, in a tone of deep anguish, "alas! has this dungeon no more comforts, than thou shouldst seek to diminish them by thy hated presence?"

He appeared not to notice this remark, but again protested his sincerest desire for her future welfare; and, above all, he affected to regret the necessity of taking up arms against her country.

"Tell this to those who know thee not," said she; "who know not what thy acts have been; but not to me, who know full well how thy infamous laurels have been won."

"Beware," said Morillo, hoarsely, "how you provoke me. I am not famed for clemency; and remember you are within my power."

"I know I am within thy power; thou may'st rack this body, and mutilate these limbs, or incarcerate me in a living tomb; still my spirit, as free as the unchained winds that play around my own native Andes, is beyond thy power, and now looks down upon thee with scorn and contempt."

"Haughty rebel," said he, "not only thy life, but the life of thy father is forfeited by this obstinacy. We shall find means to curb and subdue this stout spirit, notwithstanding this show of defiance and contempt."

"My father!" said she; "it needed but thy name to make my misery complete; to sting my soul to madness; and this viper hath not failed to supply it; but thy daughter shall not prove unworthy of thy blood which flows within her veins."

Morillo strode across the dungeon, in evident chagrin: "by St. Peter," muttered he through his teeth, and knitting his shaggy brows, "this is too much! to be thus, foiled by a weak girl! Her lips have breathed naught but bitterness and scorn, and she has hurled defiance in my very teeth, or, my name is not Don Rodrigo De Morillo." So saying he withdrew; and the door of the prison, although it expressed the unhappy inmate from the loathed presence of a monster, still, as it closed, "a grating harsh thunder upon its rusty hinges," seemed to sound the death-knell of all his hopes, and she now painfully realized her situation. "Alone in the dungeon of an exasperated foe, what can I expect? what can I hope at he binds his insults, tortures and death? And must I die, so young? For what must I die? I have done nothing for which my conscience has reproved me. If I ever understood what innocence and purity of intention, as well as action, signified, I am sure I have always at least tried to live so as to infringe neither. My poor country! what will become of thee! I had hoped, in some small degree, to have served thee. I must die, perhaps ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it shall be the will of heaven that my poor life shall be offered up, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, and come when that hour may, my last prayers shall be for the well-being of my poor, distracted country; but, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country."

She was aroused from these reflections by a summons to appear before a court-martial, to be tried as a spy. Her first glance at her judges unerringly told her that they were the creatures of Morillo, from whose decisions their would be no appeal.

Her proud bearing, her peerless beauty, her romantic adventure, interested the savage soldiers, who surrounded her with every demonstration of the most profound respect, still her exalted soul rose superior to her misfortunes, as the peak of the mountain, whose base is assailed by the thundering torrent, looks disdainfully down upon the impotent rage of its furious foe, and rears its lofty brows proudly above the storm. At the trial upon the scaffold the sentence was pronounced, and death was awarded, the disgraceful death of the spy; ignominious death on the scaffold; to be suspended between earth and Heaven, as if for neither; but Morillo from motives of policy, changed the manner of the execution, and ordered her to be shot, between the hours of eleven and twelve on the night succeeding the following day, having chosen this hour, on account of the great interest which the soldiers seemed to take in her fate, therefore winning the sympathy of the place as readily as possible. In the mean time the commissioners, after the capture of La Salvia, deserted the camp of Morillo, and hastened to join the patriots who had already taken up their line of march towards Poente Caballo, to endeavor, if possible, to rescue the heroic maiden from the grasp of the tyrant.

The day that was to be the last of the doomed girl, at length arrived; and as usual, but shorn of its beams, a supernatural stillness pervaded all nature—the leaves hung motionless on the branches—the dooks and herds came lowing from their pastures, as though they instinctively dreaded some impending calamity, all noise and revelry was hushed in the Camp, the soldiers were reclining in their tents, oppressed with an unusual degree of lassitude, while each one seemed to read in the rueful countenance of his comrade, the expression of his own feelings. The sun passed his meridian, casting a lurid glare through the murky atmosphere, while, ever and anon, as he approached the horizon, were heard the low mutterings of distant thunder. The portentous day rolled by, and thick darkness enveloped the earth in its ebony mantle. "Nature gave signs of woe through all her works!" The dreadful hour at last arrived, and the beautiful martyr was led forth to the appointed place of execution. Her countenance was pale as marble, but calm and collected, as if no passion had ever ruffled it, she moved along with a heavy step, clasping a crucifix to her breast, her coffin was placed for her to kneel upon; but stepping upon it, she exclaimed—"Soldiers and men! how long will you do the bidding of this lawless man? how long will you be the servile tools of this mercenary, blood-thirsty tyrant! This night I die a martyr to my country; and as death will only muffle me to an eternal sleep, yet vengeance shall come. My death will more accelerate the liberation of Venezuela, than the longest life, had it been allotted me, could have done; but whilst every mountain and every valley sends forth its patriots by hundreds and thousands, I die satisfied!" and her countenance assuming an unearthly expression, she said in a hollow voice—"Heaven has given me a presentiment, that the enemies of Venezuela are about to feel the retributive arm of justice."

"Stop that prating woman," said Morillo, gnashing his teeth with rage, but at this moment the bell rang with singular violence, from the tower of the fortress, which was simultaneously repeated by all the bells in the neighborhood. Shouts and cries of dismay and confusion arose from the tents of the soldiers, while the beasts ran to and fro, raving and plunging as though they were distracted. At this crisis, Morillo ordered his subordinate officer to draw up the men, to perform duty; but they firmly refused to obey. He attempted to reassure them with them, but was unable to speak, as his voice, growing husky, the words died away upon his lips. The faint rays of the flickering lamp gleamed fitfully between the shadows, which soon united with the apparent wall of darkness by which they were surrounded, and falling upon the file of soldiers, chosen to execute the bloody deed, revealed their countenances,

* Alluding to an earthquake that occurred at this time

wearing a ghastly, cadaverous hue, blanched by dismay, and conscience-stricken at the part they were about to perform.

Those soldiers, whose hearts of steel and iron nerve had never quailed amid the carnage of the battle field, now shrank in horror and disgust from the revolting task of murdering, in cold blood, a young and lovely female.

During these moments of awful suspense, the bells again pealed forth the unnatural chiming with accelerated violence, without the aid of human agency. At the same time the earthshaken and staggered like a drunken man, and recalled beneath their feet, so as if to shake her unnatural children from her bosom. The spires towered, and at one moment, separated from the walls which supported them, they seemed suspended in mid air; at the next, they came thundering to the ground, a heap of ruins. Cries of dismay and confusion again rose upon the darkness, and each one momentarily expected to hear the blast of the trumpet which should announce that "time was, time is, but time shall be no longer."

Regarding this as a special interposition of Providence, the petrified soldiers rolled in the dust, and sought to hide themselves from the impending wrath of an angry Deity. But the shock had scarcely subsided before Morillo exclaimed with accumulated rage, "Cowardly poltroons! why do ye wallow like swine in the mire! Dastardly villains! ye shall suffer all the tortures of the rack for this insubordination. This instant obey, or by the Holy Virgin, I will send ye howling to the infernal pit!"

This threat had the desired effect; the prostrate soldiers sprang to their feet, and the order being given, they shut their eyes and fired. The kneeling girl fell across her coffin, pierced by but a single bullet from a random shot. The plying and unwilling actors in this tragic scene were about to place the bleeding body of the unfortunate La Salvaretti in the rude box, upon which she, kneeling, had given her pure spirit into the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and consign it to its last, cold, narrow house, when the alarming cry of "to arms! to arms!" burst upon their startled ears. Disregarding every other consideration but personal safety, each one betook himself with speediest haste to his tent, to prepare himself, as best he might, to repel the coming onset; leaving the victim of relentless ferocity where still, "lovely in death, the beautiful ruin lay."

The army of Bolívar had advanced within the distance of four leagues of Puerto Cabello, where they came to a halt, awaiting night-fall, that they might approach the enemy under cover of the darkness, and attack them by surprise.

With the silence and stealth of a panther, they crept close to the very outposts of the enemy, without being discovered; and having struck down the sentinels without much noise, they arrived at the very heart of the encampment, before the alarm became general. After much difficulty, Morillo succeeded in rallying his men, and charged upon his assailants, with the fury of a wounded lion. But in vain! he was forced to retreat before the invincible Bolívar, and his men were seen, like spectres, flying in confused disorder, in every direction. By the time of their flight, the retreating army was moving in an opposite direction from that in which it had been attacked by Bolívar, by a division, under the command of Don Alvarez, who, having previously discovered the dead body of his child, was nearly beside himself with grief and rage. Moulton too was by his side, almost speechless with horror, as he contemplated the fearful deed of atrocity; but he exerted himself sufficiently to give directions to his attendants, to convey the corpse to a place of greater safety.

"My beautiful La Salvaretti! my mountain Dahlia! they have murdered thee!" exclaimed the old man in a voice of anguish; "a thousand curses fall upon thy murderers! Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, he grasped his sword, and shouted, with all the fierceness of despair, "revenge! revenge! for the murdered La Salvaretti,—for the martyr of liberty!"

"We will avenge her or die," rang from rank to rank along the division; and they met the flying battalions of Morillo, with all the impetuosity of men fighting both for freedom and for revenge, whilst the name of La Salvaretti was the stimulating watch word which urged them on with redoubled fury. With all the phrensy of desperation, Don Alvarez rushed through the ranks of Morillo, regardless of all impediments, charging upon the cold-blooded murderer of his daughter, with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Die, thou infernal tyrant!" the old man shouted, while his eyes gleamed with insatiable revenge and hatred. He rushed upon Morillo with his sword raised—his grey locks streaming in the wind; and his whole appearance was such a picture of frenzy into the guilty soul of his mortal enemy. The conflict was long and furious—but right and justice prevailed over wrong and oppression, and Morillo fell under the avenging sword of the bereaved father, uttering the most horrid imprecations. "Now, cold-blooded villain! receive the reward due your damnable crime; now go back to your native hell, loaded with the curses of a father, whose vengeance you have made desperate."

The fumes of impotent rage rolled from the mouth of the prostrate Morillo, as he writhed under the seething anathemas of the childless old man, and clutching his sword with a nervous grasp, he attempted to rise and bathe his hands in the blood of the parent, as he had already done in that of the daughter; but in the effort, life's current gushed forth anew, and the father, back a lifeless corpse, with the full purpose, enshrined in his heart, of Morillo, regarding the dark, denuded, meaning, on his livid countenance, and at that remained, of the hated, degraded Morillo, was a lump of inanimate clay.

Don Alvarez was now completely surrounded by his enemies, all intent on avenging the fall of their leader; and Moulton, with all the

recklessness of life, cut his way through the opposing ranks, and arrived just in time to bear him off the field, covered with mortal wounds. The dreadful conflict was soon brought to a close; and the shouts of the victorious patriots, rising above the groans of the dying, were echoed and resounded from every hill and dale, while the streets, having been looted of tents and military stores cast a lurid glare athwart the awful field of death and carnage. Morning dawned, and discovered the banners of the Liberator floating proudly from the remaining towers of Puerto Cabello; while the ruin wrought by the recent shock, combined with the widespread desolation of the battle field, presented the most appalling scene. Don Alvarez expired in the arms of Moulton, after having revealed his noblest of his princely domain; and the remains of the beautiful, the accomplished La Salvaretti, which we wept over in uncontrollable sorrow, with those of her father, were conveyed to the mountain fortresses, and interred in the family tomb; while Moulton, in his present circumstances, unable to endure the painful recollection of the past events, immediately disposed of his immense estates, and returned to the United States.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The following strong case shewing the danger of capital convictions upon circumstantial evidence, is from a late London paper. It is such cases as this which furnish the strongest arguments to the friends of abolition of capital punishment.—At the Surrey Sessions, which concluded on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Charnock, who was engaged to defend a prisoner (the evidence for the prosecution entirely resting on circumstantial evidence), said such evidence was always dangerous to conviction, and cited the following remarkable case, which the learned counsel said was not generally known:—

On the northern circuit, a few years ago, a respectable farmer was indicted for the wilful murder of his niece, to whom he was left executor and guardian. A serious quarrel took place between the uncle and his ward, and the former was heard to say that his niece would never live to enjoy her property, although he wanted but a short period of becoming of age. Shortly after this declaration and quarrel the niece was suddenly missed, and no one knew what had become of her. Rumors were quickly spread to the disadvantage of the farmer, until it was at length publicly reported that the farmer had murdered his niece, for the sake of possessing himself of her property, and that he had concealed the body. On his being apprehended on a charge of murder, various spots of blood were found on his clothes, those being the garments he was in the habit of wearing. Appearances went so much against the prisoner that he was committed for trial. At the Assizes application was made to the judge to postpone the case, on the ground that public indignation was so generally excited against the prisoner, that he could not be tried, and an affidavit was put in that, if time was granted, there was no doubt that the niece would be produced in court, and that the prisoner was entirely innocent of the murder. The application was successful, and in the interim the most strenuous exertions were made on behalf of the prisoner and his friends to find the niece, but all to no purpose, and the search proved fruitless. The period of the assizes at length came round, and being unable to produce the niece, the prisoner, to save his life, resorted to a deception, the fatal step of which procured his condemnation and execution within 48 hours after trial. A young lady was produced in court, exactly resembling the supposed murdered female; her height, age, complexion, hair, and voice, were so similar that many persons in court, who were acquainted with the niece, were satisfied that she was the same, and some witnesses actually swore to the identity. An indication, however, was given to the counsel for the prosecution, that the female in court was not the niece of the prisoner, but the resemblance was perfect. By the most skillful cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution, the artifice was a last detected, and the jury without hesitation pronounced the fatal verdict of guilty. His Lordship in passing sentence declared, and as it was impossible the jury could come to any other conclusion, and sentenced the unfortunate man to be hung the following Monday. On the scaffold, with his last breath, the unhappy convict declared his innocence, but the clergyman rebuked him for his hardihood, and the spectators who had witnessed the execution, were satisfied he died a guilty man. Within two years after the execution the niece actually came to the appearance, and claiming the property which she had so long entitled. It appeared that on the day after the unfortunate quarrel, the niece eloped from her uncle's house with a stranger to whom she had suddenly become attached, and had never been heard of, until her recent and unexpected return, and that she had only by accident heard of her uncle's execution.

SILKS.—On Friday we had the pleasure of examining an assortment of domestic silks, the most extensive, perhaps, in regard both to quantity and variety, ever exhibited in this city, or in the United States.

These silks were manufactured by J. W. Gill, Mr. Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio, and they were excellent both in color and quality. They comprised webs of superior velvet, flowered and plain lustrings, dress silks, a variety of superior satins, flowered and plain tulle, &c. We were surprised to see the perfection to which Mr. Gill has brought this manufacture. He informs us that he has been engaged in the growing and manufacturing of silk for five years, and that he has been completely successful. He keeps about fifty hands regularly employed, and makes about \$500 worth of goods per week.—*Louisville Journal.*

Original.
ADDRESS ON IRELAND.

BY J. AUGUSTUS SMITH.

The heavens not always are with clouds o'ercast;
 Ills born of earth cannot forever last;
 The grasp, however muscular, of Crime,
 Relaxes in the mightier strength of Time;
 His word, who made the Red Sea's channel dry,
 Will stay the "fruitful river of the eye;"
 And wrongs, though multitudinous build
 In Alpine vastness dark'ning half life's world,
 And folding millions in their shadows dim,
 Will yield at length alike to Truth and Him.

Arise! exult, Isle of the western wave;
 Too vainly virtuous and too feebly brave!
 A bird who builds out for itself its nest—
 A bee whose banquet feeds another's guest;
 A yoked steer who with down-bending brow,
 Endures not for himself the toilsome plough,
 But for the har-est's wealth prepares the soil,
 And dies could the treasures of his toll;
 Arise! exult, for now at length for thee
 Freedom awakes her song of jubilee,
 With angel footsteps seeks the prison walls
 And from her centuries' woes the prisoner calls,
 And thunders with a cataract's mountain gale,
 "The Epoch! Eighteen hundred forty-three!"

Oh! with what patient suffering must the slave,
 Like Israel exil'd weeping by the wave,
 Live on in silent hope that God will see
 The weeper's heart and set his country free?
 And thus hast thou my Island-Country pin'd,
 No earthly solace but one MASTER MIND,
 Who, lifting, sun-like, his inspiring form,
 Dispel'd with gradual power the fearful storm.

This is O'Connell! he whose hand alone
 Could tame Hibernia's heart-strings in the tone,
 Silent too long of Freedom: to his spell,
 The heart of Ireland's millions answers well.
 His is her championship of moral power,
 To rescue her hereditary dower,
 To see her flag on her own hills unfurl'd,
 And justify her cause before the world.

Chief of the Isle! could'st thou her cause resign
 Some lofty guardian of the crowns were thine;
 Some glittering dignity—some pride of place,
 Where bad Ambition well might close his race.
 But guilty glory no attraction hath
 To win thy spirit from its virtuous path—
 Thine—proudly thine, Hibernia's chosen chief
 To whom the glory of her triple leaf
 Is falser, dearer, holier, brighter far
 Than title, fame, or coronet or star;
 Which sits more proudly on his patriot breast
 Than on the traitor's brow the jewell'd crest.
 Land of my earliest feelings, well may'st thou
 Lift at his uttered name thy joyous brow,
 When first he rose and with prophetic voice
 Said even his generation should rejoice
 And swell the triumph shout of Liberty,
 O'er happier homes because on 's altars free,
 The startled millions marvelled at the sound,
 The file-dreaded doubted and the tyrant frownd;
 But arm'd with Right his giant mind arose,
 And single-headed triumph'd o'er his foes.
 And show'd the world how Tyranny at length
 Must yield to Freedom's right, and Virtue's strength.
 And shall we—should we doubt he yet will burst

The last, strong links of Slavery's chain accurst,
 Who broke alone the fiercest and the first?
 No! doubt is not of Ireland's nature; no!
 They seldom doubt who never fear'd a foe.
 Doubt is the parent of the coward's doom.
 And Ireland bears no coward in her womb.
 Then him we doubt not!

Lift thy plains high,
 Thou fairest daughter of the Western sky;
 Wake thy sweet lyre to songs of other years,
 Their summer of the world will dry thy tears;
 And every valley echoing thy muse,
 Will breathe it through her rosary of dew;
 The Genius of thy land, array'd in light,
 With Freedom eow shall walk each mountain height,
 And see thee once again "my boyhood's home,"
 Free as thy breeze and stainless as thy foam.

THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD MAN.

AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1561 the route from Bergerac to Périgueux was no by means as good as it is at present. The great forests of cheunets, which still occupies a part of it, was much more extensive, and the paths were much narrower, and at the place where it seems as if suspended over a deep gorge, then called the Valley of the Recluse, the inclination of the mountain which abuts upon the valley was so steep and perilous, that the boldest scarcely dare trust themselves there in open day. In the same year, on All-Saints day, the first of November, at eight o'clock in the evening, it might pass for wholly impracticable, so many dangers had the rigors of the season added to its natural difficulties. The sky, obscured since morning by a cold drizzling rain, mingled with snow and hail, could not after sunset be distinguished from the gloomiest of horizons; and as its darkness confounded itself with that of the earth, the noises of the earth mingled themselves also with those of the sky, in sounds so horrible, that the hair of the traveller stood upon and with horror. The wind, which every moment increased in violence, would seem to imitate now the wallows of an infant, now that of an old man wounded to death, who cries aloud for help: one could not perceive from whence arose the most frightful of these sounds, from the height of the clouds, or from the echoes of the precipice, for they were rolled along in a confused mass, with moans from the forest, bellowings from the stables, the sharp crackling of withered leaves whirled about by the wind, and the crash of dead trees prostrated by the tempest; it was frightful to listen to.

The black and deep valley of which I speak, presented at one point a striking contrast to this picture: a fixed, but large and flickering light; while from a door, opened to admit two new-comers, proceeded shouts of laughter capable of inspiring despair itself with gaiety. It was the forge of Toussaint Oudard, the blacksmith, who had reached 40 years of age without having known an enemy, and who joyfully celebrated the feast of his patron saint by the light of his furnace, in the midst of his workmen, giddy with wine and pleasure.

It was not that Toussaint ever violated the sanctitude of a holiday by shoeing a horse or tiring a wheel, unless compelled to by some unexpected accident happening to strangers upon their travels, and then he would receive no compensation for his labor, but his torch did not cease to burn even on the most sacred holidays, because it served as a watch-light, especially in winter, to poor travellers who had lost their way, and who were always welcome; so that when the peasants of the valley wished to potter out the dwelling of Toussaint, they commonly called it the home of charity.

Toussaint suddenly entered a large chamber contiguous to the forge, where a large quantity of game and butchers meat was roasting before a bright and well-supplied fire, which rivalled that of the forge itself, under the ample cover of one of those old chimneys which Plenty seems to have invented for Hospitality.

"This is well," said he gaily addressing an old woman seated in an arm-chair in the angle of the chimney, whose wild and thoughtful countenance was strongly lighted by a copper lamp placed upon a projecting cornice. "I am aware that the little ones have all gone to bed, and that the young girls of the valley, as is common, will keep you company

"This year (1843) shall be the Repeal year."—O'Connell.

during the night which is about to commence. Heaven keep me from permitting you to be troubled by the noise of my lads, who have for this long time been rendered so deaf by the sound of the hammer, that they cannot bear each other without howling like wolves. I will send them into my chamber, where their cries will scarcely disturb you, and you will have the goodness, mother, to read us the remainder of these nice things by one of your servants; if you please, the eldest and ugliest you have got. Keep something, however, for the poor devils whom the bad weather may bring you; and as to your pretty friends you must try to regale them with chestnuts, roasted in the ashes, and this sweet new wine, which I have just drawn, and which flows charmingly. I would not give you all this trouble, my dear mother," continued Toussaint, brushing a tear from his eye, and embracing the old Huberta, "if my Margaret were still alive; but God has willed that you only should be left as a mother to my children, and as an instance of his goodness to their father!"

"Everything shall be done according to your wishes, my good Toussaint," said his mother, moved as much as her son, by the recollections which his last words had recalled. "Enjoy yourself during the remainder of your feast, for the time is passing quickly. When the clock sounds the hour for the prayers for the dead, we have time to think upon Margaret. Be cheerful, then, and have no anxiety about your guests. See, here are already two, Heaven be praised, whom we will endeavor to treat well, and who will be indulgent enough to pardon the smallness of our means, if our entertainment does not correspond with our good will." "May the Lord be with them!" replied Toussaint, saluting the strangers, whom he had not noticed till then, "and may they feel as if they were in the bosom of their own family! Amuse them as well as you can, and do not care about the provisions, for with the laborer every day brings its bread."

He embraced his mother a second time and then retired.

The two men of whom the old woman had spoken stood up at the moment, as if to answer to the politeness of Toussaint, and afterwards re-acted themselves at the other end of the fire-place.

The first bore the appearance of a person of some distinction; he wore a black doublet, over which was folded a white linen collar well starched and plaited; his legs, as high as his knees, where they were met by his cloth cloak, were covered with a kind of leathers gaiters, buckled on the outside of the limb, and his flapped hat was shaded by a drooping feather, which hung down before his eyes. His pointed beard, verging towards grey, announced a robust old age, and his serious and thoughtful bearing gave him the appearance of a doctor.

The other, judging from his small stature, should have belonged to the lower classes, but his extraordinary habiliments had immediately attracted the attention of Huberta and the young girls, who regretted that they could not perceive his countenance through the masses of red hair by which it was covered. He was dressed in crimson breeches and doublet, closely fitting his body, and the top of his head was covered only by a round woollen cap of the same color, from beneath which his fiery red hair, which gave him a strange and grotesque appearance, fell in wily curls. His cap was fastened under his chin by a strong strap, somewhat similar to the one which is used to muzzle dangerous dogs.

"You will excuse us so much the more readily, sir, if we do not entertain you as well as we could wish," continued Huberta, again taking up the conversation, and addressing herself to the elder of the strangers, "since our poor and little frequented country has seldom the honor of being visited by travellers like yourself. It must have been chance that conducted you here."

"Either chance or bell," answered the man in black, in a hoarse voice, whose harshness made the young girls shudder.

"That happens sometimes," interrupted the dwarf, throwing himself back with a deafening shout of laughter, but so as to let nothing of his countenance be seen but an immense mouth, furnished with innumerable teeth, sharp as needles, and white as ivory. He then suddenly drew his chair nearer to the blazing logs, and spread out before the fire two very long and wreathed hands, through which the flame could be seen as if they were of horn.

The man in black paid no attention at this to this brutal jest.

"My infernal horse," continued he, "either driven by fear of the storm, or urged by some evil spirit, carried me for three hours from forest to forest, from ravine to ravine, till he took it into his head to throw

me over the precipice, where I left him for dead. I think I must have travelled thirty leagues, and I have been guided in this strange place by the light of yon forge, and by the grace of God alone."

"His holy will be done in all things," said mother Huberta crossing herself.

"The grace of God could not do less," returned the wicked little man, "in favor of the very illustrious and reverend signor, master Pancratius Choquet, ancient proctor of the convent of the nuns of Saint Colomba, minister of the Holy Gospel, rector of the university of Heidelberg, and doctor of four faculties."

This speech was followed by a shout of laughter still noisier than the first.

"By what right," cried the doctor, grinding his teeth, "does a scoundrel like yourself mingle in my conversation, to give me names and titles which, perhaps, does not belong to me? Where have you met me?"

"Pardon, pardon, my sweet master! Do not be angry!" answered the dwarf, smoothing with his hands the cloak and ruffles of the old doctor. "I saw you at Cologne, when making the tour of Europe to instruct myself in polite literature, according to the directions of my father, and I was present at one of your lectures, in which you were translating Plutarch into excellent Latin, when you stopped as suddenly as if Satan had seized you by the throat, at the treatise '*De sera Numinis vindicta*.' It is a fine and learned treatise. 'Tis true that that day you had to look somewhat to your own affairs, for they began to heat for you behind the tomb of the three kings, a couch somewhat warmer than the fire-place of dame Huberta. The story is pleasant enough, and I would tell it willingly if it would add to the pleasure of the amiable and joyous company."

"And I," said the doctor, in a low voice, "if you return to this subject, will force it down your throat with my dagger! Strange," added he, muttering, "that they receive such a rascal in so decent a house."

"I took him for your servant," answered madam Huberta, "and otherwise do not know him."

"Nor I, nor I," said the young girls, crowding together like linnets taken in their nest.

"Oh! the little rogue!" cried the traveller in the red hat, from the corner of the hearth, where he had stooped, in order to draw the blazing chestnuts from the embers with his claw-like fingers. "You see they are malicious enough not to know me in my Sunday dress. Look, however, if the little jockey here is changed, mother Huberta—Colas Papelin, formerly clerk, now groom of the stables, at your service. The good master Toussaint has not put a shoe on a horse, whom I have not first washed, rubbed, corried, and polished, and whose hair I have not at all times, except at night, combed with my fingers. This is the reason I am so well received at the forge, for the ostler and blacksmith you know, are always hand and glove."

Whilst speaking this he brushed aside the thick masses of flame colored hair by which his face was covered, and exposed a countenance as hideous and yellow as the wax of an old torch, furrowed with strange wrinkles, beneath whose brow burned two small red eyes, more sparkling than coals under the cold blast of the bellows. Every one started with terror.

Dame Huberta was well aware that she had never seen him before, but a secret impulse kept her silent.

"If I have ever seen this scarecrow before," growled Pancratius, "he must be the horned devil himself."

"That may be," returned Colas Papelin, still laughing, "and I am astonished at the chance that has brought us together here. Who could have thought to look for master Pancratius Choquet in the Valley of the Recluse?"

"The Valley of the Recluse?" cried Pancratius, in a voice of thunder. Ah! ah!" continued he, biting his lips.

"Ah! ah!" repeated Colas Papelin, with a demonic sneer upon his countenance; "but do you not think like myself, doctor, that it would be curious for us students, in whom the love of learning is united to that of God and pleasure, to learn why this miserable valley is thus called? The story must be a strange one, and I think that dame Huberta would willingly tell it to us."

"I care very little about such tales, my good man," answered Pancratius, attempting to rise.

"Well, on my account, then," cried Colas Papelin, detaining him in

his seat with his nervous arms, that grasped him like a vice, "we would be much pleased, dame Huberta, to hear you tell it."

"I promised it to the girls," answered the old woman, "and the story is not long; I must begin by telling you that the country was much wilder and more gloomy than it is at present, when a holy man came, more than a hundred years ago, to found a little hermitage on one of the projections of rock which border on the precipice. It was said that he was a young and rich lord, who had left the court in fear for his salvation, but he was known only by the name of Odilon, under which our holy father has beatified previous to his canonisation."

"The devil!" said Colas Papelin.

"However that was," continued Huberta, "we could not doubt that he had brought great sums of money with him, for in a short time the appearance of the valley was altogether changed. He raised the arable lands to be cultivated, constructed drains for the water courses, built a small hospital, a presbytery, a mill, and his generosity attracted to the valley people who exercised all the trades useful to travellers, whose families still exist in a happy mediocrity, and cease not to glorify the name of Saint Odilon, who left them as his heirs! The valley is called the Valley of the Recluse because he never left his hermitage, but in imitation of God, did good to men without being seen."

"The tale is very edifying and I will try to believe it this time," said Doctor Pancratius, "though I have heard the same thing in all the domains of Papistry; but I think that it is becoming clear, the wind has ceased to blow and the rain no longer beats against the windows."

"It would truly be a pleasure to set off immediately," gaily remarked Papelin, keeping the doctor upon his seat; "but it would be impolite to leave Dame Huberta in the beginning of a beautiful and instructive a narrative."

"The narrative is complete," replied the doctor, with impatience, "and informs us clearly of what we expected from it, that is to say, the origin and etymology of the name of the valley, not a syllable is wanting."

"There is wanting replied" Colas, a peripety, a denouement, and a moral, which you would not have spared us, when you took the trouble to explain periphetically the rhetoric of Master William Fichet, and see by way of proof the venerable Huberta, has taken breath and is ready to continue her story."

"The blessed Odilon," continued she, "had lived near twenty five years in prayer and solitude, when a young man for several months had made himself remarkable by his devotion and by his constant presence at sacrament, offered to assist him in his holy duties. As he had the knowledge of a priest, the eloquence of a preacher, and apparently the piety of a saint, for we had never seen a penitent who took more pains to mortify himself, the hermitage was readily opened to him. His name for the present has escaped my memory, though I think that I have heard it no long time ago."

"The name of the person is of no consequence to your story" growled the doctor biting his lips.

"Master Pancratius Choquet," repeated Colas Papelin, in a screaming voice, "thinks the name of the person of no use to your story, my respectable botanist! understand perfectly," added he speaking still louder, "that your story can do without the name of that holy apostle, who appears to me to have been an infernal hypocrite, and that such is the opinion of Master Pancratius, of Master Choquet, of Master Pancratius Choquet? Do you not yet remember the name Dame Huberta?"

"The wretch wishes to cause my destruction!" thought the doctor to himself, turning his eyes towards the door.

"Not yet!" said Colas Papelin in answer to his, though ready to burst with laughter.

"We had long feared lest the report of the riches of the good old man should attract robbers," continued the good widow of Tiphany, who seemed not to notice these interruptions; "we knew however, that having distributed a great portion of them in pious works, as I have before related, he had preserved the remainder to the curate—and the monastery, for the education of children and the relief of travellers. The inhabitants of the valley, saw in the arrival of the young man, a beneficent provision that God in his grace had made for the old age of the hermit. At least said we during our vigils, the holy man will have some one near him to close his eyelids, and with extremeunction, to call down upon his head the blessings of Heaven."

"That was worthily thought, good woman!" cried Colas Papelin, sighing;

I swear I myself would have blessed the head of the beneficent old man, if Heaven had permitted me! what says my teacher, Master Pancratius Choquet?"

Pancratius twisted his beard, moved upon his chair, looked again towards the door, and said nothing.

"One night" continued the old woman, "Tiphany sprang up from my side, in a fright; it was, sir, thirty years ago, on All-Saint's night, a little before the matin of the dead."

"What?" said Colas Papelin, "do you think, my good mother, that thirty years have in truth passed since that day: just thirty years, neither more nor less, when the matins strike?"

"It must be so, honest Master Papelin," replied Huberta, "since it was in 1531. I asked Tiphany, what made him rise so early, thinking he might be sick. Rest quiet, and do not fear, dear friend, said he, it is an unpleasant dream that has all at once oppressed me, and regarding which I must clear my mind, before I can again sleep, for dreams are sometimes sent by the Lord. I thought some one was murdering the good old Odilon, and since I am awake a strange sound of weeping and groans still follows me; but I hope to remove your fears in a moment. Thus speaking he ran to the hermitage, with some of the workmen who had been awakened by a similar anxiety, and they soon found that their dreams were but too true."

"The poor recluse was dead!" interrupted Colas, "Master do you hear it?"

"He was dying when Tiphany arrived,—but though he had fallen apparently lifeless, in the eyes of his murderer, he had found sufficient strength to drag himself out of his cell, whilst the wretch sought in vain for the treasure he had purchased with his soul."

"And his murderer was the artificial and detestable monster, who had stolen into his friendship and prayers, under the masquerade of devotion! Master do you hear?"

"Pancratius answered only, by a kind of hoarse murmur, which sounded almost like a roar."

"It was he!" said dame Huberta, "but the grate of the cell closed upon the steps of the blessed old man, by means of a spring of the invention of Tiphany, with the secret of which the assassin was unacquainted."

"He is taken!" shouted Colas Papelin, with a horrible laugh, "a few moments and the righteous will be avenged." Master do you hear?

"It was not so," pursued Huberta, shaking her head, "Tiphany and his men discovered no one in the Grotto; and as the room was filled with a smell of pitch and brimstone, they thought the stranger had made a contract with the demon to escape the danger in which he had placed himself; and indeed this was in every way probable, for they learned afterwards that he had studied at Metz and Strasbourg, under the wicked sorcerer Cornelius, of whom you have heard?"

"Oh, his bargain is not so good," interrupted Colas Papelin, again bursting into shouts of laughter. "Master do you hear?"

"I hear, I hear," answered Pancratius Choquet, "the foolish superstition in which this ignorant people have been nourished. May the lights of divine truth shine upon them!" He made a sudden movement to free himself from his neighbor. Colas Papelin did not follow him, he turned upon him a look of contempt and derision.

"What is sure enough," added the old woman, a little piqued, "is that there was left in the grotto a schedule, spotted with blood, and marked by five huge black nails, as if by a real royal, which promised a respite of thirty years to the homicide, as appears from the translation of my lord the grand inquisitor."

"Either I have a ringing in my ears," murmured Colas Papelin, "or the matins are striking: master do you hear it?"

"The assassin was never afterwards discovered" concluded Huberta, though to mark him he left in the hands of the murdered saint, a large handful of hairs, and a piece of the bloody scalp which was torn off with it."

"Blessings on Saint Odilon!" said Colas Papelin, rising, and by a sudden movement of his arm making the feathered hat of the doctor fly from his head."

One side of the head of Master Pancratius Choquet, was as bald and polished as if it had been seated with fire.

He looked at Colas, with a menacing air, picked up his hat and gained the door, looking at the same time behind him, to see if he were followed by the groom of the stables, but the little man was amusing himself, by

striking the blazing logs with an iron poker, so as to make the sparks fly to the top of the chimney.

The gate closed. All the women remained silent and immovable under the weight of an unknown terror, which seemed to have petrified them. Coles Papelin, perceived it and took his leave, brushing back his tangled hair, with the coquettish grace of a man of the world, educated in polite studies and elegant society.

Adieu, respectable Huberts ! and you gentle damself, said he, when quitting them. Thanks for the hospitality that we have received from you ; but I have other duties to perform. I must follow the path of that gallant man, for fear he should lose himself.

A moment after the door rolled heavily upon its hinges, and closed with a loud noise.

On the following morning, as the inmates of the hamlet, were going to the vintner's, which was at a short distance from it, Toussaint Oudard suddenly quitted the arm of his mother, and placed himself before the little group, letting know by a gesture and an exclamation, that they should go no farther, for he would spare them the hideous spectacle that met his eyes.

It was a body so horribly lacerated, so deformed by the convulsion of the last agony, so hardened and sordid by the action of a celestial or infernal fire, that it was difficult to recognise in it anything human ; on one side alone were seen the remnants of a black cloak, and of a plumed hat.

From that time the Valley of the Recluse, received the name of the Valley of the Dead Man.

GARRISON BELLES.

BY THE AUTHOURS OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER."

[Continued from page 38.]

When Mrs. Thorpe re-entered the ball room, her daughter and Capt. Leslie were dancing together ; and the latter, as yet unconscious that a fortune had been cast into the scale of his attractions, was beginning to be enchanted at the young lady's admiration of all he said, and all he did.

Truth to tell, Leslie was very much of a flirt. He was, however, one of those more likely to be carried away by circumstances than by inclination. I must premise, in justice to him, that he was not one of those too often to be met with in the army, who, wherever they go, make a point of selecting some particular victim for their amusement, whose parents of course believing them to be in earnest, submit everything to keep up an appearance for their child's sake, and vainly anticipate, if not a wealthy, at least a happy provision for her life. Such men as these are, notwithstanding, sometimes nicely taken in ; abroad, for instance, where they are for a time (so to speak) sheltered, no mode of retreat ; the young lady fainting occasionally, and looking pale day after day, and the gossip of the place, all of them remotely connected with her, talking and telling fibs, till they overcome the man at last, not through the medium of his honour, but because there it no loophole whereby he can make good his retreat. Then the chapter winds up with his final union with some uneducated, narrow minded being, who, having no position of her own as a gentleman, arrogates much to herself, according to the rank her husband holds in the army, and commands "home," as she has the impudence to call England, giving herself the airs of an elevated housemaid, and by her wretched ignorance and vulgarity, exhibiting a fearful contrast to her husband's educated countrywomen.

Well, Leslie's flirtation with Miss Mary Thorpe was in full progress when the route arrived, and he was on the point of committing himself, by making an offer, when Captain Wilson came into his room (where two brother officers were jestingly proposing the concoction of a love letter), and ventured to bet him any sum he liked that he would be rejected by the young lady at once, when she found that, instead of being even in expectation of three thousand a year, he was dependant on an uncle, whose temper was uncertain, for an allowance of two hundred a year, and the promised purchase of his company.

Leslie was inclined to be asignant at the deception that had been trepanned on the Thorpess regarding his imaginary income ; much more at the idea of the fair Mary's not loving him for his own sake ; but resolving to fathom the whole truth of the case before he ventured on an effusion in black and white, he departed for Mrs. Thorpe's at once, where he felt sure he should be lavied to dine, and in the evening he was determined on deciding his own fate by an honest avowal of his slender means and uncertain expectations.

The house door was open, and a younger sister just emerging from it with a basket on her arm preparatory to gathering the fruit for dessert ; and accustomed to see Leslie at all times, she smiled as he approached, and bid him "go into the drawing-room, as she thought sister Mary was home."

Sister Mary was not there and alone, as Leslie had hoped ; she was singing in the little back drawing-room, and between each verse Leslie heard her answering her mother, whose voice sounded from an inner room.

Leslie trod the floor with gentle footsteps, in order to listen to the fair singer, whose voice was agreeable, and whose style was better than might have been expected from country town folks ; however, a misapprehension, I have a passion for the name of Mary," said the lover, as the notes of that elegant song "Queen of my Soul" issued through the crevices of the scarcely closed folding doors.

At last the song ceased ; and he was about to tap at the door, by way of agreeably surprising the "Queen of his Soul," when the mention of his own name, coupled with those of other officers of his corps, arrested his attention, and he hesitated, stopping for a moment, a minute after, intending to make his arrival known to the household by ringing a bell, and summoning a servant. Before he reached the mantel piece, he heard Mrs. Thorpe say, in a loud, shrill voice, "Now, there's Leslie, take him altogether, from the crown of his head to the heel of his boot, and he with three thousand a year, and wouldn't Mary be mighty particular if she did not jump at him when he was offered."

"Three thousand grandmothers!" said the elegant Mary, hitherto queen of Leslie's soul ; "I made a point of asking Mr. Jackson of the — the truth of that story this morning, and she told me it was all a hoax, arranged by some of the officers. However, I don't care, I am only nineteen," (Leslie had always heard Mrs. Thorpe speak of Mary as quite a child, a great deal too young to be out,) "there's a good girl in the sea as ever come out of it ; as long as there are barracks there will be beaux, so I shan't break my heart for Leslie. Let me see, Jane, (it appeared her elder sister was in the room) what regiment do they say is likely to succeed the — th?"

By this time Henry had reached the outside of the drawing-room door, with every intention of making a speedy exit ; but there encountering the youngest Miss Thorpe, she imagined he had not yet got further than the lobby, and inviting him to follow announced before he had time to reply, with a loud voice, to her sisters.

They were still in the back drawing-room, and, child like, the little girl playfully threw open one of the folding doors. Her sisters were so intent on their occupation, that for some minutes they did not perceive Leslie, and he had full time to comprehend the nature of their study.

The Army List was before them, open at the page headed—*and Light Infantry.*

"Colonel L—, an old man, by the date of his commission," said Jane ; "evidently no money ; has risen entirely by merit ; he has not purchased a single step, they say. Major James, a married man. Major B—, wounded ; lost a leg at Waterloo. I hear that five of the captain are married. Junior Captain, Hodson, Glubb, and Perkins ; they must have money, or such names would never have found their way into a crack Light Infantry corps. I dare say Captain Perkins is some relation to the great Lewer ; mark him down. Now for the Sub. Lieutenant Howard ; good name, but no Honourable before it ; poor and poor, you may be sure."

"Lord Arthur Marchmont!" exclaimed Mary.

"A young man," replied her sister, "with an allowance of two hundred a year, and two married, healthy, elder brothers, with sons."

Leslie was so much amused that he remained plant behind the couch on which the sisters sat, and put his finger on his lip, to enjoin silence on the part of little Caroline. He had often caused great merriment among the Thorpes, by starting from some unobserved nook or corner, in their morning gossiping, little dreaming that at such times his whereabouts was well known, and that the young ladies' conversation was regulated accordingly.

"Honourable Captain Arabin. Mark him down with a cross against his name," said Mary. "His father was created a Peer for lending fifty thousand pounds to some royal personage at the close of the war. Lionel Dalzell, that a pretty name ; and only ten months an ensign before he got his Lieutenant's commission. Money, or interest, or connexion, or luck,—perhaps all. Mark him down."

"Not worth while," said Jane, putting down her tablets, and taking the Army List from her sister. In turning to do so she perceived Leslie and Caroline laughing ; the former in perfect good humour, for, in truth, his eyes being opened, he began to see not only the fair Mary's, but his own position, in the right light ; and if this revelation in his feelings had not taken place, his love would have been effectually put to flight by the specimen exhibited to him of the young lady's temper, displayed in a volley of reproaches against both Caroline and himself. Her angry remonstrances brought her mother into the room, who, wiser than her daughters, felt the awkwardness of allowing the affair to go before the world of gossip in the shape of saying but a joke. The result was a witty stroke of the hand from Mary, and an intimation from Miss Thorpe to the girls that it was "time to dress for dinner." No invitation to remain their guest for the rest of the day followed, and Leslie departed, perhaps a little vexed, but on the whole amused, and decidedly well pleased at his escape.

The next day he despatched a note of farewell to Mrs. Thorpe, thanking her and her husband for their hospitality, and intimating that he should make a farewell call before he left L—. When he did so he was informed by the servant that the "Ladies were not at home."

The — and Light Infantry succeeded the — and they had not been in the town a week before they were given to understand that Miss Mary Thorpe had refused an officer (with great expectations) in the —, because it was out of his power to make a settlement on her before his father's death.

When last heard of she was paying a round of visits to friends in the neighbourhood of Dover, Deal, and Canterbury ; and there was a rumor

that, having been recommended a voyage to India for the benefit of her health, she was about to accompany old Mrs. Major O'Donoghue, the other, on board the troop ship *William and Mary*, which was to convey the second division of the 11th Light Dragoons to Calcutta.

THE TIDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

In the whole extent of the New-Knot Road, and this, taking it from its extreme points, the "Epiphany" and "Bachelors' Arms," is not a short line of ground, there dwelt not a more notable woman than Mrs. Baxter. Yes, capable in the word; no other term can describe the even bustling, busy, managing Mrs. B., whose passion for cleaning and cleanliness was such, that no place could be known where she abided. To be clean was not sufficient for this good lady; there was no happiness at all in that passive state; to be *cleaning* was the joy—this was her being and aim—the thing for which she was created—the only pleasure she could feel or understand. All her thoughts and ideas were centered here, and let the subject of conversation be what it might, if Mrs. Baxter had any share in it, to this all-engrossing passion would she contrive to turn it. Did the sun shine brightly, or the soft zephyrs came wooingly in at her window, not for a moment did she bask the bright beams which shed such radiance around, on the inspiring breeze that brought fresh health to her cheek; she only remarked that the day was favorable for washing or for scrubbing her particular articles of furniture. In short, no Dutch frau could carry her propensities to a more absurd height; and as between the sublime and the ridiculous there is but a step, so is it between cleanliness and its opposite. I have often observed that your outrageously clean subjects are not ashamed to be very dirty themselves to avoid making a dirt.

You might have known Mrs. Baxter's house from a hundred of the same size and style a mile off, such was its resplendent cleanliness, such the snowy whiteness of its steps, and the dazzling brightness of the large brass-plate that proclaimed No.—to be her residence. How often have I wished, in ascending those steps, that some other boot than mine had been destined to sully their virgin purity—a crime little short of sacrilege in Mrs. Baxter's eyes, who, if able to keep a guard over her toes upon such occasions, could convey a bitter reproach for the sin by despising her luckless maid of all work to remove the obnoxious stain.

Mrs. B.'s house contained three or four sitting rooms, yet the kitchen, to the great annoyance of her poor hard working maid, was the place in which she chose to take her meals. Her dining-room was large and well furnished; but on entering it you would exclaim, Can this be an inhabited house? for not one sign of habitation was there. Curtains were to the windows, certainly, but not put there to be drawn; for the colddest day in the depths of a Russian winter could never tempt Mrs. Baxter to see them so treated. There was a comfortable carpet, too; but rash visitors beware! touch not its sacred rim, for the last idea ever entertained by Mrs. B., when she laid it down, was the idea of anybody walking over it. Do you not see that India rubber and artificial flowers were nothing in the kind, and which only, is to be profaned? There was a fine large eye chair, made in the last style of luxury and elegance, which she exultingly told every one cost fourteen guineas; but I wish you could see the black look she would have bestowed upon any one (*apart* not excepted) who had dared to remove it from the corner she had destined to be its abiding place.

In short, Mrs. B.'s goods, like the crown jewels, were to be looked on with awe and admiration, but not to be touched; and thus her poor victim of a husband, more miserable than the traveller in an Arabian desert, who, if he does not see the stone he languishes for, at least is not tantalized, pines in the midst of plenty for the common comforts of life, knowing no rest to his soul until well-furnished house, in which he dwells in luxury—sleep. Come, then, to the sitting room, where was nothing in the kind, Mrs. Baxter being much too clean to cook, or allow cooking; and some excuse would always be found against drawing the strong ale, or opening a bottle of wine. Was he weary, not far worlds dared he seek repose in the inviting arm chair, or stretch his limbs on the sofa, for he would sully this, and tumble that, and disgrace everything; and a lecture from Mrs. B. should her husband gods (for such they were to her) was a thing in every way to be dreaded.

Mr. B. was as good a creature as ever lived—kind and honest, and with a heart "open as day to melting charity;" and though in his marriage with Mrs. B., *love* perhaps bore no very prominent part, yet the good feelings of his nature prompted him to act the part of husband, if not with exact, at least with great propriety. The want of beauty in a wife may be forgiven, because habit so reconciles us to her personal defects, that one soon ceases to know they exist; learning may be dispensed with, for what man likes a blue of a wife? you may even love a villain, for her heart may make amends for her temper; but who of all the sons of Eve can bear the burden of matrimony with a cleaner!—a woman who makes her husband take off his slippers at the bottom of the stairs, and puts him to bed in a room just scrubbed, the wet boards to be walked on—her carpets, of which she possesses a store, being folded up carefully for high days and holidays.

Such was Mrs. Baxter, and I am sorry to say poor Mr. B., like the saint, who trying, impiously, in fast forty days, died on the thirty-ninth, did give up the ghost at the end of his sixth year's apprenticeship to matrimony; (had he served out the seventh, I have no doubt he would have become hardened to it.)

A few streets off lived a very pretty widow, who was Mrs. Baxter's aversion on account of her untidiness. To try her by Mrs. B.'s standard, indeed she was a dirty woman; for the publications of her house were

accomplished as quietly, that you might have imagined the hand of a fairy had been concerned in it. The smell of scrubbing, or the smell of *au-de*, was never known in Mrs. Mason's house; and whenever Mr. Baxter had occasion to go there, which, as trustee for her children he was obliged to do frequently, there was such *sweetness* and real comfort in her little dwelling; such warmth in the soft carpet, that he might press even in a dirty boot with impunity; such rest in the large arm-chair, not too fine for use, that it was always welcome to him; such true hospitality at her well-laden table, and above all, such a charm in her own smiling and quiet deportment, that a comparison between the two ladies was the natural consequence, which comparison was not to the advantage of poor bustling Mrs. B.

I must do her justice, however, the justice to say, that for a long time he wavered with the feelings that had imperceptibly stolen into his heart; for a long and every time did he plot from the City; such true hospitality, the Sunday's joint being always manufactured by his managing wife, who knew not *l'art de cuisiner* in any but its most barbarous English forms, into comports that defied alike his recognition and digestion; and nightly did he listen to the soft tale of servants' slovenliness and impertinence, till having tried every means to alter the character of his partner, and sure her thoughts to better things, in vain—and having no ambition to be immortalized in future story as a martyred Beesdick—he one evening betook himself to the comfortable abode of Mrs. Mason, and I am sorry to say never returned to his own tidy home!

The world—that is, the Knot Road from top to bottom, including the Paragon (for Mrs. B., being well to do, was extensively known)—of course did not step down as a moral lesson, but as a domestic lesson, and a preconcerted assault between the traitor husband and the quiet widow; but those who are in the secret of that perfectly respectable pair know better, and believe with justice that they are innocent of every relationship save that of housekeeper and lodger. Alas! had Mrs. Baxter paid more attention to her husband than her house—had she sought by quiet endearments, and a careful anticipation of his wants and comforts, to make him feel in the sacred retirement of home that repose the jaded mind so much requires after his day's struggle with the world, where jugs and trials are felt that the kind husband in mercy conceals from his wife—had she done this, instead of destroying the peace of her partner by vexatious details of domestic grievances, annoying restrictions, and useless reprimands—good Mrs. Baxter, I can answer for him, would have been loyal to his life's end.

Was Mrs. B. made miserable by her loss? On the contrary! Her mind was possessed by two passions—cleanliness and economy; and it had room for no more. Jealousy, the virtue that gnaws the heart, was unknown to her; her only wonder was that Mr. B. could ever be comfortable in such a dirty house as Mrs. Mason's; and as her wants were amply provided for, she did not think she needed the charms of a better life for cleaning does not diminish as she advances in age. It was only yesterday I passed the house, and the whiteness of the steps, the dazzling brightness of the windows, and the trim neatness of the little garden, where even the daisies and daff-dills must be careful to grow in an orderly way, and not lodge in the wantonness of straggling over the pipe-cleaned path, convinced me that "the tidest woman in the world" still dwells there.

ERIE STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY.—It is understood that the first line to be established, is that to India; the carriages leaving the top of the Monument Fish Street Hill, every morning, and taking five minutes at the summit of the Great Pyramid, for refreshments, and to allow the passengers time to stretch their legs. From this point balloons will be continuously starting for the most important cities of the African Desert.

The carriage when to proceed to India, thus (should the weather be not foggy) affording the traveller a delightful *coup d'œil* of the most interesting countries of the East.

The arrangements are in every respect complete. Lord Brougham has been asked to have accepted the office of Patron, being himself of rather a flighty nature.

The provisions will be carried on board in the conductor's waistcoat; so by a new invention, the essence of three sheep can be concentrated into a small lozenge.

The waiting-room for the ladies at the Great Pyramid is of the most commodious kind, the ancient sepulchral chamber of King Cheops being fitted up in the Oriental style for that purpose.

Passengers who should wish to be dropped at any of the intermediate towns, may be lowered by small hand balloons at the usual cab prices.

N.B.—The "Rocket" Aerial Steam Carriage, will start on Monday next, for a tour round the Comet, proceeding by easy stages along the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel has been engaged as conductor, being the only person who knows the exact road—*Puck*.

Among the many interesting incidents attending the proceedings upon the Charter Government, was one, which, even in the hurry of election year, we cannot omit to mention. THE OLD CHAIR OF STATE—the identical chair in which George the Third sat on the 22nd of August, eighty years ago, and received and displayed the Charter of 1663, in presence of all the freemen of the Colony—was introduced into the Senate Chamber, and well and appropriately filled by our late deserving Chief Magistrate, Governor S. King—*Newport Herald of the Times*.

TERKISH BARBARY.—The Sultana Salina, sister to the Sultan, died on the 6th Feb. of grief. It is said, for the loss of her child, who had been cruelly put to death, in virtue of the execrable *Sergio* law, which condemns all male issue of collateral to death.

New-York: SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN NEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

We like to take our leisure and ramble about town, watching the waves of life as they heave and murmur through this city on our anniversary week. We like to enter the Tabernacle, to look about on the concourse of human beings constantly gathering there, to mark the shifting scenes and the new characters exhibited with the rising canvass. What various scenes that amphitheatre has witnessed in its day; how much of learning, enthusiasm, of energy and eloquence; how much of that spirit which in former ages made the patriot, the persecutor, the tyrant and the martyr. How much of holy purpose and of hypocritical selfishness must be blended in these vast gatherings of people, each man unlike his neighbor, each actuated by different motives and feelings, and all amalgamating in masses and filing off in parties armed for some favorite purpose, and burning to do battle against some fancied or existing moral evil. There is nothing like these annual meetings for drawing out the talents and energies of men, the conflict of opinions, the powers of strong eloquence which are sometimes unexpectedly exhibited, as one answering eloquence and still more exciting argument, till one is sometimes astonished at a burst of vivid, soul-stirring language worthy the greatest orators of the day.

We dropped into the Apollo Hall last Tuesday, where an anti-slavery meeting was in progress, in hopes of hearing something worth the trouble. Abby Kelly was expected to speak, and a lioness of that sort was a curiosity not to be passed over lightly. But instead of the fair lady, a gentleman of color had the platform, and was haranguing the multitude with considerable eloquence and effect. He had been a slave, and seemed honest and intelligent. When he sat down, Miss Abby Kelly was led to the platform by an officer of the society, but bless you, instead of a "lioness, all roar and mane," a female tiger or wildcat, with amazon honnet and gaiter hoots—there stood a pleasant looking quakerish woman, with a white shawl on, the smoothest possible hair, the smoothest possible voice and no very great superabundance of action. She began speechifying, it is true, but in a sort of quiet, orderly way, that quite disappointed our expectations. But it was something to see a woman with the courage to get up before a crowd and make a speech. Under all circumstances, therefore, we consoled ourselves with thinking that she was something out of the common way—a lion worth running after, though she would not give us so much as a hearty growl for our walk from the Park.

All sat down, and the meeting progressed; but having very little interest in the subject under discussion, we became stupid and oblivious; and at last, amid our drowsy sensations, had a vague idea that somebody was about to advocate a proposition that our "Political parties and sectarian churches are the great bulwark of slavery in the union;" and just as we were beginning to meditate seriously on the possibility of stealing softly into the street, a gentleman with light hair and countenance remarkable for its intellectual expression, took the platform: as his bearing gave promise of something above the ordinary eloquence of such meetings, and we resolved to remain a few minutes longer. But Mr. Wendell Phillips had scarcely opened his lips when we were wide awake, and listening to a burst of eloquence perfectly startling. The man was faultless in his elocution,—graceful in his action,—and his argument was sustained with a language vivid, and full of that gene-

rous power of feeling which is the life and soul of true oratory. His voice broke a little before he closed, but the speech was every way worthy the best orator of any nation. This gentleman is, we are told, a lawyer of Boston. But the street becomes attractive,—the Sabbath-schools are abroad. Ten thousand lovely children, with hanners and badges, are gliding through the verdant shades of the Battery—a throng of human life, and sweet, youthful beauty. Little girls, some of them with faces that remind one of an angel's dream; look out from those pretty bonnets. Boys, each with the stamp of future good or evil on his young face, file off in joyous companies, light as the sunshine that smiles upon them. It is a touching sight—ten thousand children—a beautiful detachment from a future generation—just ready to drop in and form a rear-guard to the army of mankind, moving slowly with steady march to the grave! A man drops now and then, in the ranks, beaten down by the arrows of time, or sickness, or fainting beneath the hot sun. His place is empty for a moment,—a sod is broken,—the flowers are trampled down where he has fallen!—In one of these little creatures fill the space he has left, and his empty place in these infant companies is supplied by the newly born.

There, is another company, in simple and neat uniforms,—a pretty and cheerful band. Poor orphans! their first step in life was from the cradle to a path marked by the footprints of the dead. Dark shadows lay upon the threshold of their infant homes, when they went forth to be rescued and fostered by the generous and the good. It is a holy charity that has planted roses in so many innocent cheeks,—a generous and invigorating sunshine is that which kindles those infant lips with smiles. Pass on, ye parentless, but fortunate ones—it is pleasant to see your blue uniforms glancing in and out through the Spring foliage,—it is pleasant to see your smiling eyes shaded by those neat bonnets!—This is a jubilee which will be remembered all the year. What sweet, happy voices will talk it over in the play-ground to-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that! We should like to hear it all "God bless the poor orphan children!" What heart is there in this world that does not warm to them, and to their benefactors? Bright ribbons and richer uniforms meet the eye everywhere,—but the simple blue which marks this band, touches the heart.

An accident happened in Castle Garden. One of the benches gave way, throwing several young girls violently to the ground. One was taken up with her leg broken, and another badly injured. But for this accident, the Sunday School gathering would have been fortunate as it was interesting.

On Sunday the anniversary meetings were opened in the Tabernacle, by "The New York Bible Society." The Rev. Doctor Potts delivered an impressive discourse, and all the transactions bespoke a state of prosperity and right feeling.

On Monday the seaman's friends held an interesting meeting, where we listened to a great deal of rough, seaman-like eloquence. The marine temperance men were present, and all the proceedings were spirited and ship-shape, as some of the members would say.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Not being able to devote the time necessary to a critical estimation of the pictures exhibited in the gallery, ourselves, we have employed a gentleman in whose opinion we have the utmost faith, to supply the Brother Jonathan with honest criticisms, given without fear or favour, regarding the pictures exhibited there. This gentleman is an excellent judge of the arts, totally unprejudiced against any of the artists, and, we honestly believe, generally unacquainted with them as men. Placing implicit confidence in his judgment and good faith, we have allowed his notes to go into print without the slightest alteration—though in one

or two instances our own preferences have been a little disturbed by them—preferences which we justly feared might influence us in writing an opinion. We have not entered the gallery since it was opened for the season, but our opinion of Thomas Doughty has always been most favourable. For a quiet, rural landscape, there is not his equal in the country. No American has yet approached the bland, hazy atmosphere which renders his pictures so like a dream of Summer; and we find it difficult to think he can paint a common-place piece of any kind. Mr. Osgood, too—we have personally a high opinion of Osgood as an artist, and like his pictures very much. There are one or two others who have not received the amount of praise our friendship would gladly award them. But the gentleman who writes these notes has studied his subject well—we believe him to be competent, impartial and just,—therefore leave the matter with him.

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—We opine, this often-repeated question will soon not be difficult to answer. We noticed, a week or two since, the large sale of Stephens's "Yucatan" and "Central America," in England—some 2,500 copies of the former, and 4,000 of the latter. We now learn that an additional order from Murray came out in the *Hibernia*, for 500 copies of "Yucatan." Murray has already orders from the trade for 2,500 copies. The excellent work on Oregon by Mr. Farnham, has, we understand, been reprinted in London by Bentley. A well deserved compliment to the author.

DUNLAP AND HIS FLOWERS.—It really must be a charity to inform any person of a pleasant resort, which we haunt sometimes; melodious with birds, and fragrant with rare plants. Dunlap conservatory is next door to Niblo's. No one can mistake it, for the Rhododendrons of white and crimson, mingled with yellow jasmynes and other rare plants in the windows, form one of the most beautiful signs imaginable. You enter—for any one has a true love of plants, could no more pass those windows, than a honey bee could fly over a clover-field without settling on some of the thousand purple heads that tempt him. Well, you enter of course, and there in one long and beautifully arranged green-house, is every plant that can be thought of, from the humble "Forget-me-not" with its tiny blue flowers, to the queenly Japonica, and the fragrant Cape Jasmine. You walk down the extensive hall, roofed with glass and walled with fragrant shrubs, pausing each moment to examine the tints of some newly cultivated geranium, or inhale the fragrance of an orange tree, laden with fruit and blossoms at the same time, "Like age at play with infancy." You turn again to wonder if the golden jasmine flowers which hang in clusters over the wall behind all those other plants, climbing to the very glass overhead, can possibly belong to one single tree, and satisfied that it is so, after a faithful examination, you move on soothed and imperceptibly rendered cheerful by the fragrance and beauty which surrounds you. All at once, while you are wondering at the size, and the thick heavy leaves of that India Rubber tree, a Canary breaks into song over your head, another far down the green-house answers him, and scarcely knowing it, you pause by that fountain where the gold fish are darting to and fro in the water, and listen to the birds till the serenade is finished. You pass through a door, and lo, another green-house of smaller dimensions, but filled with plants all of a choice and rare nature. The cactus in all its beautiful varieties, holds forth temptations which no human being, not a miser or a heathen could resist. In passing through the long vista lying so beautifully before you again, you select a tasteful variety for your parlor and garden, and while giving your order, and expressing some curiosity to know where all the lovely things you have seen are cultivated, you are in-

formed that a garden in Harlem supplies all kinds of flowers and shrubbery that can be thought of. You leave all these fragrant plants behind you, and step into the changed atmosphere of Broadway, fully convinced that house plants are necessary to your comfort. If all these sensations do not make themselves felt on a visit to Dunlap's, and if all these results do not follow; why, then most amiable and gentle, reader we happen to differ in our habits and taste—that is all.

CITY GUARD.—This truly beautiful corps celebrated their anniversary on Monday last. They departed from their armory, at Niblo's, at nine o'clock, A. M., for the village of Jamaica, where ground had been selected for the purpose of target exercise. The well deserved reputation of the corps had drawn together a large number of persons, and all were amply rewarded by the beautiful appearance presented. In regard to brilliant uniform, correct marching, or strict discipline, the Guards are a pattern corps for all.

The ground selected for firing was a romantic spot, about two miles from the village. The Guards having doffed their full uniform, appeared on the ground in their native dress. The firing, which was excellent, was continued for about three hours, after which the corps returned to Van Cotta, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared for them, at which the execution was still more wonderful than in the target field. The presentation of prizes next took place, and the judges awarded to the first, second, and third best shots, three beautiful gold medals. On their return home, the Guards passed through Brooklyn, stopping, by invitation, at the armory of that young and spirited corps, the City Guard of Brooklyn. An entertainment was also provided for them here.

The Guards returned to town about 8 o'clock, P. M., accompanied to their armory by some thousands of friends, apparently as much pleased with their appearance as the Guards were with their day's excursion. May their shadows never be less.

F. S. We remarked above that the firing was excellent, indeed, such is the proficiency attained by this Corps, that the members, wonderful as it may seem, make much better shots with their eyes shut than open. It was a very current report on the ground that the three prizes were taken by crack-shots who dispensed with the organs of vision, as entirely superfluous. This story, however, must have been an invention of some rival Corps. After the target practice was over, a party of five sharpshooters were detailed to fire for a pitcher. The bulls eye escaped entirely, and so did the target, but as one of the party came very near hitting the judge, the pitcher was very properly awarded to him.

COL. JOHNSON AND TECUMSEH.—Capt. Caldwell, of the British Army, wishes some one to ask Col. Johnson if he did kill Tecumseh. We will oblige Capt. Caldwell, and therefore ask, in the language of the western poet.

"Rumsey Dumpey, Col. Johnson, did you kill Tecumseh?"

An early answer requested, postage paid.

The Captain, who was at the fight says: "Being of the Indian department, he, with others of the same corps, and Tecumseh, stood together watching the enemy's approach—that they heard a rustling in the bush, and just then Tecumseh was struck with a bullet—that he clapt his hand to his breast, and gave signs of agony—that he (Capt. Caldwell) called to him, 'Tecumseh, mount my horse, and get out of the way;' but he immediately dropped on a fallen tree and expired—that the American horsemen coming in sight, he himself sprang on his horse and escaped."

"He said that, from the direction the bullet must have come, his belief was that it was a stray shot from some of their own people."

REV. S. D. BURNHARDT will deliver a discourse *to-morrow evening*, in the Houston St. Church, corner of Houston and Thompson streets. *Subject.* The Importance of Mental Culture. This is the second of a series of popular lectures on the same subject.

Miss Jane Sloman, the celebrated pianist, was married to Mr. Torrey of this city on Wednesday evening at Ascension Church, by the Rev. Mr. Bedell. The only persons present were the relatives of the happy couple.

TEMPERANCE THEATRE.—This house has been sold to a Baptist congregation for \$50,000.

WILSON OF BLACKWOOD:
OTHERWISE CALLED CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Between ourselves, dear public, we don't much like the idea of being called upon to father whatever may happen to appear in our journals and newspapers, of a very savage, at very questionable temper, unless our name, or at least, our initials, may be thereto annexed. We never do such things very anonymously. And, therefore, *pates off*! We won't be smothered, if we can help it. Thus much to begin with.

To the Boston Bulletin (of April 29th) a smart, well managed paper, our attention has been called, by one of our five hundred "devilish good natured friends," on account of a paragraph therein, charging us, in the plainest possible language, with having written an article for Sargent's Magazine, about "Blackwood and its Editor."

Now, if this were all, we should not care a snap; since the magazine itself is a very good magazine, Sargent a very good fellow, and the article, saucy, bitter and unjust, *therefore*, unlike any thing of ours. But, in addition to the charge of authorship—the Bulletin, saying it is "certainly" written by J. N.—proceeds further to give the reasons for that opinion; and very flattering reasons they are too. For example:

"It is certainly from the pen of John Neal, for—[for what, think you?]—for, it is written in his *best style*: It calls Professor Wilson 'a common stabber and ruffian in the world of letters'—'a politician, pugilist and critic'—'a man who is very apt to carry his pugilism into his politics and critiques, but his moral philosophy into neither'—articles have appeared in Blackwood, says this writer, 'sufficiently indecent to add new disgrace to a flash newspaper'—it has dealt largely in 'vulgar personalities and low defamation'—in short, Blackwood is 'the parent of the flash style in British periodicals!'"

So far, so good; but the Bulletin goes farther, and this it is which makes it our melancholy duty to sing out *pace off*! It proceeds to give another, and most uncomfortable reason—that which we have quoted below in italics. As for what it says about the *scalp*, we let that go, as not much worse than to be charged with using a dog-whip, a cow-skin, or a tomahawk.

"We believe," says the Bulletin further, "we believe that John Neale is the author of this severe critique, for few persons can use the scalp so skillfully as Neal—and he is moreover thoroughly acquainted with Blackwood and its Editor"—probably the Professor has not dealt liberally with Neal of late years."

There! there you have it. Now, to say of a man, who has written for most of the magazines, and for a goodly portion of all the leading newspapers that have appeared within the last five-and-twenty years, either abroad or at home; of a man who, although he has not been "liberally dealt with" by any, except the British magazines, and two or three American newspapers; but on the contrary, either grossly swindled, or otherwise ill treated, by seven-eighths of all the American magazines, and full fifteen-sixteenths of all the American newspapers he ever had to do with—until nineteen-twentieths of them went to the dogs, and the rest were on the way, full split: to say this of a man, who, notwithstanding all these provocations, has never so much as opened his mouth on paper—against even the basest of the whole tribe: always preferring to leave them to the unescapable doom of all those who live by their depredations upon the best and kindest feelings of our nature, and go about, seeking whom they may devour among the innocents who scribble to order, at so much a day and find themselves—without washing or mending for a twelvemonth together: for such a man to be suspected of writing an article against a brother chip, and such a fine fellow too as Old Christopher—a person he never had a quarrel with, and who has always treated him handsomely—and to be charged with doing this for revenge—out of sheer spite—simply because he may not have been "dealt liberally with of late," is rather hard to stomach. We leave it to you, reader, if it is not. That we have our own private opinions, we do not deny—opinions, which we may take it into our heads to set forth, in very unmistakable English some day—about these enterprising gentlemen, who live, not by their own wits, but by the wits of others—and are sumptuously every day on the simplicity of a good natured people, who are told that's the way to encourage our native literature and get ourselves a name abroad. And verily they are right—for a precious name we have got abroad, by the help of such literature, and such enterprisers.

And therefore—but enough: we have said our say, and corrected, we hope, a very false impression respecting our good nature. Of Old Christopher North—Wilson—we think, and have always thought highly. Some of his novels are of unmatched, *yes!* of unmatchable goodness;

the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, for example; and so would it be with Margaret Lyndsay, were they not a little too much of a piece. However beautiful the web—we soon weary of it, unless change follows change with every flight of the shuttle; and the sooner it may be, because of its unblameable purity and worth.

As a Poet, we do not think so highly of Wilson—this Isle of Palma to the contrary notwithstanding. It is too beautiful by half; it has strength, passion, or factiousness; but then, it is what he meant it for—a lovable counterpart of the "Lights and Shadows"—even as the quiet sea may be, of a deep blue, cloudless heaven—a shimmering sunset—or a canopy of multiplying stars. And so too, when he deals with what men have agreed to call Philosophy—he is there but one of a multitude—neither more nor less than what they have said, Professor Wilson. But as Christopher North—glorious Old Christopher—as the Editor of Blackwood, with all his faults, we revere the man. What rich and healthy prose he pours out! How abundant, strong and wholesome! How full of change and sparkling whim; of stout, manly purpose—of bold thought and of generous warmth! No, no—we cannot bear to see such a man misunderstood, much less misrepresented, by our countrymen. That he is cruel—a savage—almost unprincipled at times; and very wicked, when goaded by the tempter; and greatly given to wandering, through sumptuous rignarole, we acknowledge; and yet, we *revere the man*. He is a noble-hearted fellow; and though he may do wrong, and sometimes deliberate wilful wrong (as a *Reviewer*, where he thinks it worth the while, for the sake of either Church or State, still we would trust him forever, and anywhere, through thick and thin, where great principles were in issue. Allow what you will for prejudices and partialities, therefore, Blackwood, is by far the boldest, and best Magazine, ever published; and not only the *first* British Magazine, that ever allowed an American fair play, within its encroachments, the only Magazine, or Journal, in Europe, an American could ever be sure of, notwithstanding all its Tory pledges, even after five or six other Magazines and two or three *Quarterlies* (including the Westminster) had found it worth their while, to engage American writers, and have what they call an American department; all which we may take another opportunity of showing hereafter—with samples.

CUR SAILORS.

A terrible storm is raging along our coast. Our streets are running away with themselves; and torrents of troubled waters are pouring down every slope, as through a sluice-way into the deep sea.

Look where you will, doors and windows are flapping, chimney-pots and slates flying, zinc roofs rolling up, old clothes adrift, and whole fleets of umbrella-craft, driving hither and thither, like so many light-tipped fishing smacks before the hurricane. See! some are scudding—some are drifting—some trying to lie to, under the lee of a long shed, or a sheltering roof, with a cascade pouring over them; others staggering off under bare poles; some with every lock of canvass rent and whistling, and others—hallo! there goes one head foremost into a hole so deep, he thinks the bottom has dropped out—another settling by the stern!—and two more! beating round that corner on different tacks, you see! and laughing at each other, with head down, like infantry upon the charge, or a forlorn hope, carrying a battery at double quick time—there they go!—all hurrying for their lives, and all trying to make a harbor.

"Any part in a storm!" cries the poor sailor. And we in our safety upon the firm-set earth, we landmen, having only the next corner to double, instead of the Cape of Good Hope—with so ice bergs to our way—no great danger of foundering—we echo the cry *any part in a storm!* and laugh as if we would split ourselves, when we see a snug little craft handsomely run into by another, and brought up all standing, or canted up—or lying water-logged in the gutter, with everything gone by the board. A capital joke ashore!

But supposing we were at sea—what then? What if the winds blew and the rains beat; and huge ice-bergs lay in our homeward path, after a long and cheerless voyage; what if a heavy fog had settled down upon us like a white darkness that a falcon might clutch and go to bed with; and what if all our sails and rigging were stiffened with ice and shet-breakers under our lee—a hurricane after us—the sea roaring for its prey, and a strange iron-bound coast, looming above us, at every change of the wind—what then would be our notions of *any part in a storm?*

There are such things—or we are most awfully bungled—as a lee-

shore—coral reefs—lifting fogs—tornadoes—breakers—and battles in the deep darkness of midnight, between encountering apparitions, with every sail set—one of which is never afterwards heard of—and perhaps both.

So too, if we may believe the mee of the sea, there are desolate islands, cannibals, pirates and sharks—or sea-lawyers—and fins that fall from Heaven, or burst forth from the bosom of the great deep; and now and then a blowing-up, or a going down, head foremost, in calm, bright weather—no man ever knows wherefore. A gimlet-hole has been left open, perhaps—or a round shot dropped between the sheathing—or a sword-fish may have struck the ship months before.

Nay, if the newspapers may be believed—the people's Gospel—there was a great ship fired not long ago, within half cannon shot of the shore—land-locked—on board of which were lions and tigers, and horses and elephants; and when the fire broke out, and the winds blew, and the sea hissed and roared, and the lions and tigers were ramping in their cages, and the elephants trumpeting and the horses screaming—the poor creatures aboard, though it was a large and powerful steamship, almost within cable's length of the land, in pleasant summer weather, too, in broad day, had to choose, not to be sure, between the devil and the deep sea, but between death by fire, death by water, and death by the wild beasts,—“bloodying the wave it hath not power to stay.”

Men ashore shudder and grow pale, when they hear of these things happening within their reach. But after all, what are even such things, to the countless trials and sufferings, and strange perils of the poor sailor, beleaguered all his life long, by night and by day, at sea and ashore, with dangers that we never dream of? Shipwrecked among barbarous nations; pestilence among strangers; death by hunger and thirst, under their most aggravated forms; foundering at sea, fire, pirates, loss of health, loss of wages, unrewarded, hopeless toil, bad provisions, bad officers, uncomfortable quarters, irresponsible power—what are all these things, in comparison to the perils which beset the sailor ashore and utterly break him down, body and soul, before he has lived out half his days!

What are ice-bergs, and savages, plagues, pestilence and famine, laras, houses, and sharks and lee shores, and hurricanes—to sailor boarding houses, sailor landlords, grog-shops, lewd women, courts of justice, and lawyers? Such courts of justice, and such lawyers, we mean, as the poor sailor is obliged to have recourse to, by the *help* of his landlord!

Eleven-sixteenths of all our sailors die at sea; in other words, by deaths which landmen avoid. Nineteen-twentieths die of premature old age. A generation of sailors lasts but eleven years. And yet where is our sympathy for the sailors? What is our duty towards them? To the sailors, our country is indebted—nay, all mankind are indebted—for the mightiest blessings they enjoy. And what is his reward? A life of hardship and suffering, of contempt and poverty, wrong and outrage; with no home here, and none hereafter, worth having, if we may believe a little of what we are told by ministers of the gospel, and by close-fisted ship owners who belong, perhaps, to the church. If what they tell us be true—what is their duty? And how will they answer their neglect to the poor sailor, hereafter?

His life is a continual warfare; and a warfare, too, not only with all the elements of earth and air, and fire and water, in all their dread combinations, but a warfare with his fellow man—with himself—and always, either by our neglect, or by our encouragement and help—with his MAKER. Every storm is a Bible with him. The noise that we hear now, is but the canonade; the everlasting uproar that he has been familiar with from his youth up. Whenever the wind rises, the batteries open along our whole coast upon our thousands of merchantmen, carrying tens of thousands of sailors; all flying before the hurricane, and trying to make a harbor—like the poor fellows who see there, scudding away round the corner, pitching and rolling, head long, with flying skirts and tattered umbrellas, an armful of sticks, and rage of the best. God help the sailor! Any port is a storm!

BOOKSELLERS PROVIDENT RETREAT—An institution of this kind has been organized in London, and has already subscriptions in hand to the amount of £1650. The Booksellers Provident Institution of which the Retreat is an auxiliary, has an invested capital of £12,206. Something of this sort will be soon needed in this country, if the cheap republishing system is persevered in. We recommend those interested to set about the preliminaries at once.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.

No. 99. Cabinet picture, representing Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham, by J. G. Chapman. This is a good picture, though the coloring is not exactly to our taste. The story however, is effectively told in the painting and recalls Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful lines on the same subject—

“She shook the Countess in her bed
Even to the latest gasp;
With quaking frame and rattling knees
She shrieked in accents shrill,
God may forgive thee, if he please,
But no, I never will!”

92. Family Group, unfinished, by S. B. IVaugh. It is hardly fair to find fault with a piece of work, till it is done, and this will probably receive many more finishing touches from the hand of the artist. As it is there is much merit in it. It seems well composed, every way correct, and yet there is a stiffness about it—a want of life, which will undoubtedly be attended to. When these little faults are mended, the picture will gain the artist much credit.

93. English Harriers, by J. W. Audubon. These are very good portraits of that variety of dogs. The picture is a little flat and wants life. This however, is not a great fault, when the delineation of the character and expression of the animal is the chief desideratum. All the Audubons paint well, when the subject is a bird or a quadruped.

94. Portrait, by Marchant. One of the best of this artist.

96 & 105. Portraits, by Marchant. Excellent both as likenesses and paintings.

100 & 234. By D. Leutze. The return of Columbus in chains to Cadiz, is decidedly the best picture exhibited, and this praise is no disparagement to the rest, for the painting is truly extraordinary, and will place the artist among the first in the profession in this country. This piece took the prize in a European exhibition, and would take the prize here were one to be awarded to any. Its faults are few and scarcely to be named, but it is of the German school, and is a little too hard and dry. The middle portion of the picture (including the two brothers and those kneeling with their hands raised) we think could not be improved, even by Allston. The left of the picture and some of the other subordinate parts do not satisfy as so well, and yet the whole is so excellent, that we are rather disposed to believe our taste at fault, than that the artist has failed in the smallest particular.

The other, (Sir Walter Raleigh) is a good picture, though not to be compared with the Columbus. The sentiment is beautifully expressed, and the attitudes of all the figures particularly graceful. The head of the lady is a splendid triumph of art. The jailor is not inferior to the other figures and by some will be considered the best point in the picture. We hail with pleasure the accession of another great name to the list of American painters.

101. Large Landscape, by R. Gignoux. This picture has many excellencies, and many faults. The right of the picture constituting the chief part of the foreground is very good, while most of the hazy background is wanting in effect. There is in fact too much of it. If the right were retained *in statu quo*, and the half at the left compressed partially into the other portion, it would be a good and effective picture.

102. Canoe Creek, by V. G. Audubon. This is a very pretty, quiet Landscape.

103. Rural Sports, a Landscape, by O. B. Loomis. This is respectable, but in no way extraordinary.

104. Portrait, by Powell. This soft milk-and-water style, we dislike. This artist does not seem to have improved. He painted quite as well this, when he made his debut before the New York public. The namby pambyism of the costume of this portrait is in bad taste.

108. Portrait of a Lady, by J. Stearns. This is a good picture, well drawn, well coloured, and every way effective.

109. Group of Men, by H. Sanderson. Of some pretension, but of very moderate merit.

100. Signing the Pledge. A good subject. There is many a parlor where it would be appropriately hung.

111. Portrait, by Mooney. Very good indeed.

112. Aaron Burr, by James Van Dyke. A good likeness.

119. Portrait, by S. A. Mount. This is very good. It wants force however, and the flesh tints do not entirely please us, but it is well drawn, and generally of a good tone.

120. Portrait. Execrable.
126. Portrait, by *Hicks*. Very good.
129. Landing of the Cavaliers, by *J. Rolfe*. This picture is beyond our comprehension, but it does not please us. It has no force or character. The drawing is very bad. The vessel at the right sits upon its stern, very comfortably, no doubt.
- 130 & 144. Heads, by *T. Sully*. The public are well acquainted with these pictures. The engravings, of one of them was published in the *Gift*, for 1842. Here is great effect by apparently small means. The artist seems to have executed his task, by a few hasty strokes of his brush—we say seems to have done so—for we doubt not he did his best. The effect is certainly very fine. The coloring we could well imagine to have been by Titian. Sully has no equal here, in his peculiar style. He is characterized by warmth, ease and richness of color.
132. Portrait, by *W. Page*. The head of the individual painted, seems to have presented nothing on which a striking portrait could be hung, and yet, the artist, has made one of the best portraits we have ever seen. Indeed we can hardly conceive it possible, that there could be a better painting of a man's face.
136. Horse and Rider, by *J. B. Ford*. A white horse, drawn out against a white sky. We can see but little merit in the picture. The figure of the horse is not even well drawn.
138. Cattle, by *T. F. Hoppins*. This is a very good picture. The landscape is good, and the figures of the animals generally well drawn.
139. Scene, near Albany, by *Jesse Talbot*. This is very good, as are all the latter pieces by this artist. We have, however, seen some of his late compositions, which please us more than this. He has made a very great improvement in the last few years, and will soon acquire a high reputation.
154. St. Peter liberated from Prison, by the Angel, sketch from the large picture painted for Sir George Beaumont, by *Washington Allston*. This picture is of cabinet size, and apparently done some time since. It is one of the best pictures exhibited, if not the best. Any lover of the art would look at it for any length of time, and would find it grow better and better. It is enough, to name the artist, and none will doubt that it is both sublime and beautiful.
159. Portrait of a Lady, by *W. S. Jewett*. This is a strong and well colored picture—somewhat Rubens-like. There is, however, a slight elegance of air, given to the face, which is partially counterbalanced by considerable intellectuality.
160. Portrait, by *J. H. Shegogue*. This is the artist's best, and it does him much credit. He seems regularly to improve. His faults are too great softness of style, and consequently a want of force and effect.
161. The Sisters, by *J. G. Chapman*. An excellent picture in the artist's best style. Mr. Chapman has but one fault that we can see. His coloring is beautiful, his drawing is unexceptionable, and his palette, have all the richness and warmth of the Venetian school, but he occasionally wants *masculine force*—as to speak, the style is too soft and delicate. Some of his shades should be deeper. If he can deepen these without losing his beautiful *chiar' oscuro*, there would seem to be nothing wanting.
163. Governor Seward, by *Mooney*. This is like the man, and is generally well drawn, but the flesh tints of this artist, we must decidedly dislike. There must be some mistake in his eye, by which he cannot appreciate the appropriate tone for a face—for this fault is found in all his pictures.
164. Argiretum, by *T. Cole*. This is a warm and glowing landscape of the South of Europe. It is a sunset view of ruins of temples. We like this artist's style immensely, and think him the first painter in this country. This picture, however, seems over-wrought. The sky seems much less warm than the land to which it gives its hue. Most people will find this fault with it—still it is a beautiful picture.
165. View of New York Harbor, by *R. Gignoux*. This is a subject which has been so often treated that one must do it very well not to fail. This is a pretty good picture, and will be generally liked.
166. Ecce Homo, by *W. Page*. This is evidently a labored effort of the artist, and yet he has succeeded in pleasing very few. The objections generally made, are to the rainbow hair, round the head—to the coarseness of the hands—the red coarse whiskers, but chiefly to the expression of the countenance. It is so human. There is an appearance of mental suffering, and the face possesses a good deal of character, such as

the artist intended to give it, but that character conflicts with all our preconceived notions of the Being he has represented. There is nothing Godlike—nothing of the divinity—nothing of the high mission upon which he was sent, which ought to make his face sublime. The general effect of the picture is injured by the naked shoulder and the preponderance of the red color in so much of the purple robe. It is, however, such a picture as few artists but Page could paint.

167. Full length portrait of a Child, by *C. G. Thompson*. A good likeness, we doubt not, and generally well composed. The landscape, like all by this artist, is but indifferent.

171 & 58. Portraits, by *D. Huntington*. Good, of course, as are all by this artist. His pictures need no comment. Their reputation is established. We learn that he and Isman, are soon to visit Europe, in the study of their profession.

172. The Retreat of June 1754, by *J. G. Chapman*. This is historical, and therefore, to be especially commended, very few of our artists will turn their attention to this department, some for fear of failure, others because they think that it will pay better to draw maps of common-place faces. This is a very good picture, we should like it better if some of the prominent characters could have been so placed in the foreground as to be more clearly distinguishable.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Miss Clara Novello, a young English *prima donna*, is creating quite a sensation in London, by her musical powers.

The lady is now in her 25th year, and at a very early age, she gave evidence of great musical talent. Before she was 15, she was elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society. In 1837, she left England for Germany, at the pressing invitation of Mendelssohn, and effected a series of triumphs in all the capitals of that country.

Clara Novello commenced her dramatic career, in the character of Semiramide, at Padua, after some months of indefatigable study pursued under the combined direction of Rossini, Pasta, and the Cavaliere Micheroux. The autumn season at Bologna, was her next engagement, and her performances here were attended with such triumphant success that she was unanimously created a member of the Philharmonic Society, one of the most ancient in Italy. The choice of all the prime donne in Italy being given to Rossini, on the memorable occasion of the first performance of his *Stabat Mater*, the great composer immediately selected *Miss Novello*. When he first heard her rehearse the celebrated *Soprano solo*, "Inflammatu," he rushed to embrace her, exclaiming "Ora son contenti!"

She subsequently proceeded to Rome, to sing during the first half of the carnival season. After her benefit there, she was carried home in triumph, accompanied by all the most nobles in Rome bearing torches. The opera of "Sappho" which she chose for her *début* at Drury Lane, is not spoken well of by the London critics.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society, took place on the 3d ult. Beethoven's, "Eroica," and Spohr's overture "Der Berggeist" appear to have been the gems of the concert. A piano-forte concerto in F minor, by Chopin, performed by Madame Dulcken, also excited much attention. His compositions have hitherto been excluded, but he now bids fair to become highly popular. Beethoven's ninth Symphony is announced for the next concert.

Blagrove the violinist is giving a series of musical entertainments at the Hanover square rooms, entitled "soirees musicales."

The forthcoming play of Sheridan Knowles, at Drury Lane, is said to be founded on James's novel of the "King's Highway."

Cortio concluded her engagement at *la Scala* on the 23rd ult. Her last appearance was in the favorite ballet, "I Viaggiatori all'isola d'Amore" (the travellers to the island of love.) It is impossible to convey to an English reader, who has not visited the theatres of Italy, a faint idea of the enthusiasm with which she was greeted. The stage was literally strewed with bouquets and crowns of laurel. When she came forward after the fall of the curtain, verses and sonnets, eulogistic of her beauty and her talents, were thrown from all parts of the house, and the plaudits of the audience knew no bounds. During the night a military band played under her windows the admired *morceaux* from the ballets in which she had danced.

The judicial tribunals of Paris have, been fully occupied with trials arising out of and connected with the drama. The first in importance is that in which the celebrated tenor, M. Dupren, figures as defendant, M.

Pillet, manager of the French Opera, suing him for breach of engagement in his refusal to perform in a part assigned him in the new opera, *Charles VI.* Dupres refused to perform on the ground of the part being beneath his talents as first tenor. He was condemned to play the part.

The other case is nearly of a similar description, and is a suit at the instance of M. Bernard, manager of the Theatre Ambigu Comique, against Madeleine Eugénie Prosper; damages were laid at 10,000*fr.* It appears the fair truant was engaged at a small salary at the above theatre, and hardly worked, so much so, it was alleged her health suffered, and on that account she obtained leave of absence. Instead of returning to resume her engagement, she joined the company performing French plays in London. A verdict for the full amount (10,000 francs) was pronounced, in default of appearance, against the fair fugitive.

The engagement of Romi de Begnis, to make her debut in *Norma*, at Covent Garden, is asserted; and in addition to Eugénia Garcia, Madame Albertazzi, Duprez, and Staudigl, there is talk of Carlotta Grial, and Tschetschak, and last and (we presume) least, *Les Infans Castelli*, a ballet company of children, well known on the Continent.

MALIBRAN'S SISTER.—Madame Viardot Garcia has just quitted Paris for Vienna, so she is not likely to be heard this season in London.—But there is no lack of promised novelty. Mlle. Nissen, who made a successful debut last year at the opera, Paris, is about to visit London in conjunction with Mr. and Mad. Balfe.

Rosini is expected at Paris in May. At Berlin, Meyerbeer has directed, for the first time in public, an opera by Gluck, entitled *L'Armede*. Mendelssohn Bartholdy has composed an opera on the *Cydippus a Colone* of Sophocles.

Thalberg the celebrated composer, left Paris for Vienna last month. He proceeds from thence to America, so say the French journals.

SPORR.—This great composer will shortly pay England a visit, and conduct a new symphony at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, the band of which has volunteered its services to perform "The Fall of Babylon" (Sporr's last oratorio) for his benefit, as a compliment to his eminent talents as a composer. The Professional Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. F. Harris will be engaged on the occasion, in order to give due effect to the oratorio.

It is said that the tax on the net receipts of all the theatres in France, which, under the term of *l'impôt des paveses*, goes towards the support of the poor of the district, is to be reduced to five per cent. This arises it is added, from the depressed state of theatrical property throughout the kingdom.

The fascinating Madame Schroeder Devrient, whose engagement at Dresden is on the eve of expiring, has entered into an engagement with the Grand Opera at Berlin for the ensuing year. She is to receive 40 gold Fredericks, (nearly 40*l.*) per night, performing twice a week, besides a very liberal allowance for dresses, &c, comprised under the term *les fees*.

ELISER.—Fanny is making as great fools of the Londoners as she did of the Americans. One of the editors thus delivers himself: "Long as Fanny Eliser has reigned over her own delightful empire, of not merely graceful but impassioned movement, lending not only the luxurious food of physical beauty to the vision, but saturating the whole spirit of critical observers with the intellectual dew of feeling, she is still as fresh with us as the new vernal violets, that come with dew and perfume on their breaths, not the less dear, or bright, or welcome, that they have so come before!"

MADAME EUGÉNIE GARCIA.—This lady has, it seems, grown weary of the Princess's Theatre, and is about to appear shortly at the T. R. C. G., induced, as report says, by a liberal increase of salary offered by Mr. Bunn, namely, *thirty shillings a week!* It is not the first time that great house has been the tomb of mediocre aspirants. We hope that it may not prove so to Madame Garcia, and that the epitaph of her musical fame may not commence with *Cl. Gil.*

LABLACHE'S FAREWELL TO THE PARISIENS.—The close of the Italian opera in Paris this season, was attended by rather a novel circumstance. The weathercock disposition of our sprightly neighbors is sufficiently well known; they can dismiss a favorite with most princely indifference, and for no better reason too; but the case is reversed in the present instance, for the most popular performer that, perhaps, ever trod the stage, has discarded his patrons, the public, and for some cause that

may be easily guessed at, bidden them as eternal adieu! "*Bards hate bards, and beggars, beggars!*" said Hesiod long ago, and it is not unlikely that the aphorism still holds good: "You may have as many moons as you like," said the mad astronomer, "but two suns in one system will never do!" In consequence of Fornasari's immense success in London, the French *entrepreneur* has engaged him in a line of business similar to that of Lablache, *inde omnia malum.*

Lablache issued the following circular on the night of his benefit: "M. Lablache has the honor of announcing to that public which has so uniformly received him with kindness, that he sings this night for the last time, at the *Théâtre Italien*. He requests the public to accept the homage of his grateful adieu!"

The audience summoned the director, but Lablache alone came forward, to declare that serious motives had induced him to come to that determination.

M. Balfe's opera, "*Le puits d'Amour*," "*The well of Love*," was produced with success in Paris, last month, and likewise an opera by the same author, entitled "*Les Fruits d'Amour*."

A concert *monstre*, as the papers call it, was given by Mr. Allcroft sometime since, commencing at 7 o'clock and terminating after midnight. It was rumored that Bocca, the harpist, with whom the wife of Bishop, the composer, eloped, would appear, and considerable of a storm was anticipated. It was announced, however, that he had not arrived from the Continent. One may judge from the following list of performers how they get up concerts in London:

"Master Blagrove, with a solo on the concertina, Mr. N. Mori with a clever violin performance, Mr. Richardson with a flute fantasia, and a juvenile pianiste, Miss Dulcken, executing one of Thalberg's works with remarkable brilliancy. The principal singing novelties were a duo from Donizetti's '*Maria Padilla*,' sung by Miss Birch and Miss Dolby, and a charming Swiss air by Liex, sung by Miss G. Santos, which was encored. The other vocalists were Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss E. Birch, Miss Galbreath, Miss Bromley, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Aveling Smith, Messrs. Phillips, Bizet, Gubiel, W. H. Seguin, Allcroft, Mr. H. Gear, and Mr. J. Parry.

Great excitement reigns in the musical circles respecting a prize of ten guineas, obtained by Professor Taylor, of Gresham College, for a madrigal, containing no less than fifteen bars extracted and "borrowed" from one of the celebrated Luca Merennio. The prize has been refunded by the professor, and his competitors have been called upon to send in fresh specimens. The sense of the society as to Mr. Taylor has been manifested by excluding him from the second trial for the prize.

Mad. Cinti Damoreux took leave of the French stage at the Académie Royale, on the 22d April. She appeared in two of her most celebrated characters, and at the conclusion of the performances a "ceremony" was enacted by the principal actors of Paris, who, in full costume, formed a procession and took leave one by one of Mad. Cinti Damoreux.

The interior of the Haymarket Theatre has been entirely renovated; indeed, Mr. Webster, the lessee, has gone to considerable expense in order to remove the various inconveniences which have beset the Theatre. An elegant chandelier has been introduced, and the orchestra has been lowered so as to give a full view of the stage from the royal box.—This will enable her Majesty to make private visits to the Theatre.—Charles Kean is engaged at this house, and will play his usual round of characters for a limited period.

Buckstone and Mrs. Fitz William have been starting it in the provinces—they return to the Haymarket.

Miss Poole has gone to Dublin.

Mr. White, who delivered lectures on Irish music in this country sometime since, and was considered rather a bungler, is now giving a series of entertainments on the same theme at her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, assisted by Miss Dolby, Miss Flower and the Misses Lyon.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—Among the passengers in the steamer *Hibernia*, at Boston, from Liverpool, are Cepia, Broughton and Robinson, and Lieut. Ripon of the British army, who, in connexion with a deputation of American engineers, are to lay down and mark the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, according to the recent treaty.

An enormous bear was killed near the village of Taberg, Onedia Co. a few days since. He measured from his tail to the end of his nose, 8 feet 4 inches, and weighed upwards of 400 pounds.

TRIAL OF THOMAS THORN
FOR THE MURDER OF ELISHA WILSON,
BOTH OF HARTSVELL, MAINE;
FIRST DAY.

At the Supreme Judicial Court, held at Portland, by adjournment, on Wednesday, May 3d, 1843, before Whitman, C. J., and Shepley and Tenney, Associate Justices.

This trial was set down for the first Tuesday of May, but owing to some delay in returning the jurors, the prisoner was not put to the bar till Wednesday afternoon, about three o'clock. The court room was crowded, and in the gallery a dozen or twenty women were to be seen, feeling a profound curiosity to hear all the particulars of a case, which, if a tittle of what they have heard be true, were enough to drive any decent woman out of court.

It will be remembered that two persons, namely, Louisa Wilson and Thomas Thorn, were suspected of murdering Elisha Wilson, the husband of said Louisa Wilson. Both were committed on a charge of murder in the month of February last. True bills were found against them at the Supreme Court, and they were severally indicted for murder—Thorn as principal, and the wife as aiding and abetting him at the time: In another, the wife is indicted as principal, and Thorn as accessory, counselling, hiring, and procuring her to do the murder. In the indictment against Louisa, *alias* Lola, Wilson, the wife, the first count charges her with having wilfully and feloniously, &c., &c., caused the death of the deceased, by giving him a wound on the left side of the head, one inch and three quarters in length, and one inch in depth, on the 5th day of February, A. D. 1843, with a pair of iron tongs: the second, with having caused his death by a weapon to the jury unknown: the third charges that Thomas Thorn, of Harpswell, counselled, hired, and procured the said Louisa to do the act. The indictment against Thorn is materially the same, though containing four counts: the first charging him with causing the death of the deceased by a blow with a pair of iron tongs; the second, with an iron bludgeon; the third, with a weapon unknown. The fourth charges the wife with aiding and abetting Thorn. Thorn was first ordered up for trial—thereby giving another chance to the woman, whatever may be the issue with him. She is now in Court, and they are beginning to impanel a jury. Counsel for the prisoner, William Pitt Fessenden and Francis O. J. Smith, late members of Congress—both assigned by the Court. For the prosecution, Otis L. Briggs, Attorney-General, and Augustine L. Harris, county Attorney.

At the opening of the Court, Mr. Fessenden offers to go to trial, provided the Attorney-General, or the Court, will receive the evidence of certain persons touching the general character of the prisoner, should they arrive before the jury is charged. The ground of the motion is, that the prisoner is poor and helpless; that his mother, and certain people who have known him all his life long, are at Long Island, in the state of New York; that due diligence has been used—that they were written to, and have answered the applications, and promised to be present at the trial, but owing to the late storm, have probably been prevented. The Attorney-General refuses his assent to the extraordinary proposition, as he terms it, and after consulting with his associates, the Chief Justice decides that inasmuch as evidence to the general character can avail only in doubtful cases, and inasmuch as the jury in case of doubt could be instructed to acquit the prisoner, the trial must go on, notwithstanding the absence of the witnesses referred to. But if they should appear in season, that is, before argument, they will be permitted to testify; and if it should happen in the progress of the trial that their testimony should appear to be important for the prisoner, every reasonable indulgence in favour of life will be granted.

The appearance of the prisoner—his extreme youth—for, judging by his looks, you could not suppose him to be more than eighteen or twenty years of age, at the farthest—his general bearing and behaviour—are altogether in his favour. He challenges with a clear, steady voice,—listens to the suggestions of his counsel with evident understanding and watchfulness, and without any unreasonable anxiety. He is about five feet seven, with large, dark eyes, black hair, and a rich, brown countenance, though at times, we may detect something of very different character about his mouth. It vanishes like a shadow when you try to catch it, however. In the language of the day, he would be called a good-looking young fellow. Physiologically speaking, his head, at the distance I am now sitting, appears to be quite equal to the average of

uneducated heads, with large self-esteem, rather large firmness, moderate perceptiveness and still more moderate reasoning faculties, and very small caution; wearing a large quantity of hair, I could not set of course well decide by the sight alone; but such are the appearances.

Before five o'clock, the jury were impanelled; the prisoner having peremptorily challenged sixteen, the Attorney-General five, who were withdrawn because of their conscientious scruples about the punishment of death under any circumstances. Their opinions were not sectarian; but individual and personal opinions, founded upon such reasoning as satisfied each man for himself. So widely propagated and so deeply seated are these opinions in this part of the country, that until a late change of the law, under the revised statutes, it was almost impossible to obtain a verdict of guilty on a capital charge under any circumstances. The clearest evidence had sometimes no effect with the jury. They would not, and did not, convict—saying they were not satisfied; they wanted *positive proof*. Circumstantial proof would not satisfy them. Even the testimony of an eye witness—nay, the acknowledgment of the party charged in open court, would not satisfy them entirely—the party might be insane, or a witness might swear falsely, or a sane person, charged with murder, might confess, under a misapprehension of his own guilt. Such cases had happened, and therefore might happen again.

The law as it now stands, however, changes the position of court, counsel, and jury, relieving them all, and throwing upon the Governor of the State, the whole duty of awarding execution. Of course, therefore, Jurors will have less fear of dooming an innocent man. A whole year is allowed for hunting up evidence in behalf of the prisoner—and in fact any further time which, in the judgement of the Governor and Council may be necessary.

As the law now stands, the party found guilty of murder is sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary, till the punishment of death shall be inflicted. He is not to be executed within one year, nor until the whole record of the proceedings, or case, shall be certified by the clerk of the court, under the seal thereof, to the supreme Executive authority of the State, nor until a warrant shall be issued by said Executive authority, under the great seal of the State, directed to the sheriff of the county where the state prison shall be situated, *commanding the sheriff to cause said sentence of death to be carried into execution*. And then the party is to be executed within the walls or enclosed grounds of the State's prison. By this arrangement it will be seen that, while on the one hand a jury is much more likely to convict for a capital offence, the consummation of the law is left with the Executive.

A case of the sort has just happened in Vermont, I see, under a similar law. Eugene Clifford, who was convicted of murder by dowsing his wife in a pond, last fall, has been sentenced to one year's solitary confinement in the State's prison, (probably to hard labor), and then to be hung. How judgments may be rendered here, this being the first capital case under the revised statutes, cannot of course be known. Whether it will be left to the Governor and council to say when the man shall be hung, if ever, can only be guessed at. Judges are no more willing than other men to assume uncalled for accountability. They have burdens enough to bear of their own without going out of their way to find them.

The jury were severally interrogated by the counsel for the prisoner, and by the Attorney-General in the usual form. On the one side, they were asked whether they had formed any opinion, or felt any bias; and on the other side, whether they were scrupulous about inflicting the punishment of death. In reply, some insisted upon having what they called positive evidence; others, the strongest possible evidence, &c. &c.; but all, if they were to be believed on their oaths had formed no opinion of the case and were sensible of no bias.

The County Attorney, at the desire of the Attorney-General, now opened the case. He would not go into all the details, but he would endeavour to shew with sufficient clearness and particularity, whatever might be required for a full understanding of the testimony as it came out. The jury were the judges both of the law and the fact; and he should ask leave therefore to give them, for such was the duty of the Government officers on such occasions, from the most unquestionable authorities, the law of the case upon which they were to rely. He then read from Russell on Crimes,—Hale's Pleas of the Crown,—Starkie on Evidence,—and other works; and thence proceeded to the distinction recognised by the laws of Maine, under the Revised Statutes, between murder in the

first, and murder in the second degree; the first being where malice is actually proved; and the second where malice is necessarily and legally inferred from the circumstances. He commented also upon a third class of cases, known to the laws of Maine,—showing how the punishment differed—and why; and urging that if the offence charged here should be proved, it was murder of the most aggravated type.

And why?—It was the murder of a man in the night-time—in his own house—and in his own bed. That the man was murdered, he should endeavour to show to the entire conviction of the jury. But by whom? That also he thought he should be able to show beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the first place, the house itself was so situated as to make it certain that there were but *three* persons alive within it: on the night in question—namely, the deceased, his wife, and the person at the bar. Though being under the same roof with another family, they were entirely separate and distinct—so much so that no person could enter the part occupied by Elisha Wilson, the deceased, from the part occupied by Benjamin Wilson, without going out of doors from Benjamin Wilson's part and entering Elisha Wilson's part by a door which on the night in question was fastened on the inside.

In the next place, the nature of the wound itself—the depth, character, and extent of the fracture were such as to show that it must have been the effect of violence; and that it could not have been the result of any such accident as had been pretended. The left temple, or temporal bone, was fractured and forced into the brain—together with the integuments, flesh and muscle, were driven through everything but the *dura mater*—a portion of the left ear was actually cut off by the blow. The form of the wound itself corresponded in shape with what it must have been if made by, an instrument like that found in the room—a pair of large, heavy, iron tongs—the bow of which fitted the wound, and corresponded with the fracture.

The learned gentleman having proceeded thus far in his opening, found it necessary to refer to the law respecting accessories and abettors; and to the acknowledged distinctions between the two: reading from the authorities, to show that constructive presence is enough, and that one may actually aid and abet in a murder, though he neither gives the blow, nor is even present within the room, or place where the murder is perpetrated. He could be in another room, or co-operating or keeping watch—and yet he would be, not an accessory, but an aider and abettor,—accessories before the fact, (though in murder all accessories before the fact are principals,) being those who counsel and procure the act, holding themselves aloof, and ignorant, perhaps, of the time and place of perpetration.

All who are present, are principals; and all who aid and assist, at the time, though not present within the room, are present in the contemplation of the law. And here the gentleman cited Knapp's case, read from the charge of Mr. Justice Parker, and called the attention of the jury to the extraordinary coincidence existing between the two. White was murdered in bed—in his own house—and at night. There was no eye to see, no tongue to testify. There was no aider, nor abettor actually present in the chamber of death—he was afar off—keeping watch, and waiting the law. And yet he was convicted, and suffered the highest penalty of the law.

(The prisoner continued wholly undisturbed till now.)

Having prepared the jury for this point, which might arise to trouble and perplex them in the progress of their investigation, if they were people of tender consciences, and having shown that under this indictment, if they found the prisoner aiding and abetting in any way, they were bound by their oaths to find him guilty of the murder, just as much as if it were proved that he had inflicted the mortal blow with his own hand, the County Attorney returned to the facts of the case.

The prisoner at the bar was not a native of Maine. He was born in Long Island, in the State of New-York, and some two years ago, was living about in the neighborhood of Harpswell. At this time Lois Wilson, the wife of the deceased, was unmarried, and about the same age as the prisoner at the bar; he being the elder by two or three years at most. It would be shown that he wanted to marry her, that she encouraged his attentions, and that they kept company together, and that a promise of marriage had been entered into between them; that soon after this, Thorne went to sea; and that during his absence, she intermarried with Elisha Wilson, a man of nearly, or quite double her age; that on the re-

turn of the prisoner at the bar, instead of going to live with his own sister, who had married Benjamin Wilson, and lived about a mile from Elisha's, he, Thorne, passed the greater part of his time at the house of Elisha, the deceased; that after a time Benjamin Wilson moved into a part of the house in which his brother Elisha lived, and continued to occupy it up to the time of Elisha's death; that Thorne used to sleep at Elisha's, even after this; that the only way of entering Elisha's part was by going out of Benjamin's part, and entering by another outside door. It would be shown, moreover, that the prisoner had been found in the room with Wilson's wife, with the door fastened; that he had been repeatedly seen sitting in her lap, and she in his, after she had been a married woman about a year; that he had a passion for her—he knew of no other language that would so well express what he understood to be the facts of the case—a passion for her; that along with these endearments, he had been heard to say to her, while she was the wife of another man, "*Lovisa, my poor girl!*" (Hate, for the first time, the prisoner betrayed some little emotion.) Men are supposed to act from motive; and you have here the prisoner's motive.

It would be shown, also, said the County Attorney, that after his return from sea, the prisoner had been heard to say that Elisha would not live long; that he was failing,—that his health was bad, &c., although Elisha, the deceased, was in the prime of life, with no ailment whatever to trouble him, beyond an occasional head-ache.

It would be testified, moreover, that the prisoner was the first person in the room, after the murder was perpetrated—even if he was not the very person that inflicted the blow. Yet Benjamin Wilson lived in the house; and that nobody was called in till fifteen minutes after the accident happened—in other words, till fifteen minutes after Elisha Wilson was dead, according to the acknowledgment of the parties implicated, from the accident which happened to him, according to their story. How came the prisoner there? What business had he there—at such a time of night, and under such circumstances? You, gentlemen of the jury, would like to be satisfied upon these two points.

Again, according to this story, the deceased had fallen upon a chair-post, or against the head-board, in a fit. If so—apart from the nature and appearance of the wound, which you will find by unquestionable testimony could not have been so produced, even though the deceased had stood up in his bed and pitched over, head first, upon the floor. Again, how happened it, that when the neighbors were called in, the body was already stripped, with nothing but a thin coverlid over it? for all this will be shown to you. Why all this attention to appearances? Were the clothes arranged with so much care by the distracted wife? Why was a little wad of twisted cotton pushed into the wound? Why was there no blood upon the floor—a pine floor, not painted—if he fell upon the floor? Other questions might be asked, gentlemen, and questions too that must be answered. It will appear that, when the neighbors arrived, they found the remains of a large fire—with two quills in the chamber where the prisoner slept, covered with blood; that the fire was kept going all night, and that a large quantity of wood was burned; that there was a tub of water standing in the middle of the floor. What was that tub wanted for? The jury would enquire, and would expect to be satisfied. He should offer no hypothesis here; it was no part of his business; but they would be content with nothing short of reasonable explanations.

Another fact he felt bound to call their attention to. The sister of the prisoner had been heard to say to him—"Thomas, you know you are guilty of the blood of Elisha Wilson!" And what was his reply? An indignant denial? No; but these words, and these words only—"They cannot prove it!"

(The prisoner showed no sort of emotion here.)

Let it be remembered, gentlemen, that the outer door of Elisha Wilson's part was fastened, and that the large iron tongs,—the instrument of death charged in the indictment, you have just heard,—was found in the room; that the wound corresponds in shape and size with what would have been made, if such an instrument were applied with the force here proved, to that part of the human skull which I have shown you.

(The gentleman had produced a skull for purposes of illustration, which for awhile was mistaken by a large part of the audience for the skull of the murdered man.)

Such, gentlemen, is a brief outline of the facts of the case. It is for

you to sift all the facts, to examine all the circumstances, to hear all the witnesses, and to judge of their truth and credit, and to say at last, the prisoner is guilty or not guilty. If you find him not guilty, you are to say so and no more. If you find him guilty—to say so, and no more. Such is the language of the law—that you will do your duty, however painful it may be, honestly and fearlessly, for the protection of society and the welfare of all who put their trust in the laws. I cannot permit myself to doubt; for you have sworn to try the prisoner at the bar, according to the law and the evidence, so help you God. I now leave the case with you. Then the Court adjourned.

The above contains the main features of this exciting case. We intended to give a full report, but found the evidence and speeches much too lengthy for our paper. We can only add, that the evidence produced by the prosecution sustained the indictment. The following is the conclusion of our reporter's graphic report, which we regret we could not give in full:—

SEVENTH DAY—VERDICT OF THE JURY.

Friday morning.—Large crowd about the door, waiting for the jury to come in, at the opening of the Court. Intense anxiety to watch the behavior of the prisoner at the giving in of the verdict, whatever it may be. The jury had the case committed to them at six o'clock last evening. Bell rings—prisoner undisturbed, though pale. Mr. Smith in consultation with him, as if he were tolling of his death-knell. Mr. Fessenden very anxious. Doors fly open. Jury and Chief Justice enters, followed by a general rush from below. Nobody can judge by their countenances, though an occasional glance stolen at him, first by one and then by another of them, would seem to indicate their opinion. I see tears in the eyes of one of the jury, a very aged man; and the greatest possible seriousness in the countenances of all—amounting to solemnity and awe in some.

The prisoner being told to stand up, he rose without trembling or sign of apprehension, though very pale, and when the foreman of the jury announced the verdict "*guilty in the first degree*," there was no sign of emotion to be observed in the prisoner. Soon after, Thora retired with a firm step, but an altered look. A motion will be made for arrest of judgement.

Five minutes after Thora retired, the trial of the wife commenced.

She is a young, healthy and rather good-looking woman, somewhat above the middle size, with warm reddish hair, a clear complexion, fresh lips, greyish or greyish-blue eyes, a good person, and altogether a very pleasant though somewhat sleepy expression of countenance, notwithstanding her confinement in jail for three months and her present alarming situation. To look at her, one would never think it possible for her to be *guilty*, either as a principal or an abettor. That she *knew* of the murder by Thora; that she desired to conceal it; and as much for *his* sake as for her own, is quite possible. It may be, therefore, that, misled by compassion for him, or by something worse if you will, she has involved herself by her ignorance and her wish to screen the real murderer, in a situation which, to say the least of it, is one of exceeding uncertainty and peril for her. Phenologically speaking, her head is much *better* than Thora's, though nothing more can be seen of it now, than a portion of the frontal developments, which are absolutely large and full; her bonnet covering the sides and the whole posterior region, so as to allow nothing but a few shorn locks of light Auburn to be seen. She wears a very decent and proper dress, a black straw Bonnet of a fashionable shape, lined with plaid silk, a large cotton shawl and a dark calico gown.

□ A correspondent of the London Times, says that there is at this time in the hands of the Accountant General of the Court of Chancery, £40,000,000 to 50,000,000, a considerable portion of which is kept from the starving and suffering survivors, by the want of progress in the Master's office.

ACCIDENT.—While the children were in the Castle Garden on Tuesday afternoon, a boat full of them, and several of the children who were sitting upon it had their feet and legs caught under it, and were more or less hurt. One girl, about fourteen years ago, we are sorry to say, had a leg fractured.

A NEW FOUNTAIN is to be opened on the petition of Messrs. Whittay, Wilmsdoring and others, living in the lower part of Broadway,—and at their expense in Bowling Green.

LITERARY.

THE KRICKERBOCKER, for May. Our old friend Diedrich, sends us this month unusually rich in prose and verse. We always sit down to read the Krickerbocker with a perfect abandon—a certainty that we shall find a feast spread for us, at which every taste will be gratified, and we are never disappointed. The number for May contains some very good verse, and indeed the K. seems to be exceeding fortunate in this respect always. Mr. Irvine continues the "Quod Correspondence," which increases in interest. Mrs. Clavers has a very sensible article on "Standards,"—"not such," she says, "as are wont to be presented by fine ladies in balconies to glittering crowds below, where plumes wave and steel flashes in the sunshine," but "standards of propriety, standards of expense, and of many other things." "Reminiscences of Life in the West," is a spirited sketch of a scene perfectly characteristic of the West. "Another Lay of Ancient Rome," not by Macculey, is an amusing imitation of that writer's speedily says. The other articles are all excellent, but we have not space to particularize. The editor's Table—which, by the way, we always read first,—is as usual an allipondria of wit, sentiment, criticism, fun, poetry, &c., making altogether a most delectable dish for an hour's summer reading.

CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.—The proprietors of the Albion have announced a reprint of this truly excellent publication, at the rate of *one dollar and a half a year*. We hope to see the undertaking worthily encouraged. The Edinburgh Journal, happens to be just what is wanted in our country; and among the cartloads of trash that are circulating all over the country, simply because, like Pindar's razors, they are

—"*Wondrous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap.*"

would be an absolute treasure. Really when such works are put within the reach of the poorest, along with many that have appeared from the press of Wilson & Co. and the New World; as well as from the Sun office, we are half disposed to overlook, or at least to forgive all that may have been heretofore amiss among the cheap publications of the day, since the beginning of that vast literary revolution, which is fast changing our veriest newspapers into journals of the greatest worth, and putting whole libraries within reach of the pocket-money which little masters and misses are in the habit of wasting on toys.

WRIGHT'S PRACTICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Fourth Edition, Barnard & Co., New York.—An attentive examination of this noble work, on the mechanism of our comprehensive language induces us to unite in the high commendations bestowed on its merits on both sides of the Atlantic. We earnestly and conscientiously recommend it to the attention of teachers, as affording the long sought desideratum which it is designed to accomplish; namely, the attainment of a full, familiar, and philosophic acquaintance with the various peculiarities of our language. It should be found in every school where the subject of grammar is deemed of importance; and it should be amongst all whose necessities demand the interchange of thoughts through the medium of the English language.

THE CONTEXT AND THE ARMOUR: Robert Carter, N. York. This is a beautiful little work, by Dr. John Abernethy, F.R.S.E., containing two eloquently written sermons. This work has already gone through fourteen editions in Edinburgh. It is got up in a style highly creditable to the publisher.

ALTHEIA: Edward Dunigan, N. York. This work is composed of a series of letters, written in an agreeable style, for the purpose of defending the truth of Roman Catholic doctrines. That the subjects touched upon are handled in an able manner is assured, by the fact that the author is the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise. The author says in his preface:

The Author's object is to ascertain, whether there are any solid grounds on which the tenets of Catholicity may repose: whether there is any warrant for them in the Bible: whether they were known to the primitive Christians: whether many of them are not admitted by other denominations. He wishes to convince the dispassionate inquirer, that a strict and practical member of the Roman Catholic Church may be a genuine friend of Republican Institutions, and may be true to his country and his God. His motto is GLORY TO GOD—PEACE TO MEN!

The work is got up in good style, with large clear type and beautiful paper, and contains a well executed portrait of Dr. Pise.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE ROMANS: Robert Carter, N. York. No. 2 of the reprint of these eloquent discourses, by Rev. Thos. Chalmers, of Edinburg, has been published.

MUSICAL.

SIGNOR NAGLE'S farewell concert on Friday last, was a bumper; indeed, so full was the large room at the Apollo, that standing places could only be obtained with difficulty. Highly impressed as we were with the previous efforts of the Signior, we confess to no little astonishment on this occasion. He created quite a little *furor* among the audience, particularly in his introduction and grand variations a la Paganini, concluding with that beautiful melody "Old Rosie the Bow," which he played exquisitely. It is needless to say the applause was most vociferous, and an encore was repeatedly demanded, which Mr. Nagle refused, very cavalierly, as it appeared to us.

Mr. Dempster received a warm reception on his reappearance amongst us. He sang several Scotch ballads during the evening, in his usual felicitous manner. Mrs. Loder, F. Rakeman and Timm lent their valuable assistance, and rendered the evening amusement complete. We recommend the Signior, who ever may give a concert in future, to place at the door some one who understands the duties of the place; and to attend with more civility to an immense and long continued entree.

MR. JOHN A. KYLL'S annual concert took place at the Apollo on Monday night, where a strong muster of his friends and admirers was the consequence. He was assisted by Mrs. Loder, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Waldenhof, Miss Taylor, Timm, Alpers, King, Marks, Aupic and Raymond, enough of talent, in all conscience, for one occasion. Mr. Kosowski was also announced, but was prevented from sitting by indisposition.

Mr. Kyll favored us during the evening, with two solos, in his own inimitable style. For sweetness and richness of tone, and in brilliancy of execution, he is unquestionably unrivalled in this country.

A *duo concertante*, for piano and violin, by King and Marks, and a manuscript song, "The Queen of May," composed by George Loder, for, and sung by Miss Taylor, were, in our opinion, the gems of the evening—not that we consider this young lady a good concert singer. She is at present, rough, unpolished, and many faults comparatively unnoticed on the stage of the Olympic, were on that night very glaring. Nature has endowed her with a voice of rare quality, and she gives so much promise of future excellence, if it be properly and carefully cultivated, that we would advise her to beware of prematurely assuming a position in the trying arena of a professional career, ere diligent training and taste have ripened her yet embryonic talents. Of the song itself, we cannot speak in too high terms; it is the prettiest thing we have heard in a long time, and we shall be surprised if when published, it is not found in every young lady's musical portfolio.

The performances were so numerous, that we really have not space to enumerate them; we can only say that we spent a most delightful evening, and the concert was protracted to rather a late hour, though we should have been contented to remain even longer, under so pleasing a spell as the music threw around us.

THE DRAMA.

Little has transpired worthy of note in this department during the week. Dullness and monotony brood over the deserted benches, and actors, however impassioned they may be, wake little more than the echoes of their own voices. We believe that at the present time there is not one theatre in the city receiving its expenses, and that ere long a crisis of some sort must come. What the nature of that crisis will be, we do not pretend to divine—in our opinion, however, the managers would do well to anticipate it, and close their houses unless they can provide something better calculated to dignify the stage, and to promote the interests of the drama. It is said and with some little show of reason, that the public will not support the legitimate, and therefore managers are justified in pandering to its depraved taste; but we doubt believe it—if legitimate plays were produced in a proper manner, with such a company as might be collected even in the United States, not as now with two or three talented artists, and all the rest the veriest sticks that ever disgraced the stage, we know the public would sustain it. The taste of the American public has undergone a material change within the last few years—the old and new country have been brought so near together, and so many opportunities afforded them of witnessing dramatic entertainments as they should be put upon the stage, that mediocre performances will not be sustained in the present day.

That excellent old comedy "The Clandestine Marriage" has been produced at the Park, pretty successfully. The principal character,

Lord Ogilby, was sustained by Mr. Placide in a very creditable manner, but it has so many peculiarities that no man can form a just conception of it, unless he has seen the original, which we presume Mr. Placide has not—there is but one man we think, who ever fully carried out the author's ideas—Mr. Farren plays it with a richness and gusto, and at the same time adheres with a strict faithfulness to nature; his is perhaps the best piece of acting in that line ever witnessed.

Mrs. Vernon and Abbott played their parts well, particularly the lady, it could not have been better.

Miss Bulard made Miss Sterling altogether too disagreeable a personage, she went quite to the extreme.

Mrs. Hunt as Fanny, was if anything too tame—too manly sentimental—it appeared more so perhaps from that eternal monotony of tone in which she always speaks, and which she would do well to correct.

This will apply also to Mr. Lovel, who mouths it most awfully, otherwise he is a respectable actor. Of the rest of the *dramatis personae* the less said the better for them, always excepting Flaher who never sinks into mediocrity.

A new farce entitled "*Binks the Bagman*" was produced on Tuesday night, and was well received. It has, however, the great fault of being too English to be perfectly understood; for a bagman or commercial traveller, is a being altogether unknown here, and the wit of the piece (for it has wit) falls from the same cause.

The character of the bagman was tolerably well hit off by Placide, and Williams as the jealous landlord, was funny, very much so considering that he was suffering from severe indigestion. The piece is composed of slight materials and will not do much for the treasury.

THE OLYMPIC terminates its season on Saturday next, and although not as profitable as former seasons, we presume Mitchell has nevertheless cause for boasting, and his company much reason for thankfulness, seeing that each salary day their full quota has been handed to them.

The benefits have been well attended, and each one has realized a fair sum to the recipient. One actress cleared over \$200. Taylor, Siegleton, and Clarke, each received a wreath containing bank bills of various amounts.

Nickerson we hear has taken the Montreal theatre, and will open with many of the Olympic company.

There is a rumor that Mitchell intends enlarging his theatre, but we cannot trace it to any reliable source—we would suggest the old proverb "Let well alone."

THE BOWERY has produced with much splendor the grand musical drama of "Hemi Quatre," with considerable success.

THE CHATHAM since the manager went back to old forces has not been doing well. We are extremely did not see the policy of the step, and are not surprised that it failed.

Forrest and Cliffoe have been playing an engagement there during the week, and have succeeded in attracting pretty numerous audiences, but if Thorne be wise he will again go for pic-nic-peanuts and plenty—instead of respectability and scantiness.

LIGHT HOUSES IN THE SKY.—This is certainly, *par excellence*, the age of meteors; and if they can get them up better, or more of them, in Europe, than we have been doing here for the last two or three months, we will confess they have stronger invention than we have hitherto given them credit for, and throw it on our comet into the bargain. The following is the latest improvement:—

The Greenville (Tenn.) Miscellany of the 12th ult. says:

"On Sunday night last, about eight o'clock, there was seen in the south-western sky a luminous ball appearance two feet in circumference, constantly emitting a smoky trail from the one or the other side of it. It appeared in brightness to outstrip the great luminary of day. On its first appearance it was stationary one or two minutes, then, as quick as thought, it rose apparently thirty feet, and paused—then fell to the point from whence it started, and continued to perform this motion for about fifteen times. Then it moved horizontally about the same distance, and for nearly the same space of time. At length it assumed its first position; then rose again perpendicularly about twelve feet, and remained somewhat stationary, continuing to grow less for an hour and a quarter, when it entirely disappeared."

THE CITY COMPTROLLER.—The Board of Supervisors on Saturday voted to pay D. D. Williamson and three clerks 1755 dollars for three months extra service in collecting nearly \$782,000 of State and City taxes. Mr. Williamson claimed half per cent. on the amount collected, but after much debate, only the above amount was carried, of which \$1000 goes to the Comptroller.

For the Brother Jonathan.

JOY AND SADNESS.

There are hours when all is joy and gladness,
 Reviving like the gentle breath of spring
 The weary soul of man—the winds and rain
 Of heaven mark their sweet and holy calm—
 Hours, when the airy balls of life are all
 Built up, and lit and peopled with our heart's
 Best, most holy images, and heaven smiles upon
 Us all the day. The future wears a look
 Of love, bright with promises of many
 Joys to come. We gaze into its bosom
 With a calm delight; the last agony,
 The shroud, the pall, terrify us not.
 Light glids that cloud which ever hangs around
 The silent house appointed for the dead,
 Like the last beams of sunlight fingering
 On western hills, and kindling blushes
 On the swarth cheek of the approaching night.
 Such are happy hours—when cares corrode not,
 Passions disturb not, nor afflictions move
 The gentle quiet of the human heart.

But there are hours the dark reverse of these—
 Hours of gloom and sadness. They come, wherefore
 Or whence, we cannot tell; but niten in
 A single night our joys all die—
 Sooner perish not the forest-leaves, when
 The cold breath of autumn dries up their greenness.

We rise, and the long day moves sadly on—
 A presentiment of coming ill, sits
 Heavily upon our hearts; which, nor
 The mild breath of morn, nor the low stir
 Of growing nature, nor the glad smile of love,
 Nor aught that moves the human heart,
 Can move us then to render one returning smile.
 We go forth, and then within the chambers
 Of our souls retire; still again go forth,
 But sadness follows. We stretch our vision
 Into future years—there all, all is dark;
 A dread, perhaps, of shadows—their meaning
 Quite unknown, chills like the sweat of death.
 Oh! there is naught like sadness. Afflictions
 Are nothing, cares, nor disappointed hopes,
 If sadness does not temper them.

Sadness! Too great a love, methinks, of life,
 And o'erweening fondness of earthly joys,
 With apprehensive fears, oft makes us sad.
 We hug the earth so closely to our hearts,
 That let the slightest adverse wind but bear
 It hence, it tears the very strings of life.
 We do not keep sufficient space between,
 Not to suffer from the shock. Happy
 Then the man who so lives above the world,
 And all its griefs, and petty strifes, and cares—
 As he for 's not its sudden joys—pluming
 With aims, and his joyous wings for heaven.

Troy, May 5, 1843.

S. E. L.

SKELETON FOUND.—A skeleton, apparently of a young man, was found on the ledge of a rock, near the margin of the Niagara, at the whirlpool, three miles below the falls, a few days since, together with a fowling piece which had the appearance of having lain there some six or eight years. No clue to its identity was discovered.

A youngster, named Pancake, committed suicide a short time since in McDonough county, Illinois, because a young lady had rejected his addresses. One of the jurors says the Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of "death by suicide."

ARTISAN WELL.—The quantity of water ejected by the artisan well at Grinnell, in twenty-four hours, has just been ascertained to be eighty-nine water inches. As water is paid for in Paris at the rate of 3000 francs the inch, the above quantity can bring in 712,000 francs a year, almost double what the boring of the well has cost.

PICTURE SALE.—The sale of Fisher's paintings, 76 in number, at Boston on Friday, brought \$3600. The prices were considered low.

NED WEAVIL AND HANNAH HARTSHORN.

BY CAPTAIN SLEEPER.

The good ship *True Blue*, heavily laden with West India produce, was wallowing along one night across the tail of the Newfoundland Bank, on a passage from Boston to Antwerp. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from the South West, and the light sails were taken in. Thick clouds obscured the stars; and at short intervals, showers of mist and fog swept across the decks of the ship. It was such a night as a landsman would pronounce odd, damp and dreary, and calculated to conjure up a legion of "blues" to bewilder the imagination, and destroy the comfort of any one but a light-hearted sailor.

It was in the middle watch. Old Ben Tompkins was at the wheel, and laboring hard to keep the head of the vessel due east; but she made a terrible crooked wake, and seemed obstinately inclined to go in every direction but the right one. Mr. Sheavehead, the first officer, was in the quarter deck, and whenever a flaw struck the ship, and she seemed inclined to take a broad sheer, he would gruffly admonish Ben to "steer small, and not let the ship cut such queer capers, like a stuck dolphin, or a monkey shot through the head." The remainder of the watch on deck, with their pea jackets gilt firmly around them, and old fashioned tarpaulins or south-westerns attached to their cocoon suits, were moving to and fro on the fore-castle, stamping their feet to keep them warm—humming some antiquated song—wondering what kind of weather would come next, or eagerly listening for the word, at the expiration of each half hour, to "strike the bell."

"You must know," said Ned Weevil, "that although I am a rough and ungainly looking object now, having met with many hard knocks and weathered many tough gales in the course of my life, I was once quite a good looking young man, and was fond of the society of the girls. My father was an honest farmer who resided in Cranberry village, in the interior of Massachusetts, and I was the eldest son. At an early age I was instructed in all the mysteries of chopping, hoeing, mowing, ploughing, taking care of stock, and other duties which devolve on a farmer; and at the age of twenty-one, I was able to cut as large a swath as any man within five miles—and at the raising of Deacon Jones's barn, when the wrestling ring was formed, I threw every man who could be brought against me. Well, a few days after this,—it was in the latter part of the month of November—my good mother, one day, taking an opportunity when we were alone, spoke to me something after this fashion:—'Ned, you are now grown to man's estate. You are a stout, well-grown lad, of steady and industrious habits, and, thanks to your father, know how to work. It is time for you to be looking out for a wife, for I am growing rather infirm, and work does not come so easy to me as it used to do. What do you say, Ned, should you like to be married?'"

"I was taken all aback at this plump question, and stammered out something in reply. I hardly knew what."

"Well, Ned," continued my mother, "I've been thinking for some weeks which of the girls in these parts would suit you best, and have come to the conclusion that Hannah Hartshorn will be the very demsel. You know her father, Ensign Hartshorn, don't you, Ned?"

"To be sure I do, mother," I replied, "and her brother Tom, too."

"Well, then, you've no objection to Hannah, of course. She's the prettiest girl in the parish, and although rather too fond of fun and frolic, is a smart and good girl, and will make you a capital wife."

Now I'd often looked at Hannah's pretty face in meeting, and took rather a fancy to her—and more than once had half resolved, when I saw her leaving the meeting house in the afternoon for home, to offer my services to see her safely hoisted—but I could not muster courage enough. Therefore I was not displeased with my mother's proposition, but I did not feel very confident of success, as I knew I was not the only young fellow that admired her.

"But mother," I replied, while I could feel that my face was as red as the jacket of a boiled lobster, "although I may have no objection to Hannah as a wife, it is by no means certain that Hannah will have me for a husband."

"O fiddle faddle," cried the good woman, "faint heart never won fair lady, and even if she should give you the 'mitten,' you'd be none the worse for it. But she's not such a fool as to throw away such a chance; she'll snap at you as a pickered snape at a frog."

"I hope she'll not serve me in the same way, mother," replied I, with a grin.

"Never you mind that, Ned; I dare say she will make a good and loving wife. And the sooner you get and see her the better. Indeed, there is no reason why you should not visit her this very night, and see how the land lies. Go, put yourself in decent order, and catch the 'old colt,' and before the sun goes down be on your way to Ensign Hartshorn's—I dare say the whole family will be glad to see you, and Hannah will be quite delighted."

"But, mother," I replied, quite astonished with the boldness of the proposition, "I should not know what to say—I should not like a fool; I would rather wait till next week, or—next month—or—"

"Fish—nonsense," said the good lady impatiently. "The sooner the matter is arranged, the better for all parties. While you are dilly dallying, some more enterprising young man may step in, and bear her off. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and I remember that last Sabbath, Colonel Deedle's son, Hiram, cast sheer's eyes at Hannah Hartshorn, which were very suspicious."

I found that my mother set her mind on this darling object, and

meeting with no serious obstacle on my part, would grant no reprieve—but was resolved that I should go a courting that very night—or, as she expressed it, "at once." I accordingly proceeded to select, with a certain degree of great mental agitation, to change my every day dress, for my go-to-meeting clothes. I put on my pepper-and-salt pantaloons, and although I had worn them on great occasions for three years, they were still almost as good as new, with the exception that my legs had increased some six inches in length, since the pantaloons were made, which gave the garment an odd and somewhat awkward appearance. I wore a fishy bandana around my neck, which constituted a portion of my enormous shirt collar—a graver article, for "dickies" were not known in those days—and over my dashing, striped, swan-down waistcoat, I threw my sky-blue coat—and after I had carefully combed my hair, and smoothed it down according to the latest fashion, with a tallow candle, I looked in the glass, and was tolerably well satisfied with my appearance. Thought I to myself—Hannah Hartsbush is a fellow about my size, she is not the sensible girl I have always believed her to be. She may go farther, and fare worse. The "old colt" was soon saddled. I shook hands with my mother, who bade me not to be afraid, but to keep up a good heart and behave like a man—mounted my steed, and departed on my expedition.

Ensign Hartsbush lived at the distance of five miles—and as I rode leisurely along the road, I had abundant time to reflect on the startling character of the expedition in which I had so suddenly embarked—and the more I reflected, the more I felt conscious that I should make a blunder, a complete blunder, of myself—and I would gladly have given up the project, or postponed it for a time, were it not for giving offense to my mother. Oh, how I wished that she would go with me, and take all the management of the affair in my hands, or at least give me some useful advice with regard to my conduct. She had already been through the mill, and knew how the business was done—and talked about it as glibly and as coolly as if the project was only to send me into the woods to gather a few sprigs of balm for a broom. But it could not be. Custom required me to go alone, and hew out my fortune as well as I could by myself.

And I tell you what it is, shipmate—it is a serious, an awful thing for a modest man to go a courting for the first time. It is a very pretty matter to talk about—but to talk and to do, are different things—and I never felt my head so light, and my heart so heavy, as when I was trotting off on the old colt to visit the Ensign's Hannah. I wished myself at the bottom of the frog pond before I reached the house—and when I found myself opposite the comfortable-looking old mansion, which then contained within its walls my chosen one, I could not summon the resolution to stop—but went forward at least a couple of miles further—and then returned slowly, step by step, like a thief going to the whipping-post. But by the time I again reached the dwelling, I had, by a great exertion, made up my mind to go in, and dare the consequence of looking in the face a pretty girl, and whispering in her ear tender things.

I hitched the colt to the horse-shoe nailed to the butter-nut tree at the end of the house, and went in at the front door, the heating in my bosom, for all the world like a partridge drumming behind a stump. I found the family coiled around the fire—the hearth was nicely swept, and everything looked as neat and comfortable as wax-work. The Ensign looked a little surprised at my entrance, but gave me a cordial grasp of the hand—and his good wife said she was delighted to see me. As for Tom, he grinned, and looked knowingly at Hannah, as he jocosely asked me what on earth led me to visit them that time of night! Hannah herself looked rather flustered, and I thought I had never seen her cheeks look so rosy—but she sat as stiff and upright in her chair as a martingale—said but little, and that was addressed to the children—and seemed as quiet and demure as a cat when silent on stealing cream. The old folks, however, were sociable enough—and I talked away as if for a wager, stirring such nonsense as I dare say about the weather, the late season, the crops, the fall of stock, the rise of hay and grain, &c. The Ensign and I agreed wonderfully for whatever he would say, I would repeat, and go forward on the same track. So by the time I had been half an hour in the house, I began to feel rather comfortable, and was inclined to think that it was not so terrible a thing to court Hannah Hartsbush as I expected.

But my agree returned when I saw the considerable old lady making preparations for leaving us together. The younger children were first sent off—and one of them, a saucy little girl, about eleven or twelve years old, as she was leaving the room, threw a knowing look, first at me, and then at Hannah, and burst into a laugh. The old lady frowned, Hannah blushed, and I felt more like a fool than ever. Tom, after some momentary winks from his mother, also disappeared—and the Ensign, after muttering something about being up late the night before, and having to rise bright and early the next morning, shuffled out of the room, and was soon after followed by his better half, who, as she left the apartment, gave me an encouraging, motherly smile, and then, thinking she was unwelcome, shyly shook her dumpty grin at her daughter.

Thus, at last we were left all alone together. I trembled in every limb, and I've no doubt looked as pale as a ghost. I felt at the time that I could rather have faced a grizzly bear in a cave on the Rocky Mountains, than have remained half an hour in that room, with no one present but the prettiest girl in the parish. I wished that my mother had been engaged in better business, when she talked me into the project of going a-courting. My first impulse after the sound of the closing of the door died away, and my mind and my heart seemed pinned to my chair, and could not rise—and there I sat for several minutes,

looking earnestly into the fire, which burned clear and brightly, and with the aid of a candle made of bayberry tallow, cast a cheerful light around the room. I wanted to say something, but I could neither find ideas nor words. At length, by a desperate effort, I raised my head slowly, and cast a sidelong glance at my charmer. There she sat, about three feet off, as firm and collected as if nothing extraordinary was taking place—but I thought she looked rather solemn and disappointed. I again directed my look to the fire, making an inward determination to say something soon, when we were both startled by a coal, which with a loud snap flew from the back log to the further corner of the room!

Hannah, affrighted, sprang from her chair with wondrous agility—but on seeing the cause of her alarm, quickly resumed her seat, remarking in rather a sarcastic tone, "well, that spark has got some life in him, say how."

This all, evidently intended for me, increased my confusion. I succeeded, however, in forcing a dismal "ha, ha!" coming in every limb the necessity of bringing the affair to a close, with wonderful temerity, hitched my chair sideways towards her. "Ha-a-nah," said I, in a faltering voice—"Ha-a-nah—Ha-a riskers!"

"Well, Mr. Weevil," replied she, rather poetically, "I hear you." This was a damper—nevertheless, as my courage was roused, and I had not fairly started, I determined to go on.

"Ha-a-nah," I—think—the old folks—were ve-ry kind—to go off—to—to bed—Don't y-o-u!"

Her only reply was a stare, which seemed to send an icicle, pointed with steel, right through my bosom. But as I had succeeded so well in getting out a few words, I was resolved to remain dumb no longer—and putting on a tender and dewy-off look, I continued—"Wh-a-d do y-o-u think the ve-ry folks, went off—to bed, and to e-f-u to go-to-ber for H-a-a-y?"

So far from responding in kind to my tender look and manner, her beautiful brow seemed slightly wrinkled by a frown, as she replied in a stately tone, "I suppose they went to bed to sleep—and I think the best thing that I can do is to follow their example—Hi-ho-hum!" and the provoking jade actually gaped in my face!

"Why, Hannah!" I replied in a faint voice, for my courage was ebbing at a rapid rate, "I came all the way from our house through the Green Lane, on the 'old colt,' to see you—and for no other earthly reason. And more than all that, mother said I might come."

"Your mother said so, did she!—Ha-ha-ha!" exclaimed my fair one, with a scornful laugh. "Oh, you are a good boy, and a bright one into the bargain. You shall have a wife when you are married!"

I was thunderstruck. A fearful shudder passed over my frame, for I saw that the sweet girl whom I had chosen for my bride, was actually making fun of me—and that, as my mother would have said, "my cake was all dough." I leaned back in my chair, and while my limbs shook, and my teeth chattered, I looked her impudently in the face, with a view to remonstrance against her incivility. Why, this girl, who had been called "H-a-a-nah," said I, in a hollow and dolorous tone—and it is possible that I might have said something more, when the chair, which was old and rickety, came down, and me in it, with a terrific crash!

This unlucky incident, and my wild looks, frightened the poor girl almost out of her wits. She jumped from her chair, screaming, "Oh! be's in a fit!" and seizing a large pitcher of water that was unfortunately on the table, dashed its chilling contents full in my face and bosom, and darted out of the room, crying aloud for help!

Her parents, on dishevelled, rushed in at one door, crying "What's the matter!"—and Tom entered at another, shouting "Where is the rascal? let me come at him!" just as I recovered from my consternation, and had extricated myself from the wreck, I made a run for the front window, threw it up, and darted through the aperture, with the minuetts of a harlequin—mounted the "old colt," who had been patiently standing beneath the tree all the time—and applying my heels to his sides, accompanied with sundry thumps, and jerks of the bridle, soon succeeded in urging him into a gallop down the green lane—but not before Tom, who had mistaken the cause of his sister's alarm, had rushed out at the front door, and, seizing a stone of goodly size, let it fly at my back with all his strength, exclaiming, "There, take that, you rascal! and may it teach you better manners in future!"

I reached home without meeting with any more adventures; but what with the cold bath administered by Hannah, and the rubbing down by Tom, and the excitement of the interesting occasion, combined with the disappointment of my hopes, and the mortification at my cavalier treatment from the village beauty, I was attacked the next day with a violent fever, which lasted more than a week—and before I recovered, the whole affair, through the malice of Tom, and perhaps of the fair maiden herself, got wild. I found that there would be no longer comfort for me in Cranberry Village, and packed up a few of my duds, and started off for Boston, shipped on board the first vessel I could find bound on a foreign voyage, and with the exception of a few visits to my native village some years afterwards, have stuck to the blue water ever since!

ADAM HORN GOT GIVEN UP.—Walter Slices, Esq., the Sheriff of Logan County, Ohio, who recently conferred with a requisition from the Government of the State for Adam Horn, also called the supposed murderer of his wife, returned from Annapolis this morning. He had an interview with Governor Thomas, but could not obtain permission to take the accused, who will, therefore, have to undergo a trial first for the offence alleged against him in Baltimore county. If he be not convicted here, he will be given up to the authorities of Ohio.—Baltimore Patriot, Friday.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

TEN DAYS LATER LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western arrived here yesterday morning, at 3 o'clock, making the voyage in twelve days and a half from Liverpool, the quickest ever made across the Atlantic to this port. Our files are to the 28th April inclusive, from which we make the following extracts.

Accessionment of Her Majesty's—Birth of a Princess.—At 5 minutes past 4 o'clock, A. M., of the 25th of April, the Queen was safely delivered of a Princess. The Queen on the previous day enjoyed her accustomed walk in the royal gardens of Kensington Palace, and took a short carriage ride during the afternoon. Her Majesty continued throughout the day and evening in her usual good health and spirits.

His Royal Highness, Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex, Uncle to Her Most Gracious Majesty, departed this life, at Kensington Palace, on the 21st of April, to the great grief of Her Majesty and all the Royal family.

The steamship Great Britain will be launched at Bristol in June. Prince Albert has consented to honor the city of Bristol with his presence on the occasion. She is intended to sail between Liverpool and New York.

Richard Arkwright, Esq., the richest commoner in Europe, died April 23d, at his seat in Derbyshire. He is supposed to have held more in every description of funds, than any other British subject. This is one of the sons of Sir Richard, the founder of the family. He lived in almost regal magnificence at Airedale Earth, near Matlock.

Extraordinary Emigration Bubble Scheme.—A most nefarious bubble scheme for fleecing poor emigrants has just been brought to light, which has excited extraordinary interest from the number of titled and other influential persons connected with it. It has been noticed in the House of Commons in strong and indignant terms by Lord Stanley, and has been elaborately discussed in the press.

Mrs. Wood alias Lady William Lennox.—The York (Eng.) Courant says that Mrs. Wood has not returned to her husband, but retired to a small secluded cottage near Bernay, where she intends to pass the remainder of her life, in order to devote herself to the duties of religion. Since her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, she has not acknowledged, and cannot recognise or consider Mr. Wood to her husband, the Romish Church not allowing of any divorce, and therefore considers herself in strict equity as Lady William Lennox, and under these circumstances can never again associate with Mr. Wood. She would not have left her convert but she could not be allowed to join the sisterhood so long as her husband survives.

The American Ship Hewes, Capt. Hensen, from New York to Hull, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands in the early part of April, and totally lost. The crew, with their clothes and property were saved.

The British boat *Dale*, from Liverpool to New Orleans, foundered at sea on the 7th April, 60 miles from Lisbon, crew saved.

Two more private banking houses have suspended payment. The one Messrs. Clarke & Co., of Leicester; the other Messrs. Inkerside & Goddard, of Market Harborough.

The Duke of Wellington completed his 74th year on the 1st inst.

The profits of the Bank of England from bank notes which have been lost or destroyed from the year 1694, to the present year, (one hundred and fifty years,) is stated to be £500,000.

A friend of the Church Missionary Society has just made a munificent donation to that institution of £6,000 consols, to enable it to commence a mission to China.

CHINESE RANSOM.—On Monday six wagons arrived at the Royal Mint with upwards of one million and a quarter dollars worth of \$500 silver, being the last moiety of the first instalment, namely, 5,000,000 dollars of the Chinese ransom; the silver, as on previous occasions, is packed in strong wooden boxes, bearing the official seal of Sir H. Pottinger.

In Covent-garden Market, strawberries are from 5s. to 8s. per ounce; pine apples, 2s. to 7s. per lb., and new potatoes, 4d. to 6d. per lb.

The great population of Ireland in 1841 appears to have been 8,175,273. The fair sex have a very considerable majority in each of the four provinces; and they number the entire island nearly 136,000 more than the males.

O'Connell is addressing large meetings in different parts of Ireland agitating his favorite measure of repeal.

The Guizo party is still in the ascendant in France.

The Princess Clemencia was married to the Prince Augustus Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, at St. Cloud on the 20th April, according to the strict formalities of the Church of Rome. His brother, Prince Albert, some four years ago, was married to the Queen of England according to the rubric of the Church of England.

The commissioners appointed to advise upon the most eligible means to be adopted for the abolition of slavery, have made a voluminous report. They defer complete abolition for a period of fifteen years, in order to acclimate the slaves to the atmosphere of freedom. During the first ten years certain privileges are to be granted to the slaves, who, at the expiration of that period, instead of being allowed to quit the service of their employers, as was the case in the English colonies, they are bound to serve their masters for the next five years.

An order has been issued to discharge all married seamen from the French Navy.

The King of Greece has applied to Russia for a loan. The Emperor replied that he had determined to make no more useless sacrifices for so insignificant a government.

The Emperor of Russia intends to visit Warsaw this summer, and administer the Government of Poland in person. It is said that he has become loathsome to unpopular.

Advises from Constantinople contain the final decision of Nicholas with regard to Syria. He requires the voluntary abdication of Prince Alexander, or his voluntary deposition by the Porte. If these terms were not complied with, the Russian Ambassador was to return home immediately.

In India matters remain comparatively tranquil. It was rumored that advices had been received from China which state that a speedy settlement of the tariff was expected.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Julia Bennett has made a successful debut at the Haymarket. The King of Prussia has presented to M. Meyerbeer, the composer, the gold medal awarded in Prussia to eminent men in the arts and sciences.

Sheridan Knowles's new play of "The Secretary" was produced at Drury-lane on Monday night; nothing could be more triumphant than its reception.

During the recent visit of Mr. Charles Keen to the Edinburgh Theatre-royal, the gross receipts amounted to £1,026 18s., from which he received £243 9s.

Mr. Wood has addressed a letter to the Wakefield Journal contradicting the statement of the York Courant that Mrs. Wood had not returned to her home at Woolley Moor.

Mr. Charles Keen is so seriously indisposed as to be unable to appear this season.

The head of the romantic schools in literature and music, M. M. Victor Hugo and Berlioz, have agreed to unite their talents in the production of a grand opera, for which the author of Notre Dame will supply the text, and the composer of the "Bleeding Nun" will furnish the music. A legend related in Victor Hugo's work on the Rhine is to be the subject of this new musical drama.

Mr. George Macfarlane, aged 54, the music composer, and editor of the *Musical World*, died suddenly at his residence, No. 3 Leicester st., on the afternoon of Monday last.

Amongst the recent accessions to the operatic talent which at present abounds in London, is the celebrated mezzo soprano, Mlle. Mosconi, whose success four years ago was of decided character.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's romance of "Night and Morning," has been adapted to the German stage by the popular dramatist Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, and produced, after much preparation, on the Leipzig stage.

Madame Grisi, at her Majesty's Theatre, made her re-appearance after her last season's sole and untoward absence from it, since her debut in 1834. She was herself again in "Norma," Countess de Follie, and Mademoiselle Moldini the *Adalgisa*.

Accident at the Reading Theatre.—A fearful, and we fear, fatal accident occurred on Wednesday last, at the Reading Theatre, during the performance of the "Pilot," in which Mr. Harrington, an American actor, was performing the part of *Long Tom Coffin*. It appears, in the scene near the end of the second act, where he was to present a pistol to *Captain Boroughcliff*, that it accidentally went off while Mr. Harrington was in the act of drawing it from his belt—and its contents were lodged in the lower part of the abdomen of the unfortunate man, making a frightful wound, through which his intestines protruded. The curtain was instantly dropped, and the poor injured man was conveyed without delay to the hospital, where every possible attention was paid to the emergency of the case: but he remains with little hope of recovery.

Liverpool Cotton Market, April 28.—Cotton has been in fair demand during the past week, but the market has uniformly had a dull and heavy appearance, and the lower and middling qualities of American must be considered pretty generally as $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. lower than on Friday last—the better classes are without change, but comparatively scarce. Long Staple Cotton is differentially at sale at former prices, and Egyptian are quite nominal at our quotations. The tendency of Surats is in favor of the buyer. The sales of the week amount to 36,130 bales, of which 5000 American have been taken for speculation, and 1200 American, 200 Perjams, 50 Marabams, and 450 Shiraz for export. The import of the week is 90,450 bales; 2000 Suez Island and 100 Stamed Ditto are declared for auction on Friday next.

ST. PATRICKSBURG, April 1.—The will of Baron von Stieglitz is dated in 1836. His property amounted at that time to 52,000,000 rubles banco, or about 17,000,000 Prussian dollars, (about £2,500,000 sterling), and has doubtless much increased since. The young Baron is here. 6,000,000 rubles banco are left to the daughter. The legacies are very small, and the son has increased some of them.

MILLER TABERNACLE IN HOWARD STREET.—This edifice was dedicated to the service of Almighty God with appropriate services yesterday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hawley officiating. Long before the hour for commencing, the building was crowded to suffocation. The services were solemn and affecting.—*Boston Times*, Friday.

THE KNIFE AT WORK.—Since the days of the French Revolution, decapitation has never been conducted with such rapidity and effect as was witnessed on Tuesday last, when the new City Government came into power. The way in which the heads dropped off would have been a study for a Turkish executioner. The appointed were numerous, but the disappointed were like a swarm of locusts, and lined the side walk in front of our office twelve deep. The particulars will be found in the political papers, with a list of the happy holders of the prizes.

EARTHQUAKE.—A Shock of an Earthquake was felt at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on the 19th ult. The Yarmouth Herald says:

"At low water, a little before dusk, on Tuesday evening, (18th) the tide suddenly rushed in, in the space of a few minutes, to the height of from five to seven feet, and immediately receded with equal rapidity, dragging some small craft from their moorings, and leaving the flats again bare. The whole took place in about twenty minutes. At Bunker's Island and the Cove we understand the water rose ten feet."

The following is an extract of a letter addressed to the Editor of the Yarmouth Herald:

"The schooner Bee, coming in from fishing, and arriving at the entrance of Cook's harbor, about 8 o'clock, P. M., it being low water, and there being little or no wind, and a smooth sea, was struck with dreadful shocks, being in said channel. All at once heard loud roaring of the tide coming in; the vessel shook with great violence, as if beating over large rocks. We expected her masts would go over, and that she would crack to pieces, and had great difficulty in keeping ourselves on deck. The tide rose about ten feet, and then went out in low water mark, leaving us high and dry at the top of the beach. We found her keel and rudder split, one of her masts started, and a great part of her cargo wrenched out."

THE FASHIONS.

Paris, Rue Chausse'e d'Antin, April 11, 1843.

Mon cher Monsieur,—In proportion as the winter recedes we see the appearance of bonnets of more delicate and fancy colours; I mean the description of head-dress which is meant to relieve the head from the heavy winter hats which have so long oppressed them. Some of the head-dresses I speak of from the atelier of Alexandreine are surrounded with several blades, which have much lightness and which give to the face a shade of softness quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed the effect of them. Their shape is slightly gathered, and is drawn a little towards the bottom as so not to interfere with the fashion of wearing the hair. The little *crêpe* hats now worn with a willow plume have much to recommend them, and afford to the wearer a very distinguished appearance. I assure you they are really a spring head-dress, and seem as if their destination were to glitter in an open car during the first fine days which give the tone and style to all our fashionable costumes. I must again quote Alexandreine, whose general taste is a guarantee for everything which emanates from her, and who is now preparing for the season *unnombre de* de *bonnets*, which she will finish according to the requirements of every description of toilette, with that tasteful innovation and artistic feeling which we are permitted to dilate upon though we must not reveal it. The costume *à la* is now giving way to the mantle, which is something resembling, or rather between, the mantle and the pelisse worn by our mothers; it is in fact resembles the trimmed mantle, forming a sort of scarf. There is some question how far robes trimmed at the sides are likely to continue in fashion. It would appear to me they will still be worn, inasmuch as they afford a means for the display of greater taste and greater elegance on the part of the wearer than can be lavished upon robes with single skirts. We have nothing new to observe on the subject of sleeves or corsets. For evening dresses, or in half dress, short sleeves are still commonly worn. But I should remark that of whatever stuff the robe may be composed, a lady must trim her short sleeves according to her taste with a simple fish, and must wear a little cap of tulle with game ribbons. In no case, short sleeves need a necessity in dress; they are a custom, and that is all that can be said for them. I think I may safely recommend the Turkish collars now worn of fishes or corals in Eastern dresses. It is difficult to find anything more elegant, more rich, or more distinguished than the turbans which are now worn. They, however, can hardly be called turbans—perhaps in strictness they have no right to be classed among them; they have a character which can never be confounded with the turbans usually encountered in Parisian fancies. We trust, however, that next we shall have no occasion for any further reservations, and that we shall be able to speak upon our fashions with something like an air of certainty.

HENRIETTE DE B.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE BANKRUPT LAW.—Judge Catron, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, has reversed the decision of Judge Wells, of the U. S. District Court, for the District of Missouri, from which an appeal was taken to the U. S. Circuit Court for the said District, thereby affirming the Constitutionality of the recent Bankrupt Act. It is understood that Judge Wells will conform his decisions in the numerous other cases pending before him, to the judgment of the Circuit Court.

ESCAPE OF A CONVICT FROM THE CITY PRISON.—A man named William Johnson, supposed to be a native of the State of Maine, who was a few days back convicted of burglary, breaking into the house of Thomas Jackson in Grand street, and was sentenced to the State prison for seven years, made his escape Sunday night from the City Prison, where he was detained till he should be sent to Sing Sing. The manner of his escape evinced more than ordinary ingenuity and perseverance. It appears that during the night he broke up his bunk, and bevelled the ends of two pieces of it in order to use them as pry-bars, and having with those turned his bed stand on the end, he climbed on it to the fan light, which is in the second tier, and pried it off.

The fan light is only 24 inches in length and five in depth, but by an almost incredible effort, considering the means he had to do it, he removed some heavy cast iron castings which were round the fan light, and thus enlarged the aperture a few inches more. He then slipped out a blanket and bed sucking in strips, and wound them into a strong rope, and having placed a slab from the brick through the ventilator which is over the fan light, he cast the rope over the slab, forced his person through the aperture and lowered himself to the yard, a height of 25 feet. He then climbed from that on an out-house, and from that to a wooden platform which runs round the prison, and from this he climbed up one of the ventilating pipes, to the top of the watch house cells, which front on the street. Here he again used his rope and lowered himself by it into the street.

Part of the prison had been recently whitewashed and not yet dry, and his foot, on which he had neither shoes or stockings, becoming beamed with the lime, left foot-marks of his progress in every part of it from his passage from the cell to the street. And these marks, and the remains of the rope, which he left behind him hanging from that part of the prison fronting Franklin street, indicated the manner of his escape. He has not been yet retaken.

GREAT FRESHET IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The St. John's river has risen an unusual height, and in many places has overflowed its banks and destroyed much property. The town of Sheffield and several other settlements on the river, were completely submerged about the 28th ult. In Fredericton, the water was within a couple of feet of overflowing the town, and rising. The freshet is said to be the greatest for the last forty years. The bridges over several of the small streams, both on the east and west sides of the river, have gone under the water. It is also stated that the bridge over the Armistock, which cost an immense sum of money, has also been swept away.

THE FRESHET.—We congratulate the Merchants, Shop-keepers and Household on the pier and along the docks, upon the probable abatement of the flood. Having been kept for three weeks from their places of business by continuous freshets, the pier and docks were visible this morning. The merchants and forwarders will soon be "at home," when business will resume its regular routine.—*Albany Evening Journal, Saturday.*

AWFUL ACCIDENT OF ALLEGHANY RIVER.—The Pittsburgh Sun of Saturday, has the following doubtful paragraph as first under its editorial head:—"At 11 o'clock last night, the steamboat Pulaski, on her trip to Frankfort, came in collision with the tugboat, and was cast adrift, and down through the hull, and knocking over her boilers. Mr. J. A. Stockton, who was on board the Pulaski, and from whom we received this account, states that eight or ten of the sufferers were brought to this city last night; how many are lost, he cannot say."

HOMICIDE.—A gentleman who came down in the cars last evening, informs us that a fatal affray took place near the ninety mile station on the Central Railroad, on Tuesday evening last, which resulted in the death of a Mr. Hubbard. It appeared that Mr. H. had some difficulty with a Mr. Goulding, and went in his house for the purpose of inflicting chastisement. Goulding, however, had prepared himself with a double-barrelled gun, with which he deliberately shot Hubbard as he approached his house.

MARRIED:

On Monday last, in Bridgeport, Conn. by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, Mr. William C. Ellison, to Miss Eliza C. Sterling.
On Saturday morning last, at the Church of the Ascension, by the Rev. G. T. Hobbs, Elizabeth Fleming to Angelina, daughter of the late John Stephens, Esq.—all of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Henry Chase, of New York, Mr. Joseph C. Fuller to Miss Eliza T. Clough, of Brooklyn.
In this city, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. P. Folsom, Joseph Mair to Margaret S., youngest daughter of the late Joshua Barnes, Esq., of East Chester, N. Y.

At Burlington, N. J., on the 2nd May, by the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, John C. Crager, Esq., of this city, to Euphemia White, youngest daughter of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany.

On the 12th inst., in the Methodist Episcopal church, by the Rev. Doct. J. M. Skinner, Mr. Thomas Lyndon Taylor of Rhode Island, to Miss Anne Satterlee of this city.

At Cedar Hill, Albany county, on Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Kinsman, Mr. Joshua Sweet to Mrs. Laura Garrett.

On the 6th of April, by the Rev. E. T. Tucker, Mr. Charles F. Mestayer to Miss Maria M. Pray, both of this city.

DIED:

On Saturday morning, at half-past 3 o'clock, at his residence, No. 361, Fulton street, General Jerrard Stillwell, in the 96th year of his age.

General Stillwell was a soldier in the Revolution, and took an active part in its great and glorious events.

On Friday evening, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs. Esther Haled, widow of the late Ezekiel Haled. Her end was peaceful—she died in the triumph of faith.

On Sabbath-morning, the 13th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Voorhis, consort of the late Henry Voorhis, in the 94th year of her age.

On Sunday, the 13th inst., James Waterfield, son of Thos. W. and Ephemia

AGRICULTURAL.

An article towards which attention may be turned is madder, of which it is said 5,000 tons are annually imported. This, however, being a plant of three years' growth, any advantage can be obtained from it, is not likely to engage much of the attention of our agriculturists.

The safflower and saffron, which have, perhaps, been confounded by many persons, are other articles of the dyestuffs which have sometimes been suggested as objects worthy of attention. The first of these yields a rich pink dye; but, for various reasons, it can hardly be much of an object to our farmers. Owing to its high price, the demand for saffron is much more than for the safflower.

The thus continues, or sumach, has also been recommended. Many thousand tons of this product are annually imported from Trieste. It is a perennial plant, and it is said might yield two crops in a year; and it is supposed that, as it bears a strong resemblance in many respects to sumach indigenous with us, it would succeed and be profitable.

The crops of the various roots, of peas, beans, &c., for animals as well as for vegetables for the table, are increasing. A new addition to these has been suggested in the hog-root, a species of the arum, and possessed of much nutritious matter of which wine especially are particularly fond.

Among other recommendations, have been mentioned its great productive, and that it is indigenous, being very abundant, especially in Virginia.

Cranberries abound in vast quantities in the moist prairies of Michigan, and some of the Western States. By means of a newly invented rake, very simple in its construction, and not expensive, 40 bushels may be gathered by one man in a day; and a cargo of 1,500 bushels have been sent to one of the Atlantic States, from the northern part of Indiana in a flat-bow, at one time. The price which this product often commands in markets of the cities along the Atlantic, varies from \$1.50 even up to \$2.50 or \$3.50 per bushel. They can be gathered at the West at an expense of not more than 50 cents per bushel. The duty on them in England is not more than two cents per gallon by direct trade. They may also be made to produce largely by cultivation. Sir Joseph Banks is said to have raised them at the rate of 460 bushels to the acre.

Ginseng is an indigenous product, and it is raised in large quantities at the West. This is an important article of export to China, and the amount sent out to that country within the last 12 or 15 months is said to be upwards of a million of dollars in value.

To the same country, also, now becoming particularly important to us by the additional facilities of commercial intercourse, large quantities of lead are also shipped. Last year, 3,000 tons, valued at \$350,000, were sent there from the West, in the year 1852. This, besides being a Western product, is intimately connected with the question of diversion from agricultural labour, that the mention of it in this place does not seem improper.

A new method of preserving eggs, by packing them in salt, with the small end downwards, and by which they have been kept perfectly good for eight or nine months, will, it is believed, enable the inhabitants of portions of our country to procure abundance, to many times the profit. Thousands of bushels may be sent off to the Atlantic markets. Great quantities are used in France; and as the duty on them in England is low, not two cents per dozen, they might bear exportation. They have been gathered and sold at the West as low as 90 cent the bushel; which, as a bushel contains 45 dozen, is but two cents per dozen.

COAL, LIME, AND IRON.—The great difficulty in making iron is the almost impossibility of finding lime, coal, and iron near together. Iron cannot be made without the three, and they are all so heavy, that it will not pay to make iron where a long carriage is necessary for any one of them. The riches of Staffordshire are taken from lime-stone being found under the castle at Dudley, in Worcestershire; but the coal and iron of Staffordshire by themselves, were of little value; the lump of lime-stone at Dudley, by itself, is worthless. A canal was cut, from the lime-stone into the thick bed of coal (ten yards thick in Staffordshire), under which is iron-stone, which the coal could not convert into iron without lime to flux it. This thick bed of coal, with iron underneath, sells for £1,000 per acre (that Mr. Atwood's sold to the British Iron Company was £2,000 per acre), so fast as the canal is cut into it. No attempt is made to use it away from the canal; as soon as it is worked out as far as the canal goes, the canal company finds it worth its while to cut it forward into the bed of coal, and thus the lime-stone at Dudley has produced an immense sum of money to its owner, the Lord Dudley and Ward. The coals and iron of Staffordshire have produced incomes which were never heard of until late years, and the Canal company have made a very profitable investment in bringing these heavy materials together.

JUSTICE STORY.—The May number of the Law Reporter notices the somewhat exaggerated accounts of this learned jurisprudent's ill health, which have of late appeared in print, and the statement that was about to sail for England in company with Dr. Sewall of Washington.—It is true, it seems, that the health of the learned judge has been very feeble during the winter, and he was unable to be at Washington at the late term of the Supreme Court. He did, at one time, under the advice of his physician, contemplate a visit to England, but it will be gratifying to all to be informed, that his health is now very much improved; so much so, that he has abandoned the idea of visiting England, at least for the present; although it is not probable that he will be able to resume his public duties at present.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.—The following interesting letter was read at the late meeting of the New York Historical Society. The President in introducing it said—

He had lately received from Mr. Cochran for the Society, an autograph letter of General Washington, which he should request the Secretary to read, as he thought it both interesting and valuable as showing the simplicity of his character, the inconvenience of the times when it was written, and the great economy of his style of living of the handsomest chief of the American armies. The Rev. Mr. Walters through whom it had come, rose to say that in intention it had been presented by Mr. Cochran to the Society thirty years ago, and it was entirely owing to accident that it had remained so long in his possession, and remarked that it was particularly interesting as being almost the only letter of a playful character which had been found among the papers of the Father of his country. The letter was then read by Mr. Jay, as follows:

West Point, August 16, 79.

Dear Doct.—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned—I will, it is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—and this they had occurred proof yesterday. To say how it is usually contrived is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon, to grace the head of the table—a piece of roast beef adorns the foot—and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this I presume he will attempt to do to-morrow) we have two beef steak pies, or dishes of crab in addition, and the side of the table the centre dish dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish about six feet, which without them, would be near twelve apart. Of late he has the surprising look to discover, that apples will make pyes, and its a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such extraneousments, and will submit to partake of it on plates—once fit but now iron—(not become so by the labour of scowering), I shall be happy to see them.

I am, dear Dr.

Your most obdt. servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The superscription is "Dr. Cochran, New Windsor."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—A man who is now confined in the New Bailey prison for desertion from the army, has recently been discovered to be heir to a property worth £100,000. Applications have been made to the Horse Guards to obtain his liberation from goal, that he may immediately come to the enjoyment of the riches which fortune has so unexpectedly showered into his lap. Since writing the above, we learn that his discharge arrived on Thursday, when he was set at liberty. His name is John Fitzroft, and he realised early in life into the Royal Horse Artillery. His discharge was bought for him many years ago, but he enlisted again, and had served till within 21 days of the period entitling him to his discharge, when some comrades having been paid off at Soerness, where his troop was then lying, he got into company with them, and under the influence of liquor, remained away from his quarters till his name appeared in the "Hue and Cry," as a deserter. Shrieking from the consequences of his indiscretion, he then came down to Manchester, under the name of Smith, and has been in Manchester six years, living part of the time in the barracks, as an officer's servant, without the fact of his being a deserter having transpired till about three weeks ago, when he was taken and committed to jail. The property was left by a grandfather, we understand, and a chance of his just respecting it terminated about a year ago in his favor. A cousin then set off in search of him; and though his journey was not attended with such extraordinary adventures as those of the Grecian youth, who voyaged in search of his father, yet it was a long and tedious one; and he travelled to almost every part of the three kingdoms in vain. He traced him to Manchester several times; but then the secret always failed, owing, no doubt, to the change of name. He was found at length through advertisements which appeared in the Manchester newspapers. He is a man very humble in his manners, and of little education; but an anecdote was told us, in connexion with his liberation from prison, which smacks a little of aristocratic feeling. On being led from his cell into the prison wardrobe, the turnkey handed over to him a suit of clothes, which he supposed to be the prisoner's own, in exchange for the prison dress which he then had on. Fitzroft, after examining them, said the clothes were not his. The turnkey referred to the book again, in which the prisoners' names and the situation of their clothes are entered, and observed, "Oh, I see, it is the wrong Fitzroft that I was looking at." "Have you another Fitzroft here, then?" enquired the prisoner. "Yes," was the reply, "I have one here for robbery." "Oh," resumed the prisoner, "is that another family, then—my not of our generation!" It is stated that £50,000 of the fortune will be paid to him in ready cash, and the remainder, in landed property, in the neighborhood of Ashton-under-Lyne, at Staleybridge.—Manchester Times

The freight of the Magdalen river has destroyed property at St. George, in mills, lumber, bridges, &c., to the amount of several thousand pounds.—Boston Merc. Journal.

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From the Times.

"The authorship of the new novel entitled *The Road* is positively attributed to Mr. E. L. Bulwer. Of the style and character of the work we have heard only in length, and now that we find the wonder of 'we write this book' is over, we suppose that the fifth edition (which is nearly ready) will be acknowledged by the author."

From the Morning Post.

We understood that Mr. Bulwer does not now deny the authorship of 'The Road.' No one imagined that it was by a novice in the business of book making; but we were not prepared to believe that it came from Bulwer because the character of the work is so entirely different from any of his former productions.

From the Weekly Messenger.

The novel called *The Road*, which has caused such gossiping in the daily press, is *Bulwer's*. The Morning Post wonders how that the authorship is planned an exclusive domestic romance; and this is a wonder which now abates "the nine days wonder" of the authorship.

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JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nouvelle tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "humsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-morning and unique epistles on men, women, and mixtures will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, AESTHETIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the crews of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annuals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall cull the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles con-

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn as the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

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And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

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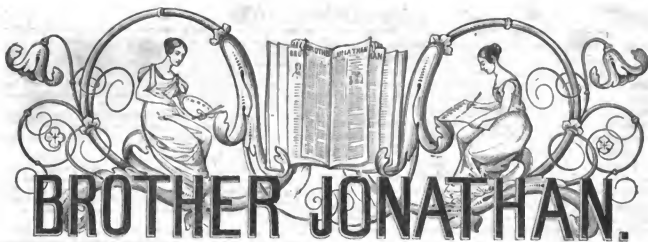
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VOL. V. NO. 3.

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 201.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.



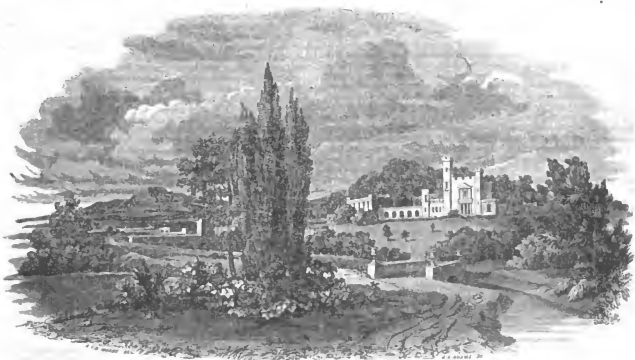
ARCHITECTURE, in this city and State, has, within the last fifteen years, undergone a great and important change. Before that time nearly all the buildings were designed by the carpenters and masons who constructed them, and the business of the architect was almost wholly unknown.

The City Hall, which is of the modern Venetian school, presents some science in its construction but has little claim to taste or elegance in its design. The staircase is, however, eminently beautiful, and is its only redeeming feature. Of the other buildings, erected more than fifteen years ago, St. Paul's steeple is worthy of note, and that of St. John's—the highest one we have—has some merit; but generally, the spires of the churches, as well as the buildings to which they are

attached, were made according to the dictates of an uncultivated taste. Within a short period, however, the science and the practice of the art have been planted, and have grown up among us. A few of its professors, after a thorough study of the classic models, and subsequent travels in Europe, struck out a new path—or rather the path trod by the Athenian architects two thousand years ago—and from this beginning, the art has revived and now bids fair to flourish.

The kindred arts have also revivied from the same causes, and the formation of beautiful landscapes has naturally followed the erection of tasteful villas and cottages. The engraving which follows, and which has been prepared to illustrate the subject of architecture and landscape, combined, will show the effect produced by the magic wand of Taste.

VIEW OF AN AMERICAN VILLA AND ORNAMENTED GROUNDS.



It is with nations as with individuals in the cultivation of taste. A man cannot learn to appreciate the nature and the beauties of one of the arts, without, in some measure, understanding or appreciating all the others. To become well acquainted with one of the Nine, a man must be on good terms with the whole family. Nor does this spring from any

compulsion. The knowledge of one of the beautiful Sisterhood, necessarily brings an inclination to know the others, and so close and so kindred is the association, that in the mind and heart of Genius they can never be wholly separated.

Our object in this and a few more articles, is to draw attention to the

subject of Architecture and the embellishment of grounds. In the city they are less associated than in the country. In the former, but little can be done for want of room, but in the latter fine building is thrown away without the judicious arrangement of the circumjacent grounds. Look at the accompanying engraving—what would be the effect if the villa were erected upon a bald and uninteresting scene? What if the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house, were cut up into cornfields, potato patches and cabbage plots? There would certainly be little of either the beautiful or picturesque.

Within the last few years, to which period we now confine our attention, the banks of the Hudson have been studded with gems of villas and cottages, and we can see by these as well as by the public buildings and private mansions of this city, that the march of *faste* is accelerating; and the time is not far distant when an American gentleman's villa and grounds will be held up to the world as a model of the perfection of beauty.

A large proportion of this improvement, so observable throughout our city and State, has been brought about by the unceasing exertions of **IRIEL TOWNS** and **ALEXANDER J. DAVIS**, to whose designs in villas, cottages, bridges and public buildings, we shall devote these articles.

They occupy a commodious suite of rooms (No. 93) in the Merchants' Exchange, Wall street, and possess the most valuable library in this country. A visit to their rooms would have more interest to any person of cultivated mind, than to any other place in the city. Whatever is rare or curious or valuable in books, can here be seen. Engravings the most exquisite, the most rare, by tens of thousands, are presented to the eye, and thousands of curious antiquities and rare articles of *art* will indulge the tastes of the Connoisseur. Added to all this, Messrs. Town & Davis are courteous and hospitable, and often see collected in their rooms of an evening, the most celebrated savans of the city.

Our next article will take up the designs and inventions of these gentlemen, illustrated by engravings done by the best artists of the city.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., (NO. 2.)
Continued from page 461. Vol. iv.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN BECOMES PARTICULAR IN HIS ATTENTIONS TO A CERTAIN LADY; AND MORE COMING EVENTS THAN ONE CAST THEIR SHADOWS AROUND THEM.

The family were within two or three days of their departure from Mrs. Todgers's, and the same gentleman went to a man dependent and not to be comforted, because of the approaching separation, when Bailey junior, at the joyful time of noon, presented himself before Miss Charity Pecksniff, and then sitting with her sister in the banquet chamber, hemming six new pocket-handkerchiefs for Mr. Jenkins; and having expressed a hope, preliminary and pious, that he might be lost, gave her, in his pleasant way, to understand that a visitor attended to pay his respects to her, and was at that moment waiting in the drawing-room. Perhaps this last announcement showed in a more striking point of view than many lengthened speeches could have done, the trustfulness and faith of Bailey's nature; since he had, in fact, lost the visitor upon the door-mat, where, after signifying to him that he would do well to go upstairs, he had left him to the guidance of his own sagacity. Hence it was at least an even chance that the visitor then wandering on the roof of the house, or vainly seeking to extricate himself from the maze of bedrooms; Todgers's being precisely that kind of establishment in which an unpolished stranger is pretty sure to find himself in some place where he least expects and least desires to be.

"A gentleman for me!" cried Charity, pausing in her work; "my gracious, Bailey!"

"Ah!" said Bailey. "It is my gracious, ain't it? Wouldn't I be gracious neither, nor if I was him!"

The remark was rendered somewhat obscure in itself, by reason (as the reader may have observed) of a redundancy of negatives; but accompanied by action expressive of a faithful couple wailing arm-in-arm towards a peevish church, mutually exchanging looks of love, it clearly signified this youth's conviction that the caller's purpose was of an amorous tendency. Miss Charity affected to reprove so great a liberty; but she could not help smiling. He was a strange boy to be sure. There was always some ground of probability and likelihood mingled with his absurd behaviour. That was the best of it.

"But I don't know any gentleman, Bailey," said Miss Pecksniff. "I think you must have made a mistake."

Mr. Bailey smiled at the extreme wildness of such a supposition; and regarded the young ladies with unimpaired affability.

"My dear Merry," said Charity, "who can it be? Isn't it odd? I have a great mind not to go to him really. So very strange you know!"

The younger sister plainly considered that this appeal had its origin in the pride of being called upon and asked for; and that it was intended on an assertion of superiority, and a retaliation upon her for having captured the commercial gentlemen. Therefore, she replied, with great affectation and politeness, that it was, no doubt, very strange indeed; and that she was totally at a loss to conceive what the ridiculous person unknown could mean by it.

"Quite impossible to divine!" said Charity, with some sharpness "though still, at the same time, you needn't be angry my dear."

"Thank you," returned Merry, singing at her needle. "I am quite aware of that, my love."

"I am afraid your head is turned, you silly thing," said Charity. "Do you know my dear," said Merry, with engaging candor, "that I have been afraid of that, myself, all along! So much increase and nonsense, and all the rest of it, is enough to turn a stronger head than mine. What a relief it must be for you, my dear, to be so very comfortable in that respect, and not to be worried by those odious men! How do you do it, Cherry?"

This artless inquiry might have led to turbulent results, but for the strong emotions of delight evinced by Bailey junior, whose relief in the turn the conversation had lately taken was so acute, that it impelled and forced him to the instantaneous performance of a dancing step, extremely difficult in its nature, and only to be achieved in a moment of ecstacy, which is commonly called *The Frog's Hornpipe*. A manifestation so lively, brought to their immediate recollection the great virtuous precept, "Keep up appearances whatever you do," in which they had been educated. They forbore at once, and jointly signified to Mr. Bailey that if he should presume to practice that figure any more in their presence, they would instantly acquaint Mr. Todgers with the fact, and would demand his punishment at the hands of that lady. The young gentleman having expressed the bitterness of his contrition by affecting to wipe away his scalding tears with his apron, and afterwards feigning to wring a vast amount of water from that garment, held the door open while Miss Charity passed out; and so that damsel went in state up stairs to receive her mysterious admirer.

By some strange concurrence of favourable circumstances he had found out the drawing-room, and was sitting there alone.

"Ah, cousin!" he said. "Here I am, you see. You thought I was lost. I'll be bound. Well! how do you find yourself by this time?"

Miss Charity replied that she was quite well, and gave Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit her hand.

"That's right," said Mr. Jonas, "and you've got over the fatigues of the journey, haven't you? I say—how's the other one?"

"My sister is very well, I believe," returned the young lady. "I have not heard her complain of any indisposition, sir. Perhaps you would like to see her, and ask her yourself!"

"No, no, cousin," said Mr. Jonas, sitting down beside her on the window-seat. "Don't be in a hurry. There's no occasion for that, you know. What a cruel girl you are!"

"It's impossible for you to know," said Charity, "whether I am or not."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Mr. Jonas. "I say—did you think I was lost? You haven't told me that."

"I didn't think at all about it," answered Charity.

"Didn't you, though?" said Jonas, pondering upon this strange reply.

"Did the other one?"

"I'm sure it's impossible for me to say what my sister may, or may not have thought on such a subject," cried Charity. "She never said anything to me about it, one way or other."

"Didn't she laugh about it?" inquired Jonas.

"No. She didn't even laugh about it," answered Charity.

"She's a terrible one to laugh, ain't she?" said Jonas, lowering his voice.

"She is very lively," said Charity.

"Liveliness is a pleasant thing—when it don't lead to spending money. Ain't it?" asked Mr. Jonas.

"Very much so, indeed," said Charity, with a demureness of manner that gave a very disinterested character to her assent.

"Such liveliness as yours I mean, you know," observed Mr. Jonas, as he nudged her with his elbow. "I should have come to see you before, but I didn't know where you was. How quick you hurried off, that morning!"

"I was amenable to my Papa's directions," said Miss Charity.

"I wish he had given me his direction," returned her cousin, "and then I should have found you out before. Why, I shouldn't have found you even now, if I hadn't met him in the street this morning. What a sleek, sly chap he is! Just like a tom-cat, ain't he?"

"I must trouble you to have the goodness to speak more respectfully of my Papa, Mr. Jonas," said Charity. "I can't allow such a tone as that, even in jest."

"Egad, you may say what you like of my father, then, and so I give you leave," said Jonas. "I think it's liquid aggravation that circulates through his veins, and not regular blood. How old should you think my father was, cousin?"

"Did, no doubt," replied Miss Charity, "but a fine old gentleman."

"A fine old gentleman!" repeated Mr. Jonas, giving the crown of his hat an angry knock. "Ah! it's time he was thinking of being drawn out a little finer too. Why, he's eighty!"

"Is he, indeed?" said the young lady.

"And ecod," cried Jonas, "now he's gone so far without giving in, I

don't see much to prevent his being ninety; no, nor even a hundred. Why, a man with any feeling ought to be ashamed of being eighty—let alone more. Where's his religion, I should like to know, when he goes flying in the face of it? But, like that! Three-score-and-ten's the mark; and no man with a conscience, and a proper sense of what's expected of him, has any business to live longer."

Is any one surprised at Mr. Jonas making such a reference to such a book for such a purpose? Does any one doubt the old saw, that the Devil (being a layman) quotes Scripture for his own ends? If he will take the trouble to look about him, he may find a greater number of confirmations of the fact, in the occurrence of any single day, than the steam-giao can discharge balls in a minute.

"But there's enough of my father," said Jonas; "it's of no use to go putting one's self out of the way by talking about him. I called to ask you to come and take a walk, cousin, and see some of the sights; and to come to our house afterwards, and have a bit of something. Pecksniff will most likely look in for me, evening, he says, and bring you home. See, here's his writing; I made him put it down this morning; when he told me he shouldn't be back before I came here; in case you wouldn't believe me. There's nothing like proof, is there? Ha, ho! I say—you'll bring the other one, you know!"

"Miss Charity cast her eyes upon her father's autograph, which merely said—"Go, my children, with your cousin. Let there be union among us when it is possible;" and after enough of invitation to impart a proper value to her consent, withdrew, to prepare her sister and herself for the excursion. She soon returned, accompanied by Miss Mercy, who was by no means pleased to leave the brilliant triumphs of Todgers's for the society of Mr. Jonas and his respected father.

"Ah! I!" cried Jonas. "There you are, are you?"

"Yes, fright," said Mercy; "here I am; and I would much rather be anywhere else, I assure you."

"You don't mean that," cried Mr. Jonas. "You can't, you know. It isn't possible."

"You can have what opinion you like, fright," retorted Mercy. "I am content to keep mine; and mine is that you are a very unpleasant, odious, disagreeable person." Here she laughed heartily, and seemed to enjoy herself very much.

"Oh, you're sharp gal!" said Mr. Jonas. "She's a regular tozer, ain't she, cousin?"

Miss Charity replied in effect, that she was unable to say what the habits and propensities of a regular tozer might be; and that even if she possessed such information, it would ill become her to admit the existence of any creature with such an unbecoming name, in her family; far less in the person of her sister, "whatever," said Charity, with an angry glance, "whatever her real nature may be."

"Well, my dear," said Mercy, "the only observation I have to make is, that if we don't go out at once, I shall certainly take my bonnet off again, and stay at home."

This threat had the desired effect of preventing any further altercation, for Mr. Jonas immediately proposed an adjournment, and the same being carried unanimously, they departed from the house straightway. On the door-step Mr. Jonas gave an arm to each cousin; and which act of gallantry being observed by Bailey junior, from the garret window, was by him saluted with a loud and violent fit of coughing, to which paroxysm he was still the victim when they turned the corner.

Mr. Jonas inquired in the first instance if they were good walkers, and being answered "Yes," submitted their pedestrian powers to a pretty severe test; for he showed them as many sights in the way of bridges, churches, streets, outside of theatres, and other free spectacles, in that one forenoon, as most people see in a twelvemonth. It was observable in this gentleman that he had an insurmountable distaste to the insides of buildings; and that he perfectly scorned with the exterior of all shows, in respect of which there was any charge for admission, which seemed were every one detestable, and of the very lowest grade of merit. He was so thoroughly possessed with this opinion, that when Miss Charity happened to mention the circumstance of their having been twice or thrice to the theatre with Mr. Jinkins and party, he inquired, as a matter of course, "where the orders came from?" and being told that Mr. Jinkins and party said, was beyond description entertained, observing that "they must be nice flats, certainly;" and often in the course of the walk, bursting out again into a perfect convulsion of laughter at the surpassing silliness of those gentlemen, and (doubtless) at his own superior wisdom.

When they had been out for some hours and were thoroughly fatigued, it being by that time twilight, Mr. Jonas intimated that he would show them one of the best pieces of fun with which he was acquainted. This joke was of a practical kind, and his humour lay in taking a hackney-coach to the extreme limits of possibility for a shilling. Happily it brought them to the place where Mr. Jonas dwelt, or the young ladies might have rather missed the point and cream of the jest.

The old-established firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son, Manchester Warehousemen, and so forth, had its place of business in a very narrow street somewhere behind the Post Office; where every house was in the brightest summer morning very gloomy; and where light porters watered the pavement, each before his own employer's premises, in fantastic patterns, in the dog-days; and where spruce gentlemen, with their hands in the pockets of symmetrical trousers, were always to be seen in warm weather contraposing their unbecomingly hoarse in dirty warehouse doorways, which appeared to be the hardest work they did, except now and then carrying pens behind their ears. A dim, dirty, smoky, tumble-

down, rotten old house it was, as anybody would desire to see; but there the firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son transacted all their business and their pleasure too, such as it was; for neither the young man nor the old had any other residence, or any care or thought beyond its narrow limits.

Business, as may be readily supposed, was the main thing in this establishment; inasmuch indeed that it shouldered comfort out of doors, and jostled the domestic arrangements at every turn. Thus in the miserable bed-rooms there were files of moth-eaten letters banging up against the walls; and linen rollers, and fragments of old patterns, and odds and ends of spoiled goods, strewn upon the ground; while the meagre bedsteads, "washed" stands, and scraps of carpets, were huddled away into corners as objects of secondary consideration, not to be thought of but as disagreeable necessities, furnishing no profit, and intruding on the one affair of life. The single setting-room was on the same principle, a chaos of boxes and old papers, and had more counting-house stools in than chairs; not to mention a great monster of the dead straddling over the middle of the floor, and an iron safe sunk into the wall above the fire-place. The solitary little table for purposes of reflection and social enjoyment, bore as fair a proportion to the desk and other business furniture, as the graces and harmless relaxations of life had ever done, in the persons of the old man and his son, to their pursuit of wealth. It was meanly laid out, now, for dinner; and in a chair before the fire, sat Anthony himself, who rose to greet his son and his fair cousin as they entered.

An ancient proverb warns us to expect the worst, and not to expect to find old heads upon young shoulders; to which it may be added that we seldom meet with that unusual combination, but we feel a strong desire to knock them off; merely from an inherent love we have of seeing things in their right places. It is not improbable that many men, in no wise choleric by nature, felt this impulse rising up within them, when they first made the acquaintance of Mr. Jonas; but as he had known him more intimately in his own house, and had sat with him at his own board, it would assuredly have been permanent to all other considerations.

"Well, ghost!" said Mr. Jonas, dutifully addressing his parent by that title. "Is dinner nearly ready?"

"I should think it was," rejoined the old man. "I should think it was, I want to know," said Anthony.

"Ah! I don't know for certain," said Anthony. "You don't know for certain," rejoined his son, in a lower tone. "No. You don't know anything for certain, you don't. Give me your candle here. I want it for the gas."

Anthony handed him a battered old office candlestick, with which Mr. Jonas preceded the young ladies to the nearest bedroom, where he then took them to take off their slippers and bonnets; and returning, occupied himself in opening a bottle of wine, sharpening the carving knife, and muttering compliments to his father, until they and the dinner appeared together. The repeat consisted of a hot leg of mutton, with greens and potatoes; and the dishes having been set upon the table by a slipshod old assistant, they were left to enjoy it after their own manner.

"Bachelor's Hall you know, cousin," said Mr. Jonas to Charity. "I say—the other one will be having a laugh at this when she gets home, won't she? Here; you sit on the right side of me, and I'll have her upon the left. Other one, will you come here?"

"You're such a fright," replied Mercy, "that I know I shall have no appetite if I sit so near you; but I suppose I must."

"An't she lively!" whispered Mr. Jonas to the elder sister, with his favourite elbow emphasis.

"Oh I really don't know!" replied Miss Pecksniff, tartly. "I am tired of being asked such ridiculous questions."

"What's that precious old father of mine about now?" said Mr. Jonas, seeing that the parties were travelling up and down the room, instead of taking his seat as usual. "What are you looking for?"

"I've lost my glasses, Jonas," said old Anthony.

"Sit down without your glasses, can't you?" returned his son. "You don't eat or drink out of 'em, I think; and where's that sleepy-headed old Chuffey got to? Now, stupid, Oh! you know your name, do you?"

It would seem that he didn't, for he didn't come until the father called. As he spoke, the door of a small office, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room, was slowly opened, and a little blue-eyed, waxen-faced, ancient man came creeping out. He was of a remote fashion, and dusty, like the rest of the furniture; he was dressed in a decayed suit of black, with breeches garnished at the knees with rusty wisps of ribbon, the very vapours of shoe-sticks; on the lower portion of his small, worn dingy worsted stockings of the same color. He looked as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and somebody had just found him in a lumber-closet.

Such as he was, he came slowly creeping on towards the table, until at last he crept into the vacant chair, from which, as his dim faculties became conscious of the presence of strangers, and those strangers ladies, he arose again, apparently intending to make a bow. But he sat down once more, without having made it, and breathing on his shrivelled face to warm them, remained with his poor blue nose immovably above his plate, looking at nothing, with eyes that saw nothing, and a face that meant nothing. Take him in that state, and he was an erudition of nothing. Nothing else.

"Our clerk," said Mr. Jonas, as host and master of the ceremonies: "Oh! Chuzzlewit!"

"Is he dead?" inquired one of the young ladies.

"No, I don't know that he is. He ain't dead, is he, father?"

"I never heard him say he was," replied the old man.

"Blind?" inquired the young ladies.

"N—no. I never understood that he was at all blind," said Jonas, earnestly. "You don't consider him so, do you, father?"

"Certainly not," replied Anthony.

"What is he, then?"

"Why, I'll tell you what he is," said Mr. Jonas, apart to the young ladies, "he's precious odd, for one thing; and I ain't about pleased with him for that, for I think my father must have caught it of him. He's a strange old chap, for another," he added, in a louder voice, "and I don't understand any man hardly, but him! He pointed to his honoured parent with the carving-knife, in order that they might know whom he meant."

"How very strange!" cried the sisters.

"Why, you see," said Mr. Jonas, "he's been adding his old brains with figures and book-keeping all his life; and twenty years ago or so he went and took a fever. All the time he was out of his head, (which was three weeks) he never left off cutting up; and he got to so many millions at least that I don't believe he's ever been going right since. We don't do much business now though, and he ain't a bad slerk."

"A very good one," said Anthony.

"Well! he ain't a dear one at all events," observed Jonas; "and he earns his salt, which is better for our look out. I was telling you that he hardly understands any more of our father; he always understands him though, and works up quite wonderful. He's been used to his ways so long, you see! Why, I've seen him play whist, with my father for a partner—and a good rubber too—when he had no more notion what sort of people he was playing against, than you have."

"Has he no appetite?" asked Mercy.

"Oh yes," said Jonas, plying his saw knife and fork very fast "he eats—when he's helped. But he don't care whether he wants a mousie or an ham, as long as father's here; so when I'm at all sharp set, as I am to day, I come to him after I've taken the edge off my own hunger, you know. Now, Chuffy, stupid, are you ready?"

Chuffy remained immovable.

"Always a perverse old fie, he was," said Mr. Jonas, coolly helping himself to another slice.

"Are you ready for your dinner, Chuffy?" asked the old man.

"Yes, yes," said Chuffy, lighting up into a sentient human creature at the first sound of the voice, so that it was at once a curious and quite a moving sight to see him. "Yes, yes. Quite ready, Mr. Chuzzlewit, quite ready, Sir. All ready, all ready, all ready." With that he stopped, smilingly, and listened for some further address; but being spoken to no more, the light forsook his face, by little and little, until he was nothing again.

"He'll be very disagreeable, mied," said Jonas, addressing his cousin, as he headed the old man's portion to his father. "He always chokes himself when it ain't brook. Look at him now! Did you ever see a horse with such a head as that? He's got it! If I had a horse like that, I wouldn't have let him come in to-day; but I thought he'd amuse you."

The poor old subject of this humane speech was, happily for himself, as unconscious of its purport as of most other remarks that were made in his presence. But the mutton being tough, and his gums weak, he quickly refuted the statement relative to his choking propensities, and underwent as much in his attempts to dine, that Mr. Jonas was infinitely amused—protesting that he had seldom seen him better company in all his life, and that he was enough to make a man split his sides with laughing. Indeed, he went so far as to assure the sisters that in this point of view he considered Chuffy superior to his own father; which, as he significantly added, was saying a great deal.

It was strange enough that Anthony Chuzzlewit, himself so old a man should take a pleasure in these gibes of his estimable son, at the expense of the poor shadow at their table. But he did, unquestionably; though not so much—to do him justice—with reference to their ancient clerk, as in exultation at the sharpness of Jonas. For the same reason, that young man's coarse allusions, even to himself, filled him with a stealthy glow; causing him to rub his hands and chuckle covertly, as if he said to his sleeve, "I taught him!—I trained him!—This is the bairn of my bringing on. Sly, cunning, and covetous, he'll not squander my money. I worked for this,—I hoped for this,—it has been the great end and aim of my life."

What a noble end and aim it was to contemplate in the attainment, truly! But there be some who manufacture idols after the fashion of themselves, and fall to worship when they are made; charging their deformity on outraged nature. Anthony was better than that, at any rate.

Chuffy goggled over his plate so long, that Mr. Jonas, losing patience, took it from him at last with his own hands, and requested his father to signify to that venerable person that he had better "peg away at his bread!" which Anthony did.

"Aye, aye!" cried the old man, brightening up as before, when this was communicated to him in the same vein; "quite right, quite right. He's your own son, Mr. Chuzzlewit! Bless him for a sharp lad! Bless him, bless him!"

Mr. Jonas considered this an particularly childish,—perhaps with some reason;—that he only laughed the more, and told his cousins that he was afraid of one of these fine days, Chuffy would be the death of him. The cloth was then removed, and the bottle of wine set upon the table, from which Mr. Jonas filled the young ladies' glasses, calling on them

not to spare it, as they might be certain there was plenty more where that came from. But, he added with some haste after this sally, that it was only his joke, and they wouldn't suppose him to be in earnest, he was sure.

"I shall drink," said Anthony, "to Pecksniff. Your father, my dears, a very clever man, Pecksniff! A warty man! A hypocrite, though, eh? A hypocrite, girls, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Well, so he is. Now, among friends—be it! I don't think the worse of him for that, unless it is that he overdoes it. You may overdo anything, my darlings. You may overdo even hypocrisy. Ask Jonas!"

"Yosens's odious taking care of yourself," observed that hopeful gentleman, with his mouth full.

"Do you hear that, my dears!" cried Anthony, quite enraptured.—"Wisdom, wisdom! A good exception, Jonas. No. It's not easy to overdo that."

"Except," whispered Mr. Jonas to his favorite cousin, "except when one lives too long. Ha, ha! Tell the other one that—I say!"

"I said Chuffy in a peevish manner. 'You can tell her yourself, if you wish, can't you?'"

"She seems to make such game of one," replied Mr. Jonas.

"Then why don't you trouble yourself about her?" said Charity. "I am sure she doesn't trouble herself much about you!"

"Don't she though?" asked Jonas.

"Good gracious man, need I tell you that she don't?" returned the young lady.

Mr. Jonas made no verbal rejoinder, but he glanced at Mercy with an odd expression in his face; and said that wouldn't break his heart, she might depend upon it. Thus he looked on Charity with even greater fervor than before, and besought her, as his polite manner was, "to come a little closer."

"There's another thing that's not easily overdone, father," remarked Jonas, after a short silence.

"What's that?" asked the father, grinning all over his antipiece.

"A bargain," said the son. "Here's the rule for bargains!—Do other men, for they would do you. That's the true business precept.—All others are counterfeits."

The delighted father applauded this sentiment to the echo; and was so much tickled by it, that he was at the pains of imparting the same to his ancient clerk, who rubbed his hands and nodded his palsied head, winked his watery eyes, and cried in his whistling tones, "Good I good! Your own son, Mr. Chuzzlewit!" with every feeble demonstration of delight that he was capable of making. But this old man's enthusiasm had the redoubtable quality of being felt in sympathy with the only creature to whom he was liked by ties of long association, and by his present helplessness. And if there had been anybody there, who cared to think about it, some drops of a better nature awakened, might perhaps have been desisted through that very medium, meanly though it was, yet lingering at the bottom of the worn-out cask, called Chuffy.

As the evening stood, nobody thought of saying to the subject; so Chuffy fell back into a dark corner on one side of the fire place, where he always spent his evenings, and was neither seen nor heard again that night; save once, when a cup of tea was given him, in which he was seen to soak his bread mechanically. There was no reason to suppose that he went to sleep at these seasons, or that he heard, or saw, or felt, or thought. He remained, as it were, frozen up—if any term expressive of such a vigorous process can be applied to him—until he was again thawed for the moment by a word or touch from Anthony.

Miss Charity made tea by desire of Mr. Jonas, and felt and looked so like the lady of the house, that she was in the prettiest confound imaginable; the more so from Mr. Jonas settling close beside her, and exhibiting a variety of admiring expressions in her ear. Miss Mercy, for her part, felt the entertainment of seeing to be so distinctly and exclusively theirs, that she silently deplored the commercial degeneracy of that moment, on doubt, wearying for her return—and yawned over yesterday's newspaper. As to Anthony, he went to sleep outright, so Jonas and Chuffy had a clear stage to themselves as long as they chose to keep possession of it.

This fine young man was taken away, as it was at last, Mr. Jonas produced a dirty pack of cards, and entertained the sisters with divers small feats of dexterity; whereof the main purpose of every one was, that you were to decoy somebody into laying a wager with you that you couldn't do it; and were then immediately to win and pocket his money. Mr. Jonas informed them that those accomplishments were in high vogue in the most intellectual circles, and that large amounts were constantly changing hands on such bets. And it may be remarked that he fully believed this; for there is a simplicity of cunning no less than a simplicity of innocence; and in all matters where a lively faith in knavery and meanness was required as the groundwork of belief, Mr. Jonas was one of the most credulous of men. His ignorance, which was stupendous, may be taken into account, if the reader pleases, separately.

This fine young man had all the inclination to be a prodigy of the first water, and only lacked the one good trait in the common catalogue of debauched vices—open-handedness—to be a notable vagabond. But there his gripping and penurious habits stepped in; and as one poison will sometimes neutralise another, when wholesome remedies would not avail, so he was restrained by a bad passion from quaffing his full measure of evil, who might have sought to blot him out with a single draught.

By the time he had snuffed all the peddling schemes he knew upon the cards, it was growing late in the evening; and Mr. Pecksniff not making his appearance, the young ladies expressed a wish to return

home. But this, Mr. Jonas, in his gellantry, would by no means allow, until they had paraked of some bread and cheese and porter; and even then he was excessively unwilling to allow them to depart; of aise beseeching Miss Charity to come a little closer, or to stop a little longer, and performing mannerly personal attention of that nature, in his own hospitable and earnest way. When all his efforts to detain them were fruitless, he put on his hat and great-coat preparatory to escorting them to Todgers; remarking that he knew they would rather walk thither than ride; and that for his part he was quite of their opinion.

"Good night," said Anthony. "Good night; remember me to—ha, ha, ha!—to Pecksniff. Take care of your cousin, my dears; beware of Jonas! he's a dangerous fellow. Don't quarrel for him, in any case."

"Oh, the creature!" cried Mercy. "The idea of quarrelling for him! You may take him Cherry, my love, all to yourself. I make you a present of my share."

"What! I'm a sour grape, am I, cousin?" said Jonas.

Miss Charity was more entertained by this repartee than one would have supposed likely, considering its advanced age and simple character. But in her slenderly effection she took Mr. Jonas to task for leaning so very hard upon a broken reed, and said that he must not be so cruel to poor Merry any more, or she (Charity) would positively be obliged to hate him. Mercy, who rarely had her share of good humor, only retorted with a laugh; and they walked home in consequence without any angry passages of the way. Mr. Jonas being in the middle, and having a cousin on each arm, some times squeezed the wrong one so tightly too, as to cause her not a little inconvenience; but as he talked to Charity in whispers the whole time, and paid her great attention, no doubt this was an accidental circumstance. When they arrived at Todgers, and the door was opened, Mercy broke hastily from them and ran up stairs; but Charity and Jonas lingered on the steps talking together for more than five minutes; so, as Mrs. Todgers observed next morning to a third party, "It was pretty clear what was going on there, and she was glad of it, for it really was high time Miss Pecksniff thought of settling."

And now the day was coming on, when that bright vision which had burst on Todgers so suddenly, and made sunshine in the shabby breast of Jinkins, was to be seen no more; when it was to be packed like a brown paper parcel, or a fish basket, or an oyster barrel, or a fat gentleman, or any other dull reality of life in a stage coach, and carried down into the country!

"Now, my dear Miss Pecksniff," said Mrs. Todgers, when they retired to rest on the last night of their stay, "never have I seen an establishment so perfectly broken-hearted as mine is at this present moment of time. I don't believe the gentlemen will be the gentlemen they were, or anything like it—no, not for weeks to come. You have a great deal to answer for; both of you."

They modestly disclaimed any wilful agency in this disastrous state of things and regretted it very much.

"Your pious Pa and I," said Mrs. Todgers. "There's a loss! My dear Miss Pecksniff, your Pa's a perfect missionary of peace and love."

Entertaining an uncertainty as to the particular kind of love supposed to be comprised in Mr. Pecksniff's mission, the young ladies received this compliment rather coldly.

"If I dared," said Mrs. Todgers, provoking this, "to violate a confidence which has been reposed in me, and to tell you why I must beg of you to leave the little doo between your room and mine open to-night, I think you would be interested. But I mustn't do it, for I promised Mr. Jinkins faithfully that I would be silent as the tomb."

"Dear Mrs. Todgers! what can you mean?"

"Why then, my sweet Miss Pecksniff," said the lady of the house; "my own loves, if you will allow me the privilege of forcing that freedom on the eve of separation, Mr. Jinkins and the gentlemen have made up a little musical party among themselves, and do intend in the dead of this night to perform a serenade upon the stairs out side the door. I could have wished, I own, said Mrs. Todgers, with her usual foresight, "that it had been fixed to take place an hour or two earlier; because, when gentlemen are up late, they drink, and when they do drink, they're not so musical, perhaps, as when they're sober. But this is the arrangement, and I know you will be gratified if my dear Miss Pecksniff, by such a mark of their attention."

The young ladies were at first so much excited by the news, that they very much they couldn't think of going to bed, until the serenade was over. But half an hour of cold waiting so altered their opinion that they were only just ready to bed, but fell asleep. The first of the youngest gentlemen charmed to be awakened sometime afterwards by certain doleful strains breaking in upon the silent watches of the night.

It was very affecting—very. Nothing more dismal could have been desired by the most fastidious taste. The gentlemen of a vocal turn were heard mutter, or sigh, or moan; Jinkins took the bass; and the rest too; anything they could get. The youngest gentleman, who had his melancholy into a fit. He did not blow much out of it, but that was all the better. If the two Miss Pecksniffs and Mrs. Todgers had perished by Spanish eels combustion, and the serenade had been in honor of their ashes, it would have been impossible to surpass the unutterable despair expressed in that one chorus, "Go where glory waits thee! It was a requiem, a dirge, a woe, a howl, a wail, a lament; an abstract of everything that is sorrowful and full of grief. The first of the youngest gentleman was wild and fierce. It came and went in gusts, like the wind. For a long time together he seemed to have left off, and when it was quite over by Mrs. Todgers and the young ladies, that, overcome by his feelings,

he had retired in tears, he unexpectedly turned up again at the very top of the tune, gasping for breath. He was a tremendous performer. There was no knowing where to have him; and exactly when you thought he was doing nothing at all, then he was doing the very thing that ought to astonish you most.

There were several of these concerted pieces; perhaps two or three too many, though that, as Mrs. Todgers said, was a fault on the right side. But even then, even at that solemn moment, when the thrilling sounds may be presumed to have penetrated into the very depths of his nature, if he had any depths, Jinkins couldn't leave the youngest gentleman alone. He asked him distinctly, before the second song began—as a personal favor too, mark the villanelle—the next to play. Yet he said so; not to play. The breathing of the youngest gentleman was heard through the keyhole of the door. He didn't play. What vest was a flute for the pavilion swelling up within his breast? A trombone would have been a more to mild.

The serenade approached its close. Its crowning interest was at hand. The gentleman of a literary turn written a song on the departure of the ladies, and adapted it to an old tune. They all joined, except the youngest gentleman in company, who, for the reasons aforesaid, maintained a faithful silence. The song (which was of a classical nature) invoked the oracle of Apollo, and demanded to know what would become of Todgers's when CHARITY and MERRY were banished from his walls. The music gradually withdrew to bed up give the music the effect of distance; and so it died away, and Todgers's was left to repose.

Mr. Bailey reserved his vocal offering until the morning, when he put his head into the room as the young ladies were kneeling before their trunks, packing up, and treated them to an imitation of the voice of a young dog, in trying circumstances: when that animal is supposed by some of a lively fancy, to relieve his feelings by collins for pen and ink.

All hail to the vessel of Pecksniff the steed!

And fervent breezes to fan!

While Tritons rock round it, and proudly admire

The architect, artist, and man!

As they presented this beautiful picture to the imagination, the gentlemen gradually withdrew to bed up give the music the effect of distance; and so it died away, and Todgers's was left to repose.

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"Well, young ladies," said the youth, "so you're going home, are you worse luck?"

"Yes, Bailey, we're going home," returned Mercy.

"A'ten you a going to leave some of 'em a lock of your hair?" inquired the youth, with a look of solicitude.

They laughed at this, and told him of course it was.

"O, is it of course though?" said Bailey. "I know better than that, Here's a't. Why, I see it hanging up once, on that nail by the window. Besides I've gone behind her at dinner-time and pulled it; and she never knew! I say, young ladies—I'm a going to leave. I an't a going to stand being called names by her, no longer."

Mr. Bailey enquired what his plan for the future might be; in reply to whom, Mr. Bailey intimated that he thought of going, either into tobacco, or into the army.

"Into the army?" cried the young ladies with a laugh.

"Ah! said Bailey, "why not? There's a money drummer in the Tower. I'm acquainted with 'em. Don't their country set a valley on 'em mind you? No, at all!"

"You'll be shot, I see," observed Mercy.

"Well!" cried Mr. Bailey, "what if I am! There's something gay in it, young ladies, an't they? I'll sooner be hit with a cannon-ball than a rolling pin, and a's a's always catching up something of that sort; and throwing it at me, when the gentlemen's appetites is good." "Wot," said Mr. Bailey, "stung by the recollection of his wrongs, 'wot, if they do can come the per perishes. It an't my fault, is it?"

"Surely no one says it is," said Mercy.

"Don't they though?" retorted the youth. "No. Yes. Ah! O! No one mayn't say it is; but some one knows it is. But I an't a going to have every crie in prices wisted on me. I an't a going to be silly because I'm a bit of a fellow. I won't stop. And therefore," added Mr. Bailey, relapsing into a smile, "whatever you want to give me, you'd better give me all at once, because if ever you come back again, I shan't be here; and as to the other boy, he won't deserve nothing I know."

The young ladies, on behalf of Mr. Pecksniff and themselves, acted on this thoughtful advice; and in consideration of their private friendship, presented Mr. Bailey with a gratuity so liberal, that he could hardly do Mr. Bailey, relapsing into a smile, "whatever you want to give me, you'd better give me all at once, because if ever you come back again, I shan't be here; and as to the other boy, he won't deserve nothing I know."

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Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Jinkins came home to dinner, arm-in-arm; for the latter gentleman had made half-holiday, on purpose; thus gaining

an immense advantage to the youngest gentleman and the rest, whose time it pervertedly changed, was all bespoken, until the evening. The bottle of wine was Mr. Pecksniff's treat, and they were very sociable indeed; though full of the sense of the use of parting. While they were in the midst of their enjoyment, old Anthony and his son were announced; much to the surprise of Mr. Pecksniff, and greatly to the discomfort of Jinkins.

"Come to say good bye, you see," said Anthony, in a low voice, to Mr. Pecksniff, as they took their seats apart at the table, while the rest conversed among themselves. "Where's the use of a division between you and me? We are the two halves of a pair of scissors, when apart, Pecksniff; but together we are something. Eh?"

"Unanimity, my good sir," rejoined Mr. Pecksniff, "is always delightful."

"I don't know about that," said the old man, "for there are some people I would rather differ from than agree with. But you know my opinion of you."

Mr. Pecksniff, still having "Hypocrite" in his mind, only replied by a motion of his head, which was something between an affirmative bow, and a negative shake.

"Complimentary," said Anthony. "Complimentary upon my word. It was an involuntary tribute to your abilities, even at the time; and it was not a time to suggest compliments either. But we agreed in the coach, you know, that we quite understood each other."

"Oh, quite!" assented Mr. Pecksniff, in a manner which implied that he himself was misunderstood most cruelly, but would not complain. Anthony glanced at his son as he sat beside Miss Charity, and then at Mr. Pecksniff, and then at his son again, many times. It happened that Mr. Pecksniff's glance took a similar direction; but when he became aware of it, he first cast down his eyes, and then raised them; as if he were determined that the old man should read nothing there.

"Jonas is a shrewd lad," said the old man.

"He appears," rejoined Mr. Pecksniff in his most candid manner, "to be very shrewd."

"And careful," said the old man.

"And careful, I have no doubt," returned Mr. Pecksniff.

"Lookye!" said Anthony in his ear. "I think he is sweet upon your daughter."

"Tut, my good sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, with his eyes still closed; "young people—young people—a kind of cousins, too—no more sweetness than in that, sir."

"Why, there is very little sweetness in that, according to our experience," returned Anthony. "Isn't there a trifle more here?"

"Impossible to say," rejoined Mr. Pecksniff. "Quite impossible! You surprise me."

"Yes, I know that," said the old man, dryly. "It may last; I mean the sweetness, not the surprise; and it may die off. Supposing it should last, perhaps (you having feathered your nest) very well, and I having done the very same) we might have a mutual interest in the matter."

Mr. Pecksniff, smiling gently, was about to speak, but Anthony stopped him.

"I know what you are going to say. It's quite unnecessary. You have never thought of this for a moment; and it is a point so nearly affecting the happiness of your dear child, you must not, as a tender father, express an opinion; and so forth. Yes, quite right. And I like you! But it seems to me, my dear Pecksniff," added Anthony, laying his hand upon his slave, "that if you and I kept up the joke of pretending not to see this, one of us might possibly be placed in a position of disadvantage; and as I am very unwilling to be that party myself, you will excuse my taking the liberty of putting the matter beyond a doubt, this early; and having it distinctly understood, as it is now, that we do see it, and do know it. Thank you for your attention. We are now upon an equal footing; which is agreeable to us both. I am sure."

He rose as he spoke; and giving Mr. Pecksniff a nod of intelligence, moved away from him to where the young people were sitting; leaving that good man somewhat puzzled and disconcerted by such very plain-dealing, and not quite free from a sense of having been foiled in the exercise of his familiar weapons.

But the night-coach had a punctual character, and it was time to join it at the office; which was so near at hand, that they had already sent their luggage, and arranged to walk. Thither the whole party repaired, therefore, after a moderate delay, and a puff for the equipages of the Miss Pecksniffs and Mrs. Todgers. They found the coach already at its starting-place, and the horses in; there, too, were a large majority of the commercial gentlemen, including the youngest, who was visibly agitated, and in a state of deep mental distress.

Nothing could equal the distress of Mrs. Todgers in parting from the young ladies, except the strong emotions with which she bade adieu to Mr. Pecksniff. Never surely was a pocket-handkerchief taken in and out of a flat reticule so often as Mrs. Todgers's was, as she stood upon the pavement by the coach door, supported on either side by a commercial gentleman; and by the light of the coach-lamps caught such brief snatches and glimpses of the good man's face, as the constant interposition of Mr. Jinkins allowed. For Jinkins, to the last the youngest gentleman's coach, he had in life been a coach-sporting man, and the ladies. Upon the other step was Mr. Jonas, who maintained that position in right of his cousinship; whereas the youngest gentleman who had been first upon the ground, was deep in the bookkeeping among the black and red placards, and the portraits of fast coaches, where he was

ignominiously harassed by porters, and had to contend and strive perpetually with heavy baggage. This false position, combined with his nervous excitement, brought about the very consummation and catastrophe for which, in the time of his parting, he had aimed—a flower—a hothouse flower, that had cost money—the fair hand of Mercy, it reached, instead, the coachman on the box, who thanked him kindly, and stuck it in his button-hole.

They were off now; and Todgers's was alone again. The two young ladies, leaning back in their separate corners, resigned themselves to their own regretful thoughts. But Mr. Pecksniff, dismissing all ephemeral considerations of social pleasure and enjoyment, concentrated his meditations on the one great virtuous purpose before him, of casting out that ingrate and doer, whose presence yet troubled his domestic hearth, and was a sacrifice upon the altars of the household gods.

CHAPTER XII.

WILL BE SEEN IN THE LONG RUN, IF NOT IN THE SHORT ONE, TO CONQUER MR. PINCH AND OTHERS, NEARLY. MR. PECKSNIFF ASSEKTS THE DIGNITY OF OUTRAGED VIRTUE; AND YOUNG MARTIN CHEZLEWIT FORMS A DESPERATE RESOLUTION.

Mr. Pinch and Martin, little dreaming of the stormy weather that impended, made themselves very comfortable in the Pecksniffan halls and improved their friendship daily. Martin's facility, both of invention and execution, being remarkable, the grammar-school proceeded with great vigor; and Tom repeatedly declared, that if there were anything like certainty in human affairs, or impartiality in human judgments, a design so new and full of merit could not fail to carry off the first prize when the time of competition arrived. Without being quite so sanguine himself, Martin had his hopeful anticipations too; and they served to make him brisk and eager at his task.

"If I should turn out a great architect, Tom," said the new pupil one day, as he stood at a little distance from his drawing, and eyed it with some complacency, "I'll tell you what should be one of the things I'd build."

"Aye!" cried Tom. "What?"

"Why, your fortune."

"No!" said Tom Pinch, quite as much delighted as if the thing were done. "Would you though? How kind of you to say so."

"I'd build it up, Tom," returned Martin, "on such a strong foundation, that it should last your life—aye, and your children's time, and their children's after them. I'd be your patron, Tom. I'd take you under my protection. Let me see the man who should give the cold shoulder to anybody I chose to protect and patronise, if I were at the top of the tree. Tom?"

"Now, I don't think," said Mr. Pinch, "upon my word, that I was ever more gratified than by this. I really thank you."

"Oh! I mean what I say," retorted Martin, with a manner as free and easy in his condescension to, not to say in his compassion for, the other, as if he were already First Architect in Ordinary to all the Crowned Heads in Europe. "I'd do it—I'd provide for you."

"I am afraid," said Tom, shaking his head, "that I should be a mighty awkward person to provide for."

"Pooh, pooh!" rejoined Martin. "Never mind that. If I took in my head to say, 'Pinch is a clever fellow; I approve of Pinch!' I should like to know the man who would venture to put himself in opposition to me. Besides, confound it Tom, you could be useful to me in a hundred ways."

"If I were not useful in one or two, it shouldn't be for want of trying," said Tom.

"For instance," pursued Martin, after a short reflection, "you'd be a capital fellow, now, to see that my ideas were properly carried out; and to overlook the works in their progress before they were sufficiently advanced to be very interesting to me, and to take all that sort of plain sailing. Then you'd be a splendid fellow to show people over my studio, and to talk about Art to 'em, when I couldn't bore myself and all that kind of thing. For it would be devilish creditable, Tom (I'm quite in earnest, I give you my word), to have a man of your information about one, instead of some ordinary blockhead. Oh, I'd take care of you. You'd be useful, my own idea!"

To say that Tom had no idea of playing first fiddle in any social orchestra, was always a quite satisfied to be set down for the hundred and fiftieth violin in the band, or thereabouts, is to express his modesty in very inadequate terms. He was much delighted, therefore, by these observations.

"I should be married to her then Tom, of course," said Martin.

What was that which checked Tom Pinch, so suddenly, in the high flow of his gladness, bringing the blood into his honest cheeks, and a remorseful feeling to his bosom heart, if he were unworthy of his friend's regard?

"I should be married to her then," said Martin, looking with a smile towards the light; "and we should have, I hope, children about us. They'd be very fond of you, Tom."

But not a word said Mr. Pinch. The words he would have uttered died upon his lips, and found a life more spiritual in self-denying thoughts.

"All the children hereabouts are fond of you, Tom, and mine would be, of course," pursued Martin. "Perhaps I might name one of 'em after you, Tom, eh? Well I don't know, Tom's not a bad name."

Thomas Pinch Chuzzlewit, T. P. C. on his pinfeathers—no objection to that I should say."

Tom cleared his throat, and smiled.

"She would like you, Tom, I know," said Martin.

"Aye!" cried Tom Pinch, faintly.

"I can tell exactly what she would think of you," said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking through the window glass as if he read there what she said: "I know her so well. She would smile Tom, often at first when you spoke to her, or when she looked at you—merrily too—but you wouldn't mind that. A brighter smile, you never saw."

"No, no," said Tom, "I wouldn't mind that."

"She would be tender with you, Tom," said Martin "as if you were a child yourself. So you are almost in some things, isn't you, Tom?"

Mr. Pinch nodded his entire assent.

"She would always be kind and good-humoured, and glad to see you," said Martin; "and when she found out exactly what sort of a fellow you were (which she'd do very soon), she would pretend to give you little commissions to execute, and to do little services of you, which she knew you were burning to render; so that when she really pleased you most, she would try to make you think you most pleased her. She would take to you uncommonly, Tom; and would understand you far more delicately than I ever shall; and would often say, I know, that you were a harmless, gentle, well-intentioned, good fellow."

How silent Tom Pinch stood!

"In honour of old times," said Martin, "and of her having heard you play the organ in this damp little church down here—for nothing too—we will have one to the house. I shall build an architectural music room on a plan of my own, and it'll look rather knowing in a recess at one end. There you shall play a day, Tom, till you tire yourself; and, as you like to do so in the evening, it shall be dark; and sunny the summer evening and I will sit and listen to you, Tom; be sure of that."

It may have required a stronger effort on Tom Pinch's part to leave the seat on which he sat, and shake his friend by both hands, with nothing but serenity and grateful feeling painted on his face; it may have required a stronger effort to perform this simple act with a pure heart, than to achieve many and many a deed to which the doubtful trumpet blown by Fame has lately resounded. Doubtful, because from his long hovering over scenes of violence, the smoken nod steam of death have clogged the keys of that brave instrument; and it is not always that its notes are either true or trueful.

"It's a proof of the kindness of human nature," said Tom, characteristically putting himself quite out of sight in the matter, "that everybody who comes here, and who is really kind, is more considerate and affectionate to me than I should have any right to hope, if I were the most sanguine creature in the world; or should have any power to express, if I were the most eloquent. It really overpowers me. But trust me," said Tom, "that I am not ungrateful—that I never forget—and that, if I can ever prove the truth of my words to you, I will."

"That's all right," observed Martin, leaning back in his chair with a hand in each pocket, and yawning distinctly. "Very fine talking, Tom; but I'm at Pecksniff's, I remember, and perhaps a mile or so out of the high road to fortune just at this minute. So you've heard again this morning from what's his name, eh?"

"Who may that be?" asked Tom, seeming to enter a mild protest on behalf of the dignity of an absent person.

"You know. What is it? Nuthink."

"Westlock," rejoined Tom, in rather a louder tone than usual.

"Ah! to be sure," said Martin. "Westlock. I knew it was something connected with a point of the compass and a door. Well! and what says Westlock?"

"Oh! he has come into his property," answered Tom, nodding his head, and smiling.

"He's a lucky dog," said Martin. "I wish it were mine instead. Is that all the mystery you were to tell me?"

"No," said Tom, "not all."

"What's the rest?" asked Martin.

"For the matter of that," said Tom, "it's all so mysterious, and you won't think much of it; but it's very pleasant to me. John always used to say when he was here, 'Mark my words, Pinch. When my father's executors cash up—he used strange expressions now and then, but that was his way.'"

"Cash up? a very good expression," observed Martin, "when other people don't apply it to you. Well!—What a slow fellow you are, Pinch!"

"Yes, I am I know," said Tom; "but you'll make me nervous if you tell me so. I'm afraid you have put me out a little now, for I forget what I was going to say."

"When John's father's executors cashed up?" said Martin impatiently.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," cried Tom; "yes. 'Then,' says John, 'I'll give you a dinner, Pinch, and come down to Salisbury on purpose.' Now, when John was here, one day—the morning Pecksniff left, you know—he said his business was on the point of being immediately settled, and as he was to receive his money directly, when could I meet him at Salisbury? I wrote and said, any day this week; and I told him besides, that there was a new pupil here, and what a fine fellow you were, and what friends we had become. Upon which John writes back this letter:—'Tom, proceed!—I'll face to-morrow; send his compliments to you; and begs that we three may have the pleasure of dining

together—not at the house where you and I were, either; but at the 'very first hotel' in the town. Read what he says."

"Very well," said Martin, glancing over it with his customary coolness; "much obliged to him. I'm agreeable."

Tom could have wished him to be a little more astonished, a little more pleased, or in some form or other a little more interested in such a treat upon his part. But he was perfectly self-possessed, and, falling into his favorite scheme of whistling, took another turn at the grammar-school, as if nothing at all had happened.

Mr. Pecksniff's horse being engaged in the light of a sacred animal, only to be driven by him, the chief priest of that temple, or by some person distinctly nominated for the time being to that high office by himself, the two young men agreed to walk to Salisbury; and so, when the time came, they set off on foot; which was after all, a better mode of travelling than in the gig, as the weather was very cold and very dry.

Better! a rare strong, hearty, healthy walk—four statute miles an hour—preferable to that remoting, tumbling, jolting, shaking, scraping, creaking, villanous old gig! Why, the two things will not admit of comparison. It is an insult to the walk, to set them side by side. Where is an instance of a gig having ever circulated a man's blood, unlesse where, putting him in danger of his neck, it awakened in his veins and in his ears, and all along his spine, a tingling heat, much more peculiar than agreeable? When did a gig ever sharpen anybody's wits and energies, unless it were when the horse bolted, and, crashing madly down a steep hill with a stone wall at the bottom, his desperate circumstances suggested to his only gentlemanly friend some novel and unheard-of mode of dropping out behind? Better than the gig!

The air was cold, Tom; so it was, there is no denying it; but would it have been more genial in the gig? The blacksmith's fire burned very bright, and leaped up high, as though it wanted men to warm; but would it have been less tempting, looked at from the clumsy emblems of a gig? The wind blew keenly, stripping the features of the sturdy who fought his way along; blinding him with his own hair if he had enough of it, and with wintry dust if he had; stopping his breath as though he had been soured in a cold bath; tearing aside his wrappings, and whistling in the very marrow of his bones; but it would have done all this a hundred times more fiercely to a man in a gig, wouldn't it?

A gig for the gig! When were travellers by wheels and hoofs seen with such red-hot cheeks as those? When were they so good-humoured and merrily bloomed? when did their laughter ring upon the air, as they turned round, what time the stronger gusts came sweeping on; and, facing round again as they passed by, dashed on in such a glow of ruddy health as nothing could keep pace with, but the high spirits it engendered in the gig? Why, here is a man in a gig coming the same way now. Look at him as he passes his whip into his left hand, clings his numbed right fingers on his granite leg, and beats those marble toes of his upon the footboard. Ha, ha, ha! Who would exchange this rapid hurry of the blood for poorer stagnant misery, though its pace were twenty miles to one?

Better than the gig! No mao in a gig could have such interest in the mistletoe. No mao in a gig could see, or feel, or think, like merry users of their legs. How, as the wind sweeps on, upon these breezy downs, it tracks its flight in darkening ripples on the grass, and smooth shadows on the hills! Look round and round upon this bare bleak plain, and see even here, upon a winter's day, how beautiful the shadows! Alas! it is the nature of their life to be so. The lowliest things in life, Tom, are but shadows; and they come and go, and change and fade away, as rapidly as these!

Another mile and thou begins a fall of snow, making the crowd who skims away so close above the ground to shirk the wind, a blot of ink upon the landscape. But though it drive and drifts against them as they walk, stifling on their skirts, and freezing in the folds of their eyes, they wouldn't have it fall more sparingly, no, not so much as by a single flake, although they had to go a score of miles. And, lo! the towers of the Old Cathedral rise before them, even now and bye and bye they come into the sheltered streets, made strangely silent by their white carpet; and so to the Inn for which they are bound; where they present such flushed and burning faces to the cold waiter, and are so beneficent of view, that he almost feels assaulted by their presence; and, having nothing to oppose to the attack (being fresh, or rather stale, from the blasting fire in the coffee-room), is quite put out of his pale countenance.

A famous Inn! the hall a very grove of dead cane, and the dining room of mutton; and in one corner an illustrious leader, with glass down, developing cold feet and noble joints, and tarts wherein the rascals are amply withdrawn itself, as such a precious creature should, behind a little work of pastry. And behold, on the first floor, at the court end of the house, in a room with all the window-curtains drawn, a fine filled hall way up the chimney, plates warming before it wax candles gleaming everywhere, and a table ready for those with wine and glass, except for thirty—John Westlock; not the old John of Pecksniff's, but a younger gentleman looking another and a grander person, with the consciousness of being his own master and having money in the bank; not just one of those respects the old John too, for he seized Tom Pinch by both his hands the instant he appeared, and fairly hugged him, in his cordial welcome.

"And this," said John, "is Mr. Chuzzlewit. I am very glad to see him, and he has an off-hand manner of his own; so they shock hands warmly, and were fitted in no time."

"Stand off a moment, Tom," cried the old pupil, laying one hand on each of Mr. Pinch's shoulders, and holding him out at arm's length—"Let me look at you! Just the same! Not a bit changed!"

"Why, it's not so very long ago, you know," said Tom Pinch, "after all."

"It seems an age to me," cried John; "and so it ought to seem to you, you dog." And then he pushed Tom down into the easiest chair, and clasped him on the back so heartily, and so like his old self in their old bed room at old Pecksniff's that it was a *twas-up* with Tom Pinch whether he should laugh or cry. Laughter won it; and they all three laughed together.

"I have ordered everything for dinner, that we need to say we'd have, Tom," observed John Westlock.

"No!" said Tom Pinch. "Have you?"

"Everything. Don't laugh, if you can help it, before the waiters. I couldn't when I was ordering it. It's like a dream."

John was wrong there, because nobody ever dreamed such soup as he put upon the table directly afterwards; or such fish; or such side-dishes; or such a top and bottom; or such a course of birds and sweets; or in short anything approaching the reality of that entertainment at ten-and-sixpence ahead, exclusive of wines. As to them the man who can dream such leech champagne, such claret, port or sherry, had better go to bed and stop there.

But perhaps the least feature of the banquet was that nobody was half so much amazed by everything as John himself, who, in his high delight, was constantly bursting into fits of laughter, and then endeavoring to appear preternaturally solemn, lest the waiters should conceive he wasn't used to it. Some of the things they brought him to carve, were such outrageous practical jokes, though, that it was impossible to stand it; and when Tom Pinch insisted, in spite of the deferential advice of an attendant, not only of breaking down the outer wall of a raised pie with a tablespoon, but on trying to eat it afterwards, John lost all dignity, and sat behind the gorgeous dish cover at the head of the table, roaring to that extent that he was audible in the kitchen. Nor had he the least objection to laugh at himself, as he demonstrated when they had all three gathered round the fire, and the dessert was on the table; at which point the head waiter inquired with respectful solicitude whether that port, being a light and airy wine, was suited to his taste, or whether he would wish to try a fully port with greater body. To this John gravely answered, that he was well satisfied with what he had, which he esteemed as one might say, a pretty dry vintage; for which the waiter thanked him and withdrew. And then John told his friends with a broad grin, that he supposed it was all right, but he didn't know; and went off into a perfect swoon.

They were very merry and full of enjoyment the whole time, but not the least pleasant part of the festival was, when they all three sat about the fire, cracking nuts, drinking wine, talking cheerfully. It happened that Tom Pinch had a word to say to his friend, the organist's assistant, and he inserted his head corner for a few minutes at this season, lest it should grow too late; leaving the other two young men together.

They drank his health in his absence, of course; and John Westlock, took that opportunity of saying, that he had never had even a peevish word with Tom during the whole term of their residence in Mr. Pecksniff's house. This naturally led him to dwell upon Tom's character, and to hint that Mr. Pecksniff understood it pretty well. He only hinted this and very distantly; knowing that it pained Tom Pinch to have that gentleman disparaged, and thinking it would be as well to leave the new pupil to his own discoveries.

"Yes," said Martin. "It's impossible to like Pinch better than I do, or to do greater justice to his good qualities. He's the most willing fellow I ever saw."

"He's rather too willing," observed John, who was quick in observation. "It's quite a fault in him."

"So it is," said Martin. "Very true. There was a fellow only a week or so ago—a Mr. Tug—who borrowed all the money he had, on a promise to repay it in a few days. It was but half a sovereign, to be sure; but it's well it was so more, for I'll have seen it again."

"Poor fellow!" said John, who had been very attentive to these few words. "Perhaps you have not had an opportunity of observing that, in his own pecuniary transactions, Tom's proud."

"You don't say so? No, I haven't. What do you mean? Won't he borrow?"

John Westlock shook his head.

"That's very odd," said Martin, setting down his empty glass. "He's a strange compound, to be sure."

"As to receiving money as a gift, resumed John Westlock; "I think he'd die first."

"He's made up of simplicity," said Martin. "Help yourself."

"You, however," pursued John, filling his own glass, and looking at his companion with some curiosity, "who are older than the majority of Mr. Pecksniff's assistants, and have evidently had much more experience understand him, I have no doubt, and see how liable he is to be imposed upon."

"Certainly," said Martin, stretching out his legs, and holding his wine between his eye and the light. "Mr. Pecksniff knows that too. So do his daughters. Eh?"

John Westlock smiled, but made no answer.

"By the bye," said Martin, "that reminds me. What's your opinion of Pecksniff? How did he use you? What do you think of him now?—Coolly, you know, when it's all over?"

"Ask Pinch," returned the old pupil. "He knows what my sentiments used to be upon his subject. They are not changed, I assure you."

"No, no," said Martin. "I'd rather have them from you."

"But Pinch says they are unjust," urged John with a smile.

"Oh! I will. Don't I know what course they take beforehand," said Martin; "and, therefore, you can have an delicacy in asking plainly. Don't mind me. I beg. I don't like him, I tell you frankly. I am with him because it happens from particular circumstances to suit my convenience. I have some ability, I believe, in that way; and the obligation, if any, must likely be on his side and not mine. At the lowest mark, the balance will be even and there'll be no obligation at all. So you may talk to me, as if I had no connection with him."

"If you press me to give my opinion," returned John Westlock.

"Yes, I do," said Martin. "You'll oblige me."

"I should say," resumed the other, "that he is the most consummate scoundrel on the face of the earth."

"Oh!" said Martin, as coolly as ever. "That's rather strong."

"But stronger than he deserves," said John; "and if he called upon me to express my opinion of him to his face, I would do so in the very same terms, without the least qualification. His treatment of Pinch is in itself enough to justify them; but when I look back upon the five years I passed in that house, and remember the hypocrisy, the knavery, the meanness, the false pretences, the lip service of that fellow, and his trading in reality simoniacs for the very worst realities; when I remember how often I was the witness of all this, and how often I was made a kind of party to it, by the fact of being there, with him for my teacher; I swear to you, that I almost despise myself."

Martin drained his glass, and looked at the fire.

"I don't mean to say, that is a right feeling," pursued John Westlock, "because it was no fault of mine; and I can quite understand—you, for instance, fully appreciating him, and yet being forced by circumstances to remain there. I tell you simply what my feeling is; and even now, when, as you say, it's all over; and when I have the satisfaction of knowing that he always hated me, and we always quarrelled, and I always told him my mind; even now, I feel sorry that I didn't yield to an impulse I often had, as a boy, of running away from him and going abroad."

"Why abroad?" asked Martin, turning his eyes upon the speaker.

"In search," replied John Westlock, shrugging his shoulders, "of the livelihood I couldn't have earned at his. There would have been something spirited in that. But, come—fill your glass, and let us forget him."

"As soon as you please," said Martin. "In reference to myself and my connection with him, I have only to repeat what I said before. I have taken my own way with him so far, and shall continue to do so, even more than ever; for the fact is—to tell you the truth—that I believe he looks to me to supply his defects, and couldn't afford to lose me. I had a notion of that, in the first going there. Your health?"

"That's all right," returned young Westlock. "Yours. And may the new pupil turn out as well as you can desire?"

"What new pupil?"

"The fortunate youth, born under an auspicious star," returned John Westlock, laughing; "whose parents or guardians, are destined to be hooked by the advertisement. What! don't you know that he has advertised again?"

"No."

"Oh, yes. I read it just before dinner in the old newspaper. I know it to be his; having some reason to remember the style. Hush! here's Pinch. Strange, is it not, that the more he likes Pecksniff (if he can like him better than he does), the greater reason one has to like him? Not a word more, or we shall spoil his whole enjoyment."

Tom entered as the words were spoken, with a radiant smile upon his face; and rubbing his hands, more from a sense of delight than because he was cold (for he had been running fast), sat down in his warm corner again, and was as happy as—as only Tom Pinch could be. There is no other smile that will express his state of mind.

"And so," he said, when he had gazed at his friend for some time in silent pleasure, "so you really are a gentleman at last, John. Well, to be sure."

"Trying to be, Tom; trying to be," he rejoined good-humouredly. "There is no saying what I may turn out in time."

"I suppose you wouldn't carry your own box to the mail now," said Tom Pinch, smiling; "although you lost it altogether by not taking it."

"Wouldn't I?" returned John. "That's all you know about it, Pinch. It must be a very heavy box that I wouldn't carry to get away from Pecksniff's, Tom."

"There?" cried Pinch, turning to Martin. "I told you so. The great fault in his character is his injustice to Pecksniff. You must mind a word he says on the subject. His prejudice is most extraordinary."

"The absence of anything like prejudice on Tom's part, you know," said John Westlock, laughing heartily, as he laid his hand on Mr. Pinch's shoulder, "is perfectly wonderful. If one man ever had a profound knowledge of another, and saw him in a true light, and in his own proper colors Tom has that knowledge of Mr. Pecksniff."

"Why do you say I have?" cried Tom. "That's exactly what I have so often said to you. If you knew him as well as I do—John, I'd give almost any money to bring that about—you'd admire, respect, and reverence him. You couldn't help it. Oh, how you wounded his feelings when you went away!"

"If I had known whereabouts his feelings lay," retorted young Westlock, "I'd have done my best, Tom, with that end in view, you may depend upon it. But as I couldn't wound him in what he has not, and in what he knows nothing of, except in his ability to probe them to the quick, in other people, I am afraid I can lay no claim to your complicity."

"Mr. Pinch, being unwilling to preterit a discussion which might possibly corrupt Martin, forbore to say anything in reply to this speech; but John Westlock, whom nothing short of an iron gag would have silenced when Mr. Pecksniff's merits were once in question, continued notwithstanding.

"His feelings! Oh, he's a tender-hearted man. His feelings! Oh, he's a considerate, conscientious, self-examining, moral vagabond, he is! His feelings! Oh!—what's the matter Tom?"

Mr. Pinch was by this time erect upon the hearth-rug, buttoning his coat with great energy.

"I can't bear it," said Tom, shaking his head. "No. I really cannot. You must excuse me, John. I have a great esteem and friendship for you; I love you very much; and have been perfectly charmed and overjoyed to day, to find you just the same as ever; but I cannot listen to this."

"Why, it's my old way, Tom: and you say yourself that you are glad to find me unchanged."

"Not in this respect," said Tom Pinch. "You must excuse me, John. I cannot, really; I will not. It's very wrong; you should be more guarded in your expressions. It was bad enough when you and I used to be alone together, but under existing circumstances, I can't endure it, really. No. I cannot, indeed."

"You are quite right!" exclaimed the other, exchanging looks with Martin; "and I am quite wrong, Tom. I don't know how the deuce we fell on this unlucky theme. I beg your pardon with all my heart."

"You have a free and manly temper, I know," said Pinch; "and therefore, your being so ungenerous in this one solitary instance, only grieves me the more. It's not my pardon you have to ask, John. You have done me nothing but kindnesses."

"Well! Pecksniff's pardon, then," said young Westlock. "Anything Tom, or anybody. Pecksniff's pardon—will that do? Here! let us drink Pecksniff's health!"

"Thank you, Tom, shaking hands with him eagerly, and filling a bumper. "Thank you; I'll drink it with all my heart, John. Mr. Pecksniff's health, and prosperity to him!"

John Westlock echoed the sentiment, or nearly so; for he drank Mr. Pecksniff's health, and something to him—but what, was not quite audible. The general animosity being then completely restored, they drew their chairs closer round the fire, and conversed in perfect harmony and enjoyment until bed-time.

No slight circumstance, perhaps, could have better illustrated the difference of character, between John Westlock and Martin Chuzzlewit, than the manner in which each of the young men contemplated Tom Pinch, after the little rupture just described. There was a certain amount of jealousy in the looks of both, no doubt, but there all the resemblance ceased. The old pupil could not do enough to show Tom how cordially he felt towards him, and his friendly regard seemed of a graver and more thoughtful kind than before. The new one, on the other hand, had no impulse but to laugh at the recollection of Tom's extreme absurdity; and mingled with his amusement there was something slighting and contemptuous, indicative, as it appeared, of his opinion that Mr. Pinch was much too far gone in simplicity, to be admitted as the friend, on serious and equal terms, of any rational man.

John Westlock, who did nothing by halves, if he could help it, had provided beds for his two guests in the hotel; and after a very happy evening, they retired. Mr. Pinch was sitting on the side of his bed, with his cravat and shawl off, ruminating on the manifold good qualities of his old friend, when he was interrupted by a knock at his chamber door, and the voice of John himself.

"You're not asleep yet, are you, Tom?"

"Bless you, no! I was thinking of you," replied Tom, opening the door. "Come in."

"I am not going to detain you," said John; "but I have forgotten all the evening a little commission I took upon myself; and I am afraid I may forget it again if I fail to discharge it at once. You know a Mr. Tigg, Tom, I believe?"

"Tigg!" cried Tom. "Tigg! The gentleman who borrowed some money of me?"

"Exactly," said John Westlock. "He begged me to present his compliments, and to return it with many thanks. Here it is. I suppose it's a good one, but he's rather a doubtful kind of customer, Tom."

Mr. Pinch received the little piece of gold, with a face whose brightness might have shamed the metal; and he said he had no fear about that. He was glad, he said, to find Mr. Tigg so prompt and honourable in his dealings; very glad.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Tom," replied his friend, "he is not always so. If you'll take my advice, you'll avoid him as much as you can, in the event of your encountering him again. And by no means, Tom—pray bear this in mind, for I am very serious—by no means lend him money any more."

"Aye, aye!" said Tom, with his eyes wide open.

"He is very far from being a reputable acquaintance," returned young Westlock; "and the more you let him know you think so, the better for you, Tom."

"I say, John," quoth Mr. Pinch, as his countenance fell, and he shook his head in a dejected manner, "I hope you're not getting into bad company."

"No, no," he replied laughing. "Don't be uneasy on that score." "Oh, but you are uneasy," said Tom Pinch; "I can't help it, when I hear you talking in that way. If Mr. Tigg is what you describe him to be, you have no business to know him, John. You may laugh, but I don't consider it by any means a laughing matter, I assure you."

"No, no," returned his friend, composing his features. "Quite right. It is not, certainly."

"You know, John," said Mr. Pinch, "your very nature and kindness of heart make you so thoughtful; and you can't be too careful on such a point as this. Upon my word, if I thought you were falling among bad companions, I should be quite wretched, for I know how difficult you would find it to shake them off. I would much rather have lost this money, John, than I would have had it back again on such terms."

"I tell you, my dear, good old fellow," cried his friend, shaking him to and fro with both hands, and smiling at him with a cheerful, open countenance, that would have carried conviction to a mind much more suspicious than Tom's; "I tell you there is no danger."

"Well!" cried Tom, "I am glad to hear it; I am overjoyed to hear it. I am sure there is not, when you say so in that manner. You won't take it ill, John, that I said what I did just now?"

"I said the other, giving his hand a hearty squeeze: "why, what do you think I am made of? Mr. Tigg is not on such an intimate footing that you need be at all uneasy; I give you my solemn assurance of that, Tom. You are quite comfortable now!"

"Quite," said Tom.

"Then, once more, good night!"

"Good night!" cried Tom; "and such pleasant dreams to you, as should extend the sleep of the best fellow in the world!"

"Except Pecksniff," said his friend, stopping at the door for a moment, and looking gaily back.

"Except Pecksniff," answered Tom, with great gravity—"of course."

And thus they parted for the night; John Westlock full of light-heartedness and good humour; and poor Tom Pinch quite satisfied, though, as he turned over on his side in bed, he murmured to himself, "I really do wish, for all that, though, that he wasn't acquainted with Mr. Tigg!"

They breakfasted together very early next morning, for the two young men desired to get back again to work season; and John Westlock was to return to London by the coach that day. As he had some hours to spare, he went down to the office, and was completely astonished to find himself parted from them at last in sheer necessity. The putting was an unusually heavy one, not only as between him and Tom Pinch, but on the side of Martin also, who had found in the old pupil a very different sort of person from the milkop he had prepared himself to expect.

Young Westlock stopped upon a rising ground, when he had gone a little way from London back to the city, and was looking at a brick house, and Tom appeared to be talking earnestly. Martin had taken off his great coat, the wind being now behind them, and carried it upon his arm. As he looked, he saw Tom relieve him of it, after a faint resistance, and, throwing it upon his own, encumber himself with the weight of both. This trivial incident impressed the old pupil mightily, for he stood there, gazing after them, until they were hidden from his view; when he shook his head, at it he were troubled by some uneasy reflection, and thoughtfully retraced his steps to Salisbury.

In the meantime, Martin and Tom pursued their way until they halted, safe and sound, at Mr. Pecksniff's house, where a brief epistle from that good gentleman to Mr. Pinch, announced the family's return by that night's coach. As it would save the trouble of waiting at a brick house at six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Pecksniff requested that the gig might be at a waiting at the finger-post about that time, together with a cart for the luggage. And to the end that he might be received with the greater honour, the young men agreed to rise early, and be upon the spot themselves.

It was the best cheerful day they had yet passed together. Martin was out of spirits and out of humour, and took every opportunity of comparing his condition and prospects with those of young Westlock; much to his own disadvantage always. This mood of his depressed Tom; and neither that morning's parting, nor yesterday's dinner, helped to mend the matter. So the hours dragged on heavily enough; and they were glad to go to bed early.

The next morning so glad to get up again at half-past four o'clock, in all the shivering discomfort of a dark winter's morning; but they turned out punctually, and were at the finger post full half an hour before the appointed time. It was not by any means a lively morning, for the sky was black and cloudy, and it rained hard; but Martin said there was some satisfaction in seeing that brute of a horse (by this he meant Mr. Pecksniff's Arab steed) getting so wet; and that he rejected on this account that it rained so fast. From this it may be inferred that Martin's spirits had not improved, as indeed they had not; for while he and Mr. Pinch stood waiting under a hedge, looking at the rain, the gig, the cart, and its reckless driver, he did nothing but grumble; and, but that it was indispensable to any dispute that there should be two parties to it, he would certainly have picked a quarrel with Tom. At least the noise of wheels was faintly audible in the distance, and presently the coach came splashing through the mud and mire, and one miserable out-of-door passenger crouching down among wet straw, under a saturated umbrella; and the coachmen, guard, and horses, in a follow-

ship of dripping wretchedness. Immediately on its stopping, Mr. Pecksniff let down the window-glass and hailed Tom Pinch.

"Dear me, Mr. Pinch! Is it possible that you are out upon this very inclement morning?"

"Yes, sir," cried Tom, advancing eagerly, "Mr. Chuzzlewitz and I, sir—"

"Oh!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking, not so much at Martin as on the spot where he stood. "Oh! Indeed! Do me the favour to see to the trunks, if you please, Mr. Pinch."

Then Mr. Pecksniff descended, and helped his daughters to alight; but neither he nor the young ladies took the slightest notice of Martin, who had advanced to offer his assistance, but was repulsed by Mr. Pecksniff's standing immediately before his person, with his back towards him. In the same manner, and in profound silence, Mr. Pecksniff handed his daughters into the gig; and following himself and taking the reins, drove off home.

Lost in astonishment, Martin stood staring at the coach; and when the coach had driven away, at Mr. Pinch and the luggage; until the cart moved off too; when he said to Tom—

"Now, will you have the goodness to tell me what this portends?"

"What?" asked Tom.

"That fellow's behaviour—Mr. Pecksniff! I mean. You saw it?"

"No. Indeed I did not," cried Tom. "I was busy with the trunks."

"It's no matter," said Martin. "Come! Let us make haste back."

And without another word he started off at such a pace that Tom had some difficulty in keeping up with him.

He had no care now how he went, but walked through little heaps of mud and little pools of water, with the utmost indifference; looking straight before him, and sometimes laughing in a strange manner within himself. Tom felt that anything he could say would only render him the more obstinate, and therefore trusted to Mr. Pecksniff's manner when they reached the house, to remove the mistaken impression under which he felt convinced so great a favourite as the new pupil must unquestionably be labouring. But he was not a little amazed himself, when they did reach it, and entered the parlour where Mr. Pecksniff was sitting alone before the fire, drinking some hot tea, to find that instead of taking favourable notice of his relative, and keeping him, Mr. Pinch, in the background, he did exactly the reverse, and was so lavish in his attention to Tom, that he was thoroughly confounded.

"Take some tea, Mr. Pinch—take some tea," said Pecksniff, stirring the fire. "You must be very cold and damp. Pray take some tea, and come to a warm place, Mr. Pinch."

Tom saw that Martin looked at Mr. Pecksniff as though he could have easily found it in his heart to give him an invitation to a very warm place; but he was quite silent, and standing opposite that gentleman at the table, regarded him attentively.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pinch," said Pecksniff. "Take a chair, if you please. How have things gone on in our absence, Mr. Pinch?"

"You—you will be very much pleased with the grammar-school, sir," said Tom. "It's nearly finished."

"If you will have the goodness, Mr. Pinch," said Pecksniff, waving his hand and smiling, "we will not discuss anything connected with that question at present. What have you been doing, Thomas, humph?"

Mr. Pinch looked from master to pupil, and from pupil to master, and was so perplexed and dumfounded, that he wanted presence of mind to answer the question. In this awkward interval, Mr. Pecksniff (who was perfectly conscious of Martin's gaze, though he had never once glanced towards him) poked the fire very much, and when he couldn't do that any more, drank tea assiduously.

"Now, Mr. Pecksniff," said Martin at last, in a very quiet voice, "if you have sufficiently refreshed and recovered yourself, I shall be glad to hear what you mean by this treatment of me."

"And what," said Pecksniff, turning his eyes on Tom Pinch, even more placidly and gently than before—"what have you been doing, Thomas, humph?"

When he repeated this inquiry, he looked round the walls of the room as if he were curious to see whether any nails had been left there by accident in former times.

Tom was almost at his wits' end, and what to say between the two, and had already made a gesture as if he would call Mr. Pecksniff's attention to the gentleman who had last addressed him, when Martin saved him further trouble by doing so himself.

"Mr. Pecksniff," he said, softly rapping the table twice or thrice, and moving a step or two nearer, so that he could have touched him with his hand; "you heard what I said just now. Do me the favour to reply, if you please. I ask you—"he raised his voice a little here—"what mean you by this?"

"I will talk to you, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff in a severe voice, as he looked at him for the first time, "presently."

"You are very obliging," returned Martin; "presently will not do. I must trouble you to talk to me at once."

Mr. Pecksniff made a feint of being deeply interested in his pocket-book, but it shook in his hands; he trembled so.

"Now," retorted Martin, rapping the table again. "Now. Presently will not do. Now!"

"Do you threaten me, sir?" cried Mr. Pecksniff.

Martin looked at him, and made no answer; but a curious observer might have detected an ominous twitching at his mouth, and perhaps an involuntary attraction of his right hand in the direction of Mr. Pecksniff's cravat.

"I lament to be obliged to say, sir," resumed Mr. Pecksniff, "that it would be quite in keeping with your character if you did threaten me. You have deceived me. You have imposed upon a nature which you knew to be confiding and unsuspicious. You have obtained admission, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, rising, "to this house, on perverted statements, and on false pretences."

"Go on," said Martin, with a scornful smile. "I understand you now. What more?"

"Thus much more, sir," cried Mr. Pecksniff, trembling from head to foot, and trying to rub his hands, as though he were only cold. "Thus much more, if you force me to publish your shame before a third party, which I was unwilling and indisposed to do. This lowly *fo*, sir, must not be contaminated by the presence of one, who has deceived, and cruelly deceived, an honourable beloved, venerated, and venerable gentleman; and who wisely suppressed that deceit from me when he sought my protection and favour, knowing that humble as I am, I am an honest man, seeking to do my duty in this carnal universe, and setting my face against all vice and treachery. I weep for your depravity, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, "I mourn over your corruption, I pity your voluntary withdrawal of yourself from the flowery paths of purity and peace; here he attacked himself upon his breast, or moral garden; "but I cannot have a leper and a serpent for an inmate. Go forth," said Mr. Pecksniff, stretching out his hand; "go forth, young man! Like all who know you, I renounce you!"

With what intention Martin made a stride forward at these words, it is impossible to say. It is enough to know that Tom Pinch caught him in his arms, and that at the same moment Mr. Pecksniff tumbled back so hastily, that he missed his footing, tumbled over a chair, and fell in a sitting posture on the ground; when he remained without an effort to get up again, with his head in a corner; perhaps considering it the safest place.

"Let me go, Pinch!" cried Martin, shaking him away. "Why do you hold me? Do you think a blow would make him a more abject creature than he is? Do you think that if I spat upon him, I could degrade him to a lower level than his own? Look at him. Look at him, Pinch!"

Mr. Pinch involuntarily did so. Mr. Pecksniff sitting, as has been already mentioned, on the carpet, with his head in an acute angle of the wainscot, and all the damage and detriment of an uncomfortable journey about him, was not exactly a model of the man as he appeared, and dignified in man, certainly. Still he was Pecksniff; it was impossible to deprive him of that unique and paramount appeal to Tom. And he returned Tom's glance, as if he would have said, "Aye, Mr. Pinch, look at me! Here I am! You know what the Poet says about an honest man; and an honest man is one of the few great works that can be seen for nothing! Look at me!"

"I tell you," said Martin, "that as he lies there, disgraced, bought, used; a cloth for dirty hands; a mat for dirty feet; a lying, fawning, servile hound; be he the very last and worst among the vermin of the world. And mark me, Pinch. The day will come—he knows it; see it written on his face, the while I speak—when even you will find him out, and will know him as I do, and as he knows I do. He renounce me! Cast your eyes on the besoutherned, Pinch, of all the wisdom for the rectification!"

He pointed at him as he spoke, with unutterable contempt, and flinging his hat upon his head, walked from the room and from the house.

He went so rapidly that he was already clear of the village, when he heard Tom Pinch calling breathlessly after him in the distance.

"Well! what now?" he said, when Tom came up.

"Dear, dear!" cried Tom, "are you going?"

"Going!" he echoed. "Going!"

"I didn't so much mean that, as were you going now at once—in this bad weather—on foot—without your clothes—with no money?" cried Tom.

"Yes," he answered stornly. "I am."

"And where?" cried Tom. "Oh where will you go?"

"I don't know," he said—"Yes I do. I'll go to America!"

"No, no," said Tom, in a kind tone, "be as wise for the rectification!"

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"Going!" he echoed. "Going!"

"I didn't so much mean that, as were you going now at once—in this bad weather—on foot—without your clothes—with no money?" cried Tom.

"Yes," he answered stornly. "I am."

"And where?" cried Tom. "Oh where will you go?"

"I don't know," he said—"Yes I do. I'll go to America!"

"No, no," said Tom, in a kind tone, "be as wise for the rectification!"

He pointed at him as he spoke, with unutterable contempt, and flinging his hat upon his head, walked from the room and from the house.

He went so rapidly that he was already clear of the village, when he heard Tom Pinch calling breathlessly after him in the distance.

"Well! what now?" he said, when Tom came up.

"Dear, dear!" cried Tom, "are you going?"

"Going!" he echoed. "Going!"

"I didn't so much mean that, as were you going now at once—in this bad weather—on foot—without your clothes—with no money?" cried Tom.

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THE AIDE-DE-CAMP'S STORY.

On the night previous to our entering Moscow I saw in my General's tent pursuing my new recreation of *Aide-de-camp*; suddenly we heard in the neighborhood a loud altercation between some soldiery, interrupted at intervals by the voice of a female imploring to be set at liberty. The party now approached us, whom a non-commissioned officer of cavalry entered the tent, and presented to the General a female, whom he represented to have been captured in a neighboring castle while he was engaged in a foraging excursion. He further stated that the remaining inmates of the mansion, about thirty in number, having opposed the entrance of his dragoons, were put to the sword, with the exception of three who fled; previous to which, however, agreeably to the general system throughout the country, they contrived to fire the castle.

The General, after listening to the narrative, now and then glancing his eyes upon his fair prisoner, dismissed the troopers with promises of reward, reserving, however, his beautiful captive to himself.

After the departure of the soldiers, we remained alone in mute observation of each other. The beautiful captive stood in one corner of the room; and although she strove to conceal her features from our admiring gaze, on a first coup d'œil, she struck us as possessing handsome and most elegant features. Her arms were folded across her bosom; and while contemplating her, she stood before me all the beauty of a weeping Niobe, robes in her delicate modesty, the tears glittering in her beautiful dark eyes, while now and then her bosom heaved with painful emotions, from a consciousness of her forlorn situation—in the power of an absolute chieftain—and that chieftain the enemy of her country.

My position may be more easily imagined than described, considering I had seen nothing in the shape of woman for an age. To be smiling and unmoved of this fair, helpless creature was the work of a moment; and I only regretted my not being in the position of the General, and could, under any circumstances, very well dispense with my aide-de-campship. Soldiering was now at a discount with me, while all my senses were absorbed in an enthusiastic admiration of this "Helen" of our camp. I was already enraptured with her beauty, rendered the more seductive and interesting by her tears.

If the reader be a romantic soldier like myself, he can enter into my feelings;—if one of the fair sex, she can afford me a sympathizing interest, and pardon my enthusiasm on the score of "love at first sight."

It unfortunately happened, however, that I was not her only admirer. Alas! I had a rival to contend with, and that rival a General, and my Commanding officer!

General G— was then young, and strikingly handsome, of a commanding figure, neither partaking too much of the Mars or the Adonis, and in his thirtieth year, and decked out in that romantic and chivalrous costume which some of the Emperor's Generals were so fond of displaying: he was the very best ideal of a "preux cavalier"; and unfortunately in affairs of the heart, susceptible of the same feelings, although his admiration and passion for woman was voracious, and his susceptibility never went beyond the love of conquest and possession. However, he had this advantage over me, he commanded, and I was doomed to obey, he his humble seryant, whom he might march off a hundred leagues, and at a moment's notice. My physiognomy, moreover, was embellished with an awkward snake cut, which did all my thing but add to my personal beauty, save in the eyes of some fair one in whose defence it might have been received. This outward and visible sign of war took an oblique direction from the right ear down to my lower lip, to conceal which, I would then have given the world for a pair of whiskers.

After a long pause, during which the General's mind was absorbed in mute reflection, planning probably his conversion for an attack on the lady's heart, a species of strategy at this period quite new to the soldiers of the Grand Army, he, in the inauspicious tones of his fine voice, endeavored to console her under her present affliction, and offered her a tent exclusively to herself. At first, the fair Russian made no reply, but remained, statue-like, musing on her isolated and helpless situation, far away from her home, and her friends. At length, as in a moment of sudden inspiration, she threw herself at the General's feet, and in the most imploring and affecting manner, earnestly besought him to set her at liberty—to return her to the bosom of her distressed and afflicted family, and save her, an unfortunate and defenceless female, from dishonor.

"Let me implore it of you, my lord," said she, in the agony of woman's bitter tears: "let me beseech you to return me to my distressed parents, whom your cruel soldiery have plundered, and from whom they have torn me; our friends are exiled—our dwellings now in ruins. Do not add to our affliction by depriving the mother of her child: she is old and infirm—will die without me!—you cannot—you will not be so inhuman! Save us from destruction, and let me return to her, she will bless you for it. I have a husband, to whom I am betrothed—square me! Have you not loved?" She then uttered the prayers of a daughter—a mother—shall be offered up for your welfare. Say but one word—and I am at liberty—and I will wander back to them alone."

To me this scene was of the most distressing and painful nature. Would to God!—would to heaven! it had been myself to whom this beautiful and helpless being had thus appealed. With what joy would I have released her;—with what ecstasies, returned her to her agonizing and afflicted parents—to that betrothed husband—and her forlorn and beloved mother. I felt that the sacrifice of my life would be nothing in the cause of this lovely creature. Not so the General; his heart, it would seem, was made of sterner materials: he had the form of a god, but the heart of a villain—a perfect Cain. In truth, I envied not his

feelings; but I was young, and an enthusiast, while he was more experienced in these matters: it was not his first affair of this nature.

With the most perfect *sans froid*, he changed his attitude, said a word or two, affected to console her in her present situation, with a "Si toi c'est la fortune, da la guerre"—the fortune of war was his beauty, promised—swore he would render her forever happy—take her to "la belle France"; and with a few more such sentences of horrid hypocrisy on her rejecting his proffered offer, he drank off a glass or two of wine, and led her to the tent she was destined to occupy.

Reclining carelessly on the sofa, the General dismissed me from his presence, with a peremptory command on no account whatever to mention the circumstances, of this to me, most painful scene.

This cold calculating act of villainy on the part of the General, towards a young, and defenceless, and beautiful female, far away from all she prized on earth, in distress and in tears, aroused my indignation, and bit of contempt towards him for ever. Can such men exist, methought I and I that God, believing myself incapable of such an unchivalrous act of disloyalty towards a virtuous female, I was wholly absorbed in painful reflections on its consequences.

I was then a perfect novice in the world's iniquities, while the General played the part of my initiator to the life; and although his deep-laid plans, and horribly deceptive promises succeeded—though their two destinies seemed for a time to be linked together in one tie of unattested passion, I was far from envying him the possession of his treasure, won by art and treachery.

Pass we on a few months, and we come to the dénouement. Would to God it could be blotted out of the page of history! it is a stain on the character of that man, and marks him with the blackest degradation.

I have already remarked that General G— was one of the handsomest men of the army: he was the perfect model of manly beauty, and the envy of many a brave cavalier. This admiration or rather description of his person, may appear overdrawn; it is, however, a true one. Independent of these natural advantages, he was accomplished, and his manners equal to those of the most polished courtier: his face was high and commanding—his eye dark, and most expressive—while his voice would be now bland and fascinating—now soldierlike and imperious.

In fact, in manners he was the most polished soldier in our then chivalrous camp, before whom was thrown a young and beautiful woman—a prisoner—smile a gay and victorious soldier, without a friend or protector—helpless and forlorn. Under these trying circumstances, she gave herself up to despair; with Moscow in her eyes, in flames—palace and home plundered and destroyed—her parents, if not dead, living as outcast wanderers—and she, trusting to the honour of him who solemnly swore to cherish and love her—a ruined sacrifice.

When memory pictures to me this scene of seduction and villainy, I shiver with horror. I see her—the young—the beautiful, before me, consenting with the innocence and affection of the virtuous of her sex, in the firm belief that *his passion was love*.

The General's *manœuvres* were crowned with complete success, while Alexina, the beautiful and unfortunate, who, with tears in her eyes, had knelt to him, imploring the release of her, whose absence would cause as her death, became reconciled to her destiny, and fondly loved him, anxious for his every happiness and unhappy in his absence.

Strange world! and strangely are our minds and passions guided. To-day repelling the being she looked upon with loathing, while on the morrow he was the very hope of her existence.

Her heart—her affections were centered in him, and he knew this. Had I not been a living witness to this drama, I could not have believed it. After seeing her in her affliction earnestly—almost to frenzy—beseeching him to allow her to go, she knew not whether, in presence of a rude soldiery, who had brought her, a pale and trembling captive to their General, had a friend told me, that after a lapse of a few short days, the General had accomplished his purpose, I should have believed that fiction! Such a conversion was the case.

The extraordinary change perplexed me not a little; and I could not divest myself of melancholy forebodings as to the consequences; I felt a depression of spirits which I tried in vain to overcome; it was a pre-*sentiment of ill*. This feeling arose from a strong, almost insatiable interest I had taken for her, from the moment of her appearance in the camp; and now that she had fallen, I felt more acutely her unfortunate situation.

Such a case offers a striking example of the all-absorbing impulse of certain passions, and which inconceivably proves the irresistible influence which one being possesses over another; or as Moore beautifully describes it—

"I know not—I ask not—what dwells in that heart;
But I know that I love thee—thou art mine."

'Tis like a charm or *fatal*ity which envelopes and enchains while there is hope or life.

I now behold Alexina in the arms of one whom, till now, she had never seen, amid the carnage, terrors, and dissipation of a hostile soldier. Yet, her passion was love, and that love became adoration: he was her life—her life; and her life; were in her love, absent from her in the field, she would sigh for his return; and in the frenzy of her passion or love, vowed solemnly to follow him to France—to the battle—or to death!

And I was witness to this. Too inexperienced in the world herself, she believed her devotion and love was returned, that the General possessed the same warmth and sincere feelings of sentiment as herself. At

this period her joy glowed in the belief of its reality; but too soon, alas! to be changed to the bitterness of remorse and the madness of despair.

All this passed in the neighbourhood of Moscow, where we remained for a short period in camp. Our anticipations of gaiety and festivity, of balls and theatres, and conquests amid the fair Moscovites, were decidedly disappointed. Instead of her people palaces, we but found here and there a few liberal lions bent on plunder, and half starved. At this scene of mute desolation, all the bright visions which had been pictured to us in the Emperor's portly and heroic bulletins vanished before us; and in the future we saw but battles without conquest or glory, and all the harassing fatigues of a disastrous campaign, where the laureled warriors of Marengo and Austerlitz were doomed to perish amid Russian snows from starvation, or the most humiliating of deaths to the soldier, with their limbs numbed from cold, without the power of defence, against a cruel and remorseless foe.

In the distance we beheld the bright Hesperides of our hopes—the great battle was fought and won; but on our approach, when the covered treasure was, as it were in our grasp, like the Dead Sea fruit, all turned to ashes and nothingness!

Those bright and enchanting palaces! the gilded halls of our imagination, with the fair hours of inhabitants, had vanished! and we awoke, as from a dream, to behold a miserable perspective of the horrible future which awaited us.

Incendiarism now broke out amid our very abodes, at first partially, until it grew into one wide and destructive conflagration. Never shall I forget the scenes of terror and desolation which ensued; description is beyond the power of historian, poet, or painter. At first a light breeze would awake some smouldering embers, when gradually, as if the very elements were warring against us, the wind increased almost to a hurricane, and the flames partially confined to buildings of lesser note, would now burst forth in terrific fury; while palaces and churches, theatres and other princely edifices, became one universal prey to the ghastly element.

For the space of eight days, the vast and gigantic city of Moscow was one fierce furnace, apparently inexhaustible in its very desolation. To England this was a scene of triumph and victory; while to France, from the period of this awful and disastrous conflagration we may date the debasement of the Emperor—her Great Captain, and England's hydra-headed monster.

My mind is overwhelmed when I think of the trials and reverses to which Napoleon—the idol of our soldiery—was subjected. To him indeed the crown of victory, and the conquest of Russia, one shining and withering scene of fire, sword and death presented itself; and I would have given much to know the real feelings of the Emperor at such a period; they must have portrayed madness itself; yet he could be calm to the reverse of fortune, as he was enthusiastic in victory. St. Helena, his prison-house, beheld him the fallen conqueror of the continent, and to all the calamities of ungodliness to his destiny. At one moment he was the idol of our chivalry, and again the admiration and the pity of the world.

When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child, He stood unbowed, amid the lills upon him piled.

We now commenced our memorable retreat, which would require the genius of a Noy to describe: it is also so necessarily interwoven with the melancholy history of Alexina, that I cannot describe the one without introducing the other in the scene.

We fought retreating. That army which, but a few months previously, was so gorgeously equipped and so numerous, that the very roads were impassable from the hosts of men and horses, and artillery, was now wandering in isolated bands, discomfited and pursued by a victorious and unsparring foe—to quiescent was given, or claimed. In their very despair our broken-hearted soldiers seemed rather to court than shun death. France, our home, our beloved country, was before us; but between us lay an impenetrable desert of wintry snow.

Exhausted from fatigue, harassed by the enemy, and dying from hunger, our cavalry, infantry, and artillery were mingled together in one hopeless inextricable confusion, while cow and horse from amid the outcries of agony and despair, one of the old guard would be heard aloud endeavouring, though hopelessly, to arouse his comrades from the apathy of despair. But the spirit-stirring cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" had lost its influence, while many of the celebrated and devoted band pressed the till then all-conquering eagles to their hearts, and died in the effort to rally their unfortunate comrades, whose heads, perhaps, in another moment, would be borne on a spear, or ruthlessly tossed, as a snouty foreboding of the future which awaited them.

Amid these reverses, I could not fail to observe that the General's attentions were becoming every day less—that his apparent solicitude for her, who had sacrificed her honor, her home, and country for him, was lessened, and bore the appearance of an indifferent coldness towards her in her forlorn and isolated situation, with a lurking suspicion which that she were then far away from him, and to that home to regain which she had so frequently prayed him. Her love, her devotion to him, now seemed a burden or *desagrégation* to him, while she felt but the one absorbing passionate devotion to him: still in that scene of desolation her heart's food died. Hence at first, his cool indifference towards her was, in part, attributed to the change from visiting to adversity—his chagrin and sorrow at his child's reverse. As for myself, I already seemed too evidently into the darkness of the future, which was destined for her in his heart, but to which she, the unfortunate girl, was blinded by

her affectionate solicitude and devotion. My fears were soon realized.

One October morning, the snow fell unusually fast, and in larger flakes; we had just arrived before Smolensko, and it was here the peribolous General made known the his final determination which he had long contemplated.

His manner was that perfect indifference and *sang froid* in it, that she was not long in suspending the dreadful result, and after expressing his regret at having been the means of retaining her so long from her family, (a circumstance with which he should ever reproach himself,) and reminding her of the mother whom she so fondly loved, and whom she ought not to abandon, he, in few words, expressed his fixed (however painful) determination, that they must part now and for ever—and immediately. His resolution was irrevocable.

At these words, expressed without a spark of feeling, love, or even delicacy, and pronounced with the stoical indifference of the most accomplished seducer, she, the victim, stood mute and immovable as a statue; and if youth and beauty be moulded into a form to represent Love, Indignation, and Despair combined, the stood the very model. My brain turned, as I gazed on that gentle, loving, and yet innocent being, so lately the object he most coveted, thus to be cast away in a wintry wilderness, the helpless—hopeless victim of his villainy! At first she would have doubted the reality of what he said, but the fatal truth undeceived her, in the manner of expressing the dreadful word *irrevocable*.

"Think of your mother," said he; "she imagines you have abandoned her."

"My poor mother," replied the broken-hearted girl, "where is she now? Alas, where now can I find her? How may I now go hence—a stranger, alone and unprotected—in an unknown and desolate country? Charles, this is a mockery; you are trifling with me—you cannot mean this! Do you doubt my love?"

"No," replied he, "but present circumstances require that we should part. I regret it; but," said he with an air of affected sorrow, "Alexina, this day—this hour, you must leave me."

"Charles! dear Charles, I shall die if you leave me!"

"My orders are imperative!" said the General, elevating his voice.

"Charles, I can disguise myself, and follow you unknown—be your slave, but do not abandon me in this dreadful place. I have shared your pleasures and dangers, walked through frost and snow, and would now die here to serve you! Charles, protect me!"

At this moment I was so overcome with shame and confusion, that I was about retiring, when the General ordered me to remain. I did so.

Alexina wept aloud. At each long deep convulsive sigh I thought her poor heart would break. To me this scene was the most burrowing I had ever witnessed. A battle-wound is the affair of a moment, and given in the excitement of action, but to behold a victim, such as she, who now stood before me, writhing under the thrice agonising wounds of the deliberate assassin, is a sight which haunts the memory through life.

The General (judging from his own feelings) did not anticipate his task would be so difficult to accomplish. He calculated, that his cool, deliberate plan would meet with a reciprocal sentiment, or rather, that in a fit of virtuous indignation, she would have less compunction in leaving him. It was not so, however, as he knew not that

True love, once rooted in the heart,
There dwelleth, and becomes of like a part.

His heart was made of more durable materials. He now regretted her love for one who had so little deserved it, and at last, after a moment's wavering, exclaimed,

"Alexina, you must now prepare for your departure—time presses! each moment lost in hesitation increases our danger. You must go!"

"What?" said she, suddenly rising, and with a look of stern (for women can be stern in such moments) womanly indignation, "where are your proffered promises?—your vows to love and cherish me?—your thousand entreaties?—your solemn oaths? to love and protect me in my misfortunes and misery! I monster! I see it all! You have now cast away the mask which concealed your perfidy, alas! too late for me; and you now spurn me, an outcast on the world. Man without heart!—soldier without honor! yes I will leave you, for now I despise you—Traitor!"

During those soul-stirring words, I kept mine eyes on the General; his countenance was that of the man whom she so truly depicted him to be, and if not altogether devoid of feeling, the oppression that cast upon him must have been felt. He seemed relieved, when he beheld her approach the entrance of the tent; this was but momentary. She stopped suddenly, and turned her dark eyes upon him; but how very feebly was her countenance changed! from an air of proud and haughty indignation and contempt, it had become calm and supplicating.

"Charles," said she, weeping, "forgive me, I am unkind to you;—you yet can be happy, remember with what joy I listened to your promises—our marriage at Paris—that I should behold your family, who would love and cherish me, the orphan, as your wife. Dear Charles, forgive me!"

"Before this can be," said he, "I must first become a widower. Here is the evidence of my marriage," and showed her a letter which he had received from his wife.

Scarcely had he pronounced the word *wife*, than she gave a frantic shriek, and fell senseless at the door of the tent. The General, profiting from this circumstance, called the guards, and had her removed from his presence, then addressing himself to me, "At last I have got rid of her, *je m'en suis quitte*: now to horses!" these were his very words, and never shall I forget them. From such words we may trace the character of a man devoid of all sensibility, a compound of heartless cruelty and brutal selfishness.

We continued our march, and from this moment, having been ordered off with despatches to another and distant division, I saw no more of Alexina, save once. However, know she was a follower in the army, and that once I saw her literally in rags, her pure blood congealed from cold—her fair form mutilated by many falls, herself awakened by a thousand privations, and her whole person beset with the unequivocal symptoms of madness itself. She went about from one to the other, asking for the "General"—her dear Charles, who," said she, "was to marry me at Paris." At times she would laugh, and then as suddenly weep, talking of her child whom she so fondly loved, and whom her Charles would be happy to see. I have seen many cases of insanity, but this was, of all, the most painful to my feelings, it was the very acme of human privation and misery.

At last, from her wandering among the different corps, she was known by the name of the "maniac"; but treated with compassionate kindness by the soldiery.

We continued our retreat, and arrived at the fatal passage of the Beresina. Our division was among the first to cross, and consequently suffered the least. I will throw a veil over our disasters at this point, and of the dreadful spectacles of human misery which presented themselves in our passage of the two bridges, which occupied forty-eight hours.

It was now night, and a beautiful moon shone over us. I was sitting by the side of the General, when suddenly we heard a shriek of distress near us, while a loud voice exclaimed, "La fille s'est noyée!"—the mad woman had drowned herself. I cast mine eyes in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and, to my horror, beheld the unfortunate Alexina standing erect on an iceberg, almost without clothing, and bleeding profusely: her eyes were steadily fixed on the General. But when he beheld her, with a look of surprise and consternation, he hurried away from the ghastly spectacle. The next moment, a huge mass of ice struck against that on which she was standing; and from the violence of the concussion, she was thrown into the Beresina, and disappeared amid its waters for ever!

Pace to thy broken breast and wintry grave.

Her fall was followed by an ominous shout of execration, which the General could not but understand.

This man is now living upon his spoils and riches—to say in happiness, would be a parody on human nature. Though courted by a world of few, by most he lives displaced; and if remorse ever haunts his breast for a wilfully heinous crime against God and man, his existence must be indeed miserable.

The following appeared some few months ago in a Southern magazine, the Family Companion; but with a few errors which seem to have had a self-multiplying power, and therefore it is that we give place to a corrected copy from the author.

DEAREST! FARE THEE WELL!

BY JOHN KEAL.

"Zuviel Danken und süße Erinnerung—
ist das Leben im tiefsten Innern."—GUTH.

Dearest! lay thy hand in mine!

Let me look into thine eyes

One moment, ere we part forever,

As I'd look into the Skies:

Dearest! Why that wall of sorrow!

We have dwelt together long;

Our life hath been a bridal-morrow,

Our speech through life, a bridal-song.

Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved! I can see thee now,

Even as I saw thee first

In thy girlhood, with a look

Full of gentleness and trust;

And, straightway, if I shut my eyes,

I can hear thy whisp'ring breath,

Full of innocent surprise,

Answering, "I am thine till death."

Dearest! fare thee well!

Nay, dearest! do not weep I pray;

Oh, do not—do not, turn aside!

The vision brightens—and I see

Standing there, a youthful Bride!

Large flower-dew to her modest eyes,

Her bosom heaving, and her mouth,

Half parted—trembling—set with tears—

And breathing of the violet South—

Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved! can I e'er forget

The young wife, stealing forth to prayer;

Now whispering in her sleep for joy I feel,

Now waking with dishevelled hair—

And gazing at her husband's face,

And wondering if it could be true;

Now blushing—trembling—half ashamed—

Though proud, and every happy too,

Dearest! fare thee well!

Nay, dearest, nay! I cannot bear

To hear thee ask—to see thee weep;

It damps the bridegroom joy I feel,

When thinking of thy pleasant sleep;

The pleasant sleep that followed when—

Hast thou forgotten, dearest Wife—

When first upon the mother's ear,

Out pealed the infant song of life!

Dearest! fare thee well!

When I, as 'twere, but yesterday,

Thy first-born gathered to my arms,

Gazed with a heart, too full for speech,

Upon thy multiplying charms;

Then, overwhelmed with sudden awe,

Dropped on my knees in silent prayer,

Acknowledging the mighty law

That bound our hearts forever there.

Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved! lay thy cheek to mine

As thou didst once before we parted—

The bridegroom for the bed of death;

Thou to thy chamber—broken-hearted.

Our children! ah, hear them weep!

I feel the youngest on the bed;

Tell them I have gone to sleep

With the Unforgotten dead!

Dearest! fare thee well!

Bid them be to thee, what I,

Ever since we met, have been—

Watchful, patient and sincere,

Faithful, tender and serene;

And now, I hear a footstep nigh—

I feel a strange and shadowy breath!

I cannot be mistaken, lo!—

It is the summoning of Death!

Dearest! fare thee well!

Dearest! lay thy mouth to mine,

Let me look into thine eyes.

Dearest! I have laid my heart

Bear, with all its mysteries!

Be comforted! remember me,

Even as I'd remember thee—

Hush! I hear a passing bell!

Dear Wife, one kiss!—my Wife! my Wife!

Take thou the last breath of my life!

Dearest! fare thee well!

ACQUIT—Samuel A. Wood, tried at Catekill on Wednesday last, for attempting an outrage upon a little girl, was acquitted. His acquittal turned upon the point, whether he was really a deaf mute, or only feigning to be so, as the little girl swore positively that the person who attempted the outrage held a conversation with her. The result would seem to indicate that the jury were convinced of his inability to speak.

A STRAY CHAPTER FROM "AUTHER WHARNCLIFF."
AN UNFINISHED NOVEL.

For the scene of the next incident in the chain of circumstances, which compose this venustous history, we must take the reader to a locality with which, for his own sake, we trust he is not experimentally acquainted. It was an old clothes dealer and boot-black shop.—One of those dark, damp, mouldy places, in Beattie street, of which the most prominent features are, cast off garments, old but highly polished boots, muffs, cockroaches, bad orthography and little negroes. The highly respectable, not to say philosophical business, in second-hand garments, is elsewhere confined almost exclusively to the muffs and the Jews; so much so, indeed, as to lead many people to believe in their prescriptive right to it, and boldly to assert, not only that there is a mysterious connection between the Jews and old clothes; but, that like some lovers, they were actually made for each other. In Boston, however, there are no Israelites, (Jewish cunning being no match for Yankee 'cuteness), and the business usually done by them, is carried on by the negroes, whose enterprising characters, induce them to connect with the two other professions, to wit:—those of the waiter and the boot-polisher. On the outside of the shop alluded to, in the company of a pair of checked pantaloons and a very faded red uniform coat, swinging in the wind, was a creaking green sign, on which, in very irregular yellow letters, were inscribed these memorable words:—"CESAR AURELIUS, 2d Hand close, cheap. Tendin On parlia, & boots polished near. j Skergins Pinc." Inside, at a dirty little table, on which were two or three old brushes and a paddle of blacking, stood the proprietor of the establishment, breathing very hard upon the instep of a boot, into which he had thrust his left hand, while with the right he clutched "the polisher." His huge head was covered with grey wool, and his face was as black as jet, save in the two or three places where it was slate colored. His teeth were white as snow, and his lips protruding to some distance—indicating a tendency to the gay and sensual; but from his calm brow, casualness and comparison orbited out like horns, and imparted an appearance of thoughtfulness to his manner, in no wise diminished by his perfect command over the whites of his eyes. While Cesar Aurelius was proceeding in his employment, talking and chuckling to himself in the most edifying manner all the time, an individual who appeared buckish, in spite of the rags and dirt which clung to him like old acquaintances, swung jauntily into the shop, and slapping the proprietor on the shoulder, saluted him with the familiar epithet of "old boy." Mr. Cesar Aurelius, who happened at that moment to be admiring the regularity of his own features, as reflected on the polished surface of the boot, which he had just finished brushing, looked up hastily, with impatience in his eyes, and an oath upon his lips. Proudly suppressing both at the sight of his visitor, he reciprocated his familiarity with all the suavity of his race, and enquired of "Mr. Wiggins," if he had "nimmed" anything recently? To this interrogatory, Mr. Wiggins replied by damning the general inaction in trade, and the almost universal fashion of carrying money, now, in pantaloons' pockets, instead of in the coat, as formerly. As the young gentleman proceeded in his lament over the degeneracy of the age, his Roman nose, and his eyes, *a la Chinoise*, to say nothing of his red locks extending in soggy smoothness to his rusty cheeks, contributed not a little to the general effect. In answer to the inquiries of his colored friend, Mr. Wiggins said, that the practice in entries, recently had been overdone, and all the operations in that branch of his profession were, in consequence, vetoed for the present. Coats had been "spread on" too extensively of late, by bunglers—mere snobs, incapable of appreciating the delicacy of a front door night latch. The quacks had been arrested, and arrests were ruinous. He calculated, rather abstrusively, one pigeon assured of his plucked state, to be more dangerous than fifty who only suspected it, and one arrest more injurious than a hundred assured pigeons. Cesar Aurelius begged leave to suggest to Mr. Wiggins the probability that the effect of such arrests are, ultimately, beneficial to the profession, of which he knew him to be an ornament. Mr. Wiggins, whose right hand was reclining under the left breast of a faded claret coat, here bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of the compliment, and Mr. Cesar continued. He thought that the nabobs of bunglers and snobs, had the effect to exalt the legitimate professors. Mr. Wiggins echoed the word exalt with a chuckle, at the same time pointing to his neck, and giving a very graphic picture of strangulation. After having disclaimed any wish to have conveyed the idea as understood by his ac-

complished friend, Mr. Aurelius proceeded to say, that the greater the difficulties thrown in the way of the nabbing practice, the fewer would be its followers. Thus, it would soon be left to those who alone could succeed in it, and then none but men of genius being found in its ranks, it would take that proud position as an art, originally designed for it by the countrymen of Leonidas. The state, he said, needed more Wigginses. The gentleman thus repeatedly complimented, bowed his nose gracefully through an elaborately ragged handkerchief, and was proud to say, that from lapsing infancy he had been a nimmer. Reminiscences of sunny childhood, flitted across his mind, like cats over a wood shed at twilight, indistinct yet harmonious. He recounted many professional feats of great intricacy, which he had accomplished before reaching his teens, all of which were, he was pleased to say, but so many forcible illustrations of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." The lapse of years had brought with it extended practice, and practice makes perfect.—*Pinking a ripe* was now rather a recreation to him, and so finished had he rendered himself in the art, that he sincerely believed he could crib a coat from a man's back without detection, though the victim were promening the most crowded thoroughfare of the City at the time! His friend, Mr. Cesar Aurelius regretted exceedingly, that one whose income was so deservedly large, should gamble it all away at props. Mister Wiggins was free to confess, that he doused on props. The anticipation of shaking up a "good nick," or a "browner" on the following day, had frequently kept him awake o' nights. At the same time, as he always threw an "out," he conceded that his affection was misplaced.—But he could not help it. Improbability was the characteristic of genius. He had paid too much attention to other men's pockets, to take care of his own. He did not think this would be forgotten; and he believed, that, when he should become disabled by age from the continuance of his philanthropic duties, his adopted country would remember his disinterestedness, and ease his declining years with liberal rations at the almshouse! Here the polisher of boots, melted by Wiggins' pathos, wiped away the starting tear with his shoe brush, and asked him what he would have to drink.

Declining to imbibe, on the ground, that he was a member of a temperance society, the young gentleman desired his friend to lend him the best suit of clothes in his shop, as he had determined to engage in a little business speculation that evening, requiring an out-and-out swell-out. He explained his meaning to the wondering negro, by saying that he had invited himself to a ball, which was to be given by one of the gentility, and where he hoped to relieve many of the incumbrances of watches, jewelry, &c.

Taking a beautiful gold repeater from a shocking bad hat, he deposited it upon the dirty table as security for the loan. At this, Cesar Aurelius stirred about with creditable alacrity, and, in a few minutes, Mr. Wiggins was arrayed in a suit, not inelegant, though rather outre and tarnished. The shop-keeper regretted that he had not at hand a flowered waistcoat, which he had recently purchased of a decayed gentleman. It had gone, for that night only, like the most of his stock, on loan, to the grand Amalgamation festival! Desiring his admiring friend, to take good care of his duds, as he prized them immensely from their interesting associations, Mr. Wiggins imitated the gait of the "alstocracy," and swung out of the shop, just as another person entered it. This was a pale faced young man in a threadbare black coat, and with a bundle of books under his arm. His form was rather above the general height of man, and had once been handsome, but study, care, and want had bent, and sadly wasted it. His features were such as Phidias loved best to mock in his magic sculpture; but his cheeks were hollow, and, save where the hectic spot glowed beneath the light of his large, full-orbed, dark gray eyes, they were pallid and colorless. His temples were high, and the blue veins under the clear, transparent skin, contrasted well with his Auburn hair. The general expression of his singularly large eyes, was that of dreamy reverie, and the very unobtrusiveness of *doute pensé*; but there were moments of enthusiasm, or passion, when they were brilliant with acute perception, intelligence, and wit. As he placed the books, which were old, but valuable, on the counter of the black, the color mounted for a moment, to his pallid cheeks, and a feeling of shame and embarrassment was apparent in his manner. It was evidently not the first time, however, that he had seen Aurelius, for the latter addressed him as Mr. Peyton and inquired what he could do to serve him. With some hesitation, Peyton made known his business, which, elicited from Cesar a

jest at the expense of his visitor's habiliments. Sternly checking the negro's familiarity, the poet folded in a small compass, the coat loaned him by Aurelius, and casting a lingering and regretful look at his old rreads, the books, which remained in pawn, he left the shop, and as shyly as he had come, retraced his steps to his uncomfortable abode.

Original.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Away, away, with *Lethe's* stream!
It has no opiate for the soul;
It caecet baish *thee*, my dream,
Nor passion's wayward throbs control!
Aed worse than vain the bitter stife
Thy madden beauty to forget;
And now, with every pulse of life,
I love thee yet—I love thee yet.
I would have banished from my mind
The vision I had loved too well;
But thou hadst tound my spirit twined
The fetters of a fatal spell.
Now, while with memory's draught of we,
And mingled tears, my lip is wet,
It is the bitterest drop to know
I love thee yet—I love thee yet.
With garnered loves of early years—
With homage of a spirit proud—
With midnight vigils and with tears,
I to thy matchless beauty bowed;
And more than beauty in thy mind
Aed gentle heart, my vision met—
And closer still the chain was twined—
I love thee yet—I love thee yet.
Wo for the love that prompts the tear,
The fatal love with which I've striven!
I would have ceased to love thee here,
With hope to blend with thee in Heaven;
But vain the power of absence, vain
The vow and purpose to forget;
My soul is at thy feet again—
I love thee yet—I love thee yet.

Correspondence of the Brother Jonathan.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 20th, 1843.

DEAR W.—My friend, Mr. L., having proposed, a few mornings since, making the ascent to the peak of the Corcovado, (one of the highest peaks in this neighborhood, some 3000 feet high,) I accepted the offer of his company, and by his advice, as he had been the journey before, agreed to go on foot. Providing ourselves with a biscuit each, and a water dipper, and in this clothes and large boots, we set out about 10 o'clock, A. M., following in our track the Aqueduct near to the "Mother of Waters" rock. Of the beauty of this walk I can scarcely convey a description in words, our elevated position giving us a very extended view of the most lovely landscape imaginable; while occasionally a speck so minute as to scarcely be identified as bearing the human form appeared the only animated object to be seen. Far above us towered the peak of the Corcovado, whose head we intended soon to place beneath our feet. Leaving the aqueduct, we continued our ascent along a steep and winding path, shaded by luxuriant forest trees, affording a grateful shade, and arrived without much fatigue at a settlement about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, situated on a plat of table land, of some extent. Here we found another branch of the aqueduct, being one of many conductors, built of stone, to convey the water from every considerable spring in the neighborhood to the main aqueduct, thus insuring a supply of water in the driest season. The inhabitants are members of the lowest class, principally mulattoes; they are inhospitable, or at least were so to us, as by no entreaty could we procure a cup of coffee. Therefore, invoking a blessing on their heads, and coffeeless, we continued our journey; filled our water-dipper at the cool fountain, and started up the last ascent, about a mile and a half to the peak. This part of the journey was, as

you may imagine, up hill work; the road however was good, and at two o'clock, P. M. we placed our feet upon the peak. Here all our labor was most magnificently rewarded by the extended and glorious view. Glorious as it was, however, I was informed by my companion that a still more beautiful scene was to be viewed from a peak separated from the one on which we stood, by a fissure, some thirty feet deep, but that for want of a suitable rope for making this passage, it would be unattainable. Resolved, however, to try, I tied a handkerchief to my umbrella, and taking one end in my hand was let down by my companion as far as he could reach, and then dropping, I luckily fell on some dried grass, which broke my fall. 'Twas then an easy matter to mount the other peak, whence the most beautiful view of the city and environs lay before my eyes; all the neighboring roads and villas could be traced as on a map, for miles. The city was spread out before me; each street and house plainly distinguishable, and the vessels in the harbor appeared like cockle shells on the water. Creeping as far toward the edge of the precipice as possible, and holding by a shrub, I, characteristic of a full blooded Yankee, took out my knife, and cut on the shrub in large letters my name, that all future adventurers who may reach this point, (during the life-time of the shrub,) may find themselves preceded. Leaving this point I descended into the chasm, when I soon discovered it was easier to descend a steep rock than to ascend. However, after duly scratching my head, as an appeal to the Goddess of Inspiration, the thought struck me of cutting some long reeds, which grew plentifully in the neighborhood. These I tied together, and with the assistance of my friend and at the expense of buttons and clothes, succeeded in reaching the top of the cliff. After taking a long look at Cape Rio, distant 70 miles, and gazing on the splendid panorama spread out before our wondering eyes, we commenced our descent, and at 7 o'clock found ourselves seated before a fine dinner, to which you may be assured we did full justice. Before leaving this city I hope once more to gaze from the peak of Corcovado.

To-day it is quite impossible to pass through the streets without suffering a complete shower-bath from all the upper windows. It is the last day of Carnival or Intrudo, and every one enters fully into the spirit of the occasion. To-morrow commences the forty days of Lent and prayer, therefore all are determined to improve the few hours left for amusement. The most usual missiles of this war are small hollow wax figures filled with water. When these fall, squirts for water, or even water thrown from calabashes are put in requisition by the assailing parties. The imperial family enter into the sport as well as their subjects, and the Palace, I was told by one of the chamberlains, has been nearly aloft with water for the past week. The poor ministers, who, dressed in their splendid uniforms visited the Emperor when he was in the city Palace last Saturday, were waylaid in the ante-rooms by the Princesses and maids of honor, aided and abetted by the Emperor, and they left the Palace deluged from head to foot, and smiling very grimly as they gazed at their damaged lace and embroideries. I have accepted an invitation to dine on board a Brazilian ship to-day, where there will be several ladies. After dinner, I suppose the gentlemen will have to defend themselves from the wax balls of the ladies by returning the compliment. When the ladies enter into the sport it is fun, for they do not ask nor give quarter. A young man of my acquaintance was last evening nearly drowned in a tub of water, by three young ladies whom he attacked, but who proved too strong for him. The beauty of this game is that every thing must be taken in play; the moment one becomes angry, all friends and foes, turn upon him. It is an old Catholic custom, which, like many others, is rapidly going out of use, and probably in a few years will be no more practised.

Adios,

J. E. S.

WARNING TO BACHELORS.—At the recent term of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Maria Clark recovered ten hundred and fifty-four dollars damages for an alleged breach of a marriage promise. There was no positive proof of an engagement between the parties, and the evidence of a circumstantial nature, on which the plaintiff relied, was of a character so inconclusive, that the verdict cannot be otherwise regarded than as most extraordinary. The circumstances of their sitting up together frequently late at night, walking and riding out together, and other acts of innocent intercourse, induced the jury, under the instructions of the Court, that no action could be sustained, but for the violation of an *express* promise, though the fact of an express promise might be inferred from circumstantial evidence—to award the heavy damages above stated.

New-York: SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN REAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

SELF-RESPECT.

As a *PEOPLE*, there is no one thing in which we are so deficient as in a hearty, steadfast, generous self-respect. Self-confidence we have, and self-righteousness, and vanity—enough and to spare,—but precious little, even among those who pretend to have the most, of sound, wholesome, self-restraining self-respect. Were it otherwise, we shouldn't be a thousandth part so waspish and irritable as we are. A strong sense of worth,—a settled consciousness of strength,—is always accompanied by magnanimity and forbearance.

Why should we care, if we truly respected ourselves, though all the writers or *pendittis* of Europe were banded against us, to vilify our habits, our political institutions, or even our household sanctities? We might be overrun every packet-day with shiploads of travelling gentlemen, and travelling ladies—*ladies* indeed!—people whose opinions at home were never allowed to find their way into a village newspaper, and who never thought of being listened to till they had been to America,—and yet, if our self-respect were at all proportioned to the pretences we make, we should neither run after these gentry,—stand open-mouthed before them, to be laughed at by the hour together,—waylay them at their boarding-houses,—borrow their pictures—or steal their gloves,—give them entertainments, dinners, and suppers, and *celebrations*, such as they were never allowed to see, much less to enjoy, in their own country—nor be vexed or fretted after they had left us, to find we had been making fools of ourselves—and asses of them.

Think you, if the people of this country had entertained any such opinion of themselves as the English, or the French,—the Irish or the Scotch,—the Spanish, the Italian, or even the Portuguese, *entertain of themselves*—to say nothing of the lofty-tempered natives of Northern Europe—think you we should ever be seriously disturbed, or even *put out*, by an essay in the Quarterly or the Edinburgh?—that our newspapers should ever open at once upon some poor dribble of a book-maker, simply because he had chosen to misunderstand our civilities, or to misrepresent our manners? Would it be within the limits of possibility, that a person who at the most had never happened to speak ill of us, to our knowledge, when he had the power, should for that very reason be feasted and welcomed as if he were a national benefactor, and a miracle of kindheartedness and forbearance?

Think you if our people understood their own worth, or the amazing advantages they do enjoy over every other people upon the face of the earth—we mean just what we say—think you we should have seen the president of our chief literary institution studying his part, and literally playing it in public, at an exhibition *got up* for the encouragement of a man who had done nothing all his life but report police-cases for the newspapers, and lengthen those reports into three-volume stories for the reading public? Why, if we are not shamefully misinformed, the gentleman who presided, not long ago, at the Boz dinner in Boston, was wholly unacquainted with the works of Boz, and had to read up for the occasion, by the help of another gentleman, who played into his hand at the dinner-table, and answered the other by quotations of page after page—as if “Charles Dickens, Esquire, and lady” were Shakspeare, and everybody had him by heart. Nay—we have been told that even this knowledge was obtained, not from the works of Boz himself, but from a clerk in a publishing-house!

And then too, when this great man—this prodigious man—

who happened to have been born—not among ourselves—for if he had, he might have perished for want of bread and water; for all that those magnates in literature ever cared or knew—but among another and a very different people, who do respect themselves, and do not respect us. When this great man—this prodigious man got to New York—what did we do here by way of manifesting our reverence for ourselves? Why, we turned the world upside down—decreed him by acclamation, more and greater honors than had ever been lavished on George Washington himself, Lafayette, and the whole host of revolutionary worthies—hashed all his stories over in the newspapers; flung open the doors of the theatres—made five pictures or tableaux of his principal characters, which were repeated at half price! and better still, with a certificate from the physician of Boz, who had promised to perform and failed—a certificate that Boz was unable to appear!—took his likeness in all sorts of shapes, and all sorts of ways; and sent him off to Washington, where the American Senate—on seeing him enter their chamber, left their seats to gaze at him—the only wonder is they didn't adjourn till his departure, and send him back to England in a national ship. Think you his countrymen were ever guilty of such preposterous things? What should we say, if the newspapers of England were to come to us containing accounts, month after month, of the public honors paid to Washington Irving—at Oxford or Cambridge, by the Chancellor of the University—at London, by dinners, masquerades, or tableaux at the Opera House—representing scenes from his Knickerbocker, from the Sketch Book, from the Life of Columbus, or the Conquest of Granada? What if we were told, that when he entered the lower house, the country members clustered about him like bees—wondering what on earth he could have done to be so famous, and having no idea of the simple truth, and suppose we were told that when he “but just looked in” upon the House of Peers, the Lord Chancellor left the wool-sack; the mightiest of the whole wandered from their spheres; and the speaker “knocked off”—Wellington offered him his snuff-box—and the business of the day was entirely suspended? What should we think of them? And why should they not do as much for Washington Irving, as we for “Charles Dickens, Esq., and lady”? Did he not deserve it as well? Had he not done almost as much for mankind?—quite as much for literature! Was he not altogether as great a man—to say the least of it? Then why were not such things done there? Simply, because in England they respect themselves. It is not that they respect such a man as Washington Irving less, but because they respect themselves more, that they are not so ready to make fools of themselves—and asses of other people.

Again. If, as a People, we respect Ourselves, as we ought—as it is wonderful we do not, considering our great strength, our acknowledged resources, and better than all, the astonishing equality of condition to be found amongst us, hereby, making us the happiest People, as a people, upon the face of the earth—if we had respected ourselves as we ought, should we have taken the stand that we have, or allowed any portion of ourselves to take the stand they have, respecting what they have chosen to call, not *swindling* by millions under color of law—not *levying contributions* on the Barbary System—not *obtaining money under false pretences*—by thousands and tens of thousands, from the widow and the orphan—not *piracy*, nor *pillage*—but *repudiation*—Should we have done this, without a general outcry of indignant sorrow, which would have continued growing louder and louder, and more and more unbearable, every day and every hour, till it had drowned far ever and ever the pitiful wailing of the *Repudiators*, and driven them to the holes in the rocks. What! is national faith to become a fund for

Stock-jobbing? Are the pledges of a Sovereign State to be dishonored, under a shallow pretence—whether true or false, it matters not, where the sovereign faith was in question—that the agents employed by her were knaves or fools—and in every way disqualified for the proper discharge of the duties entrusted to them? And, are we, *the People*, to stand by and hear such doctrines, without silencing them at once and forever, as alike unworthy of ourselves, of our history, and of our hopes? Had we always been faithful to *Ourselves*—in other words, had we always *respected Ourselves*, the Past would have been pledges for the Future, to all the nations of the earth. Not a question would have been asked if we wanted countless millions—or, at any rate, the only question would be, *How much will you take?*

MRS. SIGOURNEY, MRS. SOUTHEY, AND THE BRITISH PRESS.

A few weeks since almost every paper in the city had something to say regarding a paragraph found in the English papers, in which our distinguished countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, was accused of having unfairly published portions of a private correspondence with Mrs. Southey. It is not for a moment to be supposed, that any American sufficiently well informed to have become acquainted with Mrs. Sigourney's writings, could for a moment believe that she had given the slightest grounds for an accusation so gross and insulting. Some few there were, who believed that Mrs. Southey might have forgotten the exact words of her own letter, and in the unspeakable arrogance sometimes found among persons of her class beyond sea, had sanctioned this strange assertion regarding a woman, whose name is above reproach. A few, less charitably disposed toward Mrs. Southey, believed it possible that she had permitted this discourteous paragraph, for the noble satisfaction of having it understood that a woman of genius, first among the first of her own countrywomen, and second to none in England, either as a poetess or a woman, had sought her acquaintance and been *politely repulsed*.

For our part we believed nothing of the kind. Mrs. Southey, for aught we knew, might be an angel of light, a miracle of perfection, a paragon of loveliness. We had heard of Miss Caroline Bowles, and knew that in a season of sickness and sorrow Southey had married her—that she had written some good poetry, and could write a tolerable passage in a letter, but nothing particularly worth making a fuss about. It had come to our knowledge that she had some reputation in her own country, independent of Southey's name; but that *from her connection with the poet laureate alone*, could she claim anything like superiority in talent or position with the lady who is asserted to have garbled a private letter in order to claim the *credit of intimacy* that did not exist, with this august personage. We had no particular reverence for the name or talents of Mrs. Southey, for from her own proper merit she is scarcely known on this side the Atlantic; but she is a woman, and a decent regard for the sex made it difficult to believe that any circumstances could induce her to sanction a paragraph, insulting in the last degree, not only to Mrs. Sigourney, but to a class of American women, who, so far as we know them, are little disposed to feel the acquaintance of any simply talented gentleman, as an especial honor.

In the gallantry of our hearts we threw the whole odium of this obnoxious paragraph on the lowest class of London papers; journals that have fed like serpents upon the characters of their own distinguished women, we believed capable of attacking anything too feeble for self-defence or sufficiently exalted to make an hour's excitement in the streets of London. That Mrs. Southey or any other woman had more participation in the slander than a man in the moon never once entered our

mind; we believed it a disgraceful hoax of a degraded portion of the London press, to reap a harvest of pennies and some little addition of infamy at the expense of a woman and a stranger. But the charge was made, copied through the London press and in the papers of our own country. It was met promptly and with decision. Mrs. Southey's letters were still fortunately in existence; the editor of a Harford paper, of profound integrity, compares them with the letterpress, and asserts that the passage in "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," is given word for word as it came from the pen of Mrs. Southey; nay, that a subsequent letter—expressive of pleasure at the publication—was produced, which completely exonerated our countrywoman, and places the inventors of this charge in a position which no honorable person would be willing to assume. Of course it was expected that the very next steamer must exculpate Mrs. Southey. She occupied the position of an English gentlewoman, and would be eager to disclaim a paragraph so arrogant and unjust, so inhospitable to a stranger; a paragraph which she must know was shamefully misapplied to the author of a book remarkable for the extreme delicacy of its construction, a book which breathes of nothing but kindness, and which betrays in every page a fastidious regard for the exactions of English society and even prejudices. But the steamer came. Mrs. Southey has not contradicted the false charge, though Mrs. Hall and one or two other noble hearted women are attempting to *excuse* the act, which has been promptly disclaimed by Mrs. Sigourney in her own country and among her own friends. But here, where Mrs. Sigourney is known and beloved, such disclaimer is superfluous. The whole affair was regarded as the spasmodic effort of some ambitious print to force itself into a day's circulation. It was supposed, here that Mrs. Southey, out of regard for herself and her character as an honorable woman, would disclaim all participation at the earliest moment, and there would be an end of it.

Taken in this light, we certainly owed some little gratitude to the London press, for treating our fair countrywoman with much more respect than they exhibit toward the most talented and lovely of their own land. What can be expected of hospitality or justice from that portion of the press which has fattened for years on the reputations of the best genius of England,—has literally hunted to the very grave, women whose writings have been a greater glory to the kingdom of Great Britain than the jewelled crown of its sovereigns or the thousand records of her power. We have no right to complain that the pure and good of our land meet with injustice abroad, when the very graves of the dead are not held sacred from low scoundrel—when the very handmaidens of the young Queen are crushed out of existence by a base thirst for detraction, which creeps even into the Royal palace. When we remember the death of Lady Flora Hastings,—the broken heart of L. E. L.—for who believes that her sudden and mysterious death was not the result of nerves shattered by suffering, brought on years before from the base attacks of a venal Sunday press?—when we think of her lone grave on the shores of a strange land—of her genius, her virtues and her sufferings, it seems almost folly to resent the milder abuse awarded to us. How long is it since the iron power of a venal press has crushed the beautiful genius of one of the most talented and lovely women of England, the Hon. Mrs. Norton? While she has struggled on, year after year, with a silenced voice and a sinking heart, till at last the sick chamber is her melancholy and only refuge. While some of the purest and most gifted women in Great Britain have been hunted to the grave like wild animals, for the mere sport afforded by the chase to a set of newspaper scribblers, who seem to regard female reputation as a thing got up for their especial amusement, and who take to the chase through the sanctuary of private

life and over the sacred hearthstone, as their betters seek their forest sport—but with this difference, your newspaper hunter plays the hound himself, and mangles his prey without killing it at once—while this scourge of society exists, while some sink heartbroken beneath the injustice of the press, and others grow hardened to undeserved reproach, we should be grateful that our own country women who visit England are treated so mercifully. Were they gifted as angels, and as pure, it should be considered a privilege to be accused of nothing worse than a breach of etiquette, or even of social confidence.

That Mrs. Sigourney published a single paragraph which was nothing more or less than a bulletin of Southey's health and a matter of public interest, could by no means be distorted into a breach of confidence. The substance of that paragraph had been published again and again in the London journals. *That the passage in question was garbled, is promptly and unequivocally denied by disinterested persons who have seen the manuscript letters.* Mrs. Southey, even though she did not write this false charge, has made herself responsible by neglecting to contradict it, unless grief at the loss of her husband has rendered her unmindful of newspaper gossip, which we sincerely hope may prove the true reason of her strange silence.

But the most ridiculous part of this affair is the motive assigned to Mrs. Sigourney, by a London paper, for her publication of this stupendously important paragraph. She did it, forsooth, in order that she might be exalted in the eyes of her own countrymen, by claiming an acquaintance, which did not exist, with Mrs. Southey. Why, bless your unsophisticated innocence, John Bull, did it ever occur to your high nightiness that out of some millions of persons who know Mrs. Sigourney through her writings, and love her for her worth, perhaps one out of ten thousand have a vague notion, that a person known as Miss Caroline Bowles has written poetry somewhere either in England, Ireland, or Russia, but very many even of that number would have been uncertain, as to the matter, but for the beautiful tribute in Mrs. Sigourney's book? Why this very connection of Mrs. Southey in a paragraph with a woman so thoroughly respected and beloved as Mrs. Sigourney is here, will give Miss Caroline Bowles, or Mrs. Southey, a notoriety in this country, greater a thousand times than all the poetry she ever wrote in her life, beautiful as some of it is.

That Mrs. Sigourney requires the countenance of any woman in England, even the Queen herself, to lift her one degree in the estimation of us Yankees—is exquisitely farcical. Why, if one-fifth part of what the English press unblushingly asserts of its own women be true, if the majority of female writers are only one-half as bad as they are represented in a class of vile, but unpunished journals which are supported in London, there is not a writer in America, let her situation be ever so humble, who would not recoil from the association. One thing is very certain the vile portion of the English press has failed to destroy the character of its own female writers in the estimation of us Yankees, and it is not probable that it can have much effect when applied to our own women of genius.

We have an old-fashioned reverence for female character in this new and rough land of ours, which even European example has failed to destroy. In Republics there can be but one aristocracy, and that, established by God himself. Our women of genius belong to that aristocracy—they are our crown jewels, the stars of our national banner, the plumage that glitters upon the breast of our American eagle! The homage which we render them is one of the purest feelings that we inherit from our Pilgrim fathers. Up to this hour, female genius has been revered, protected, and fostered among us. Throughout the whole length and breadth of our land, in social life, in the press, everywhere, it is held a sacred thing, and the least attempt to

violate the respect with which we guard our female writers, has been met with a burst of strong indignation which no press however degraded could withstand.

If this state of things were properly understood in England, there is one *respectable* paper which would have spared its readers the ridiculous nonsense so solemnly vouchsafed to them, regarding the great anxiety of our female authors to be recognized as the intimate friends of ladies in no one quality superior to themselves. There have existed women in England, and a few of them are still living, whom any person in the world might deem it a privilege to know, and whose acquaintance Mrs. Sigourney, from her high position here, and as a priestess of the same temple where they worship, could have sought without any sacrifice of propriety; but the *honour* or benefit of the acquaintance, we fancy, would have been quite mutual, even should the person so complimented be lifted many degrees above the position which Mrs. Southey has obtained in the world of letters. Under any circumstances, it is just possible that the author of "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" may retain something of her standing at home, even though deprived of the sublime patronage afforded by the name of Mrs. Southey—talented as we admit her to be.

BY THEIR FRUIT YE SHALL KNOW THEM.—It is not often that we venture upon a fashionable book. Still less often is it, that we are guilty of reading one through. But occasionally—in spite of our loathing for the miserable trash that is to be found in all our steamboats, and taverns, and rail-cars, and along all our great thoroughfares, as if scattered by the shipload over the whole length and breadth of our country—we do happen to light upon something, which for one reason or another, we are obliged to read through. And there lies one of the sort! *The Roué.* Determined to know what kind of stuff our people were supposed to be fond of, and misled by the respectability of the publishers, we have just finished the book—and are greatly disposed to do as much for the author.

It is said to be by Bulwer, and probably is; though any body of tolerable attainments—very small experience—and exceedingly base notions of women, might have written it. Of course, the publishers in this country never read the book. We know them too well to believe, that if they had, it would ever have been permitted to appear. But what then? Is that a reasonable justification for having sent some twenty thousand copies East, West, North and South, all over the land; putting them within the reach of all who can beg, borrow or steal the eighth part of a dollar? Time was when parents, guardians and masters, had reason to complain of our cheap circulating libraries, where, for six and a quarter cents, any child or apprentice might have a dram of balderdash strong enough to last for a week, and where, for something like a dollar, he might have the run of the stews for a quarter. But what were the vilest circulating libraries in the world to be compared to this new system, (if allowed to run riot in this way) whereby our children are permitted to *own a library* for only double the money it would have cost them once to *read a library* through—of the most corrupting and licentious works.

Even the best of these novels and romances are bad enough, and it is high time they were hurled back to their hiding places; but the *Roué*, and others of a similar character, are really too base and pitiful for our patience. And yet, go where you will, you find them lying about on the tables of almost every house, and on the benches of every grog-shop you enter; poisoning the first thoughts of your children, spreading false notions of mankind—changing the whole system of right and wrong—and, worst of all, perhaps, introducing into our country, the *opinions and fashions of a people having no sympathy with us nor with*

our institutions, and regarding our steadfastness and simplicity (what there is left of both, we mean) as little better than a fixed and settled constitutional boorishness, a long established, gross and pitiable barbarism. In this very novel, for example, the *Road* proposes to pay a visit to the women of Boston, Philadelphia and New York—and for what purpose, think you? Why, to see if they would make as agreeable mistresses, or turn out to be as faithless and shameless wives—at a moment's warning—as the puppy had represented his own country-women to be. And then—where's your pocket handkerchief my dear—and then, just to think what a narrow escape you have had! The author of the *Road*, upon the whole, determines to give up the idea—inasmuch as the women of America are not to be supposed at all susceptible in that way, unless the gentlemen should approach them in the shape of bales or hogheads, or something of the sort. We do not give the precise language, for we cannot. But we give the substance—the *altar*—the *aroma*—and we ask our women whether they will bear this—or not. As for Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—if he is the author—we propose to deal with him at our leisure, and see if we can't cure some of our Jerry and Jenny Jewasms of their admiration of him—the pitiful fellow. We understand he talks about coming to this country. What say you, ladies? Are you willing to be put upon your good behavior, by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer?

[NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS. The *Road*, which we consider to be unacceptable as a work, in which all the rogues are punished with unpopularity for their misdeeds, was published in this country some ten years ago, and it was from the Harper's edition that the Brother Jonathan extra was printed.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—Of all the gigantic movements for the amelioration of humanity—and they have been many—to which this age—the age of reformation, has given birth—none seems to have accomplished so much positive good—unmixed with evil—either in the consequences or the progress—as the Temperance Movement. *Aqua Pura*, has been the cabalistic formula, by which the magicians who have acted in this new-life-giving drama, have effected the most magical transformations. Poor remnants of life—the sweepings of existence—the very lowest strata of humanity have been found not too degraded for the operation of the virtues of water, and sought for in their dens by the Apostles of Temperance, have been restored to their manhood by the pledge. Is it not wonderful—do not the results which have been obtained since May, 1841, when six men of Baltimore, without influence, or name, or standing, first lighted the flame of Temperance, and sacrificed indulgence on the altar of Resolution—do not the results, we say, appear almost the product of a miracle? In Ohio alone, 300,000 men, women and children are pledged to total abstinence. In this City we have, at least, fifty societies, embodying 30,000 members, and throughout the United States, the pledge has been signed by not less than two millions of persons. On the broad ocean, as well as on the land, in the army and navy, and well as among civilians, the contagion of reform has spread to a marvel, and it is no longer necessary—it is no longer required by imperious custom—that bugbear in the way of social reform—that a man should brutalize himself, or his friends, in order to prove his hospitality and good feeling. Poetry, which has heretofore been the handmaid of dissipation, and has invested it with that atmosphere of meretricious attraction, so tempting and so destructive, has been, like the captured-cannon of an enemy, turned against its former service, and been made an effective auxiliary in the ranks of Temperance. Music, that still more powerful agent in guiding and governing opinion, has been actively used by the Reformers, and Anacreon met on his own ground, with his own

weapons, has been driven from the field. Cold water lays have taken the place of glowing lyrics describing the joys of the “roy,” and “Sons of Apollo” are suffering nearly a total eclipse. The result of all this machinery has been a large amount of positive good—the re-union of families—the restoration to a healthy state of the perceptions, and sentiments, and feelings, before stupefied by drink—the revivifying in the breast of the drunkard, of the great sustaining principle, self respect—the refutation of the old doctrine, that the confirmed drunkard cannot be reformed—and the general diffusion of happiness—freedom enjoyment—better food and clothing—education—contentment, and religious sentiments, among those who—themselves and families—were self debared from these blessings by their slavery to Indulgence. Who will not say God speed the Washingtonians?

TEXAS.—Monday.—The Mexicans have invaded Texas with a rabble-rout in three divisions—twelve thousand strong. We get the news by express, via New Orleans and Camperchy.

Tuesday.—Great battle expected every hour between the Texian advance and the Mexicans under Castellanosa. Our informant saw the messenger pass, at full gallop, on his way to Washington.

Wednesday.—Just as we said! The great battle has taken place—General Corroero is a prisoner—along with two thousand of the best troops of Mexico, fifteen hundred and thirty-two left dead on the field—with the loss of only five wounded and missing on the part of the Texans—one of whom died on the march and the others ran off in the midst of the battle—supposed to be with a disguised Mexican, or spy; a Camanche, or an official from the States, who had been allowed to look into the military chest the day before without giving bonds. Mexican loss exceeded four thousand men—without reckoning the other two divisions which were left behind. Particulars in our next.

Thursday.—Confirmation of the glorious news from Texas! The notorious Santa Anna was taken and being in a charge of cavalry! It is now ascertained that the Mexican loss exceeded fifteen thousand. General Brasso, the commander-in-chief, a brother of *La Pucella*, had three horses shot under him—and his head carried away by a cannon ball, just as our brave fellows went into them with their tomahawks and Bowie knives, shouting *remember the Anselmo!*

Friday.—No further particulars by the mail of to-day. It is understood, however, that private letters are in town, saying that Santa Anna has acknowledged the independence of Texas, that Constantino has interposed, and that the victorious troops are in full march for Mexico. Hurrah for the Texans! Down with Montezumas!

Saturday.—Nothing by the New Orleans papers of to-day. The whole story turns out to be a hoax—as we have always maintained from the beginning; as our readers will do us the justice to remember.

RATHER COOL.—Advertising at half price, or by the job, or by the year, has been reckoned pretty good economy hitherto. But advertising at other people's expense, we take to be somewhat of the newest. Respectable publishers are not ashamed to forward large pamphlets by mail, without paying the postage, a distance of five hundred miles or so, including an advertisement of their whole stock in trade, to people they are entirely unacquainted with. It is high time such practices were put a stop to. Else we may have a number of printed certificates from the retailers of Swaim's Panacea next, or mayhap from the publishers of Brandreth's pills.

THE HACKETT MERCHANT: John Allen, N. York. This interesting tale by Harry Franco, has been republished in the cleap form.

THE DRAMA.

The PARK has been attended by quite respectable audiences, during the week—indeed a new spirit has been infused into the performance, and they have well-deserved the success which has attended them.

Several of the sterling old comedies have been revived, and with the addition of Mrs. Brougham and Vandenhoff, to their forces, the cast has been exceedingly effective—it is a pity that these performers will not join a stock company, instead of strolling it through the country; or if they must be stars, why not become fixed ones. It is time this system of strolling were exploded, for it has been the bane of theatricals. Every one, no matter how obscure in his own country, affords an importance upon his arrival here—takes the highest walk of the drama, and trusts to the penetration of Brother Jonathan, to discover merits, where they don't exist. In almost every instance the attempt has failed, and they have either descended to their proper level here, or returned home in disgust. We don't consider any of the actors or actresses who have visited us lately entitled to a high stand in the profession—their proper place is in a stock company, with those who are their competers in every sense. Would they consent to this, and be satisfied with a fair and reasonable compensation, we might then hope to witness a revival of the drama.

Mr. Harry P. Gratton, a gentleman of more literary than histrionic reputation in England, made his first appearance as Hamlet, last week. His performance of this very difficult character, possessed considerable merit, although there were no striking points in it; indeed he seemed rather to avoid those which are usually made by other actors, and gave a quiet gentlemanly reading of the part. He has evidently studied the character deeply, and throughout the performance we saw nothing which could offend the most captious critic. In several instances he introduced new readings, the correctness of which, one might be disposed to question; they nevertheless opened a new field for thought, and afforded evidence of the actor's mind. We consider Mr. Gratton a good actor, but not a great one—an actor of much talent, but no genius. We shall doubtless, have an opportunity of seeing him in other characters, when we shall enter more fully into his merits.

Mr. Placido's benefit on Monday night was well attended.

The OLYMPIC season terminates on Tuesday next, not for lack of patronage, but in consequence of the engagements of a portion of the company, many of whom accompany Mr. Nickerson to Montreal. But for this circumstance, we believe Mitchell would have run a tilt with Niblo, at least for a time, having plenty of novelty still in store, to attract the patrons of this theatre. We should however, be disposed to doubt, the success of such a step, in the present state of the house, and think the manager is acting with his usual judgment in closing at this time.

Mr. Bengough the talented scene painter to the establishment, and certainly the very best in the country, took a benefit on Tuesday night, and was honored as he deserved to be with a bumper. Mr. Jamison enacted the part of Mena. Jacques in the drama of that title, and drew down continued plaudits—it was as fine a piece of acting as we have seen for some time. Mr. Andrews also appeared and was well received. It is of course, generally known, that this gentleman has left the Park theatre—we believe Mr. Shaw was cast for his business—an indolence, no man of talent could overlook. He is now busily engaged painting pictures.

Niblo's will probably open earlier than expected—the preparations for this event are proceeding rapidly. The opera company has arrived, and John Sefton is also in the city, he is to be the assistant stage-manager we hear, Mr. Niblo being himself the principal. Operas and Vaudevilles are to be played alternately. Burton, Jamison, and Miss Reynolds, are we hear engaged. Miss Taylor was offered an engagement, but she demanded higher terms than Niblo felt disposed to give.

The BOWERY has been doing a fair business. Henri Quatre still continues attractive.

The CHATHAM with Forrest and Miss Clifton, has had a revival—they are immense favorites there, and might redeem the fortunes of the house could they remain. Yankee Hill is now playing an engagement there.

The RAVELS have taken the Park theatre, and will give their entertainments there instead of Niblo's during the summer. They are expected to arrive here next month.

It is reported that the steamer Missouri, now at the Washington Navy Yard, will join the East India squadron.

MUSICAL.

Signor Nagel gave another of his series of farewell concerts on Tuesday night at Niblo's Operatic Saloon, which was well filled, but not crowded. The dear public are not to be gulled with these "farewells," the trick has become as stale, as the noise in a shop-window, "selling off under cost price;" the "foolish virgins" only, are taken in by it. We presume, Mr. Nagel will continue his "farewells" as long as he can make a few dollars by them. We consider him a "trickster," in every sense of the word—a good fiddler certainly, but still a trickster upon the instrument, a imitator of the immortal Paganini. His effrontery too, is unparalleled, indeed, we think we never witnessed such an embodiment of impudence as he exhibited before the audience, when he seemingly condescended to play. It is a matter of wonder to us, how he escaped hissing, with less refined audiences, such must have been his fate. If he is complimented by an *encore* he invariably refuses to respond to it, and assumes a look of perfect astonishment, that such a thing could possibly be expected. These "foreign airs" are unaltered to us, and the sooner they and Mr. Nagel disappear, the better.

A Mr. Nourrit, and a Mr. Nagel, were introduced at this concert—the former is an indifferent singer, has an educated voice, but without a particle of melody in it; the latter, the best solo player we have ever heard. Mr. Loder stated in the advertisements to be "the favourite of New York!" sung with her usual excellence, but she lacks one great requisite of a singer, feeling. The last of the "finales," will probably be given next week.

Mr. Russell has returned to this city after a successful tour, he intends giving a concert on Monday night.

Mr. Brough announces a concert at the Apollo, on Wednesday evening next.

Miss Ellen Lewis, a young lady of considerable musical attainments, purposes giving her annual concert at the Apollo, on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. George Loder, intends giving a lecture on Music, at the Apollo, on Friday night next, with vocal illustrations—it will be of a peculiarly interesting character, and we doubt not will draw a crowd.

MR. DEMPSTER.—This favorite vocalist, whose singing is as true to nature as a bird's, and whose "Irish Emigrant's Lament," is the sweetest thing we ever heard, is in town, and we trust will give a concert or two before he goes north. His friends will be glad to hear him again.

Mr. Setton gave her farewell concert previous to her departure to Europe, at the Tabernacle on Wednesday night, and attracted what would have been considered at the Apollo, a large audience. We have rarely witnessed a more flattering reception than the lady received, and she certainly never sang better than on this occasion. We do not believe there is a singer in this country, who could have given the Cavatina, from "Lucia de Lammermoor," "Perche non ho del vento!" infatuabile volo," with so much effect. Her "Casta Diva," is too well known to require comment.

Mrs. Bley delighted the audience by her exquisite performances on the violin, although, not so brilliant as Nagel, he has nevertheless, a peculiarity of tone, rich, and liquid in its quality, that gives a charm to his playing. His execution is perfect, and the only drawback is his utter want of gracefulness. We were also favored with some beautiful trios by Bley, Boucher, and Scharsenberg. It was altogether one of the most delightful concerts, we have attended this season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. C. H. The writer of a very beautiful acrostic on the name of the authoress of the "Digger Boy," is informed that the manuscript was forwarded to that lady, who has returned a request that she may retain, unshared by the public, a compliment from one of her own sex.

MR. WEBSTER.—When the papers get hard pushed, they go to work with all their might, pushing Mr. Webster out of the Cabinet, and shouting, *clear the way there!* and when they get pushed a little harder, in a controversy where *pushes* are to be taken as well as given, they set their shoulders to the work anew, breathe hard, make all sorts of faces, and push him back again—*crying all right!* as they finish.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.

174. Portrait, by *J. Hicks*. This is a young lady, represented as a gipsy. 'Tis an excellent picture, and does great credit to the artist, who has made a perfect portrait, and at the same time given a character the painting.
179. Portrait of *Page*, as a Roman Senator, by Himself. This is a good likeness, and were it not for his own better paintings in the exhibition, would be one of the best here. The face does not do the artist full justice—it looks older and graver than he is.
181. Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, by *R. Gignoux*. This is probably a good portrait of the scene depicted. It seems to be managed with skill and yet does not make a very pleasing picture.
182. Portraits of two young ladies, by *W. Wilson*. A very pleasing picture. The composition of it is good and the faults are those of color. The combination of hues in the drapery is not quite harmonious—but, except in color, it is a good picture and composed as portraits should be—with some idea conveyed in the grouping.
187. Landscape, by *Doughty*. Very good. Doughty never makes bad landscapes. The fault which we sometimes find with his works is, that they are not warm enough. He paints Nature as he finds her perhaps, but he should remember that Nature should only be painted when she is in the mood. It is no excuse for a painter that he made a faithful likeness of the scene before him. He must select the scenes that will be beautiful when painted. Doughty should practice on some of our gorgeous sunsets during the Indian summer, when Nature is dressed in her holiday suit of crimson and gold, and we may then boast of another Claude.
190. Sealing Milk, by *F. W. Edwards*. Good. It tells the story graphically. The background is a little dull, and the *escuras*, is not exactly *chiaro*, but it is a very good composition.
192. Portraits of the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, by *D. Brownson*. A strong and striking likeness, as are all the portraits by this artist, who being yet very young, may hope from the present promise, to take a high stand.
193. Portrait of a lady, by *Marchant*. Above mediocrity.
194. Portrait of a lady, by *Chapman*. Splendid. There is in this picture a perfectly beautiful coloring. In sweetness of tone Chapman has no superior.
186. Landscape, by *Cole*. One of his warm landscapes of the South of Europe. Very good, but not his best.
197. Ruth and Naomi, by *Hicks*. A very good composition, somewhat in the Dutch school. Mr. Hicks has advanced his reputation by the picture he has presented this year. This and the Gipsy are paintings to be proud of.
198. Portrait by *D. Brownson*. This is a good portrait, and evidently finished with much care. We like better, however, that of Mr. Woodruff, 162, which, with less pains taken in its finish, is a better picture.
199. Portrait of Col. W. R. Johnson, by *J. W. Swan*. This is said to be a good portrait, and has been engraved. The subject not being a good one, the artist has failed to make a pleasing picture.
200. Head of Mr. Mapes, by *Page*. Pretty good likeness, but not so effective as a picture, as others, by the same hand.
201. Portrait of a beautiful lady, by *Chapman*. It is certainly fortunate for a lady, to have her likeness perpetuated by this artist. The coloring of this picture is superb.
202. Landscape, by *F. H. Turk*. Of considerable merit.
204. Rip Van Winkle, by *J. H. Lazarus*. A very good picture.
208. Landscape, by *Cole*. This picture betrays haste and want of care. It does not please us.
211. Portrait of Lowell the Poet, by *Page*. This is the best head in the exhibition. It was perhaps the best subject for a painter, but, be that as it may, it is superbly executed. The artist however, has put more genius in the painting than Nature ever put in the head represented.
212. Christ with the family at Bethany. *W. J. Belton*. In this picture, of which the composition seems good, the effect is marred by too much blue, and that out of the right kind.
213. Portrait of Anne Boleyn, by *Rousseau*. Cold as ice—stiff as a poker, and hard as a fiat. One of those unfortunate specimens of sign painting which have been hung up to be laughed at.
214. Portrait, by *C. G. Thompson*. This is said to be a likeness. The tone is ink and the background of the wrong kind for the head and face. This artist should paint his back grounds of simple drapery, or a wall or column. His skies are very bad. His lead-colored clouds spotted with lake have a very bad effect. He has painted some heads very well, and should not attempt more than he can perform. *Ne autor ultra crepidam*.
215. Sketch from Nature, by *Gignoux*. One of the best of this artist.
216. The Simment Halt, by *Cole*. Very good indeed.
219. Magdalen, by *Walt-horse*. This is mis-named, probably. It is a Nun. The Magdalen was not so old, nor did they have crucifixes before the death of Christ. It is a very good picture.
221. Bay of Naples, by *Durand*. Excellent.
222. Portrait, by *Ingham*. Good, so far as minute finish goes.
223. Shepherd Boy, by *Huntington*. This is a very excellent painting of an Italian peasant. It was sketched on the spot when the artist was last at Rome. Mr. Huntington was a pupil of *Spencer*, and in his sojourn at Rome has equalled and possibly excelled his preceptor.
226. Portrait by *Wilson*. Very good, both as a painting, and as a likeness.
228. Steamboats on the North River, by *Pringle*. The subject being a bad one, it was impossible to make a picture. The portraits of the steamboats are doubtless correct.
230. Portrait of Editor Prentice, by *Marchant*. Very good.
233. View on the Mohawk, by *J. B. Diabrow*. A very pretty landscape.
236. Portrait, by *J. J. Sawyer*. Very good.
237. Portrait of a lady, by *Marchant*. Very good.
238. Portrait, by *Cleaver*. A good likeness, but ink in tone.
239. A girl, by *Ieman*. Good of course, but not extraordinary.
241. Cotton Dam, by *Havell*, of *Sing Sing*. A good painting. The subject, however, is wanting in the picturesque.
242. Artist and Countryman, by *W. S. Mount*. This is a pretty design, and tolerably well executed. The story is well told in the painting.
247. The Avenue, by *V. G. Audubon*. This is a good picture, so far as its execution goes. The straight lines and stiff regularity deprive it of picturesque effect.
249. Last interview between Harvey Birch and Washington, by *A. B. Durand*. A most excellent historical picture. 'Tis pity our first rate artists would not paint more such.
256. Miniature, by *A. Wenzler*. Very good.
247. Miniature of a beautiful woman, by *Mrs. Bogardus*. Excellent. This artist seems to be steadily improving.
259. Two miniatures, by *T. S. Cummings*. Excellent as are all we ever see from the hand of this artist.
261. Miniature of a Lady and Child, by *Miss A. Hall*. The *ensemble* of this picture is the best in the collection. The drapery is eminently well done.
264. Landscape, with representation of the new Trinity Church, Broadway, by *W. Bayley*. This is a pretty good landscape, as such, but it is excellent as containing a portrait of the magnificent Minister, now in progress of erection.
268. Trap Monastery, by *Doughty*. A good landscape, and a good portrait of the scene, which we have often wandered over. The artist has idealized it a little.
274. Bust of the Statue of Orpheus, by *T. Crawford*. A good cast of one of the most beautiful statues ever seen. When the New York public have the pleasure of seeing this statue, they will place Crawford, high in the scale of sculptors.
- Pencil Drawlog, by *Miss Rainsford*. Very good.
- 2767 & 283. Painting of Flowers, by *Mrs. Balmanno*. We have often heard of this lady as an amateur, and are much pleased to see some of her splendid paintings, presented to the eye of the public.
279. The Light of the Lighthouse, by *J. G. Chapman*. A most beautiful subject, exquisitely treated. It illustrates the best poem of one of our best poets—Sargent—and it makes a truly charming picture.
280. Landscape with Ruins, by *W. Bayley*. This is a large picture, and of some pretensions, but it is hard, and flat, and wants picturesque-ness.
281. Bride of Ahydos.—Marble bust, by *Crawford*. A very beautiful piece of chiselling—but in the conception not equal to the Orpheus. He should have transformed himself to a Pygmalion, and poured out the fire of his genius upon it until it was endued with life.
- 248, 306, 331. Agricultural designs, by *A. J. Davis*. These are some

of the beautiful creations of this artistic architect, that have done so much to infuse in the public mind, a pure and beautiful taste in the art.

295. Mosque of Omar, by *F. Catherwood*. Everything of the kind by this celebrated traveller and artist, has merit and interest.

299. Marble bust, by *Powers*. This we believe, was sent at Rome, by one of the best sculptors now living. This specimen is superbly executed, tho' to the public in general, it will not have that interest which would be felt in the sculpture of the bust of a beautiful woman, as *Powers* could do it.

299 &c Sketches, by *Gignoux*. These sketches possess some merit, but fail to please the eye.

296 Portrait, by *C. G. Thompson*. One of his best. There is, however, very much of the look of a voluptuary in the face, and but little intellectuality. This must be the fault of the artist, as the subject is a good one. It is effective as a picture, and will be readily recognized as a portrait.

302 Portrait by the Same. Inky in tone, and very dull in color. It is however, a likeness of the man, but not as agreeable one. The subject being a good one, he should have made a first rate picture of it.

303 Yvonn Bridge, by *G. Pyn*. A very agreeable picture.

269 Portrait, by *Page*. Excellent. This artist bears the palm this year in Portraits. Those which he has shown this season, have never been equalled in the National Academy's Exhibitions.

315 Cameo Portraits, by *S. Ellis*. These are very beautiful specimens. 'Tis pity the art was not better encouraged. No more appropriate present could be made than a Cameo portrait.

316. A very pretty miniature, by *J. M. Dougall*.

317. Portraits of a Lady, by *Chapman*. Very good.

320. Rose of the Alhambra, by *Lavnitz*. This appears to be a portrait bust, and it is an exquisite piece of chiselling. It was marred slightly by the chipping off of a piece on the right side of the bust. Notwithstanding this slight defect, it is full of sentiment and beauty.

321. Sunset in the Mediterranean, by *Gignoux*. This is a good portrait of a kind of scenes we have often beheld. The effect is not entirely satisfactory, but it is one of the best pictures of the kind in the exhibition.

323. Scene, by *Havell*. Very good, though the subject was not very picturesque. We would advise this artist, for whom we predict great things—to choose first rate scenes to depict—and especially the gorgeous woodland scenes, to be found on and near the North River, and the Housatonic Valley, during the Indian summer, and when the foliage is so beautiful. With such scenes to paint, and such a taste and skill as he already possesses, he will soon take his stand among the first.

328. Portrait by *Iaman*. Good of course.

329. Portrait by *Powell*. A good likeness, as is almost always the case with pictures by this artist. His colouring seems to us to want vigour. It is a defect that he could easily remedy.

330. View of Catskill Falls, by *J. Smith*. An exquisite piece of shading in water-colour;—a perfect imitation of a steel mezzotint. The scene is not a very correct portrait, but the object of the artist was probably to make a fine picture, and in that he has admirably succeeded.

336. Views of Quebec by *R. Hinckleywood*. This is in the same style as the preceding, and is fully equal to it.

338. Design by *Town & Davis*. Good design, and well executed.

339. Portrait by *F. Spencer*. Very good.

337. Fancy Portrait, small cabinet size, by *C. G. Thompson*. Very good—the best exhibited by this artist.

342. Portrait by *Gray*. Good of course—but unattractive, from the subject.

348 9. Duke of Sussex and Victoria. These miniatures, it is said, were done by *Freeman*, in London. They are elaborately executed, and possess much merit.

360. Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, by *Mrs. Bogardus*. Excellent, both as a likeness and as a painting.

361. Beau Ideal of a villa, by *Davis*. Beautiful design, and beautifully executed. This gentleman has lately taken the first rank as an architectural composer.

365. Miniature by *Hite*. Very good, as are all by this artist.

367. Two miniatures by *McDougall*. Very good.

371. Four miniatures by *Cummings*. Very good.

379. Full length miniature of a child, by *Shumway*. This is an

exquisite picture. The head and bust are unsurpassed in the exhibition.

381. Head and bust by *Mrs. Bogardus*. An excellent likeness.

384. A good miniature by *Wenzler*.

356. Big by *Pringle*. Very good, but not his best.

We have now gone through with the list of nearly four hundred subjects, and have endeavoured conscientiously to describe as many of them as the time and space would permit. A good many there were of moderate merit which we should have been glad to notice if it would have been of interest to the public to do so. A merely good picture of a man's face is very well for the man himself and his friends, but to have any interest for strangers, it must have extraordinary merit.

This year's exhibition altogether is the best we have seen. *Allston* has one good picture, but very far from his best. All will remember "The vision of the bloody hand," and the effect it produced. The present picture will not compare with that, but is nevertheless a painting of high order.

Leutze, a young artist of Philadelphia, now abroad, has astonished the citizens of this metropolis by his Return of Columbus, and Sir Walter Raleigh. From this time forth every American will be proud of him. *Page* bears the palm this year in portraits. They have never been equalled in this city.

Iaman, *Ingham*, *Gray* and *Hanington* have only sustained their former high reputation. They will see by what has been achieved by their rivals, that it will not do in this age of the world, when the march of science is rapidly onward, to lie on their oars.

Sully has two of his unsurpassed and unsurpassable sketches. Would we had more of them.

Cole and *Durand*, each in his own peculiar style, have produced some of their best pictures.

Lorington and *Havell* have made their debut in Landscapes, and have met with deserved applause.

Powers, *Crawford* and *Lavnitz* have maintained their reputation as sculptors. We had hoped to see this year something from the chisel of *Brackets*, from *Ives* and from *Brown*, but have been disappointed.

Bronson, *Osgood*, *Doughty*, *Thompson*, *Hicks* and *Powell* have generally sustained their former reputation. *Bronson* has improved, and his pictures should have been better hung. *Hicks* has very much improved.

Baker is a new name to us, but the specimen he this year exhibits gives him a high rank.

Chapman has painted some eminently beautiful specimens of colouring. It will take but little to make this artist great.

The *Mounts* have not produced anything this year in that style in which they excel.

Read has made some improvement.

We regretted out to see *F. R. Spencer* represented this year. He has things in his studio which would have done honour to the exhibition.

In miniature *Cummings* and *Shumway* sustain their reputation.

Mrs. Bogardus and *Miss Hall* have made great improvement.

Hite, *McDougall*, *Weindell*, *Field* and *Wenzler* have generally sustained their reputation.

Many other names occur to us of artists who are steadily rising in their profession—for instance, *Talbot*, *Clonary*, *Cloer*, *Edmonds*, *Hinkelwood*, *Smith*, *Skogogue*, *Stearns* and *Wilson*—but we have not space to express the commendation which we should be glad to bestow.

On the whole, we have been very much pleased with the exhibition, which we believe has been well attended thus far, and we think we have now a reasonable hope that the productions of American genius in this department will hold a high position before the world.

Errata.—Is the report of *Thorn's trial*, for *Otis L. Briggs*, Attorney-General, and *Guineo L. Harris*, County Attorney, read *Bridges* and *Haines*;—for *born* censure, read *born complexion*. There is an error in defining murder under the statute of Maine, but hardly worth correcting now that the trial is over. These faults are properly chargeable to our Reporter, and to the pressure of the trial, which obliged him to hurry, and gave him no time for correction.

In "Our Sailors," for "a white darkness that a falcon might clutch and go to bed with," read *yellow*;—for "laughing at each other with heads down," read *tilting at each other*, &c.;—for "every storm is a *Babel* with him," read *Babel's*;—and for "headlong" is the last paragraph, read "head on." So much for the penmanship of our senior Editor.

In the "Birth of Women," 5 lines from bottom, for "and when he rose," read and then he rose.

For the Brother Jonathan.
PREDESTINATION, OR THE MERCHANT'S DOOM.

BY W. VERRILL.

Evening had closed in, and through the deepening gloom the lights of the distant city of New Orleans twinkled like arrant stars, when in the house of the proprietor of a sugar plantation, sat three individuals engaged in the pleasant occupation of making themselves happy. On the mahogany table in the centre of the room stood a couple of old-fashioned silver candlesticks, wherein burnt a couple of wax candles, protected from the cool evening breeze, that entering through the open casements, wandered at will around the room, by a pair of large glass shades, and around them stood decanters and glasses, abundant provision of choice cigars, and other means of affecting as much social happiness as good cheer is capable of conferring.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," remarked one of the two, a very short personage, with abundance of conceit in his countenance, as the smoke of his cigar was borne to the further end of the room, "thus doth the glories of the world pass away," he continued, in a remarkably pompous tone; and then, as if to give his companion a fair opportunity of remarking the parallel, he betook himself to his cigar with an energy that must have been particularly unpleasant to a flight of mosquitoes to leeward.

"Just so, Brunton," replied one of his companions, who, by his southern dress and apparel, seemed indubitably the proprietor of the estate—"and your learned lucubrations in the Magazine of Manners will share the same fate—some people even now say they are all smoke."

"Pardon me," replied the magazine writer, drawing himself upright in his chair, "these cannot pass away. Truth, sir, is eternal; and as I remarked in my last communication to the——"

"I guess you're going to make a speech," remarked the remaining personage, interrupting the purposed harangue—"now, I hate long speeches, mortally, but as to your smoky parallel, there's some sense in it—that's a fact." Brunton cast a gratified look on the last speaker, and proceeded with additional solemnity of tone—"Certainly, Mr. Johnson—most certainly! Smoke, sir, is in its nature unsubstantial,—it eludeth the grasp, and is, as my friend Morton here will admit, but a mere mockery of substance—and what, sir, is the result of our desires, fame, fortune, love, power, and riches—what is the result?—Smoke, sir—smoke!"

"Particularly riches," remarked Johnson,—"dollars, for instance, do slip remarkably slick through one's fingers; as you say, they elude the grasp in a miraculous manner; and as for promises to pay, especially in these parts, they're really as unsubstantial as the ghost of a white mist."

"Our ideas coincide perfectly," said Brunton, with a gratified smile. "The views of men but too often differ, as in the necessary order of things must ever be. We see the same objects, but through different pairs of spectacles."

"I take your meaning," replied Johnson; "the green specs of inexperienced, for instance, on the blue ones of despondency."

"Just so," said Brunton. "My friend Morton, here, for instance, sees a necessary fatality in every circumstance that befalls,—a strict necessity in every action of his life."

"A what?" inquired Johnson, leaning forward and peering into the face of the speaker, and then into that of his remaining companion, as though to learn whether the assertion was made in jest or earnest—"you don't mean that, I think."

"Mark Morton, sir, is a predestinarian," remarked Brunton in reply.

"Oh!" exclaimed Johnson, and for a few moments he continued silent, his eyes fixed on an empty tumbler, rubbing his cheek with an air of the most profound gravity; then struck by what appeared to him the fanciful absurdity of such a creed, he flung himself back in his chair, and broke into such a long and loud fit of laughter as one only hears once or twice in a lifetime. It was not such a laugh as might be indulged in without affecting others—neither a weak, inward exclamation, or loud burst of mere noisy laughter—but Stentorian, as from the lungs of a tickled giant,—expressive as the eyes of love, and catching as the small pox. For a moment the looks of his two companions seemed indicative of anything but mirth, and a flush of crimson glowed and faded on the features of the fatalist himself; but scarcely had that moment elapsed, when that laugh, which still continued in undiminished strength, operated perforce on them both, and they also fell into a fit of hilarity that was most surprising to behold. The very glasses on the table seemed to

partake in the merriment, and the house itself appeared to shake its sides with laughter. Undoubtedly those philosophers who assert that sympathy bears a relation only to the grief and sorrows of our fellows are in error. Long before that laugh had ceased, at least three woolly heads were protruding from the darkness of the passage that led to the back of the house; nor was this all, each of the heads was in a state of decided inquiet,—each pair of eyes glistened with more than ordinary brightness,—each mouth was extended to a much greater width than seemed at all necessary,—so that in each a set of ivories were displayed to the best possible advantage. In fact, drawn to the open door by the noise, three at least of the house servants were in the indulgence of laughter that threatened to extricate that of their masters in everything but noise. As the laugh grew less loud, the heads drew suddenly back into the darkness of the passage, and quiet was at length restored.

"Well," said Johnson, wiping his eyes, "this reminds me of a story I heard twenty years ago in Kentucky."—"Does it?" said Morton, drily. "Yes," replied Johnson; "and as it seems somewhat in point, I don't care if I tell it to you."

"It's about twenty years ago," said Johnson, "since I undertook a journey on horseback through the then western wilds of Kentucky, and as the roads were not very distinctly marked, and had a peculiar knack of losing themselves in the bush. It isn't to be supposed that in following them I found very much difficulty in losing myself also. Now let me tell you that there are many more enviable situations than the thick woods around, and a tired horse beneath you,—a dark sky overhead, and a thunder-storm growing in the distance—that's a fact. Night closed in so suddenly, that nothing remained for me but to urge my horse on in the direction of his nose, and trust to luck for the rest, and for some time I rode on in hopes of coming upon a hut, or human being, either of which would have been equally welcome. Instead of meeting, however, with any such luck, amidst the pelting of the rain that sounded on the foliage of the wide forest around, like a shower of dried peas, and the clatter of the thunder, with the rushing of the wind, agreeably diversified by the distant howl of some possibly carnivorous beast looking out for his supper, my horse fell dead lame. In this situation, when I was on the point of taking the fork of a tree as a resting-place for the night, it was with plenty of satisfaction I observed a well-defined streak of bright light shining on the ground at some distance ahead, nor was it long before that satisfaction was further augmented by my finding myself safely housed in the hut of a backwoodsman. I need hardly say I got a hospitable welcome to such accommodation as the place afforded, from the occupants, and by the time we had discussed some broiled venison, and washed it down with a dram of newest and hottest whiskey—but which seemed to me a good enough substitute for better liquor—I and my host were on the best possible terms with each other. "What on earth brought you so far into the bush, stranger?" said my host, patting a rough-looking cur that fawned on him, as he spoke. In a few words I explained the circumstances which had led me to his cabin. "Well, I calculate I'll put you on the track in the morning," said he; "and I guess you were rather lucky to lighting here—we have a most bewitching sight of wolves in these clearings, and not a small sprinkling of painters."

"Plenty of other game also," said I. "Not so much, stranger—not so much," replied the backwoodsman—"things ain't half so natural as when I was raised." Indeed, according to his accounts, the deer had decamped, wild turkeys had become scarce and shy, and the bears resolutely refused to be so easily "trapped" as formerly. "Times ain't what they war before old Captain Peckliff's time," said the backwoodsman. "Captain who?" said I. "Peckliff," said my host, in a tone of voice that showed he thought it superfluous to explain himself further, and his astonishment seemed beyond all bounds when I told him I hadn't the pleasure of knowing the individual he spoke of it. After divers exclamations, and an assurance on his part that "there warn't a sucking babe in these clearings that couldn't tell of him," he told me that Captain Peckliff was the man who had the best dog, the sharpest knife, and the surest rifle in these parts. Wherever the dog and the rifle went together, there was always found plenty of work for the knife. Not a beast that ranged the woods round about, from wild cat to panther, wolf, and bear, but well knew the bark of the dog and the crack of the rifle—either, indeed, was a caution to every living thing within hearing, so that at last when they came round, the bears made tracks for the thickest woods, the wolves, catamounts and panthers, uttering the most frightful howls,

with their tails between their legs, scoured off at their hardest,—the squirrels hid themselves in the hollows of the trees, and the wild turkeys screaming out, betwixt running and flying, went off at a rate that no mortal man could follow. But all this with the indefatigable Captain Peckford availed them little; the farther they went the farther he followed them; the more they tried to avoid him, the more he courted their pleasant society. At length finding all further efforts useless, bird and beast gave themselves up in despair into the hands of fate and Captain Peckford. At the first bark of the dog, or crack of the rifle, all living things, within hearing, as a matter of course, submitted to their doom: the panthers strangled themselves with their long tails,—the wolves incontinently cut their throats with their furo-claws,—the bears, with their backs against the trunk of the nearest tree, submissively awaited the stab of the sharp knife,—the squirrels on the branches of the trees beneath which he passed, wrung their necks with commendable alacrity, and the turkeys, having choked themselves with acorns, flattered to his feet, and obligingly gave up the ghost—of what use would it have been to have resisted fate and Captain Peckford!

"There, Morton," said the aviator, as he completed his tale, "there ends my narrative, and I think it has some bearing on your doctrine—that is, if you look to the moral." "And what became of Peckford at last?" interposed Brunton. "Oh! he was hugged to death by a bear," replied Johnson, "who not being of fatalist principles, I guess, thought himself at liberty to fight tooth and nail in self-defence—many a biped," continued Johnson, "has rid himself of what might have proved his fate, in a similar manner."

"It's easier to ridicule than confute," said Morton, sullenly; "but ridicule is not argument—as you have illustrated your opinions by the relation of a tale, I shall do the same; mine, however, will have one great advantage of yours, for it is plain truth, and can be vouched by many besides myself."

"Let us have it by all means," replied Johnson. "Here, Pompey, sniff the candles, and shut the windows, for the night air is getting chill." "Now, then," he resumed, after having lit a cigar, and flung himself on a sofa—now for your true tale, sir—mind, I protest against your setting down mine as untrue. It's founded on fact, Sir—mind that—founded on fact."

"What I am about to relate is something more than founded on fact," observed the planter, "and there are those yet living who, tracing in the occurrence the work of an unsparring fatality, live but to mourn the recollection. Oh! you may laugh," he continued, seeing that a smile of incredulity sat upon the features of the recumbent on the sofa—"you may laugh, but as firm believers in the doctrine as yourself have been compelled, in spite of their scepticism, to admit its force, and have acknowledged its influence when at a moment least expected, they have found themselves the helpless victims of its power. The self-satisfaction of the fortunate naturally leads them to attribute their good fortune to themselves, and in the height of their complacency, to charge on others their misfortunes as their faults. Such a one was Seth Walters of Baltimore—you know him, Brunton," continued the planter, addressing himself to his companion at the table. Brunton acquiesced by ejecting a cloud of confirmatory smoke from betwixt his lips. "Not a better fellow drew breath in Baltimore, I'll take upon myself to say," resumed the planter, "as husband, father, friend or citizen, (for he was each of these) none ever found fault with Seth Walters—and as a merchant, from the time of his entrance on life, he prospered amazingly—yet in his sad fate was the hand of destiny visible—in spite of himself, a strange fatality brought about

The Merchant's Doom.

Owner of a couple of brigs and a small schooner, he carried on an extensive commerce with the West Indies: and master of one of these crafts, was a man of the name of Balston, a good seaman, well acquainted with the different ports in the West Indies with which Walters traded, but lacking much of the commercial skill, and perhaps much of the probity also, necessary in the transaction of mercantile dealings. It is now some eight years since a great scarcity of certain articles of American produce was felt in the West India markets, and the brig which Balston commanded had a cargo hurried on board for St. Bartholomew's of a market; the cargo was valuable, and to make the most of it a degree of discretion which the skipper didn't possess, was very requisite. Large profits by judicious management might be expected, and to secure them,

and with a view to the settlement of other mercantile matters, Seth Walters determined to accompany the vessel himself. I recollect well the morning the brig set sail; the sun shone brightly, a favourable wind prevailed, and the waters were calm and quiet, but the spirits of the merchant were gloomy and perturbed. The mere dangers of the voyage were little to be apprehended, yet a weight of care and fear hung heavily on the mind of the owner of the vessel, and as she swung from the dock, his last words seemed prophetic of his after fate: they told of the place where his will would be found. Poor fellow! even then before the voyage which howas never to accomplish, was well commenced, the dark shadow of his future fate had fallen on his mind, and the unexplained fears that he felt were only but the premonitions of his doom."

"Do, my friend, speak a little more like a being of this northern world," said Johnston, interrupting the speaker at this point of his story—"you are too affecting, that's a fact."

Unheeding the interruption Morton proceeded, "Without accident the vessel reached St. Bartholomew's, and obtained such information of the state of the markets, as induced Walters to carry his cargo farther. She cleared from thence on the evening preceding the night of that day, on which a fearful hurricane, yet well remembered throughout the windward islands of the West Indies, scattered ruin and desolation where ever it came. By noon, everything betokened the forthcoming storm; the trade winds which blew almost invariably in those latitudes, from an easterly quarter, shifted round to the westward, (of itself a sufficient warning) and from thence blew in gusts of sudden violence from the northwest; the whole horizon in that direction was black as night, whilst overhead, huge masses of stormy clouds, driven with a rapidity that showed the hurricane to be already raging fearfully in the upper currents of air. As the blackness overspread the heavens, the waters of the harbor became of an laky hue and driven by the wind, rose to an unusual height, dashing higher and higher the waves with a sullen and foreboding sound. But in spite of all these appearances Balston's intention to port to sea that very afternoon remained unchanged and from some unaccountable cause, Walters, although evidently anticipating the subsequent catastrophe, did not dissent therefrom. In vain the merchants of the place gathered round him as he stood on the wharf, and endeavoured to dissuade him from countenancing an act of absolute madness; in vain they urged the certain coming of the hurricane before night set in, and pointed to the many indications that could not be mistaken. The hand of fate was upon him, and in a hollow voice, with a pallid countenance—so pallid, and so expressive of mental agony, as to be remembered by those who saw it long afterwards, he replied: that his measures would not well brook delay, and added, with a distorted smile, that was fearful to look upon, that "perhaps the brig might weather the coming tempest." Equally as ineffectual were the attempts made to prevail on Balston to alter his intention. With his hands in his pockets, and his eyes glistening with unexplained excitement, like those of a rattlesnake, he strode up and down the wharf with quick and unequal steps. "I say mister," was his reply to the most earnest of the advisers, "just mind your own concerns—that's my maxim. It ain't a bit of wind or a dirty cloud, as 'll keep the brig back while there's work before her. Halloo, you air," he continued turning suddenly round, and shouting to one of his apprentices in charge of the boat at the slip: "Halloo!" he shouted again, for the wind now blew so hard that it was difficult to hear the voice of another, except sigh by—"did you tell the mate to close-reef everything!" The boy's reply was lost in the rushing of the wind, but Balston seemed to take the affirmative for granted, and again continued his hurried walk up and down the wharf. "I'll tell you what, Mister," said he, turning round to one that again undertook the hopeless task of altering his intention:—"I tell you what Mister—I've a notion you want me to call you a damned impudent chap—what the blazes is it to you,—if you're afraid, go and button up your doors and windows, I ain't lived to these years to be told my business." The determined look and manner, approaching almost to an implied threat of personal violence with which the skipper accompanied his words, furbed all further expostulation with him, and again they appealed more earnestly to Walters; pointing out the unusual appearance of the heavens, the waters of the harbor and the fatal quarter from which the wind was then blowing, they urged him as owner of the vessel and cargo, to delay her departure until the morning, or at least if he suffered her to proceed, to consult his personal safety by remaining behind. At this Balston, who had now stopped close

to them laughed bitterly. "Don't give us any more of that, Mister," said the skipper, "the owner came here with me, and by G—d sir, he goes back with me;" and drawing the arm of poor Walters within his own, he led him towards the edge of the wharf. Throwing a wild despairing look around the wharf, as though he felt he was looking his last look on land, his reason paralyzed, and every other faculty benumbed by a hidden influence, Balston drew him unresistingly from the wharf into the boat, and a forbidding silence fell upon those who remained behind as they saw the boat pull towards the brig. Keeping close into the wharves in order to avoid the strong current running up the middle of the harbor caused by the driving of the sea, before the furious wind outside, the short lull which usually precedes the fury of the hurricane, as though the winds were mustering their strength for their utmost effort, took place; in the unusual quiet more terrible than the storm itself, might now be heard, the noise of hammers in all directions, nailing battens across doors and shutters, wherever a chance existed of their being, by their great exposure, forced open during the hurricane. A Dutch galliot having struck her top-gallant-masts, and lowered all her lighter spars on deck, and a couple of schooners moored in the centre of the harbor, were now busy in getting out extra anchors; and a fleet of smaller craft drifting swiftly with the current, were seeking what they imagined might prove a greater security, by mooring alongside the less exposed upper wharves of the harbor. On either side with hurried movements people were engaged in placing moveables of every description as much out of the way of harm as possible; dangerous houses suspected as likely to be blown down, were in the act of being abandoned, and the more valuable furniture removed; small wooden buildings placed on low stone foundations, from which hurricanes threatened to dismount them, were being shored up to leeward; and fishing boats and small craft were hauling high on the beach, or being craned on to the wharves. Yet seeing all this, Captain Balston's purpose remained unshaken, and it was said by one that was standing on a wharf by which the boat passed on its way to the brig, that leaning forward and observing the pallid features of Walters, a malignant smile sat upon his face, as though he enjoyed the terror of his companion; Destiny was at work with him too, leading him as she was dragging the merchant, to the allotted close of his career. With hard pulling and constant baling of the boat, over which the waves broke momentarily, they reached the brig, and found a boat in which were a couple of negroes rocking violently alongside, the negroes charged with a message from the Governor of the place, forbidding their departure, and expostulating on the madness of the attempt. "Just tell your Governor, I'm a free Yankee-citizen," said Balston in a determined tone, "and the brig is owned in the States—tell him that, and that I've cleared the vessel according to law, I've a notion he won't talk of stopping her after that, on how." Man the capstan lads, he shouted to the crew, who were clustered together around the cook's caboose. "Man the capstan forward there, d'ye hear?" This repetition of the command was rendered necessary, by the reluctance of the crew to obey it when first given, and even when it had been repeated in the more positive terms, they continued to stand with folded arms, as though they had fully made up their minds not to become the sacrifice to their skipper's madness. "I guess here's mutiny aboard," shouted Balston, rushing wildly below, and returning on deck with a brace of pistols in his hands, he strode forward to where the men stood; "I calculate we'll make short work of this!" said he confronting his crew, "I just want to see the man as won't obey orders—that's all," and with abundance of oaths he threatened the first one with instant death. With unabated reluctance, but overawed by the vehemence of the skipper's outburst and manner, the crew at length returned to a fatal obedience, and Balston returning aft, found the shore-boat still lingering alongside, and the negro in the stern-boat endeavoring to persuade Walters to return with them on shore. For a moment he seemed to awaken from the dream that was to end in the long and deep sleep of death, and his returning reason made a sudden, yet ineffectual attempt to save him. "If you think you can carry on the brig safely, Balston," said he, in a tone of voice as showed he felt the hopelessness of all at tempt to escape, "do so, for myself, I will return on shore, and—". "No, by G—d!" interposed Balston fiercely, "sink brig—sink owner. Haul off, to blows with you," he shouted with threatening tone and gesture, looking over the side, on the negroes in the boat beneath; "Haul off," he reiterated, seeing that they yet held on to the after chain

of the brig, "you won't, blast you—take that, then," and a brace of bullets whizzed close by the head of the negro who stood in the stern of the boat, and who by his attempted persuasion, had rendered himself more obnoxious to the wrath of the skipper than his companion. Almost beside himself with affright the negro sank down on the seat, and seeing his companion still hold on, despite this admonitory hint, and that Balston presented his remaining pistol at him with a very earnest look, he shouted at the top of his voice, whilst his black countenance turned of a dirty grey with affright: "Let go—damn you let go, let go—you wan somebody a brains to be amputate, eh! let go, you dam fool sometin, let go!" Thus admonished, his companion loosed his hold, and the boat drifted up the harbor. Sitting perfectly quiet, the two negroes fixed their astonished eyes on the motions of the doomed vessel, regardless of the wind now breezing up again, and acquiring momentarily more fury, and the washing of the waves up over the sides of the boat as they drifted before them. The brig was by this time adrift, and the voice of Balston was heard in a tone of wild glee, ordering them to hoist the jib, and set the fore and main-top sails; and as falling off from the wind, the yards were broad spread round, to enable her to beat out of the harbor, and gathering way on the larboard tack, she stood for the opposite shore. The last words heard by the wonder-stricken negroes—words which made their hearts throb with terror within them, were "Jump aft here some of ye, and set the trysail; we shall fetch a port before daylight, I guess, if the wind holds, Heaven, hell, or Antigua—one of the three—Heaven, hell, or Antigua!" and here upon a shout of maniac laughter, which made the negroes start to their own, and pull for the shore as from the sight of something no longer belonging to the world. Gloriously the good brig came about as she neared the opposite shore, and in a few short tacks she fetched the mouth of the harbor, and stood out to sea with the speed of a seagull. But the wind that momentarily grew more violent, soon blew with a force that was well foreseen nothing at sea could resist, and from the moment when the brig was lost to the gaze of the people on shore, nothing certain is known either of her, or they who left the port in her. It was said that a brig answering to the description of the one in which my poor friend perished, was seen from a fort on the western shore of the island, overlooking the sea, driving before the hurricane, with her fore and main-top-sails streaming from the yards in ribbons, and her mainmast gone by the board. As they of the fort watched her rapid progress southward, a tremendous sea struck her aft, sweeping the decks clean of everything, and apparently unshipping her rudder; at all events from that moment she became unmanageable, and in a few minutes breaching to, another sea struck her amidships, the foremast reeled to and fro, and then fell in a mass of wreck over the side; for a short time the huge black hull of the vessel was clearly distinguishable in the froth and foam of the waves that dashed around or broke over her, eager as it seemed for the triumph over that which had so long triumphed over them. It did not lag! each plunge grew deeper—each uprising more ferocious. A yet deeper plunge and the vessel rose but to the level of the sea—another wave rolled on, and the vessel was seen no more! Such was the fate of *Señor Walters*; who shall say that the hand of destiny was not therein plainly apparent!

"The inferences you draw, are decidedly inadmissible;" remarked Branton laying down his cigar. "Man must be a free agent, which I prove thus, Hem:—"

It was very apparent that Branton was about to make a speech, so to say himself from the infliction, Morton appealed to him who yet lay remarkably quiet on the sofa.

"Pshaw! who the devil ever heard of postulates predestined to eat their own tails, or wolves fated to bite their own heads off. Pshaw, ridiculous!" murmured Johnston, in a tone of voice remarkably dry and inarticulate. "Why what is the man," said Morton starting up, and looking very earnestly at that individual. Johnston was fast asleep, and doubtless in the midst of an exciting dream, of which the previous conversation, bloodied with the first portion of Morton's tale formed the subject; and this seemed more likely, as he talked largely in smothered tones and disjointed sentences, of "cargoes of coconuts, and catamounts." "Baltimore merchants speculating in oat meal and wild cats, and furious hurricanes, accompanied by tremendous showers of black-eyed peas, and overpowering gales of smoke." His recollections, however, seemed to extend only to the first incidents of Morton's narrative,

so that it is fairly to be presumed he remained altogether unconvinced of the existence of those necessitarian doctrines, which Mortan so firmly believed in. It might be, that there was something in this narrative, that tends essentially to create sympathy, and of this, we leave the reader to judge; nor should we be at all surprised, if we should find him by this time ready to second the sunrise, and avow it as his confirmed opinion.

Original.

SARAH GRANGER. A NOVELETTE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. ANN B. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

I once more would sit in the peach arbor shade,
Where my mother, her infant was hushing;
Where the tea-table stood with its cloth ready laid,
And the mellow fruit over us blushing.

The stage, as it approached our village one evening to August, contained two passengers, Sarah Granger and myself. We were on our return from a school in —, where education was forced by famine, and a pale hungry face was considered essential to gentility. Of our several attainments I say nothing. Suffice it, we smiled with dignified contempt at such childish frolics as digging wells in the sand, began to write compositions, to talk learnedly of the whole family of ologies, and never failed to take notes of the sermon on Sundays. We had each set up an album on our own account—dashed affairs they were, with crimson bindings, embellished all over with gold, the leaves all edged and heavy with gilding. But this gorgeous exhibition of our taste was dim and faded, when compared to the effusions of genius registered by the interesting young ladies and aspiring students, who figured in their pages. What, with the crimson and gold, and the heavy amount of genius combined with so much gorgeous beauty, it really is surprising that they did not take fire spontaneously from their own brightness, and thus escape the humiliation which awaited them in after years, when they became playthings for the children—poor dears!

Whatever our acquisitions were, they certainly lost nothing of their value from our humble estimate of them. The white velvet, gorgeous with fruit and flowers, done with therooms,—the embroidered ottomans, packed away in our baggage,—the water-coloured landscapes and falsh-looking flowers that our pencils had created, were perfect gems of art in our own estimation; and the little effeminate chirography effected in our rose-coloured notes and perfumed paper was, we honestly believed, the very pink of gentility and refinement.

Sarah had always been exceedingly beautiful as an infant, and the sweet, frolicsome child, lost nothing of her peculiar loveliness as she verged into the gay and fascinating girl, full of cheerfulness and good humour. Her person, in its rounded and graceful exposure, was perfect in its proportion as that of a young Hebe. The same bright hair darkened to 'brown in the shadow,' or flashed 'gold in the sun.' The red lip, the laughing eye, blue as the robin's egg, the dimpled mouth, all were there ripening into rich, healthy womanhood; and her heart—how brightly its sweet affections sparkled for her face, as we neared home on the above-mentioned afternoon! How eagerly she leaned from the window with a glad exclamation, as each remembered tree and bush presented itself! How radiant her face was with joy as a view of the village broke upon us! She threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me in the exuberance of her feelings. Onward we went across the bridge, and along the high road. There was the silly head of Mrs. Johnson thrust from a window, nodding at us, and screaming to her boys at the same time. There was Mr. Johnson looking his mill for the night. The milliner ran to her shop door, with a half-trimmed bonnet to her hand, and an ill-gotten-up smile upon her face. We did not stop to think of them, for there was my home, just as I had seen it a thousand times, half hidden in the twilight and the surrounding maples, with lights just twinkling through the sitting room windows. How my heart leaped at the sight!

A sudden turn, and we were going down the lane which led to Mrs. Granger's cottage. It was the middle of August, yet a few red blossoms hung on the honey-suckle vines, curtaining the door. The yard was flushed with late flowers, while the trees we had left in full blossom were drooping with the weight of their ripening fruitage. The driver

opened the door, and Sarah Granger sprang into the arms of her grandmother, crying with joy, and laughing because she cried when she was so very, very happy. Ben came out with his great mouth drawn to a grin of welcome, and shouldered Sarah's trunk. Seeing the handle of mine, "Shall I take yours, Miss Sophia?" he said.

"Yes, thank you," I replied, lowly flattered at the 'Miss' or my school honours had caused him to attach to the plain Sophia, or the 'little Sophia' of former times. "Yes, thank you, I will walk home."

"Come in first, and take some tea with our Sarah," said Mrs. Granger.

"Oh, do!" persuaded Sarah, putting her arms coaxingly about me. Tea! how could they think of it, when my heart was panting for home! "Thank you, but indeed I must go," I replied, eagerly opening the gate which led to a footpath in the meadow.

O! how free and happy I was, running toward home, my heart leaping with delight, and my whole soul thirsting for my mother's embrace. I reached the door-yard, threw open the gate, and running up the walk, entered the hall.

Betty Johnson ran to the setting room door with a glad cheerful face to announce my coming, but I sprang forward, caught her rough hand and shaking it with both mine, begged in a breathless whisper, that she would let me go in first. The door was slightly ajar. With a heart throbbing and warm with a host of joyful feelings I paused to look upon the group within that familiar room, the dear family group that sometimes haunts me in my dreams, even now, for pictures enamelled on the heart, may be mellowed, but the tints sink in deeper by time. There sat my father, he had been reading the newspaper which lay on the table under his hand, but a sound of the passing stage had disturbed him and slowly raising his spectacles to his forehead, he looked toward my step-mother with a faint smile, and listened for the stage to draw up before the gate. She hastily sat down her stocking basket, and hurrying to the window looked eagerly out. How intently she listened to every sound of those reviving wheels! but there was no pause—the stage rolled by slowly and with tantalizing steadiness. She turned from the window sorrowful and disappointed.

"We shall not see Sophia to-night," she said, looking at my father.

"I did not think we should," replied my father, pulling down his spectacles, smothering a sigh, and trying to look philosophical.

My heart was brimming. I sprang forward; my mother's arms were about me, and her kisses showered over my face. She released me, and there was my father with his quiet smile and extended hand. "My brothers and sisters crowded around with expressions of welcome. There was one, now alas! to the cold grave—with a soft and almost womanly smile resting on the sweet face uplifted to mine, with touching and earnest love, another came, a bright happy little creature, brim-full of joy at my return, with her blue eyes all alive with pleasure, her golden curls flung back, leaping up and teasing those dimpled cheeks in a vain effort to reach my neck. Without, in the entry, and in the chambers above, I could hear the sound of voices, and rapid footsteps, all the household were gathering to that little room. There was bustle and joy, and quick eager hands wove with mine, eyes lighted with a welcome on every side, arms around me warm with blood kindled to that which beat so blissfully in my own heart. There was the house dog, barking cheerfully, as if he wasted the whole neighborhood to know that something very happy and pleasant, was going on at the old homestead that night.

When the gratulations of the family had a little subsided, my mother drew her work-stand to my side, and Betty Johnson placed a tray of refreshments upon it. All had been prepared previous to my arrival—the buttered-muffin, fruit-pie, sponge-cakes, and currant-jelly; and the tea—my mother made it with her own hands, there was a peculiar rich flavor to it. I could not help thinking so, as she filled my own china cup, added the quantity of cream and sugar that she knew I liked, and passed it over the tray with a happy smile, and happier words at the joy of having us all at home again. The children came eagerly around, hanging on my chair, the little ones talking together of their childish pleasures, and the youngest who her sweet voice was drowned in the more cheerful tones of the rest, climbed up the chair now and then, to give me a kiss, and inquire softly if she might sleep with me only that night,—she would be very good and quiet, and go to sleep in no time. When her pretty request was granted, and the innocent kisses given back to that soft rosy cheek,

she sat up a shout, sprang to the floor, and her infantine delight was exhibited in a thousand caressing gambols, with every one, and everything even to the house-dog, when no one else could be won to regard her.

It was a delightful supper, that on my mother's work-table, with those I most loved smiling about me. Every thing bespoke affectionate attention. Even the cup I was drinking from was of a set of exquisite China sent to my mother from Europe, highly prized and but seldom used. How such little proofs of love warm the heart!

What thrill of pleasure ran through me as I knelt again at our family altar, and heard the voice of my father in thanksgiving that the absent one had returned, and the family bond was again unbroken. The little one had crept to my side and nestled her head in mine. When tears of gratitude and unchecked delight sprang to my eyes, the dear child raised her face with an expression of wonder, and pressed her rosy lips affectionately to my hand, thinking that I wanted comforting.

Then came a relation of the village gossip, the little household troubles and at last when we had told everything—some one happened to think that I must be tired. The little one was nestled in my lap fast asleep, with her warm cheek crushing the sunny curls that lay upon my bosom. The old clock in the dining room struck twelve, and then wondering at the silence, a dozen good nights were uttered, and with that sweet child in my arms, I went to my own room. The moon was up and there was little need of a lamp, when I lying back the snowy curtains, and let a flood of pale light. It fell upon the floor, upon the white bed and the cherub face of the baby sister, which I had just laid upon my pillow, soft, tranquil, and silvery, as if a host of angels were smiling upon us—oh, how I loved the stillness of a night like that. The words of kindred welcome were yet awake in my heart, dear, familiar objects lay around me, the little table, where I had learned to write, the school books finger marked, and worn with constant use, the old fashioned china cup filled with meadow flowers—all were in the room, and all reminded me with mute eloquence that I was at home again.

I laid myself down by the pillow where my little sister was sleeping, the maple boughs waved gently before the window, the moonbeams and the night breeze were whispering together in their thick leaves—familiar dear old objects were shedding a drowsy repose on my senses, when the door softly opened. It was only my step-mother coming to say good night, once more, just to kiss the little one, and leave a glass of water on the table, lest she would cry for a drink in the night, and disturb me tired as I was. The door closed again, and I was asleep.

At the extremity of Mr. Granger's garden was a grass plot, shaded with thickly planted peach-trees. They were in full bearing, and on the second day after our return we were gathered around the good lady's tea-table under their green shelter.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the western hills, ripping its light along the horizon in waves of crimson, violet, and gold. Lovely white clouds floated toward the zenith, a soft rose-color blended with the pearly white of their edges, and the shadows, which they flung upon the foliage, seemed transparent and uncertain, like the frown of a beloved one.

The east was cool, quiet, and serene, a rich jewelry of dew-drops lay upon the meadows. Blue patches of sky flickered through the tree tops overhadowing us, as we sat with the shorn grass for a carpet, the thick branches garlanded with delicate leaves, drooping above us, and the sunset streaming on the ripe fruit, clustering among them like opals wreathed with a profusion of stirring emeralds. It was one of those hours and seasons that charm one to happiness in spite of circumstances, and most delicious was our enjoyment of it.

The children were playing on the sward, scattering crumbs of cake in the grass, and laughing merrily, as the cat-did began his sweet argument among the leaves overhead. The youngest had scrambled from his mother's lap at the table, and was tossing a crimson apple which Ben had brought from an old tree in the meadow, up and down in the twilight. It fell among the children, that were filling the air with gleeful mockery of the cat-did: there was a scramble for the red apple, racing over the grass, and all sorts of pleasant sound ringing up through the damp foliage, while my baby sister lost her plying, and stood with her blue eyes lifted toward the tree, where that strange insect was singing, as if making up her mind whether to contradict it, or not.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Sarah. "Let us go and have a run with them;" and snatching her bonnet from the grass, she sprang forward, but a consciousness of her school dignity came upon her, and she

only went to where the baby was standing, took her by the hand, and led the reluctant child demurely back to the table again. "But it was impossible to sit still with that happy laughter filling the air. Sarah started up again, and taking a peach which Grandma Granger had just selected from the dish, she gave it a toss toward the fence, pretesting that it was not fit to eat. "Let me find a ripe peach and melon," she exclaimed, and springing into a chair, she thrust her hand up into the green branches, pressing her slender fingers now to a golden, and then to a crimson-checked peach, in her eagerness to secure the best. She would have made a beautiful picture as she stood, balancing herself on the tips of her slippers, and grasping a slender branch with one hand, while the other wandered amid the thick foliage in search of the ripest fruit. Her bishop sleeve had broken loose, and falling back to the elbow, exposed an exquisitely modelled arm, glimmering amid the green leaves like winter snow seen in the branches of the evergreen. While she was thus engaged, Ben had ushered two gentlemen through the garden to our retreat. An exclamation from one of our party warned Sarah of their approach, just as she had secured her melon prize. With a bright blush she sprang to the ground; but the sudden motion entangled her hair with the leaves, and drew the end of the branch after her. With a crimsoned face she was striving to extricate herself, when the tallest of the two advanced with quiet gracefulness and released her; apologizing for the liberty, he turned and was introduced to us as Mr. Edmund Stone, of—

The blood which was just ebbing from Sarah's face, rushed back in a torrent as she heard the stranger's name. It was a familiar one; and during our late school term we had too often heard it coupled with accounts of wildness and dissipation, by no means creditable to the possessor. He was of a good family, and well received in society. This we knew; but nothing could equal our surprise when the handsome colleague, of whom we heard so much, was identified with the superb young fellow before us, whose unostentatious and gentlemanly manners were letters-patent in themselves, and who possessed one of the handsomest faces my eyes ever dwelt upon. His companion was an old acquaintance, residing about three miles from us, very rich, tolerably good-looking, and a generous, open-hearted young gentleman; whom, it was said, almost any girl would do well to marry, he having the wherewithal to provide an establishment.

The gentlemen were seated, and joined in conversation with my father, who was acquainted with old Judge Stone, the father of our visitor, and welcomed his son accordingly. Sarah seated herself demurely by her Grandmother, and proceeded to divest her trophy of its downy covering—to cut it up and sprinkle it with sugar for the old lady, now and then stealing a glance at the stranger from under her long lashes, and blushing whenever she found herself detected. Before we returned to the house the flowers had folded themselves to repose, a shower of glowing stars besprinkled the heavens, the leaves stirred heavily under their weight of dew, and the dark shadows of the hill lay like drapery along the valley. The last hour had been delightful. My father had conversed familiarly with the young gentleman, who had found time respectfully to join him in his opinions, to drop a word now and then to us, and to pay such little attentions to the matrons as elderly dames love to receive from young gentlemen. It was very evident that the quiet attentions of Mr. Stone had in one short hour ingratiated him into general favor, with those, who had felt certain feelings of prejudice floating in their minds, altogether at variance with the cordiality displayed by the elderly people, who shook hands with him on his departure. Mrs. Granger arose to walk home with us. Mr. Nicholas carefully folded her marble about her, while Sarah blushed and smiled as she clasped her gloved fingers over the offered arm of Mr. Stone.

Early the next morning Sarah came dancing into my room with a face full of animation. "Oh, Sophia, I have something so pleasant to tell you. Nicholas has put up at the tavern for a week—he is to overlook the workmen on his farm up the valley. Mr. Stone will stay with him, and our vacation will pass delightfully—Nicholas has brought his horses and flute, and we shall have such rides and walks, and little music parties—will it not be beautiful? Mr. Stone sketches and sings, and is an amateur painter—there is nothing in the world he can't do—Nichols told grand-mother so last night. But you don't look glad, Sophia, what is the matter?"

"Nothing—but mamma has just been into my room, and requests me to be cautious and enter into no intimacies with Mr. Stone."

"Why?" inquired Mary in extreme astonishment.

"Those reports we heard about his college life."

"I don't believe a word of them," interrupted my friend, tapping the carpet impatiently with her foot and gathering her red lips into an expression of anger. "I don't believe the slander—it is only because he is handsome and more accomplished than any of those that hate him. It is all jealousy and ill-will, I know it is—and then for you to believe them when he spoke so well of you—it is ungrateful—indeed it is,"—and her foot resumed its double-quick time with new spirit.

Sarah's last argument bespoke some little acquaintance with the human heart. As she said, there does seem to be a species of ingratitude in thinking ill of those who express themselves favorably about us. Of course I began to think with Sarah, that Mr. Edmund Stone was a very ill-used man, only because he was superior to his fellows. Having established this opinion on the solid foundation of my self love and the strong judgment of sixteen, Sarah and I agreed to join forces, and persuade my mother out of her objection to our being civil to Mr. Stone while he remained in the neighbourhood. Unlike some stepmothers, mine never could say no, gracefully. We bribed a consent from the lips of my kind parent with some half-dozen kisses, an infallible argument with her, and always resorted to in cases of difficulty. That afternoon we had a very pleasant party round Mrs. Granger's tea-table, and ten days from that time, between walks at sunrise, music in the evening, and rides each day, Sarah was most undoubtedly very much interested in all that concerned Mr. Edmund Stone; he had exerted to the utmost his astonishing powers of pleasing, in order to bring about such a consummation.

It is strange—but I could not believe in the sincerity of Mr. Stone's attachment to my sweet friend. There was something too insinuating, too artificial in his manner. It seemed unmingled with the true strength and purity of feeling, which the love of a girl like Sarah should have called forth. While her whole soul went out to meet his with the trust of woman's love, I could sometimes detect an expression of absence and weariness in his face, as if he had imposed upon himself a task, which being accomplished had left him time to repose upon his laurels. However, these indications of weariness but seldom appeared.

The week which Nichols proposed passing in our village had been lengthened into three, and still Mr. Stone remained with him. No direct explanation had passed between him and my friend, yet he was evidently desirous of giving us all a conviction of his attachment. I cannot explain how it was, but still there was something unsatisfactory in his conduct, which excited a vague uneasiness in my mind—a suspicion of his character and intentions for which I could give no reason satisfactory to myself, yet which increased upon me daily.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.—The Harpers have nearly ready for publication one of the most splendid editions of the bible ever projected.—It is to be embellished with SIXTEEN HUNDRED engravings, of which upwards of *fourteen hundred* are from original designs, by J. G. CHAPMAN, whose reputation as an artist and designer is second to none in the country. The engravings are by J. A. ADAMS, the well known artist. Both these artists have been engaged during the last six years in the preparation of this great work, and the publishers state that they have expended Twenty-five Thousand Dollars already in the illustrations. Of the engravings, about three hundred will be of a large size; every chapter in the bible will have, at least, one illustration of the subject. We have seen several proof impressions, and find that the high reputation of the artists have been amply sustained, by their labors in this great work. The designs are many of them exquisite and all truthful, and the execution by Adams in the highest and most finished style of the art. The work is to appear in numbers—printed in large type, and on fine foolscap folio sized paper. It will be perfect in all its departments, and as a specimen of the advance of the typographical and illustrative arts in this country, will stand unrivalled.

THE RAINBOW.—The number for May 15th of this magazine, which is devoted to the interest of the Old Fellows, is out. It is a very respectable number, and is embellished by a steel engraving of Lake Pepin. A poem "The Midnight Council," by the editor, F. J. OTERSON, is far superior to the average of magazine poetry, and would do honor to some of the best poetical names of our literature. The first verse embodies an

original idea, quite a rare thing in poetry nowadays—the picture is perfectly in keeping, and altogether a beautiful conception. It refers to the arrival of the Gods at the *Midnight Council*, supposed by the ancients, to be held by them between midnight and dawn.

"Ho! in the mighty Pantheon
A roddy glow of fire;
A murmur like a waterfall
Is wand'ring through the air;
And from the blue empyrean
Long trails of waving light,
Like meteors dropping earthward,
Come rushing through the night."

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.—J. & H. G. LANGLEY, New York.—This is a very useful work by Mrs. Ellis, containing chapters upon the characteristics, influence, education, dress, manners, conversation, habits, &c., of the women of England. It gives rules and precepts for the daily life of women, which may be read with equal profit by our own countrywomen as by those for whom it was written; and it also displays those bad aspects of social life, which should be avoided on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. Mrs. Ellis writes with perspicuity and freedom, and, without pretension to elegance of diction, she has made a book which we should be glad to see in the hands of every female of America.

WIVES OF ENGLAND.—J. & H. G. Langley, N. Y. This is another work by Mrs. Ellis, and as its title indicates, on a kindred subject with the "Women of England."

NEW MORRIS TOWNS.—Jo Smith has established a new town about 3 miles below Burlington, Iowa, called "Chickadee," the Indian name for "Flint Stone."

THORN, THE MURDERER.—The Portland American says that the sentence is equivalent to imprisonment for life, as the hanging is optional with the Governor, and in the present state of public opinion on the subject of capital punishment, no executive will take the responsibility in ordering the execution.

W. G. SIMMS, Esq. has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Magnolia*.

LADY SAIL'S JOURNAL IN AFGHANISTAN.—The Harper's have published in a cheap shape, this lady's journal of her imprisonment among the Afghans. She appears to have been a remarkable woman, and to have possessed much more firmness and judgment in moments of peril, than many of those connected with that unfortunate expedition, who were called men. The book is highly interesting.

HOMES, by Fredrika Bremer.—The universal success of "The Neighbors," by this pleasant writer, has produced a strong desire to see other works from the same pen. Messrs. Harpers and Mr. Winchester have both published "Homes," and it fully sustains the expectations excited by the previous work.

MELANTHE—Wilson & Co. A very interesting novel by Miss Maberly bearing this title has been issued from this office. It is a sequel to the Sultan's Daughter, and will be found equal to that work in interest.

HISTORY OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON—D. Appleton, & Co., N. Y.—The third volume of this work, by Laurent De L'Archeve, has appeared. It is profusely ornamented with cuts, and printed on type and paper, which would gladden the eyes of an octogenarian.

THE TURF.

RIPTON AND AMERICUS.—This pair of fast ones appeared on the Beacon Course on Monday last, when the first of the three great matches between them came off. The time was 7:53—8:03, three mile heats, the best time, with one exception, ever made in harness. Rip-ton won with ease, although Americus was the favorite before the start 100 to 50. On Monday next the horses go their second match. The attendance at this race was very large.

THOS. ELWORTH, of Boston, who walked one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, will be backed to repeat the feat in \$1000 to \$5000.

FASHION won the three mile purse at Trenton last week, but not without a struggle with Mr. Lloyd's colt "Owo Brother." It required a free application of the whip to bring Fashion to ahead by a neck. Time 6:03—6:13.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Maywood, with Watson and Sig. De Begnis, are giving concerts at a Musad at the Chestnut street Theatre.

MARBLE is at the Walnut.

Mr. GIASS, concerts were so popular two or three seasons since, is at the National, where she has been very successful.

The RAINERS have been singing at Cinclecast, but left on the 17th for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. SKOUIN, Shival, and Archer, on their way from the South brought out La Semmambola, La Gasa Ludra, &c., at the Halliday street Theatre, Balt. These artists have been very successful on their Southern tour.

Ritchie's was playing "Washington," in a piece of that name, at the Halliday st.

Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," was produced at the American Theatre, New Orleans, on the 4th last, by the Italian troupe.

MARY ANN LEE who has completely turned the heads of the Southern, is at Cincinnati, playing La Sylphid to crowded houses.

J. M. FIELD and TOM FLAIDIE appear to be great favorites in Portland.

BOOTH is at the Tremont, Boston, on the 15th he played Hamlet and John Lump!

The CHARLESTON THEATRE under the management of Mr. FORRE, closed on the 15th; with his benefit.

RUSSELL has been singing at Boston, but gave a concert at Albany on Wednesday last.

The EAGLE ST. THEATRE, Buffalo, opened on the 12th inst. "Mr. Hackett is undelined. Among the stock company are McCutcheon, Warren, Hironomay. Madames Noah, Marble, and Rice.

Miss Clarendon commenced an engagement at Mobile on the 7th, with Paulina, in The Lady of Lyons. Chapman, Le Bar, and Mons. Paul were also at Mobile.

The new St. Charles Theatre, in N. Orleans, was to have been closed on Sunday evening, 8th, for the season. The company goes to St. Louis immediately, to open the summer campaign in that place, under the management of Ludlow and Smith.

Otto Motz has been getting up what he calls American Olympiads at Mobile and New Orleans, with great success. He rides two untrained horses around the race-course, his chariot races, &c.

ELDER ISAAC N. WALTER.—This clergyman, well known in this city as formerly one of the most active emissaries of Hymen, has taken charge of the First Christian Church in Cincinnati.

Elder Walter, during the course of his ministry, has travelled extensively in twenty of the different States, and, while on preaching tours, has travelled far enough to reach nine times round the world. He has crossed the Alleghany Mountains thirty-six times—has baptised twenty-nine hundred and eighty-five happy converts—received upwards of five thousand members to the Christian Church—has visited and prayed with eleven hundred and eighty-four sick persons—preached upwards of four hundred funeral sermons, and married nine hundred and forty-three couples.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.—We understand that this lady has received from the Queen of the French, a splendid diamond bracelet of the most beautiful workmanship, and of great value. The compliment was well deserved, and the sending does equal honor to both.

THE BEASTS HAVE COME TO TOWN.—One of the largest and most complete menageries we have ever seen, is at the corner of 13th street and Broadway. Among other animals, there are four immense elephants! Herr Driesbach exhibits his wonderful command over the lions and tigers of his collection, and as other animal tamer handles an immense boa constrictor with as much nonchalance as a lady does her bon. It is worth the price of admission to hear the announcements and explanations of the showman.

MISSION TO CHINA.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle, that the HON. CALAB CUNNING, FLETCHER WEBSTER, and JOHN TILLY Jnr., Esqrs., will go out in the frigate *Brandywine*, ordered to sail from Norfolk, for the East Indies positively by the 20th instant, or will join her at Singapore.

CONFESSION OF THEM THE MURDERER.—We learn by a slip from the Portland American, that Thorn has confessed having murdered Wilson and implicates Mrs. Wilson. He stated that it was at her suggestion that the murder was committed, and that she made the arrangements, gave the signal, and concocted the story told before the Coroner's Jury. The implications of Mrs. Wilson, however, may be only the medium by which he seeks revenge.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Advice have been received from that quarter as late as the 8th of March. On the 25th of February, in consequence of demands made by the British officers, which the king could not, nor would not, comply with, the islands were conditionally ceded to Queen Victoria. Possession was taken of them the same day by Lord George Paulet, commanding H. B. M. ship *Carysford*, and the British flag hoisted under salutes from the forts and ships.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—Captain Surtevant of the schooner *Independence*, arrived at Holmes Hotel on Thursday, 18 days from Gonaves for Boston, reports that political condition of the island continued in a very unsettled state. The revolution had broken out anew, and a reinforcement of three regiments of troops was daily expected to arrive at Gonaves from Porto au Prince, to march against the city of St. Domingo. Captain Taylor, late of brig *Ilda* of Baltimore, came a passenger in the *Independence*.

On the return of Captain Ross from his Southern expedition, he will be despatched immediately to make another attempt for a northwest passage. Among the most honorable victories of naval heroes, both European and American, have been those gained in battling with giant neutre.

Commodore Daniel Turner, appointed to the Command of the squadron on the coast of Brazil, will take passage in the *St. Louis*, which accompanies the *Bradywine*, both vessels being under the command of Commodore Parker.

Mr. Audubon, the learned and distinguished naturalist, left St. Louis on the 27th ult. in the American Fur Company's steamboat *Omaha*, for the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. He was accompanied by five friends, equipped and fully prepared for a six or seven month's excursion.

CONVICTION OF LEFEVRE.—The Rev. Amos Lefevre was tried a few days since in Bradford county, charged with the seduction and twin of Miss Woodhouse.—This, it will be remembered, is the painful case in which the father died of a broken heart, and the mother was reported to have lost her reason. The heartless villain was convicted.

PUNCHINGS FROM PUNCH

TO MULL WINE.—Take a bottle of good claret, draw the cork, and put it by for a fortnight. Decant it, and put it away again for a month. Pour it into a jug which has had beer put into it by mistake, and serve it out in any way you like, when you will find your claret mullied most effectually.

METEOROLOGICAL.—The depth of rain fallen in April, 1842, was in the puddles of Tutenham court road 1.23456 inch, and somewhat less in the pocket of a culm on the same spot. In a cracked pipkin on the wall of Mr. Snook's back-yard, 6.54321 inches; and in the garret bedroom of Mr. Jones, of Drury-lane, it varied according to the state of the tiles.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Francis F. Marbury and Elizabeth, daughter of Vice Chancellor McCool, all of this city.

On Tuesday, 16th instant, at the church of the Assumption, by the Rev. Dr. Seabury, Ellen D. Ordre to Matilda M., daughter of George Hanterson, Esq.

On Monday, the 5th inst., by Elder H. Simonton, Mr. William D. Thomas to Miss Mary M. Messinger, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 11th inst., by the Rev. Benj. Griffin, Mr. Barton Chesbro to Miss Isabelle M. Conkey, all of this city.

In Hinfeld, Mass., on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Padridge, Col. Silas G. Herring, merchant of this city, to Caroline S., daughter of Elijah Turbell, Esq., of the former place.

In Allen-street Church, in this city, on Tuesday afternoon May 16, by Rev. George B. Cheever, Wm. Wade Cole, of Lyons, Wayne Co., to Emily W., daughter of the late Orvil Goldsmith, of this city.

On Monday evening, 15th inst., by Rev. Spencer H. Cook, Mr. Henry A. Story to Miss Mary Ann Hazen, all of this city.

May 15, by Rev. Dr. C. G. Cook, Robert A. Shannon to Mary Martha, daughter of Captain James B. Ingersoll, all of this city.

At Le Roy, N. Y., May 12, by the Rev. E. R. Coleman, Charles C. Savage, of this city, to Maria Crane, of Le Roy.

At Boston, William B. Bayley to Miss Adriana, daughter of Hiram Burworth, Esq.

At New-Branswick, N. J., on the 14th inst., by Rev. Dr. Davidson, Benjamin R. Taylor to Caroline, daughter of Simon Mandy, Esq., all of New-Branwick.

At Concord, N. H., May 10, Nathaniel D. Baker, Editor of the New-Hampshire Patriot, to Lucrinda M., daughter of Rev. F. B. Ten Broeck.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, 15th inst., Mr. Isaac Henry Wilson, aged 40 years and 14 days.

To-day morning, John H. Petrie, aged 55 years.

On Monday night, the 15th inst., Anne, infant daughter of Gustavus and Julietta Shipman, aged six weeks months.

MAINE.—We had thought that Maine has suffered enough in the great War of the Atrocity, and in the violent intestine and boundary contentions thereupon attending, to have sufficed to secure her immunity from disaster for a century at least; but we see by the following from the *Portland Advertiser* that a fresh affliction has come upon that devoted land. The Down Eastern must under this visitation keep up good heart, and hope for the best. They have, at any rate, God and Clams left, which is a consolation strengthening under the most despicable circumstances.

The Lobster Fishery.—Those practically acquainted with the Lobster fishery in Maine, represent it in great danger of being overdone and ruined. The demand for lobsters over a wide region of country by means of the quickened travel of Steamboats and Railroads has increased the price, and caused an increased number annually to be taken, and the present season there are thousands of additional nets.—*Portland Advertiser.*

"LOCUST YEAR."—The Hartford Courant, contains the following communication in relation to Locusts:

We frequently see it announced in the newspapers, that "this year has been Locust Year," followed by the story of their returning only once in seventeen years; and as these announcements appear in different parts of the country often than once in seventeen years, it has been stated that there are different tribes of Locusts, and that although the appearance of Locusts in different places, may be often, yet each tribe appears but once in seventeen years. What people in general think of these stories I do not know; but I should think they would be read with doubt and indifference, at least.

I well remember three "locust years," in the years 1792, 1809, and 1826, and my father told me that he remembered one in the year 1758, and another in 1775. There being seventeen years between each of these dates, is strong evidence that they return once in seventeen years, and accordingly the present year 1843, "may be expected to be locust year." I wish you to publish this at this time, that the entomologists may have an opportunity to make observations, and if it should be a locust year, publish the result of their observations. "All is prophet prophesy, and that which he prophesieth cometh to pass, than shall ye know that he is a true prophet."

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—On Tuesday an inquest was held by Mr. Wakely, M. P., at the Feathers Tavern, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, on the body of John Ennis, aged 35. It appeared that the deceased was considered one of the finest men in Europe, and had amassed a little independence by sitting as a model for nearly all the principal sculptors and painters of the present day, foreign as well as English. He enjoyed excellent health, and were his beard nearly to his waist for scriptural subjects, in which his portrait may be seen at the Royal Academy and other institutions. A few days since, Mr. Behnes, the Sculptor, waited upon the deceased at his residence in Holborn-court, and requested permission to take a cast of his face for a bust, but this he refused. He resided with his daughter and granddaughter, and as was his usual custom, on Thursday morning week left home for Covent-garden market to purchase vegetables. On his return home, whilst crossing Sobor-square, he was for the first time in his life suddenly attacked with illness, but bore up against it, and managed to walk home. On entering the place, he exclaimed, "I am struck with death." His daughter desired him to let her run for a doctor, but he promptly refused, saying he never had had occasion for one, and he never would. In five minutes after he was a corpse.

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S OLD BRAVES.—Count Drouet d'Erion, who is now in his 78th year—has just been raised to the rank of Marshall of France. Count d'Erion entered the army in 1792, was appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. Lefebvre in 1793, was General in 1799, general of Brigade in the same year, and General of Division in 1803. He was at the battle of Waterloo, where his bravery was subject of remark. He was in exile during the whole of the Restoration, having been condemned by default, for embracing the cause of Napoleon. General Drouet was Governor of the Chateau de Blaye, during the imprisonment there of her royal highness the Duchess de Berri.

VOLCANOE.—A volcano of a novel kind has broken out in the neighborhood of Krenitzbath, in Silesia. For twenty years a slow fire, which occasioned no alarm, has burnt in the coal-mines of that district; but recently it has shot out immense volumes of flames, which threaten destruction to the surrounding buildings, and to the vast forests of the country. A steam-engine has been established for the purpose of discharging water into the mines; but this machine had been in action at the last accounts for 72 hours without producing any effect.

J. FENIMORE COOPER VS. J. WATSON WEBB.—A second trial of the indictment, found by the grand jury of Otsego county, at the instigation of J. Fenimore Cooper against J. Watson Webb, came off at Fonda, Montgomery county, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The jury stood strict for acquittal, and free for conviction, and not being able to agree, were discharged.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 9, 1848.—A fire broke out in this city about 3 o'clock this morning, in the building owned by Mr. James McCaffrey, situated on the west side of Main street. Mr. McCaffrey and the boarders in the house, were awake by the smoke, and, unable to descend the stairs, escaped through the window, by letting themselves down by a sheet. They saved nothing beyond barely enough clothing to scantily cover them. Mr. McCaffrey estimates his loss, in the building and its contents, at \$3,500 to \$4,000—constituting his all, except the bare lot, and no part of it insured.

From there it communicated, Northwardly, to the adjoining dwelling of Mrs. Parr, and the next adjoining store and dwelling of Mr. J. P. Norton, on the corner of Main and Lady streets, and Southwardly, to the buildings owned by Mr. James McCaffrey, and occupied, one by himself, and the other by Mr. ——— Mills. The next small wooden building, owned by Mr. James Fleming was blown up and the flames thereby arrested. We regret the painful duty of announcing that Professor Twiss of South Carolina College, was severely injured, and Mr. Joseph Shephard and Mr. ——— Wheeler slightly, by the blowing up of Mr. Fleming's building. Professor Twiss superintended the arrangements for blowing up, and after waiting some time without the explosion taking place, he expected the match had gone out and re-entered the building to relight it, followed by Messrs. S. and W. Immediately after entering, the explosion occurred, by which he was severely burned and bruised, (though we are gratified to learn, not dangerously,) and the others slightly. But, considering how the building was blown to pieces, it seems next to a miracle, that all were not instantly killed.

The entire loss is estimated at ten to twelve thousand dollars—the buildings being mostly very old, (about the oldest in the city,) and of comparatively little value: insurance \$4,300—\$2,500 on Mrs. Parr's building, in the Etina Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., and \$800 on Mr. James McCaffrey's buildings, in the Protection Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Norton's loss is probably about \$3,000, Mr. McCaffrey's about \$3,500 to \$4,000, Mrs. Parr's (over her insurance) about \$700, and the others about \$200 to \$400 each.—*South Carolinaian.*

NAVAL.—The United States ship Boston reached Sydney harbor November 27th, after a voyage of two months, from Mexico. She encountered severe weather, and was obliged, in consequence of it, to take the southern passage around New Holland. She arrived at Tahiti, Society Islands, January 21st, in thirty-six days from Sydney. She reached Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, February 13th. The last accounts, dated March 8th, leave her at the last mentioned place.—*National Intell.*

From the Army and Navy Chronicle.
Lieut. Hunter, commanding the steamer Union, has been directed to visit all the accessible ports along our sea-coast to allow as many of our citizens as possible an opportunity of examining his vessel and her peculiar mode of construction. What cause, whether north or south, he will first take, we have not learned; but, wherever he goes, he will no doubt be cordially welcomed.

The *Levant*, sloop-of-war, Commodore Page, at Norfolk, is destined to the Pacific.

On account of the riots which have of late so frequently occurred among the shipping in Savannah river, the interposition of the General Government has been solicited, and promptly acceded. The revenue cutter *Crawford*, it will be seen, has already been sent thither; and, in addition, the *Somers* will shortly sail from Norfolk to Savannah, and be placed at the disposal of the collector of that port.

After performing this service, the *Somers* will form part of the Home Squadron, and proceed on a cruise to the West Indies.

NEW SLOOP-OF-WAR.—Preparatory orders have been issued to commence building, as early as practicable, a first-class sloop-of-war at each of our navy yards, viz: Portsmouth, N. H., Charleston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, and Norfolk. Six in all.

The recruiting naval service at New Orleans has been, we learn, very successful this winter. Two drafts, numbering over three hundred men, have already been sent to the north, and as many more will no doubt be obtained before the time for closing the rendezvous shall arrive.

YANKEE ENTERPRIZE.—A recent letter from an American in Paris communicates this instance of Yankee enterprize, which is both amusing and striking.

PARIS, April.—"I have been amused lately with an instance of Yankee enterprize worthy of notice. There was a little steamer called the *Bangor*, advertised last summer to sail from Boston for the Azores, Gibraltar, Malta and Constantinople. She was a little thing, built strong, with a powerful engine, to run between Boston and Bangor.—This bold push for Europe amazed people very much, particularly as they advertised for passengers. She sailed, and the first that was heard of her she put into Halifax; which possibly may be accounted for by the fact that coal is cheaper there than in Boston. Now we hear of her she is in Gibraltar, towing vessels detained in the Got. Then at Constantinople, towing vessels through the Dardanelles; and lastly, carrying passengers and pilgrims from Constantinople to Trebizond, on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea. And I read in a French paper the other day, that on one trip she had 500 passengers—pilgrims, Turks, Jews and Latins. It is not to be added, too, that she was not good enough to carry passengers at home.

WILL BE PUBLISHED

In a few days, in an Extra Double Number of the Brother Jonathan,
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GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRIBUTES for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nouvelle tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

JONATHAN SLICK OF WEATHERSFIELD,

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "humsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the ribilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MEDICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC,

and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often, unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn us the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the BEST LITERARY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY, And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

TERMS.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN is published weekly on an immense mammoth sheet of paper, and each number contains thirty-two very large octavo pages. The fifty-two numbers comprise three yearly volumes of 544 pages each, commencing on the First of January, First of May, and First of September respectively.

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VOL. V. NO. 4.

NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1843.

WHOLE NO- 202.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.



and its peculiar formation—the furniture to the house, and in fine, there must be a *harmony*, fitness for each other, in all the parts that go to make up an estate.

In the embellishment of grounds with *vases* and *statuary*, but little expense need be incurred to produce great beauty.

"Insult not Nature with absurd expense,
——— but be with caution bold;
Profuse of Grass, not profuse of gold."

Vases of Terra Cotta, which are very common in Europe, are almost as beautiful as if cut from stone, and not a hundredth part so costly. The vase which follows is in the possession of Mr. Donaldson. It is of Maltese stone, and was brought by him from the island of Malta. This is but one of numberless beautiful forms which might be procured at a small expense, for beautifying the gardens in the vicinity of a villa.

Much has been done to create a public taste by Mr. Downing, who has published several works upon the subject. In alluding to the comparative merits of European and American practice, he says, in the United States, it is highly improbable that we shall ever witness such splendid examples of landscape as are to be found in Europe. Here the rights of man are held to be equal, and if there are no enormous parks, and no class of men whose wealth is hereditary, there is at least what is more gratifying to the feelings of the philanthropist, the almost entire absence of a *very poor class* in the country; while we have on the other hand, a larger class of independent janibelders, who, in many

respects, are intelligent and well educated, than any other country in the world can boast of.

Hyde Park, the seat of the late Dr. Hosack, situated on the bank of the Hudson, is a splendid specimen of landscape gardening.

Blithewood, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, the seat of Mr. Donaldson, is perhaps the most tasteful villa residence in America. The park commands a view of surpassing beauty, is studded with groups of fine forest trees, beneath which are walks leading in every course to rustic seats, summer-houses, groves, &c; and in various situations upon the lawns, vases of exquisite sculpture are so disposed as to give a classic air to the grounds. The entrance lodge, built in the English cottage style, is exceedingly neat and appropriate, and the whole place may be considered a model of elegant arrangement; such, indeed, as may fairly come within the reach of many of our wealthy proprietors, if they did but possess the *taste* as well as the means for this species of refined enjoyment. Mr. Davis, who designed *Blithewood*, could show designs equally beautiful, adapted to any locality in the world; and there are few men we trust, in America at least, who have not the natural capacity to understand and appreciate the beautiful in architecture and landscape when presented to their eyes, even through the medium of the designer's draught. If wealthy proprietors, when about to build, would go to a first-rate architect, instead of a mason or carpenter, and give him the *control*, all would be well; but even when men go to procure a *design*, they generally make their own opinion a Procrustean bed, whereon the designer's ideas must

MALTESE VASE.



be stretched or clipped, or to change the figure, if the architect, who is endowed with genius for his profession and indefatigable ardor in it

pursuits, and has spent the best years of a lifetime in ripening and moulding his taste with all the rich legacies of the world's experience, shall pour into their minds great and beautiful ideas upon the subject, still the good ideas pass through their crucibles as through a sieve, and all come out of the same size, all *mediocre*. Therefore, what we wish first to impress upon the readers of the Brother Jonathan, which we hope comprise the *better parties* of the world, is the necessity of the cultivation of *Taste*, to enable them not only to judge for themselves, in matters of architecture and the embellishments of grounds, but to know when they are well advised, whom it is proper to consult, and most of all, to enable them to appreciate properly, the knowledge and genius of our first architects, so as to be willing to be guided and governed in so important an undertaking as the building a villa or cottage, and forming, arranging and embellishing its grounds.

In the city, as we before remarked, there is less room for the display of *taste* in the exterior arrangements of a mansion than in the country, but there is no need that merchants and other proprietors, who ought to be men of education and refinement, and consequently of taste, when they build their city residences, should consult only the *builder*, as the carpenter often calls himself, and thus go on perpetuating *absurdities*, in the construction of tasteless houses, meant to be fine and grand, and at far greater expense than it would have required to erect of the same dimensions the most beautiful specimens of classical architecture.

Within the last fifteen years, thanks to the genius, taste, and unmitigated exertions of Town & Davis, things in this city have somewhat meliorated. There is some pretension now to taste, even in a warehouse. The store of Arthur Tappan, in Pearl-street, designed by Town, was the first in this city erected with granite piers, and even now there is no store more chastely and simply beautiful. Another designed by Town, is Jones' building, 50, Wall-street, which for ten years was the most beautiful structure in the street, and now, for the kind of building, is not surpassed—as any one may see at a glance. Compare it, for instance, with the marble building a few doors above it.

New York is a beautiful city, and yet there is but little, very little, of truly beautiful architecture in it. Three or four splendid public buildings there certainly are, of which we shall speak in due time, but the dwelling-houses of our merchant-princes, are, with a few honourable exceptions, simply exhibitions of a very uncultivated taste. Indeed, the exceptions are so rare that the rule seems universal. The city seems filled with the many absurd compositions that have sprung up in the absence, as it were, of the presiding Genius of Architecture. Almost all the dwelling-houses erected for any length of time, and making any pretensions, came under this category. The offspring of entombed grandeur, they bear upon their fronts the impress of ignorance and presumption.

Woe it of all and most to be deprecated is the false taste in *decoration* which has crept into the buildings where the proprietors are their own architects, or where the uneducated builders are allowed to introduce metriculous and expensive ornaments, to make *fine* what they cannot make *fair*.

"Taste, never idly working, saves expense."

Taste and beauty in architecture depend upon fitness and arrangement, and this rule is most especially applicable to a city dwelling. Let us for a moment criticise one of these tasteless houses. We will commence with the foundation or basement story. Here, owing to three windows, there is little space; it would seem for embellishment, and yet that little is industriously filled up with projecting *stones*, curiously vermiculated, or made in what is called *rustica*, borrowed from the barbarous and inflated architecture of modern Italy. These *rustica* are stuck round the windows, and upon the faces of the casings, the mouldings of which are seen in the interstices between the *rustica*. Should we ask a Proprietor the meaning of this, he would answer that it contributed to impress the beholder with an exalted opinion of the *wealth* and magnificence,—he might add, *taste*,—of the inhabitant.

Over one of the said apertures, right or left, are placed stone *steps*, leading to the principal entrance, and here is a gorgeous display of stone-work and iron railing. Invention is exhausted in multiplying parts, moulding over moulding, and panel over panel. Is this economy? Let us proceed to the doorway. Here a space is left in the brickwork of about six feet in width, which is generally occupied by two diminutive columns, and as many semi-columns, Doric or Ionic, dwindled from the six and eight diameters of the antique, to twelve and sixteen in height. These

sticks support an entablature (so called) as heterogeneous as the conceptions of the *architect*, if such a name can be applied to the perpetrator; and although but six feet in length, is most commonly broken into four or six parts. The centre intercolumniation is occupied by the door, and the side spaces by lights. There is also a space left over the door for light, so that the columns do not assist in supporting the mass of brick-work above, and are, therefore, mere ostentation, for the sake of which the whole superstructure is weakened and deformed.

The lintel over the door is in many instances circular, and in others horizontal. When circular, which is the worst possible taste, the pier is too narrow, for the curve of equilibrium would extend considerably before the exterior of the building; and were it not for the support the front wall receives from that of the adjoining building, it would fall. The horizontal lintel is most frequently cut into a form, which represents three piers, the centre the larger. Now, were it thus composed, it could not sustain its own weight a moment, unless the *voussoirs* were cut into a wedge-like form, the sides all tending to one common centre. For the sake of variety, which too often degenerates into inconsistency, this obvious absurdity is committed.

In passing upward we find nothing of *embellishment* to harmonise with the "*florid gothic*" below, and "nothing can come of nothing." In the cornice we may perceive the same imbecility of mind,—a petty combination of fillets and beads, formed of pine board, the most inflammable material, inviting the destroying element, and too often communicating it to the roof.

Good taste, operating silently, but effectively, the last few years, has nearly succeeded in exploding the vermiculated style of basement, for plain stone work, or a basement with horizontal sinkings between deep courses, as in Mr. Ward's house, Broadway, the original design for which was by Davis, but was tortured and spoiled, by contracting the door-way, coupling the columns, forming breaks or projections in the brick-work, and in diminishing the entablature.

The old style of arched door piece, with slender shafts of wood, has also, nearly given place to ante and columns of marble, which last was first introduced by Davis in Bleecker street, though to that instance totally spoiled in the execution, over which he had no control.

The present style of door-piece is objectionable, from the inordinate width of the intercolumniations, and the flippant about the door and glass, and especially from the ostentation of iron work; which is the more lamentable, since the most beautiful candelabra, tripods, and vases, might be selected from the antique, by any person of the least taste, and would be perfectly appropriate, and far more economical.

Fitting candelabra of bronze, and marble work, which those who would debase doors, should study as models, may be seen at No. 15 State-st. and, entire door-pieces, in tolerably good taste, except in iron work, at 335 Fourth street; in Second Avenue, near St. Marks; Lafayette-place, east side; and in Waverly-place, blocks 7 and 23. The best are those having the pilasters between the door and the side lights, continued up the entire height of the aperture. Columns (in place of ante,) attached to a wall, are never admissible. They should always project so as to be insulated, and have ante behind them. This holds in trimming for interior doors, and chimney-pieces. In color, the worst possible discord is produced by the union of white marble with brick; brown stone with brick, is in much better taste, and the best general effect, as a whole, including iron work, may be seen at 7 and 23 Waverly-place. The worst, altogether, is in St. Mark's-place.

Almost all of these absurdities of style have given place, within a few years to a more classical form of construction. The *Dormer windows*, a Dutch barbarism, are now seldom made, and frieze windows are substituted. The arched doors, so manifestly absurd, are now seldom seen in new houses. The vermiculations have vanished entirely in new structures and that worst feature of all, in our dwellings, masses of ornamental iron-work, at the door-ways, has been in a great measure dispensed with, and sculptured or plain marble blocks substituted.

Upon the whole the march of taste in our domestic city, architecture is as rapid as it is reasonable to expect. It will be but a short time before the commonest dwelling house, in the most unartistic street, will present to the eye a model of simplicity, beauty, and correct taste.

Hon. S. Breese (U.S. Senator from Illinois) came very near being shot by his brother-in-law. The difficulty grew out of ill treatment of Breese's wife's sister.—*St. Louis Republic*.

HECTOR O'HALLORAN AND HIS MAN.

BY W. M. MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

(Continued from page 3.)

CHAPTER XLIII.

ESCAPE FROM SAN SEBASTIAN, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

"A red misadventure about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect."—*Don Juan.*

"She look'd as if she sat at Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more."—*Id.*

The foisterer and I lost no time in making a hasty toilet—and in five minutes our outer two had assumed as ruffianly an appearance as any of our *contrabandistas* in Biscay. The tower clock of the cathedral struck two; and I remembered that Cammaran had mentioned that this would be the hour on which the garrison would sail. Excepting the hollow moaning of the wind, and the occasional drifting of the rain against the casements, all around was still; and, dark as the night was, I remained gazing at the court-yard expecting the appearance of Rawlings and his associates, with all the intensity of hope and fear which a man will feel when on the eve of an attempt that will achieve his liberty at once, or rivet his chains more closely than before. All was quiet—no ghost appeared—no inkling of "the light guard" was audible—when, suddenly, a dull discharge was heard from La Mota, and a shell, bursting over the bay, "gave signal dread of dire debate," and announced that the sortie was being made.

Within minutes the din of war "disturbed the night's propriety." The guns of San Sebastian opened, the Chofre batteries thundered their reply, while a heavy fusillade on the isthmus, pointed to the place where the besieged and the besiegers were fiercely fighting; and where for a doubtful result death or distinction, Cammaran played the desperate game a soldier ventures. The fire went rolling forward, therefore, the French gained ground, and so far the surprise had been successful. At the moment I had touched my shoulder a voice whispered that "all was ready." I turned—the speaker was William Rawlings.

Had I stood upon ceremony, and wished to bid Señor La Pablos, and that comely dame, his lady, "a fair good night," neither of the parties allowed the opportunity, consequently, I descended at once to the courtyard, and there found two ill-favored gentlemen in attendance, and under their guidance, we proceeded to effect—or at least attempt—our deliverance.

The effort was admirably timed. The Sally of the besiegers had been checked, repelled, repulsed; and the spattering fire which had hitherto rolled steadily forward across the suburb of San Roman, now rapidly receded, while, from the trenches, the fusillade became every moment more heavy and more sustained.

On quitting the court-yard of La Pablos, we made a sudden turning, entered a dark lane, and found two men in waiting. A few short sentences were interchanged in low whispers, and we proceeded under the guidance of one who seemed to have undertaken to pioneer the party. The first every moment became more violent; and, as the scene of strife was on the land side, the attention of the sentries stationed on the defences next the bay was misdirected. We gained the centre of a curtain connecting two bastions, unperceived; and, by means prepared already for effecting a descent, glided down the wall unchallenged, and reached the beach in safety.

"So far 'the work went bravely on!' but the most hazardous part of the feat was yet to be performed. Although my poor mother's secret treasure had been required by the *contrabandistas*—according to their story to pay for the hire of a *chasse-maree*, as Jack Falstaff kept, "his charge of foot" in light marching order, properly considered that linen was to be found on every edge, &c. our naval contractors prudently declined "taking up a vessel" especially for our transport, when one might as easily be borrowed without troubling the proprietor to become a consenting party to the loss. This arrangement was made known to Rawlings and myself, for the first time when he reached the water; but the Biscayan assured us that nearly a dozen *chasse-marees* were anchored at a stone's cast from the shore, and besides there was a small fishing boat, ready for launching; we had only to row quietly out, slip the first vessel we could find, take a pious possession, if allowed, and if not, forcibly eject the owners of the property; "cut our locks," and their cable by the same operation, and three stand boldly out to sea.

"Why, honest José," observed the sailor to the leader of the smugglers, "it appears that we are to pay for our deliverance first, and fight for it afterwards."

The person addressed returned an evasive answer.

"Well, no matter—it seems the business must be done," continued Rawlings, "and the sooner we go about it the better. Land a hand, lads—Softly with the launch! we may be nearer our intended prize than we imagine. How fast the wind rises! Upon my soul, on a darker night or more unpromising weather, men never went on a cutting-out party."

In another minute the fisher's boat was in the water, and we embarked. It was one of those small skiffs in which women are frequently sent fish-

ing on the eastern coast, and hence, we were crowded so closely as to render the least movement dangerous, the water reaching to the wash-streak of the boat. As the wind was dead of the beach we had no occasion to use our oars for any purpose but to direct our course, and out we went, drifting in the dark, and upon what the foisterer termed the "devil's expedition." "What," he remarked, "was swimming the Sedana to this? Everybody knew that a river had a bank; but here, the first land we could touch on might be Achil Head or Gibraltar—and he, Mark Antony, would be glad to know what was provided in the eating-and-drinking line for this voyage of discovery!"

But these speculations about our destination were speedily interrupted, for William Rawlings' practised eye had caught the dim outline of two or three small craft riding at anchor. Silence was rigidly enjoyed, and the Englishman steered the skiff upon the centre *chasse-maree*, and desired us, in a whisper, to board the moment the boat's gunnel scraped the vessel's side.

It was quite evident that we were not to be so fortunate as to effect a capture by surprise. The heavy firing of the cannonade and musketry, attendant on the sortie, had roused the crews, whom we heard distinctly conversing from deck to deck, as our boat neared their anchorage. Fortunately, from the extreme darkness, and the diminutive dimensions of the skiff, we were within our length of the *chasse-maree* before we were discovered. To a hasty challenge, a *contrabandista* replied that we were friends, and made an assertion on his part, which subsequent experience proved much at variance with our proceedings.

The looseness of her deck allowed us to board the coaster without trouble, and a short scuffling fight ensued which was over in a minute. Although more numerous by half, the surprise of this slightly visitation distracted the Frenchmen, and they made but a feeble stand. One was flung overboard by a smuggler, an example promptly imitated by the foisterer, who took with him the sword of the skipper—while three or four took the water of their own accord. Rawlings cut the cable—the jib was instantly run up—the vessel cantered with her head to sea—the fore lug was set next minute—and, before the astonished crews could persuade themselves that their consort was regularly carried off, we were beyond the reach of the few muskets which they managed to get hold of in the confusion.

A brief consultation followed our success, and it was agreed that we should stand right out to sea, to avoid meeting with any of the French privateers who were creeping along the coast occasionally, and also afford us a fair chance of falling in with one of our own cruisers.

When morning broke, we had gained an offing of nearly twenty miles. The fire of the Chofre batteries recommenced with day-light; but a smoke-screen, now and then, from the castle and island of Santa Clara, with grumbling sound, like that of distant thunder, and only when a squall came off the land, where all that told us that, with the sun's appearance, the deadly struggle had commenced anew. Other crews were now present. Had the *chasse-maree* sight on board that a prudent soldier like Major Dalgetty, would declare by every regulation absolutely necessary? The inquiry produced a painful disclosure. On board this craft of liberty, there were salt fish and fresh water for a coast-guard! I thought Mark Antony would have fainted when the heavy tidings were gently broke by the chief *contrabandista*, who should, per agreement, have been ship-agent and commissary together. The truth was, my poor mother having been inhibited from imposing penance and fast on me in right of certain marital engagements, had laid upon the unhappy foisterer an additional quantity of both—and there were two things on earth to which Mark Antony had an invincible antipathy, cold water was the one, and salt cod-fish was the other.

"Oh! we're regularly murdered now!" ejaculated my foster brother. "Blessed Virgin! What the devil do you call that dark gentleman who got the first-pound note? I would just like to ask him a civil question, if the inmates sleeping quietly in his ship were duly drowning us first, and starving us, as it appears he intends to do, afterwards. If we ever reach Ireland, by my oath, I'll take an action against him, and!"

"Hist! You'll have no occasion, if my sight be accurate," replied the sailor. "The cloud is ever her again. Keep the craft away—and ease the sheets a trifle. Right—by everything that's lucky—a man-o-war brig! No mistake about that; a man can read it in the coat of her topmast."

The vessel which Rawlings had espied, in a short time was clearly visible. Under single-reefed topsails, jib, and spanker, she was close-hauled as her crew required, while we flew down direct before the breeze. Santa Clara disappeared, "the wide, wide sea" was round us, the cruiser and ourselves the only occupants of ocean—and in an hour we were safely deposited on board Her Majesty's eighteen-gun brig, "The Growler." The *chasse-maree* was turned adrift as worthless—and a promise made on the part of Captain Hardweather, that we should be accommodated with a passage home—the Growler being on her return to England—while our companions, captive, and *contrabandista*, Tysan and Trojan, should be put on board the first coaster we fall in with—none of the parties having the slightest inclination to visit the island home of liberty, and take up their abode in a prison-ship. "For the nonce," he could not have afforded to his voracious more favorable winds. The Growler liked a stiff breeze, and during the run home she had no reason to complain. The fourth evening we were reported to be in the chops of the channel, and on the sixth, were snug at anchor in Spithead. No difficulties were occasioned in the debarkation of our personal effects, and if all military adventures returned in the same condition from the field of glory, I suspect the

trade of war would not be considered as affording a safe investment for the capital of a younger son. During the passage home a change of linen was effected by a friendly look and a very slight billiard, from those to which when we landed was borrowed property. By the kindness of the brig's commander, I was introduced to a baker, through whose agency I raised the necessary supplies; and one brief day wrought on all a marvellous change for the better. The second evening, on looking in the pier glass of the hotel, I had some doubts touching my own identity—Mark Antony of opinion that I was not, and earnestly recommending my friends—William Howells had actually set two barmaids by the ears, and left an impression on the two tender hearts of both, which required a full fortnight to obliterate.

Our journey to town was common-place. The "whips" kept sober, and hence we had not the exciting incident of a "spill"—Robbery being obsolete and utterly unfashionable even in the novels of those Boottian days, though we crossed a "bleated hazz", "nana called 'Stand and deliver!'"—and the passengers, one and all, seemed so apathetic regarding life and property, that one would have thought such heroic perogages as Dick Turpin and Jerry Abershaw had either not existed or that they were utterly forgotten.

Nearly three months had passed since letters reached me from England. The immediate advance of the army, the quick and constant series of events which followed it, my detention at Vittoria first, and my captivity afterwards, rendered it almost impossible that communications, so well dressed as they would be to the head-quarters of the fourth division to which I had attached myself, should reach me during this short and adventurous passage in a life of "marvellous uncertainty" while it lasted. Brief as the season was that intervened since I had heard again of home I was most interested about, how many "changes and chances" in that small circle might have taken place. I reviewed the philosophy of the fosterer and his brother-in-law elect. Neither harbored a doubt that all "at home were well." At home?—What does that simple phrase embody? For a time I took courage from the example; but, when we reached the White Horse Cellar; whence the fosterer, "with love's haste," set out to claim a bride, and the sailor to embrace a parent and sister to whom he seemed ardently attached—then, left alone, I felt all the dark forebodings of one who dreams of naught but happiness, and yet tremble, lest fortune, in some capricious humor, may have already dashed the untasted cup away. Thanks to the gods! these sombre doubts were nothing but a idle phantasm.

If ever the director of "a leather souquenille"—sage, gentle reader, were then onlooker—as it regularly to the pin of his collar to keep time with an impatient gentleness, the unhappy sight who drove me was that person. At last we reached the street—I jumped out—paid honest jockey double—inasmuch as he avowed that his "near-side" was a rarer breed, was ruined for life by desperate driving—and "the outsider" did not hit his work. I was so much surprised that I stepped first at the door—an old woman opened it—Was Mr. Hartley at home? I could not answer the question, for Mr. Hartley had out lived there three two months. Saints and angels! what misery! It was brief. A young lady-looking personage unlocked a panel-door, and acquainted me that the arrival of some Irish relations had rendered it necessary for Mr. Hartley to take a larger house; that for the benefit of country air, he had selected one some ten miles distant from the city—adding that the family were well, as a servant had called that morning with some message from the ladies. She gave me my uncle's address, and in half-an-hour I was speeding to Bromley Park, as fast as a light post chaise could carry me.

Some seven miles from town, the last village was passed, and the remainder of the drive ran partly through shaded lanes, and partly over open commons. [At a roadside hostelry, within a gunshot of my uncle's dwelling, I discharged my carriage, emptied the light portmanteau which contained my wardrobe to the safe keeping of the landlady, and set out, under proper directions, to find the place where love and duty alike urged me to proceed.

I easily discovered the abode of "my fair lady." The exterior bore all the appearance of respectability; and though the light was but indifferent, the entrance-lodge, paleings, and close-clipped hedges, announced it to be a gentleman's retreat. The mansion stood upon a lawn not far below the high-way; lights flashed from the lower windows, proving that the house of the apartment where the family were residing, and, by a singular impulse, I determined to escalate the enclosure, and have a sly peep, *incog.* at those within.

I turned from the high road into a grassy lane which skirted the palings of a shrubbery—and tried them once or twice, but they were confidently high, and in excellent preservation. I pushed on—not a practicable breach to be discovered—and my ankle's manœuvre seemed as difficult as *entre* as San Sebastian's. Should I persist, or abandon the attempt as hopeless? "Turn back!" said Common Sense—"Go on!" and Adventure urged my elbow. I hesitated—a circumstance which the doubtful balance.

Within an open gateway to a field, I perceived a horse placed in the keeping of some elderly peasant, evidently seeking concealment under the deep shelter of the hedge. I spoke; none answered. Why was this horse in waiting? It looked suspicious. Some felony was intended, burglary, or, more probably, exhumation. I strolled on a few yards farther—three or four railings had been recently seen through, affording sufficient room to creep in by, and without a second's consideration, in I went.

I crossed the soft green turf, I proceeded in a straight direction towards the mansion, guided by the lights which had first attracted my attention to the road. A clump of evergreens suddenly shot above from my view, and I paused to determine whether I should turn to the right or to the left. While still uncertain, I thought something moved within the trees—I listened—whispers fell upon my ear, and next moment two figures glided from the clump, and crossed into what appeared in the darkness to be a belt of young plantations, stretching along the lawn and reaching to the lane from which I had effected my entrance. Who might these men be? Poachers, in pursuit of game, or kye, or, on the look-out to prevent their preserves from being spoiled. When I recollected the horse I had detected concealed beneath the hedge, I came to the first conclusion—the men no doubt were poachers; and the animal had been left in charge of some confederate, to enable them to carry to town the produce of their night's marauding. In this belief, I proceeded cautiously to the hall, determined to apprise mine honored uncle that knaves had "broke his park," and possibly, might "beat his keepers." But soother scene, and one to me of deeper interest drove hares, pheasants, and poachers from memory altogether.

When I cleared the clump of evergreens I found myself directly in front of the mansion, and as the windows reached clearly to the level of the lawn, the interior of the apartment was seen from without distinctly. All within bore the appearance of luxury and elegance. The furniture, the plate, the paintings, the lights, were in perfect keeping with each other. In the panorama of life many such a scene may be discovered. It was evidently the dwelling place of wealth—but not the abode of happiness.

Four persons occupied the chamber, and formed a striking group. The party consisted of two persons of either sex. One a sofa, a man past the meridian of life seemed in earnest conversation with a lady, who was still in the pride of matronly beauty; the expression of her face was that of settled melancholy; and it appeared that he who sat beside her was offering consolation—but in vain. The lady was my mother—the gentleman, her brother, and mine honored uncle.

At the opposite side of the apartment the other twin were seated, and thither, after one hurried look, at those upon the sofa, my gaze was turned, and there remained. My father, with Isidora on his knee, encircled her waist with his solitary arm, while her head was resting on his bosom and her hands clasped wildly round his neck. Oh! what a change a few brief months had made! The sweet bud of promise I had first seen in its mountain solitude, had flourished into love-liness—and the woman, not the girl, was before me. Her face was turned towards the window, and as the lights fell upon it, every feature was distinct as if I stood beside her. Her's was not the calm sorrow of my mother—it was the wilder outbreak of the youthful heart, which vents its sufferings in sobs and tears; and while my uncle and his sister covered in whispers, the voice of my mother and my mistress welled out from the window. I could have easily ascertained the cause of all this grief, had I but looked upon the table and the floor. On the former lay an open post-bag, and several letters with broken and unbroken seals; on the latter, a newspaper was spread out at my father's foot, and, no doubt, the evil tidings it had contained occasioned the anguish and distress I witnessed.

"Oh! tell me not to hope," exclaimed the fair girl, "I cannot—durst not."

It was painful to listen to the reply. The voice endeavored to assume a steadiness which its broken tones belied; and the feelings of the father and the soldier conflicted sadly, as the tongue held out false and feeble hopes, which the speaker's heart secretly believed to be illusory.

"Give me, my sweet girl," said the veteran, "He is only returned 'missing.' No doubt Hector has been made prisoner, carried into the place, probably wounded—"

"Wounded!" exclaimed the listener, "No—no—no—dead—dead—and I am for ever wretched!"—and again the head of the fair sufferer sank on the bosom which had supported it before.

I cannot describe my feelings; my heart was bursting to announce my safety, and I only hesitated to know how it could be most safely done—a moment ended the doubt.

"Do not despair, Isidora—my own, own daughter." The words came chockingly from his lips—the word *daughter* was too trying—the chances were that he was now childless—and he hastily turned his head away. I saw a tear stealing down his cheek—and when the soldier's eye is moist, the heart, indeed, is full.

"Cheer up, my dearest Isidora, all may yet be well—Hector may live—"

I could not control the impulse—

"He does live!" I cried from my lips involuntarily.

"Saints and angels!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford, springing from his chair and flinging the cushion open—"True! by everything providential! Himself! Hector—and in safety!"

As he spoke, I jumped through the window. My lady-mother uttered an exclamation of joy, and sank back upon the cushions of the sofa. My mistress springing from my father's knee, and, fainting in my arms. "And, of course, you re-deposited the young lady upon the place from whence she came, and few doubtfully to the assistance of your mamma, Mr. Hector O'Halloran!"

Mr. Reader, I never reply to impertinent questions; but *entre nous*, I rather imagine that the recollection of the elder gentleman was, as entirely committed to her husband and Mr. Clifford.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CRISIS APPROACHES.

North.—"Every minute now
Should be the father of a stratagem!"

"Yes, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume."

Ed Part of HEW. IV.

A letter I had received on my return to the head quarters of the fourth division, after my *ejourné* with the Empeccadillo, had apprized me that events in which my future fortunes were involved, hurried rapidly to a crisis. My communications with England had then ceased; and, on my unexpected return home, I found I had opportunely arrived when my presence was most desirable, and the *dénouement* of the drama was at hand.

Without wearying the reader with the details of my uncle's proceedings, we will bring their results before him, up to the evening when at Bromley Hall I popped so unexpectedly through a window, and frightened to amiable ladies into fainting-fits.

It was the evening of a sultry day, the harvest had commenced, and, over a rich and picturesque expanse of country, as far as the eye could range, the sickle was busily employed. On an elevation, in a domain of noble extent, a gentleman far advanced in years, was seated on a rustic bench, under the expansive shadow of an oak, the growth of centuries. At times he looked at the busy and interesting scene which the landscape all around presented—and then resumed the perusal of a newspaper. The domain was Clifford Park—the old English gentleman was my grandfather.

At the side of a copse, not many yards distant from the bench where the owner of the park was seated, another and a very different personage might have been discovered. She was a gipsy-woman of middle age, and seemed busily employed in gathering sticks wherewith to cook her supper. The old gentleman looked at her with some attention. For the last three evenings he had remarked her at the same hour and on the same spot. The regularity of her appearance had therefore excited some curiosity—and, beckoning her to come forward, he took his purse from his pocket, and presented her with some silver.

On receiving this munificent present, the gipsy courtseyed reverently to the ground—the old gentleman resumed his newspaper, and waved his hand as a signal she should retire; but she made a step closer to the bench, directed a speaking look at Mr. Clifford for a moment, then threw a suspicious glance around, and, in a low voice said, with some hesitation, "We are alone, sir,—Dare I speak to you?"

The old gentleman, for a moment regarded the speaker with marked astonishment. The manner, rather than the words, was startling; but he nodded a mute assent.

"For many a week I have sought this opportunity; but you are so closely watched, that, hitherto, I dared not venture near you—I have tidings—"

"Noose, woman, that can interest me," said the old man, with a melancholy sigh. "There is nothing in this life to give me pleasure, and little connected with it that could cause me pain. No tie binds me to the world—"

"And yet you have a double one—the dearest to ordinary hearts. Have you not a daughter and a grandchild?"

"Stop, woman,—who are you?"

"The humble instrument of Heaven, destined, I hope, to restore to the patriot's arms, a child alienated far too long—Ah! been comes yon meddling priest! Would you even yet have the remnant of your days made happy, be here to-morrow evening—ad, for your own sake, be silent."

"I will!" said the old man impressively. The gipsy assumed her former attitude of deep humility, courtseyed to the ground again, resumed the bundle of sticks she had collected; and, as if she had not perceived him coming, turned into the direct path by which the confessor hastily advanced.

They met; the gipsy made her humble obeisance, which the priest returned by a searching glance. In the handsome features of the wanderer there was nothing to excite suspicion, and he simply asked, "what was her business with Mr. Clifford?"

With a face beaming with delight at having received a large and unexpected gratuity, the gipsy unfolded her hand. "See, reverend sir, what his noble honor has bestowed upon the poor wanderer!" and she pointed to the silver Mr. Clifford had just given. "It is many a long day since I was mistress of so much. Reverend sir, you are not angry at my gleaning a few sticks? Believe me, poor Mary will do no injury to the trees. You look a kind hearted gentleman. Heaven grant you long and happy days."

What will not the mystic influence of beauty effect? The cold churchman looked at the applicant for a moment—a soft black eye was eloquently turned on his, "with lips apart," disclosing teeth of pearly whiteness, the gipsy timidly awaited his reply.

"How lovely she must have been in woman's noon-day!" the confessor involuntarily muttered. "You have the remission, you ask. Take care it be not abused!" Again the gipsy courtseyed, and the churchman passed on—giving her, in return for an outburst of ardent thanks, unbelieved as she was, his parting benediction!

Days passed—the weather continued beautiful, and the lord of Clifford Hall might have been seen on his favorite seat beneath the old oak tree every afternoon—generally, the confessor close at hand, and the gipsy gathering sticks in some of the copses at no great distance. Twice she contrived to convey a sealed packet to the old man unperceived; and, on the following evening, after he had perused their contents, she saw, with unspeakable delight, that what he had read was not displeasing. The letters were from his long lost son, cautiously worded to sound the old man's secret feeling, lay the ground work of a disclosure, and prepared him for coming events.

It was on the third evening before I had so very unexpectedly presented myself at Bromley Hall, that, just as the light was falling, a man, evidently in an excited mood, paced slowly back and forward in front of the ancient oak in Clifford Park, which was have already described as being a favorite spot with the owner of the domain. Besides the extended view over the surrounding country which this rising ground commanded from its crest, the front and back entrances to the park were visible—and towards both, the lonely visitor turned frequently an anxious look. At last, as if wearied with his solitary vigil, the confessor—for it was he—broke into a rambling soliloquy.

"It is strange what has delayed him—two long hours beyond the time he told me he should return! I can scarce believe that I am waking. He who for years has been the creature of my will—who has thought as I dictated—who acted as I plotted out—who in my hands was but a mere automaton, whom I wound and directed as I pleased—that he should thus miraculously assume an independence, and break through the thrall that bound him. By misadventure, 'tis marvellous—'tis scarcely credible! That cured interview with his grandson laid the foundation of the whole—and yet I fancied that I had rendered the mischief less, and emboldened the workings of natural affection which the youth's sudden appearance re-kindled in the old man's breast. But the last fortnight has crowned the mystery. Three long years—the old man never penned a letter. Were private communications to be made, I was summoned to indiate them. Was business to be transacted, the steward was always the amanuensis. But now, he sits for hours alone—and writes, and transmits letters daily and by the hand of one who hates my creed, and with whom I dare not tamper. What can be done? Never was a game more critical—one false move, and all is lost. The tidings of the evening too, are ominous. His lawyer to be here to-morrow—his errand, strictly secret too. What argues that but mischief? By every saint, I know not how to act. True, I have not let the baronet pass without gleaning plentifully—and, better still, I have secured the reward of many an anxious soliloquy. But to seize the grand object of my ten years of toil and artifice slip from my grasp—even at the moment when the course of nature should have consummated the triumph of sound conceits, ably and patiently carried out—His—a horseman—'tis he—I'll teach the ball before him."

While the steward rode hastily to the stables, the priest had reached the mansion and retired to his private apartments. There, he impulsively waited the return of his confederate—such, in a few minutes, the steward presented himself. If the confessor fancied that himself had standing to communicate, one glance at the steward's agitated countenance, assured him that the heavier news had yet to be unfolded.

"How now!" he muttered. "You seem disturbed. Has aught occurred to cause us more disquietude?"

"We stand upon the brink of ruin," was the reply.

"Go on—whence comes the threatened danger?" inquired the churchman.

"From the grave!" returned the steward.

"The grave?"

"Ay, holy father—well may you betray astonishment. One believed dead for five-and-twenty years not only alive, but actually resides within a few miles of where we stand—in danger, infinitely purposes any thing which may mean yet," said the priest.

"Edward Clifford?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the churchman. "He died in misery and exile. 'Tis some impostor."

"It is the true man, by Heaven!"—"Think you that one who hated him as I did—who was the object of his fiercest and most eternal vengeance, kept the vow faithfully, and wrought the secret ruin of him who wronged him—think you, holy sir, that he could ever forget one, at the same time, the offender and the victim. No—no—ordinary injuries pass from the memory in time—but insulted love leaves a burning recollection in the heart, which death alone obliterate."

"By the holy saints!" exclaimed the confessor, "your tidings are astonishing."

"You have not heard the worst," continued the steward. "Give me some wine—for faith, my nerves are sorely shaken by the occurrences of this afternoon. Fill your glass, father, and listen to a tale, singular and wonderful as any which, even to the confessional, may have reached your ears."

"You know that the object of my ride to-day was to trace, if possible, the person with whom the old man holds his dangerous correspondence. Every inquiry failed—and I was returning a sadder, but not a wiser man than when I left you, considering what channel I should next try to seek the information we require, when simple accident discovered the perilous position in which we stand—and which we stand in danger, infinitely purposes any thing which our gloomiest apprehensions could have fancied."

"A short time since, a stranger, named Hierarchy, took Bromley Hall for a few months; and there he immediately removed his establishment. It was on a small scale, 'twas said, but in every respect that befitted a

"He who appeared 'lord of the revels' seemed ill at ease. He rose from his chair—looked for a moment from the window—muttered something about 'foul weather out of door'—returned, sounded a hand-bell which had been placed beside him—ordered a step to be hastened, and brandy and water to be brought in, to fill the tedious interval."

The order was the signal of the maid of the inn; the door was closed—and each of the company, by an involuntary impulse, looked over his shoulder to ascertain that no eaves-dropper was near. He who played the host seemed in no mood for revelry, and merely slipped the glass before him—the lesser of the strangers also drank sparingly—but the tall ruffian turned down the tumbler considerably below its centre, pushed its diminished contents farther on the board, and then leaning a pair of overgrown hands upon his knees, and bowing forward until his head, by slow progression, had made a Turkish obeisance to the superior of the company, in slow and pointed terms he begged respectfully to inquire, "what business had brought himself and—" he merely pointed to his companion—"on such short notice to the country!"

"Business—and that, too, of consequence," was the brief reply.

"All right," returned the stouter ruffian. "Business is very well in its way—but I'd like to understand the nature of the job before I undertake it. Light work is well enough, but when it comes, Mr. Thingumbob—for I don't know y'er name—but what we calla heavy, wet means, y'know, hemp or transportation—why then men must look about them, and as a question or two before they take on."

To this judicious remark the smaller of the two assented by a gracious inclination of the head—while the question, so homely put, appeared to have disconcerted their respectable patron, for he did not answer for a minute, and then the reply was evasive. After passing a flattering encomium on the character of the late Mr. Stomax—who whose irreparable loss was deeply to be regretted—he hinted that, in his line of business, there was now a blank. His unhappy death, and the equally unhappy consequences which followed, had left the dreary void. It was impossible to find a professional gentleman equally talented and trustworthy. Undoubtedly, men of high honor and strong nerve could be found—and therefore, rather than run risks, he, Mr. Jones, as he was pleased to call himself, would prefer doing business with principals, and having no humbug among friends. What a strange epitome of life the scenes enacted at an inn would furnish! How dissimilar in rank, in object, in vocation, are those whose every apartment of this human halting-place receives its turn! The cure-worn and the careworn—the miser and the spendthrift. Opulence, with unassuming carriage—penury, vainly attempting to brighten its rattle-trail. A noble, in still old age the conqueror, rests in this chamber to-day—to-morrow it will be tenanted by a bagman, who never heard that such a being as his grandfather had existence. This evening a bridal party occupy the inn. They dream of nought but happiness—there is a fancy world—their road of life is carpeted with roses—they leave next morning. Who, next in succession, fill the same apartment as the morrow?—I—a cobbler, to saddle him with what called the saddle of a village beauty, who loved not wisely, but too well."

While Mr. Jones and his friends were thus engaged in the large parlour up stairs, in a small back room behind the bar of the "George," two other personages were comfortably located. One was the jolly hostess, whom nothing but "rum and true religion" could have uphield, seeing that, in the brief space of ten years, she had been thrice a mourner. Finding, however, that in martial lack there is no faith "in old numbers," she had judiciously concluded on raking the fortune of an even one; and, at the moment when Mr. Morley was bargaining with his amiable companion above stairs, the widow of the "George" was endeavoring to ascertain whether a matrimonial arrangement was likely to "come off" below.

"A mighty cold place these cross roads must be in the winter; and I don't wonder, Mrs. Tomkins, that you're uncommon lonely—and especially in the long nights. How short the days are gettin'!"

"Ah, Mr. Magravel—"

"Magravel, if you please, Mrs. Tomkins."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady; "but, as I was saying, I'll never get over Christmas as I am. Though I look stout and hearty, I am but a timid sort of woman after all;—a fight in the kitchen knocks me of a heap, and unless after eight put me totally from sleeping afterwards."

"Ah! then I pity ye, Mr. Tomkins," returned the visitor; "after soddin' three dozen cold burbuds, no wonder that a fourth would be in ye'r way, now that the cold weather's comin' on. It was only yesterday I was sayin' to Mr. Dominik, the black gentleman at the park, 'Dominik,' says I, 'What?' says he, 'I never,' says I, 'I'd venture to go before the priest in company wid a woman, it's Mistress Tomkins, of the George, would be my choice.'"

"And isn't it strange, Mr. Magravel, that ye never took a wife?"

"I was over bashful when a boy, and fraks 'y modesty never quitted me afterwards," returned Shemas Ryan, looking as innocently in the smiling face of the landlady of the George, as if he had never crooked a knee before Father Peter Feagarty as the altar of byman.

Shame on ye for a deceiver! If the honest woman, who owns you in Connaught, were taken up by elbow, and overheard your insidious attempts upon the too tender-hearted Widow Tomkins, I would not be in your coat, Shemas Ryan, for all the rats and rabbits you'll kill this side of Christmas!"

To what lengths Captain Magravel might have urged his treacherous plot, it would be difficult to fancy, but the sudden entrance of Mrs. Tomkins' attendant, fortunately for her lady's peace of mind.

interrupted the further oratory of the false rat-catcher. She delivered some trifling message.

"If ever," continued the maid of the inn, "murder was written in a mortal countenance, you may see it in the faces of two of the fellows above stairs. Lord! if they stop here to-night, I shall never close an eye!"

"Who are they?" inquired the rat-catcher.

"Heaven only knows," was the reply. "They came into the house about an hour ago, and from the appearance of their shoes, I should say they had walked some distance. They inquired for a Mr. Jones; and on being told there was no person here of the name, they called for some ale, and said they would sit down and wait for their friend's arrival. Presently the man they asked for arrived on horseback (diamonds, I thought, spoke to the others for some minutes, requested to have the use of a private room, and they retired together."

"You may depend upon it, the errand that brought them here is not an honest one. Could you but see the suspicious looks they throw round them when I enter or leave the room?"

"We'll soon know more of both themselves and the business that brought them here," returned the buxom widow. "You must know, Mister Magravel, that a dark closet I keep for my private use is divided from the large sitting-room upstairs by a boarded partition, and there are cracks in the paper through which you can see what passes in the other room, and hear every word that's said. Many a stolen kiss I've witnessed there—and many a tale of love I've listened to. Follow me softly. But, Lord! what was I going to do? Venture myself in the dark, and with an Irish gentleman! Oh! I won't move a step, unless Susan comes along with us."

"Honor bright!" exclaimed the rat-catcher.

"And you'll know there must be somebody left to mind the bar," added the spider-brasher.

These observations were conclusive, and after an assurance of great discretion on the captain's part, the lady agreed to venture herself alone, and even in the dark, with the bashful Irishman.

Without occasioning the slightest alarm to the guests who occupied the great chamber above the George, the rat-catcher and his fair companion encoined themselves in the closet, and it would appear, too, at a moment when the negotiation had assumed a business-looking character, and matters were drawing to a close.

"We understand on another perfectly," said Mr. Jones.

"I must allow it," replied the larger of the ruffians, "that you have come to a decision to let the scratch. Mr. Morley, and I hope you will take it amiss, that we asked that part of the coal should be posted before we undertake the job. You see, it's what we calla heavy work,—nothing like greasing a man's fat before he commences, it makes him slip at the business slap, because he knows that the rowdy will be stumped up when all's right afterwards. It's not late enough, so if you'll shew us the way into the park, and point the right-hand out, we'll make matters sure to-morrow night, and no mistake."

"I am satisfied you will acquit yourself like men of spirit," was the reply. "Proceed down the lane that turns to the right, and when I discharge the reckoning, I'll mount my horse and follow. At the second gate—you'll find it open—wait for me."

"The ruffians wain" rose and left the room, their employer called a bill, ordered his horse to the door, and quitted the hostelry. The Captain prepared to follow him, and having kissed the landlady, a liberty for which he received a severe rapscall, accompanied, however, by a general invitation to drop in as often as he could, "the George" in a few minutes was totally deserted, and Mrs. Tomkins issued orders that her premises should be closed for the night, with a passing remark to her attendant, of "what a nice man Mr. Hartley's keeper was."

CHAPTER XLV.

Glester—"I was a peck-brother in his great affairs."

KING RICHARD III.

"There art in London—in that pleasant place
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing."

DON JUAN.

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the confusion my sudden entrance into the drawing-room of Bramley Park occasioned the inmates, had entirely subsided. I ran briefly over the narrative of my capture and escape—accounted for the non-appearance of the fosterer—was assured, notwithstanding wounds and "durance vile," that I looked particularly healthy—and in due course returned, as in duty bound, a shower of compliments. The Colonel was particularly anxious to know why a lodgement was attempted on the breach, without battering down the defence, and in support of his opinion, made some extensive quotations from Vauban and Carnot. He also wished to inquire why the false alarm upon the land-side, when the globe of compression was fired with such success, had not been turned, like the front of the third division at Alameda, into a real attack! Mr. Cliford and the captain, who were in the last advice from England had resolved me, that he should take up his details therefrom. My mother was sollicitous in ascertaining how often Mark Anthony had attended mass; and was rather anxious to find out whether the fosterer had faded upon Friday, and signed frequently at confession. Four islanders were whispered quire, and more readily and willingly replied to:—"Had I really then been 'his'?" and "Were the ladies of the Peninsula so handsome as they had been represented?" The answer to the first was an ardent affirmation, and to the second I

gave a faithful assent—for the finest features of Isadora's beauty were decidedly Spanish.

The entrance of two former acquaintances, Dominique and my loving countryman, the ratcatcher, induced the ladies to withdraw, and retire to their respective apartments. From the faithful negro I received an ardent welcome; and the captain was graciously pleased to express his satisfaction at my return. Indeed, the outer man of the latter was so changed for the better, that I might have passed him on the road and not recognised my former ally. The eccentric habiliments in which he had migrated from the "the far-west," had given place to the smart of an English game-keeper; and as the captain was a stout, careless-looking fellow, no wonder he had found favour in the widow's sight, and had been pronounced by that experienced lady, "a nice man."

After Dominique's congratulations, and Shemas Rhus's "crude fraternal" had been duly delivered, the latter, in sentences equally compounded of English and Irish, the ratcatcher announced himself to my uncle as the bearer of important intelligence. He had been taking a turn round the park, he said, after nightfall, with the gun under his arm, on the look-out for poachers, and in the course of his rambles had dropped into "the George." What occurred there he briefly detailed, with the omission of all love-passages between himself and the fair widow, and then he thus proceeded with his narrative:—

"I followed the sound of the horse's feet. When the rider reached the second gate in the lane, he dismounted, joined the other villagers, and all three walked forward towards the broken palings, while I slipped quietly through the wicket, and, knowing my path well, was at the opening in the fence before they reached it. Only two of them came in, for the third fellow remained outside with the horse. They went along, trampling on broken boughs as they groped their road, while I kept the grass under my foot, and dodged them without being overheard. They went directly for the house, and then they turned by the clump of evergreens, I ran round by the other side and hid behind a holly. I saw them steal to the window of this room, and look in for at least five minutes. They then fell back close to the bush that sheltered me.

"You're certain you know the men?" says the decent-dressed fellow to the other thief.

"To be sure I do," was the answer—"he has a pair of arms, and the other core but one."

"You see how easily it can be done. You can shoot him from the outside, and be safe on the high road before any body could give an alarm."

"The job's plain enough," said the other.

"And the moment it's done, mind that you be off at once to London—and for your lives don't stop to drink on the way. Attend to this—avoid public houses—and all trace of us is lost."

"And you'll be sure to meet us the day after!"

"Sure as the sun will rise."

"And what time should we do the trick?"

"As soon after dusk as you can manage it. Earlier would not be safe. Can you conceal your arms?"

"Easily—I'll borrow a poacher's gun from an old pal of mine. It comes in pieces; the barrel unsews in the middle, and you can carry it in the bare-pocket of a shooting-jacket."

"Come—You know the man and the place. Let us be off. I'm too late from home."

They returned through the plantation. As they approached the palling—I still hanging on their heels—I was sorely tempted to give them a barrel apiece before we parted; but I thought, as I had found out all they were after, that it was better to let them pass this time—and inform your honour of what was in the wind."

"You acted, gallant Captain," replied Mr. Clifford, "with excellent tact and judgment. I see clearly through the business. My existence and return are assured—and the person who carries my enemies would now consummate his villainy by murder. It will only expedite the denouement—and with the failure of to-morrow night, Morley's career will close. Come, Hector, we must not forget that you require refreshment—and while you sup, I will acquaint you with events which have occurred during your absence from the country."

While my uncle was detailing the progress of his secret operations, I was giving him ocular proof that my appetite had not deteriorated by campaigning. But even supper and a long story has an end. The clock had struck the first hour of morning—we parted for the night—the Colonel, by no means satisfied that the assault on San Sebastian should have failed—Mr. Clifford, to mature his plans, and avail himself of the ratcatcher's information—and I, to seek my pillow with that blessed and heart-cheering assurance, that all I loved dearest on earth were slumbering beneath the same roof-tree.

From Bromley Park we will carry the reader for a brief interval away, and follow the fosterer and his companion to the native village of the latter. It was sunset on the succeeding evening, before the stage coach on whose roof the only were seated, stopped at the cross roads at a mile's distance from Rawling's home, and here deposited the travellers. Never did a couple of wayfarers cross a pathway more expeditiously. They had light kits and light purses—but they had what was better than any thing wealth could produce, lighter hearts—for from a fellow passenger, William, to the inquiry, "Doth my father still live?" had received an assurance that the old man was well, and happy, and without a care, save that arose from anxiety regarding the safety of his absent son. No was the fosterer less gratified by the further tidings of the stranger. His mistress was looking better than she had ever done—at least, such was

the village report—and but a week ago, it was whispered that she had declined the hand of the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood. The cooer mounted to the lover's cheek. To hear that his mistress was fairer than before, was flattering to his pride—but to find her constancy unchangeable, was incense to his heart.

The lights were sparkling in the village casements before the travellers reached the termination of the pathway—and Rawlings with his companion passed through the garden by a private wicket, and unobserved, reached the rear of his father's cottage. The security and confidence over felt to dwellings "far from town," were here apparent—for the window of the house parson was neither protected by shutter or curtain from theft or curiosity; and while the retired soldier luxuriated with his pipe, his pretty daughter was engaged in plying her needle busily, in perfect unconsciousness that the eyes of a lover were gazing fondly on her from without.

"Heaven bless ye both!" ejaculated the warm-hearted sailor, "We must not appear too suddenly; come, we'll step over to the Lion, and send the landlady across to tell father and sister that the wanderers are returned."

William Rawlings was the pride of the village; every rustic coquette was flattered by his preference; and it was said that it was rather out of pique than love, that the miller's pretty daughter had listened to the suit of the jolly landlord of "the Lion." Certain it is, that her reception of the handsome sailor was much more ardent, than what he of the spigot would have been expected to have been a witness to the unexpected meeting.

"Why, William, art thou alive man?"

"Alive, girl; ay, and likely to live. I need not ask thee for Julia and the old man—I had a peep at both through the parlour window. Step over, dear Betsey, and let them quietly know that here I am, sound as British oak, and an old comrade long with me."

"Lord! they will be overjoyed!" exclaimed the hostess, as she skipped across the street, and knocked at the old quarter-master's hall-door.

"Ah! Betsey, is it thou?" said the veteran as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and held his hand out to the visitor. "What news, my girl!—girl—no, no—I must call thee dame now."

"Look in my face," returned the pretty hostess, "canst thou not read good tidings there?"

"What mean ye, Betsey?" inquired the old man's daughter.

"Mean?—nothing but what I say; I am the bearer of the best news you have listened to for the last six months."

"Is it aught concerning my boy?" exclaimed the excited quarter-master.

"Yes—William is alive and well; and of that an old friend of his, who stopped just now at the Lion, will give you presently, a full assurance."

"Heaven, I thank thee!" said the old man, as he reverently raised his eyes, and poured the brief offering of gratitude warmly from a surcharged heart.

"Don't be surprised at—"

"His return!" exclaimed the other female. "Is he come home? Betsey—dear Betsey—attend to this suspense, and make us too, see happy."

"Certainly," said the fair hostess, "the sailor across the street is very like your brother."

"Oh! I will fly to him," exclaimed the old man's daughter, as she rushed towards the door—but in the passage her farther progress was arrested—a man clasped her in his lusty embrace, and covered her lips with kisses.

"William, dear William—"

"Julia—my darling sister."

"Said I not truly," observed the pretty hostess, "that I brought you joyous news?"

Next moment the wanderer was kneeling at his father's feet; and that night, had Britain been searched through, a happier family could not have been discovered.

"And now that I have a chance of getting a civil answer, may I ask who that handsome young soldier is? I hope he is going to stop at the Lion for awhile. It would be a pleasure to serve a good-looking fellow like your friend, after being plagued waiting on frumpy farmers, and answering beer-drinking bores."

"Wily, Mistress Betsey, that same well-featured youth is a trusty comrade of my own, and a sworn friend of of old Irishman my sister is slightly acquainted with—a gentleman called Mark Antony O'Toole."

The name seemed to have a magical effect. Julia's cheeks, in a moment, were dyed with blushes—a heavy sigh involuntarily escaped—a tear trembled in her eye—and a look-on would have been dull indeed, who could not have read the secret of her love.

"Ah!" said the landlady archly, "no wonder Frank Robinson was rejected. So, Mistress Julia, and you would so confide in your old school-fellow, and tell her you were over head and ears in love."

"He is to be our guest for a few days—longer, probably, if you will make yourself agreeable. Julia, are you not obliged to me, my fair sister, not only for bringing myself safely back, but also for coming home provided with a brother-in-law, if you will only let me recommend a husband to you—Nay, dear Julia, no tears—but just, you know, and would not wound thy feelings for the world. I will go over for my friend—" he said and left the room, accompanied by the pretty hostess. The old man resumed his pipe; and poor Julia ascended to her own apartment, to bless Heaven for the restoration of a brother—and weep, were the truth known, for the absence of one even still dearer to her heart.

Five minutes passed—the hall door opened—she heard the well-known voice of the wanderer inquire for her, and presently footsteps were heard upon the stairs.

"Julia—what, moping here, and not down to offer a welcome to my friend! Well, I must fetch thee, my girl!" and William Rawlings unclosed the door. She started—the stranger was beside him—and she turned a look of displeasure and surprise on the thoughtless mariner.

"Nay, don't look marlin-spikes at me, Julia. Here is the real offender."

One glance, and the secret was disclosed. With a face beaming with delight, and eyes more brilliant now,

"For having lost the light awhile," she sprang into the fosterer's arms. The vows of simple but ardent love were mutually interchanged anew—and that night the happiest family in Sussex would have been found circling the quarter-master's parlour.

The clock was striking two, when the steward, after leaving his horse in the stables of Clifford Park, walked hastily to the hall, and admitted himself by means of a private key, to the wing of the building occupied by the confessor and himself. On looking towards the chamber of the priest, as Morley approached the mansion, a thin stream of light escaped from an opening in the shutters, and told that the holy occupant had not yet retired to his pillow. The steward tapped gently at the churchman's door, which was opened by the occupant himself. Within, the room was in manifest confusion—several trunks and boxes were being packed—the grate was filled with the remains of burnt papers—and it was quite evident that the confessor was making such preparations as forebode an immediate departure.

"How now, Morley.—What news? Has aught occurred since noon?" inquired the churchman.

"I have determined to run the risk, and nothing now can change this resolution. The arrangements are completed. To-morrow night—"

"Nay," said the confessor—"I neither wish, nor will know any thing of what is to happen to-morrow. It is enough for me to know what has occurred this afternoon."

"Has anything important taken place?" asked the steward.

"Yes—two persons arrived this evening. They sleep to-night in the house. One I know to be Mr. Clifford's legal adviser. The other I fancy is to be the successor to yourself."

"To me?" exclaimed Morley in astonishment. "No, no! holy father! That will not be so hastily decided as you imagine."

"Well—a short time will settle the question. After the strangers had been closeted with the old man for an hour, I framed an excuse and returned to speak to Mr. Clifford for a minute. An answer was requested that he was engaged particularly, and orders issued that none should intrude upon him. There is a change indeed. I, refused admittance, who for years was constant at his side even as a shadow. I, who hitherto dictated who should be received and who rejected! Saints and angels! I can scarcely believe the thing myself."

The steward had listened with an expression of countenance, which evinced a sort of stupid incredulity. "Father, are we both awake?" he inquired with a sickly smile, that betrayed the inward workings of a bosom racked with disappointment and despair.

"Mine, Morley," returned the confessor coldly, "are the acts of a man fully awake to coming events. No papers shall rise in judgment against me;" and he pointed to the fire-place—"and, as you may perceive, I am preparing for a long journey on sudden notice. Have you been in your room since your return? I fancy you will find there a document laid upon your table."

The steward instantly retired—his absence was short, and he entered to the priest's apartment with an open letter in his hand.

"Even so!"—and his white lips quivered as he spoke—"Tis from the old man—brief, but to the purpose—I am rudely discharged, and—"

"Directed to give an account of your stewardship?" continued the priest; "which may not exactly be convenient. What do you purpose doing?"

"Avange myself, holy father—leave Clifford Hall a house of mourning; and through the son, strike the cold dart to the heart. Yes, if ruin impends on me, I shall involve others in the vortex. This time to-morrow, the stern old man who turns me as contemptuously away as I would spurn a beggar from the gate, shall be, what through life, and by my agency, he has been—children. Farewell!"

He said, and left the apartment.

It is asserted that excessive joy, like agonizing sorrow, equally drives sleep away. When I retired to my couch, happiness and hope reigned in my bosom—and yet my dreams were light, my slumbers sound. I was early wakened—but others were earlier still—and when I entered the parlor, I found the family already collected.

Like all other breakfasts, ours ended in due course; the ladies retired; and Mr. Clifford, the Colonel, and myself, adjourned to the lawn, and there held a walking consultation. In fact, with his customary decision, my uncle had already made his dispositions. The intended bravos were

denounced to the police; and at the very moment, we were talking matters over to the lawn, Mr. Morley's agents were in close custody in London.

It was necessary that another day should pass, before Mr. Clifford deemed it expedient to throw off his incognito. It wore away. At Bromley Park the inmates were variously employed—my uncle, in carrying out his successful arrangements; my father, in ascertaining what a false attack on the sea-fair of San Sebastian might not have operated as an effective diversion; my mother, I suspect, in offering additional prayers to Heaven for my safe return; and landers and myself—but, pshaw! the commingals of young hearts were never intended for revelation.

Again the scene must change. At Clifford Hall the presence of two strangers was unusual; and in that dull and sleepy establishment, that trifling event had occasioned some sensation. When morning advanced, the surprise of the household was considerably increased. The confessor had disappeared, having removed all his baggage, none knew where or how. The steward was also missing, but his apartments were in their customary state; and as he frequently left the hall for days together in course of duty, his absence occasioned no particular surprise. The churchman had departed for the continent two hours before the steward quitted Clifford Park, and, as it was fated, neither re-entered the domain gates after they had passed them.

It would appear, that when he found his former friend and counsellor had left him to his resources, all Morley's self-possession vanished, and his future actions seemed rather the results of sudden impulse than of deliberate conclusions. Without any fixed object, he took the road to London; and that, too, by circuitous routes, which rendered the journey unnecessarily tedious. Although his general habits were temperate, he made frequent halts at road-side houses, and drank freely where he stopped. It was late when he reached the metropolis; and on his arrival in the Borough, he put up his horse at an obscure inn, took some refreshment, ordered a bed he never occupied; for, as it afterwards appeared, he spent the night rambling through the streets, or drinking in low houses only frequented by the vicious and the destitute. God knows what the wretched man's feelings were! He then believed that a foul set was doing or had been done; and it is hard to say, whether remorse for having caused the deed, or a savage exultation at its fancied accomplishment, had fevered his guilty soul, and, like another Cain, "murdered sleep," and when innocence reposed, made him a wretched wanderer.

Morning came, and at the appointed hour named to meet his myrmidons, the steward repaired to the place of rendezvous. He hastened on, as he believed, to learn the death of his victim; but it was only to hurry his own guilty career to its close. The wretched man, in thieves' parlance, was "regularly planned." The moment they found themselves in custody, the ruffians (both returned convicts) admitted their intended crime, and gave ample information by which their employer should be detected. It was arranged by the officers that Morley should be received by one of the ruffians, at the public-house where the meeting had been appointed—and, apparently blind to danger, the steward entered the tap and passed through into a back room, which had been notified to him as the place where his sanguinary associates would be found in waiting.

The room was squalid in appearance, ill-lighted, and in every respect a fitting place for villains to frequent. At a dark corner he perceived the larger ruffian at a table—and, what rather startled him at first, a stranger seated at his side. A brief conversation, however, explained the matter. "The other cove had alyed when it came to the point, and he had to call on a trusty pal, the gentleman who sat beside him." Though deceived, Morley fell into the trap laid for him, without harboring a suspicion—listened with manifest satisfaction to a fabricated detail of the imaginary assassination—banded to the murderer the price of blood—and was about to leave the room, when the confederate ruffian struck a heavy blow upon the table with a pewee measure—announced that he was a Bow-street runner, and Morley was seized. Then turning to the door he repeated the signal a second time. It was answered—three officers came in.

Although astounded at the occurrence, the steward came to a sudden and desperate determination. The ruffian, hardened as he was, turned his eyes away in another direction from his victim—and, taking advantage of the momentary absence of the officer at the door, and summoning his fellows from below, Morley unperceived, took a small phial from his pocket, and swallowed the contents. He was instantly secured and searched—a large sum in money taken from his person—the handcuffs were being put on, which were to bind him for a time to the returned convict—the wretch who had betrayed him—when suddenly, his look became fixed and glassy—his face livid—he reeled into the arms of an officer, and next moment, sank on the floor a corpse.

CONCLUSION.

"All tragedies are fash'd by a death.
"All comedies are ended by a marriage."—Don Juan.
The second week of October was beautiful. The woods were thinned

with the varied hues which autumn interposes between "summer green," and "snow clad winter." The sun shone brightly—the birds sang—the bells rang out a merry peal—and a bridal, in long array, swept through the long avenue of Clifford Park, and approached the village church. The road was crowded with all the rustic population of the neighborhood, while the men hurried, the girls spread flowers along the churchyard path, when the young and beautiful bride left the carriage at the gate, and advanced to the portal of the sacred edifice. She reached the altar leaning on her lover's arm—and there, encouraged by the approving smiles of happy relatives and surrounded by a gaily dressed cortege of bridal attendants, interchanged her vows of constancy, and bestowed her pledged hand upon the youth who knelt beside her. The surprised priest pronounced his benediction, and closed the book—the holy ceremony was over—but an interesting scene remained. An aged man, on whose head the snows of eighty winters rested, had sat beside the altar in a chair, while the sacred rite was celebrated. When the churchman's blessing died away in the echo of the distant aisle, the old man signalled the young couple to approach him; they knelt at the feet of their venerable relative, who laid his hand upon either head, and with eyes devoutly up-turned, invoked Heaven's protection upon his darling children. The blessing was Mr. Clifford—the blessed ones, Isadora and myself.

A second time the sun had circled the earth, and the same season had returned. Again the village bells were rung, and the park of Clifford Hall was crowded with tenants and villagers—that day it was the scene of rejoicing and festivity—an heir was born to the ancient name—and the baptismal ceremony was being performed within the hall, in presence of a godly assemblage. From the font, the infant was carried in the arms of his young and happy mother to an easy chair, where a venerable man was seated. She knelt and invoked his blessing; and, upon the heads of two generations the old man's hands were laid, while his lips poured forth an ardent benediction.

Again the year came round. It was later in the season, for withered leaves were spread thickly on the ground, a mute but striking type of life's decay. Slow and heavily the village bell was tolling—death was in Clifford Hall, and its owner was about to be carried to the tomb, where his forefathers were sleeping. Ripe for the grave—surrounded by those he loved—cheered by the consolations of religion, Mr. Clifford had calmly slumbered life away—his head pillowed on a daughter's bosom—his hand pressed gently within the grasp of a son, from whom for five-and-thirty years he had been alienated.

The stranger who passes through the domain of Clifford Hall, will occasionally encounter a hale, stout, white-headed man, in leathers and gumbroom, with a gun under his arm, and two Scotch terriers at his heels. That person was once intitled Shemus Rhus—but years have spoiled the *subriquet*. At the back gate there is a picturesque cottage, with a flower garden attached, and filled with bee-hives. There a handsome old woman will present herself, attended by a village girl. She bears the appearance of a faithful servant, who has retired with every comfort. That old woman was once Ellen—or the gipsy, as you please.

In the immediate front of the Hall, two elderly personages may be daily noticed. One—stout, stooped, very gray, and very intelligent-looking—that is mine uncle. Another—spare, slight, and with a head erect as if he intended to throw Father Time off his shoulders, should he presume to invade them—his empty sleeve betrays the identity. Nerd I name my father?

One more group remains. A middle-aged gentleman, and a lady, rich in the beauty of middle life—a throng of children, that would throw Harriet Martineau into hysterics, gambol round them, while a handsome old gentleman, whom they term "grandmamma," superintends their movements. If you cannot guess who they are—why go up to the steward's house upon the hill—and Mr. O'Toole, or his pretty wife, will inform you.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The Boston Daily Advertiser gives the following items of information concerning the Bunker Hill Monument from an account published by Mr. Willard, the Architect:

"It appears that the actual cost of the work completed was \$101,682. Had the cost not been increased by the delay arising from the deficiency of funds, the amount would not have exceeded \$80,000. Mr. Willard presents estimates which show that at the market prices of granite work of a like description, it would have cost not less than \$200,000. The above statements relate solely to the cost of the obelisk itself, exclusive of the cost of the land, etc. The amount expended on the work from 1825 to 1829 was \$36,925; from 1834 to 1836, \$30,421; and on the final re-emption of it, \$24,016; besides some additional expenses for iron work, etc., making up the above sum. There was also paid in addition for the land, \$23,332; for expenses connected with the celebration of the 50th anniversary and laying the corner-stone, \$1720; besides sundry other miscellaneous expenses."

MAPLE SUGAR.—A gentleman from the western part of Massachusetts informs us that very little maple sugar has been made this year,—the transition from winter to spring having been too sudden to bring out the sap. Sunny days and freezing nights are the kind of weather which is favourable to sugar-making. The amount of maple sugar usually manufactured is so great, that its failure this year will perceptibly increase the demand for cane sugar.

The following sweet poem is from a new candidate for public favor. We need not, of course, bespeak the attention of our readers to such beautiful and touching verses.

Original.

THE LOVER'S GIFTS

BY E. S. F.

Lo! every token of the Past,
Each treasured gift of thine,
I long to view them all once more,
While yet I call them mine.

And first of all, this plain gold ring.
The one that thou didst wear,
And proffer when thy trembling lips
Could scarce thy love declare.

O! I have prized it more than e'er
A miser prized his gold,
And never has it left my hand,
Or passed my eager hold.

Yet I must take it from its home,
'Tis hard indeed to part,
How desolate my finger is—
How sad my lonely heart.

Yet fare-thee well, thy earliest boon,
One kiss, we part for aye—
Sad memories swell my heart, as now
I lay this gift away.

The diamond next! bestowed when first
I vowed to be thy bride;
Come, follow thou, that earlier friend,
I'll place thee side by side.

The bracelets too, that I have worn
So long in love and trust,
With trembling hand I now undo,
For go with thee they must.

And now the chain that thou didst bind
Around my willing neck,
And with a joyous smile declared,
"This chain my bride shall deck."

And must I yield thee also up?
Alas! too hard to bow;
To rend each idol from my heart,
Enshrined with many a vow.

The golden chain that I have worn
In love, and pride, and hope—
Ah! yes, thou too must follow on,
Although my heart be broke.

And as I now undo each fold,
My tears fall thick and fast,
But, ah! what cometh upward here?
The dearest and the last!

Thy picture! and thy lock of hair!
I've worn them on my heart,
I've nurtured them with tears and sighs,
And can we, must we part?

The all that's left of Thee, to me,
Thy brow, thy lips, thine eyes,
Thy very smile itself is there,
What love within it lies?

I press it to my burning lips,
But ah! 'tis icy cold;
Thy counterpane, and not thyself,
In my embrace I hold.

And yet that kiss is something worth,
I feel not quite alone,

While I can press unto my heart,
A face so like thine own.

Yet I have said, and thou must go,
Sweet idol, fare-thee well!
How desolate my spirit is,
My tongue shall never tell.

Spurned was the love that thou hadst won
From my young trusting heart;
And now I spurn thy worthless gifts,
And bid each one depart.

And yet, not all; I cannot yield
This little lock of hair;
So soft and shadowy is the tress,
So much of *Thine* is there.

I've loved *Thee* as few hearts can love,
My every pulse was thine;
Surely, it cannot do *Thee* wrong,
To let this still be mine.

Go rings, and bracelets, picture, all,
Unwep't I yield these up;
Let but this little lock remain,
And I can drink the cup.

EXTRACT FROM "TITIAN."

A ROMANCE OF VENICE, BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

THE FORTUNES OF "IL ZINGARO."

"Nearly a hundred years ago there dwelt in Venice one Antonio Solario, better known as '*Il Zingaro*.' As the name implies, he originally was a gipsy. Tradition has reported him a native of Chieti, in the Abruzzi; but it is now believed that he first drew breath in Venice. He had been brought up to the mean art of a tinsman, and in that capacity obtained his living at Naples.

"It is that city, at that time, by far the most eminent painter was the well known *Colantonio del Fiore*, a man of great wealth, and noble blood, who pursued the art from an enthusiastic love for it, for he had pleased, he might have filled as high offices in the State as did his ancestors. He was one of the first to adopt the use of oil, which John of Bruges had re-discovered, and to this day the softness of his tints, and the harmony of his colours never fail to win admiration from all who behold the many master-pieces of art with which he has enriched Naples. It is doubtful whether, at the present time, when art has made such onward movements, we have anything superior in its way, to his painting of St. Jerome taking a thorn out of a lion's paw—a picture which the Neapolitans show with great pride, as combining the Flemish management of details, with our Italian force of coloring.

"Rich to genius—in *fame*—in the world's wealth, *Colantonio* possessed a treasure which he prized even more than *genius*, *fame*, or *wealth*—this was his only child—a daughter; more beautiful, it was whispered than any form of loveliness, which even his pencil, creative as it was, had produced. They tell us of the jealous care with which a Spaniard guards the daughter of his house from casual observation, but no vigilance could surpass that exercised by *Colantonio* as respected his fair *Claudia*. It was his boast that no man's eye but his own had beheld her beauty, and that her charms should never be unveiled until her bridal day.

"The report of that loveliness, however, spread through Naples, and many a cavalier tried stratagems to obtain a view of it. They were all in vain, for her father thought his honor concerned in foisting each attempt, and cloistered one never lived to more complete seclusion, than did the young and beautiful *Claudia del Fiore*.

"Among those who had heard of the maiden, was Antonio Solario, the *Zingaro*. While executing his mean employment, he obtained admission into *Colantonio's* house, and being then in his eighteenth year, full of life and spirits—rich in a joyful temperament which accommodated itself to whatever society he was placed among—remarkable for a readiness of reply, and a sharpness of wit which ever drew smiles from his audience, and, above all, fortunate in possessing personal advantages of lofty stature, graceful form, and eminently handsome features, it is not wonderful that, being admitted into *Colantonio's* dwelling, in the exercise of his humble handicraft, he succeeded in attracting the attention, and winning the favor of all the domestics. Still he had not been so fortunate as to obtain a view of their young mistress. He was so agreeable a companion that he was frequently summoned to the house when there was only nominal occasion for his services. It once happened that they were all so much engrossed by the *Zingaro*, and the merit of him was creating for their amusement, that the repeated summons from their youthful mistress was all unheeded. Curious to know the cause of this unwanted neglect, *Claudia* descended from her own apartment to the room in which Antonio Solario was affording entertainment by singing one of the most popu-

lar airs of that time. She retired behind one of the pillars until the song was concluded, and had ample opportunity to notice him. She saw how much better than his fortunes were his looks; how nature had stamped on face, form, and manners those marks which the deities alone drew his nobility direct from God! Tear herself from the spot she could not—there seemed some spell which detained her, and a spectator of *Il Zingaro's* various and successful attempts, with song, and jest, and story, to scatter happiness around him; she could not choose but listen, and, at last, when he had concluded, she stealthily retired, fancying herself unseen, and bowing with her to her chamber a lively impression of the stranger. He, however, had noticed her from the moment she entered the hall, and was smitten by the loveliness which so far exceeded all that rumour had reported. That moment sealed his fate.

"Harried on by irresistible passion, Solario forgot the difference between *Claudia's* rank and his own lowliness, (for love, like death, is a mighty leveller,) forgot that, as she was wealthy and he was penniless, the very motive of his affection might be mistaken or mislaid—for that he had no pretensions, except that love which equalizes all worldly distinctions—in a word, forgot all, except that she was very beautiful.

"Passion, it is said, will find not only an utterance, but the opportunity for it. From the day on which Antonio Solario first saw *Colantonio's* daughter, he might be said to follow her like a shadow. At night, she knew his voice among the many serenaders who might be said to besiege her dwelling; and, whether at main prime or the soft vesper hour, she attended public worship in the cathedral, he sure that he might be at hand, to watch her every motion, and to glance the admiration which, as yet, his lips had not ventured to avow.

"Humble devotion such as this from one who, like herself, was young and handsome, made its way into the heart of *Claudia*. She had learned the lowliness of his condition, coupled with the thousand conjectures arising from the evident superiority of his manners and appearance, that if he pleased, he might shine out as gallantly as any noble in Naples, and suffice it on equal terms of rank and wealth with any cavalier at court. These came, too, coupled with such conjectures, a variety of rumors, more true, that some of the fairest dames of Naples had not thought it beneath them to use for intimate acquaintance with the handsome *Zingaro*, and that, from some cause unknown, he had latterly turned a deaf ear to their solicitations.

"I know not how such statements may have influenced the fair *Claudia*; or whether, like Solario, she had yielded her heart at the first look; or whether the citadel surrendered after a long siege; but it is certain that Antonio Solario contrived, more than once, to obtain an interview with her—had ventured to make the avowal of his love—had made it with less of hope than of despair, and that a soft confession, rather sighed than spoken, was the reply which then imperceptibly stole into his heart. The grateful acknowledgment of love which breathed vitality into his own—That delicious whisper which made hope a tangible and material thing—that fond kiss which sealed the cherished avowal, placed him far above the pressure of all worldly circumstance. True, he was lowly in birth, and debased in station, but what cared he, rich in the wealth of that young maiden's love!

"But there is ever so impediment to the current of such deep passion as theirs—the deeper and the stronger for its being a secret to all but themselves. It soon came to *Colantonio's* knowledge, that his daughter outwitting all his care, had contrived not only to be seen but loved. He marked his time, and surprised the lovers together. He was a proud man, but well knew how to govern himself. He spoke to *Claudia's* attendant, who was present, and told her that from her vigilance he had expected much, but it grieved him to find his confidence betrayed. From this hour, said he, 'you must leave my house, and shall seek a more trustworthy servant than I have proved.' But the tears of *Claudia* entreated a less harsh procedure than the instant dismissal of her nurse, and Solario frankly chimed in with a confession that for her breach of faith he ought to bear the burthen.

"As he spoke, the *Felinas* confessed to himself that seldom had woman's loveliness been so free to which he so frequently thought, the eyes—been so well justified in its fancy as in the present instance. As the lovers stood before him—the very perfection of all that best befits their respective sexes—he felt his anger subside into interest, and his parental affection became kind and gentle, as it ever had been before it was ruffled.

"'Come here, my child,' said he, as he seated himself on the ottoman which they had occupied before his entrance: 'Come here, and tell thy father who is in this youth, and wherefore is he here?' But before the blushing girl could give a reply, Solario boldly spoke: 'I am Antonio Solario, whom men commonly call *Il Zingaro*. I am here because I love thy daughter.'

"'Is this true?' asked *Colantonio*. His daughter bid her face upon his bosom, and he said, 'As that answers me sufficiently, I know not how to love the youth.' 'I would wed him!' Then, turning to *Il Zingaro*, he said, 'I shall not blame thee for having thus made acquaintance with my daughter. The blame is mine, for not having taken better care to prevent it. I cannot blame thee for loving her, for she is beautiful—nor to scold, can I condemn her for loving thee. But here must end this intimacy. I shall not tell thee what others might say in respect thou made this avowal to them, that thy presumptions and thy poverty were worthy of *Colantonio del Fiore* is and the more to reproach any one with the lowliness of the station in which he had pleased God to place him. I see that ye love each other—be it so, for the affections are not to be fettered. But, as my daughter knows, I have long determined that none

but a Painter shall ever wed her. When thou art as good a painter as myself, come, if it will please thee, and claim my Claudia's hand."

"Il Zingaro, baffled, but no nearer, retorted that it would take time to make him a painter, even if he had genius enough.

"Aye," said Colantonio, "it will take time to turn the Tinnan of Naples into an artist. But my Claudia is now little more than a child, and a few years will find her thy young. She tells me that she loves thee. Let her keep to this—if she can—and I pledge myself that if, in ten years, thou art able to comply with my conditions, then thou mayest take her hand, with her heart in it. One stipulation more—thou must leave Naples without delay, nor return until thou canst, in honor, claim thy Claudia—if time she is to be. Nor most thou, during thy absence, hold any communication, by message or by letter, with my daughter. Dost thou agree?"

"The compact was made on the moment, and Colantonio asked: 'Thine age is?'

"I shall be twenty to-morrow, Signore."

"So young? I should have taken thee for more. And Claudia is four years thy junior. In ten years time, should thou come back to claim thy bride, both will yet be young. Thy hand—I pledge thee, in all faith, to keep our contract. And for Claudia—"

"My life on her faith?" exclaimed Salorio.

"That art over bold, Sir Zingaro, to pledge a woman's faith so vehemently! My Claudia, I go to court for two hours; see whether thou canst keep thy word, and this is the chamber still I return. It will be thy last meeting for many years."

"The painter went to court, and from the terms of familiarity which existed between him and the king, Ladislau the Victorious, hesitated not—half in earnest and half in earnest—to mention to him the singular compact which he had made with Il Zingaro.

"There is something about the youth," said he, "which has strangely won upon me, and makes me cease to wonder that my Claudia has surrendered her heart to him. I like also, I confess, the ingenuity and perseverance with which he has obtained acquaintance with her, in spite of all the impediments I had raised to prevent her being seen or known by any one. In truth, my good Lord, if I had not solemnly vowed that my daughter should never marry a Painter, I think I should be weak enough to pardon her having been won by this young man. I should esteem it an addition to the many favours my sovereign has conferred upon me, if he would give me his opinion upon a matter which so very closely concerns me and mine."

"The King, greatly surprised that such a noble as Colantonio del Fiore could be from any demonstration upon the subject, and had rather expressed that his motive in speaking was to secure the removal of Il Zingaro, decidedly expressed his opinion that nothing could be more absurd than the slightest sympathy towards one who had been guilty of the presumption of soliciting the affections of a maiden of noble birth, and recommended that he be drafted into the army than raising against the Pope and the Florentines who, as a subject, would gradually efface all recollection of him from the mind of Claudia. But to such a measure—to any measure of violence against Il Zingaro, there appeared such decided reluctance on the part of Colantonio, that King Ladislau declared himself unable to understand the interest which the artisan had inspired in the mind of that noble. Perhaps it was to relieve himself from the trouble of giving the matter any further consideration that his Majesty jokingly suggested that Colantonio should consult the Queen Marguerite, his mother, (the widow of King Charles of Durazzo), and the Princess Giovanna, his sister, who succeeded him on the throne of Naples and the Two Sicilies.

"The suggestion, however intended, was seriously taken, and acted upon by Colantonio. He sought the Princess, obtained a private audience, and made them acquainted with what had taken place. The romance of the story touched them, and they took a view of it different to that taken by the King. They knew how love outwipes all distinctions of station, and admired the manner in which it had changed the fortunes of one so lowly as Il Zingaro with the heiress of a noble so proud as Colantonio.

"They required that the lovers should be brought before them. The blushes, the tears, and the silence of Claudia pleaded powerfully with the Princess, and the manly beauty, gentle bearing, and passionate words of Il Zingaro completed the conquest over their prejudices. They assured Colantonio, that as he had pledged his word, as well as because the happiness of his daughter appeared involved in the result, they thought that Il Zingaro should have the opportunity of trying to win her, if he could, upon the terms proposed, difficult as they were.

"This decision agreed with Colantonio's own secret disposition, and the contract between Il Zingaro and himself was ratified on the spot, in the most solemn manner, before Queen Marguerite and the Princess Giovanna.

"Thou wilt require the means of support during thy probation," said the good Queen; "and our treasurer shall supply them."

"And I," said the Princess Giovanna, "must be allowed to help thee—here is gold, and thou knowest where to obtain more, wherever thou mayest require it, by sending this ring to me, taking a ring from her own finger as an giving it to Il Zingaro."

"From me," said Colantonio, "thou dost not require gold or gem, but my name is indifferently well known wherever Art is known throughout Italy, and thou shalt have letters from me to the first painters in each city."

"At the command of the Queen, Colantonio, his daughter, and her

lover continued her guests during the remainder of the day. A few nobles were admitted to the party, and to them the Queen had related the events which had occurred. She mentioned her reason for not concealing them, which was that Claudia, being considered as a betrothed maiden, should be forthwith, in the absence of her lover, be free from the importunity of suitors. Many a gallant who saw her there, craving for the first time, envied the good fortune of Il Zingaro, and imagined that he was playfully called by the Princess Giovanna—an appellation by which, rather than his own, he was subsequently known throughout Italy.

"I pass the love-taking of the lovers, and all the outpourings of affection which that moment witnessed. With deep and passionate words did the beautiful Claudia repeat and renew her avowal of love, and promise of its fidelity. The lock of golden hair which she suffered him to take, was kept nearest his heart during the long, long years of his absence, and treasured as one would treasure the relic of a saint. They parted, and the travels and trials of Il Zingaro commenced.

"At that time, one of the most eminent painters in Italy was Lippo d'Almadi, at Bologna, who threw such inimitable grace into his pictures of the Virgin that he was commonly called Lippo della Madonna. To him, and, indeed, according to promise, to the leading masters in the principal cities of Italy—Solario took letters of strong recommendation from Colantonio; became his pupil, (very speedily a favorite one, from his extraordinary aptitude and application), and in a few years, could learn no more from him. Il Zingaro's story was exactly calculated to excite an interest in his favor, and the people, so imaginative as the children of our sunny south. Every where he had the best masters, and none of them would accept anything, save thanks, from so remarkable a pupil. In the fourth year of his pilgrimage, he was able to decline the liberal allowance which Queen Marguerite's bounty had made him—his pencil amply supplying him with the means of living. After he quitted Bologna, he successively studied under Lorenzo di Bicci in Firenze, a Galasso Galassi in Ferrara, the elder Vivarini in Venice, and Vittore Pisanello and Gentile da Fabriano in Rome. At each place they yet shaw the products of his genius, and remember with lively interest the events of the painter's life. At last, when the ten years had nearly passed, Il Zingaro returned to Naples.

"Important changes had taken place in his absence. The good Queen Marguerite had died, and King Ladislau, her son, so often victorious, had, in turn, been subdued by death. In his place reigned the Princess Giovanna, his sister, and her husband James of Bourbon.

"During the weary period of Il Zingaro's absence—a time as long as Penelope continued faithful to Ulysses—he had kept his part of the pact, and refrained from any communication, by letter or message, with the lady of his love. He learned, in his return, that she still remained unwedded, and, satisfied with this pleasing certainty, refrained from any immediate attempt to see her. One of the Neapolitan nobles whom he had met at Rome, and with whom he had formed a familiar acquaintance, undertook to make the Queen aware of his return, and did this by presenting her with a small picture of a Holy Family, imagined by him, the beauty of which so greatly delighted her Majesty, that she expressed an anxious desire to sit for her own portrait to an artist of such great merit. The change of time, station, and attire had so completely altered the painter—who was now matured into ripe manhood—that Queen Giovanna did not recognize him as Il Zingaro della Promessa, nor was it until he had finished the portrait to her own satisfaction, and the admiration of her court, that he took an opportunity of presenting her the ring she had formerly given him, and thus convicting her—what she had not to that moment suspected—that he was the same Antonio Salorio in whose fortunes she had condescended to be interested, nearly ten years before.

"The Queen informed him that although she had forgotten his features she had once remembered his compact with Colantonio, and had been happy to learn, from time to time, as rumor waded intelligence of his continued advancement in his art, that the best masters considered him their equal. The difficulty, she assured him, would be to convince Colantonio of this, for he had a high opinion of his own skill, nor thought it possible for any one to equal it. Il Zingaro, in reply, told the Queen that he had provided, having painted what the best artists had informed him might be submitted to the judgment of any one, who could distinguish between what was indifferent and what was good.

"Knows Colantonio," said the Queen, "of thy return?" Receiving for reply that, as yet, none knew it save herself and his friend, the noble, she said, "Then, we must send for him here, at once, and, meanwhile, do thou bring him the picture thou dost intend to exhibit before him."

"This was done, and, before the whole court, both painters were in attendance. The Queen's portrait and the Holy Family, which she had received from Il Zingaro were then exhibited, and Colantonio's opinion demanded. He examined them long and closely, like one whose opinion might influence what he painted, and frankly said, "Whoever painted these is an artist of no common merit."

"The Queen then ordered the curtain to be withdrawn from the third or trial painting. It is to be seen, to this day, among the finest pictures in Naples—equal to the best of them. It represents the Virgin enthroned, and surrounded by Saints. Colantonio paused before the picture, she said, "Then, we must send for him here, at once, and, meanwhile, do thou bring him the picture thou dost intend to exhibit before him." "This was done, and, before the whole court, both painters were in attendance. The Queen's portrait and the Holy Family, which she had received from Il Zingaro were then exhibited, and Colantonio's opinion demanded. He examined them long and closely, like one whose opinion might influence what he painted, and frankly said, "Whoever painted these is an artist of no common merit."

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"You have spoken it," said the Queen. "Is that picture equal to any of these?"

"Its painter," he replied, "is more able than any artist now in Italy. In design, coloring, drawing, expression, and knowledge of perspective, he beats us all."

"Upon this, Il Zingaro, who had hitherto stood apart, an anxious observer, came forward and claimed the fulfillment of the pledge. When fully satisfied that the paintings in which he had discovered so much excellence, had indeed been the work of Il Zingaro, to him Colanotino spoke no more, but made an obeisance to Queen Giovanna, and was leaving the Hall of Audience. He was called back, and the Queen demanded whether he was going?

"Home," cried he, "to tell my daughter that she must prepare to be a bride this evening."

"The marriage was immediately celebrated, and I need not say how happy, after the long delay and trials, were Il Zingaro and his bride."

Colanotino had high-born relatives, who remonstrated with him for bestowing his daughter upon a man of such mean origin as Il Zingaro. "I pledged my faith," said he, "upon conditions which I deemed it impossible he could fulfil; he has accomplished them, and I redeem my pledge. I marry my Claudia to no Zingaro, but to Antonio Solario, the best painter in Italy."

"The reputation which Solario obtained during his years of travel and study, increased until his death, and he is better known as 'Il Zingaro,' than by his real name. Like most of our great painters, he became the founder of a school—Nicolo di Vito, Simone Papa, Angiolillo, Rocca di Rame, and the two D'Asselli were among the principal of his pupils. I know not whether Naples has yet produced a better painter than Il Zingaro, whose fortunes I have thus narrated."

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.

The following comprehensive sketch of the services of Commodore James Biddle, is from the pen of the Editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle, who seems to have caught the generous contagion of heroic deeds, and chronicled them *con amore*.

"We have somewhat of a passion for these matters, although born and bred so far in the interior; and, in our bachelor days, indulged somewhat in aspirations which we can hardly realize even amidst the hum-drum duties and anxieties of domestic life. We have been tempted on the occasion to glance back, and from official letters, the port-folio, and other well-thumbed materials, to gather up some reminiscences of one long familiar to our thoughts, although personally unknown."

Commodore Biddle's career was killed during the Revolutionary war, while commanding the frigate *Delaware* of 38 guns, in a desperate fight with the *Yarmouth*, a British 64. The *Delaware* was blown up in this unequal conflict, and only four men saved on a floating spar. They reported that Captain Biddle, after receiving a mortal wound, had ordered a chair to be brought on deck, and from it continued calmly to issue his orders up to the moment of the explosion.

The imagination of young Biddle was thus turned to the ocean, and at an early age he obtained a midshipman's warrant. Almost at the outset of his career, he was captured, with the gallant *Baldridge*, in the frigate *Philadelphia*, and immured for nearly two years in the dungeons of Tripoli. At the breaking out of the war with England his impetuosity to be at sea led him to seek the first lieutenant of the *Wasp*, a station rather below his proper claims. In a short time after leaving the *Cape of Delaware* she fell in with and captured the *Britannic Majesty's* sloop of war *Frolic*. The *Frolic* was of superior force. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that in two actions of the late war on the ocean, where the parties could be considered as fairly matched, Biddle took a leading part. On this occasion, after a skillful naval action, he finally led the boards of the *Wasp*, and with his own hand hauled down the British flag. The leader of his commander placed strikingly before us the well-known characteristics of his officer—perfect self-possession and minute attention to duty, but a manner modest and animated by danger. "Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success by the exact attention paid to every department during the engagement and the excellent example he afforded to the crew by his valorous conduct." Biddle was put in possession of the prize and ordered to make for Charleston, but before the two vessels separated they were both captured by the *Pointers* 74.

On his exchange and promotion he took command of the *Hornet*, which formed part of the squadron under D. cuttar, blockaded in New London. During the intercourse, by flags of truce, with the British fleet Captain B. was brought into contact with its commander, Sir Thomas Hardy, (in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar,) and took occasion to inquire after the *Wasp*, which had been commissioned in the British service as the *Loop-Cervier*, and was shortly expected on that station. The *Hornet* was the twin ship of the *Wasp*. Hardy perceived his drift and said, "I suppose you want a fight with her." This was eagerly caught at, and the desirableness of a fair challenge fight dwelt on. When the *Loop-Cervier* arrived, the correspondence ceased between Capt. B. and her commander, and all things were supposed to be arranged. Sir Thomas Hardy, however, insinuated on certain matters, to which Commodore Decatur, commanding the American squadron, positively refused assent. "I have the pleasure, however, to acquaint you," says Captain Biddle, in a letter to Captain Mendis, "that Commodore Decatur has given his permission that this ship shall meet the *Loop-Cervier* under a

mutual and satisfactory pledge that neither ship receive any additional officers or men, but that they go into action with their original crews respectively." To Captain B.'s unspeakable chagrin, the *Loop-Cervier* was sent away by Sir Thomas Hardy on the very morning the battle was expected to take place. The correspondence between Captain Biddle and Captain Mendis, in its anxiety for a meeting, but disclaimer of all personal and unworthy feeling, is a high specimen of naval civility. Biddle was the more exasperated, as his first object, and which he passionately loved, had just failed in what purported to be a challenge fight, although the *Cheesapeake* had, in truth, hurried out unprepared, and with a disaffected crew, at the sight of the Shannon parading off Boston harbor. Lawrence never received the letter sent in by Captain Broke, and afterwards published, which would have allowed him time for preparation.

It having been decided to lay up the squadron at New London, Capt. B. asked and received permission to make the daring experiment of taking the *Hornet* alone through the blockaded fleet, and he succeeded in reaching New York. He rapidly prepared for sea; and it was on this cruise that he beat and captured the British ship of war *Penguin*, of superior force, with a commander distinguished in their naval chronicles, and with an addition to her crew taken in at the Cape of Good Hope for special service.

Captain Biddle was severely wounded on this occasion. The *Penguin* having ceased firing, and an officer from her deck having called out that she had surrendered, he had got on the taffrail to hail and ascertain if this were so, when he was struck on the head from the tops of the enemy. A musket ball struck the chin, directed in front, with great force, and passing along the neck, tearing the flesh, went off behind through his cravat, waistcoat, and coat collar. He continued to direct the action to its close and would not accept medical aid until after every wounded man of the *Hornet* had gone through the surgeon's hands.

In the early part of the action Captain B. had his face much disfigured by being struck twice with splinters, and when he received the wound in the neck, from which the blood flowed profusely, the most anxious concern for him was evinced by the crew, two of whom took him in their arms to carry him below. He could scarcely disengage himself from them, and finding that he would not leave the deck, one of them stripped off his shirt and tied it tightly about Captain Biddle's neck, so as to prevent the bleeding. In the official letter, now under our eye, it is said: "From the firing of the first gun to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered was exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch"—showing a laudable anxiety as to the economy of time.

The *Hornet* subsequently escaped, after an arduous chase of three days, from one of the swiftest iron-of-battle ships in the British navy. Captain B., though much indisposed and debilitated from his wound, preserved, throughout this trying time, his accustomed vigilance and fortitude. The destruction of the *Hornet*, repeated under the guns of a 74, would have justified a surrender, which was looked for by every other man on board; but he could not bring his mind to give up the ship, and his unyielding spirit was at length crowned with success. As the near prospect of capture had a dispiriting effect on the crew, some of whom apprehended maltreatment on the pretence of being Britons, Capt. B. addressed them in cheering, confident terms, declaring that he would hold out to the last, and that, in the event of capture, they must not dread ill-usage, for he would continue with them and share the fate of every one of them, whatever it might be. Some of the roughest of these brave fellows were affected to tears, and a feeling ran through the ship of perfect resignation to whatever might chance under their beloved commander.

Captain Biddle, on reaching New York, asked a Court of Inquiry, touching the public property thrown over during the chase. The following opinion was pronounced:

"The Court, after mature deliberation, are of opinion that no blame is imputable to Captain Biddle; and that the greatest applause is due to him for his persevering gallantry and nautical skill, evinced in searship, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, after a long and arduous chase by a British line-of-battle ship."

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has, on several occasions, manifested its sense of his extraordinary merits. One resolution is now under our eye, in which, after referring to the naval victories, and reciting that Pennsylvania looks with peculiar pride on the share which her active sons have had in these illustrious events, it offers to him the thanks of the Commonwealth for his distinguished gallantry and skill, and directs the Governor to present to him, in the name of the Commonwealth, an appropriate sword. He has received also, tokens of approbation under two resolutions of Congress.

SOMETHING NEW.—The *Miner's Express* of Dubuque says: there is an immense Pigeon roost in the forks of the *Mapletoke*, in Jackson county, such has never been seen in this country before,—it is three miles long, and a half mile in width. Their roosting places are about a mile distant from their breeding and feeding places, being three in number, and each one covering a section of land—they break down young trees with their weight, and hundreds are killed by getting entangled in the falling limbs and branches. The people kill them with clubs, and their noise is so loud that when a gun is fired amongst them, the report cannot be heard—and a person can stand in one place and shoot all day, and still turning as soon as you can load.—They are building their nests, and the people are alarmed, lest they may destroy their crops.

From *Graham's Magazine* for June.

A STORY I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE.

BY N. P. WILLES.

Late one night in June two gentlemen arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths of Lucca. They stepped from the low belanda in which they travelled, and leaving a servant to make arrangements for their lodgings, linked arms and strolled up the road toward the banks of the Lima.—The moon was chequered at the moment with the poised leaf of a tree-top, and as it passed from her face, she rose and stood alone in the steel-blue of the unclouded Heavens—luminous and tremulous play of gold. And you know how beautiful must have been the night—a June night in Italy, with a moon like this!

A lady, with a servant following her at a little distance, passed the travellers on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped her veil and went by in silence. But the Freyher felt the arm of his friend tremble within his own.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Von Leisteo.

"By the thrill in my veins we have met before," said Clay: "but whether this involuntary sensation was pleasurable or painful, I have not yet decided. There are none I care to meet—none who can be here." He added the last few words after a moment's pause, and sadly.

They walked in silence to the base of the mountain, busy each with such coloring as the moonlight threw on their thoughts, but neither of them was happy.

Clay was humane and a lover of nature—a poet, that is to say—and, in a world so beautiful, could never be a prey to disgust; but he was satiated with the common emotions of life. His heart, forever overflowing, had filled many a cup with love, but with a strange tenacity he turned back forever to the first. He was weary of the beginnings of love—weariness of its probations and changes. He had passed that period of life when inconstancy was tempting. He longed, now, for an affection that would continue into another world—holier and purer enough to pass a gate guarded by angels. And his first love—recklessly as he had thrown it away—was now the throb of his existence.

It was two o'clock that night. The moon lay broad upon the southern balconies of the hotel, and every casement was open to its luminous and fragrant stillness. Clay and the Freyher, Von Leisteo, each in his apartment, were awake, unwilling to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof, waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand, and looked outward to the sky, his heart began to be troubled. There was a point in the path of the moon's rays where his spirit turned back. There was an influence abroad in the dissolving moment of a gaze. Von Leisteo, each in his apartment, were awake, unwilling to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof, waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

He called, through the open window, to Von Leisteo.

The Freyher, like himself, and like all who have outlived the effervescence of life, was enamored of the night. A moment of unfathomable moonlight was dearer to him than hours disenchanted with the sun. He, too, had been looking outward and upward—but no trouble at his heart.

"The light is unconsciously sweet," he said, as he entered, "and your voice called in my thought and sense from the intoxication of a revel. What would you my friend?"

"I am restless, Von Leisteo! There is some one near us whose gleam crosses mine on the moonlight, and agitates and perplexes me. Yet there is but one on earth deep enough to the life blood of my being to move thus—even where she here. And she is not here!"

His voice trembled and softened, and the last word was scarcely audible on his closing lips, for the Freyher had passed his hands over him while he spoke, and he had fallen into the trance of the spirit world.

Clay and Von Leisteo had retired from the active passions of life to each, and had met and mingled at that moment of void and throb when each supplied the want of the other. The Freyher was a German noble, of a character passionately poetic, and of singular acquirement in the mystic fields of knowledge. Too wealthy to need labor, and too proud to submit his thoughts or his attainments to the criticism or judgment of the world, he lavished on his own life, and on those linked to him in friendship, the strange powers he had acquired, and the prodigious overflow of his daily thought and feeling. Clay was his superior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity had driven him to develop the type of his inner soul, and leave its impress on the time; but he was inferior to Von Leisteo in the power of will, and he lay in his control like a child in its mothers.

Four years they had passed together—much of it in the secluded castle of Von Leisteo, buried with the occult studies to which the Freyher was secretly devoted, but travelling down to Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and dividing their lives between the enjoyment of nature and the ideal world they had unlocked. Von Leisteo had lost, by death, the human altar on which his heart could alone burn the incense of love, and Clay had flung aside in an hour of intoxicated passion the one pure affection in which his happiness was sealed—and both were desolate. But in the world of spirit, Von Leisteo, though more irreverently, loved, was more truthfully loved.

The Freyher relaxed the entranced spirit of his friend, and bade him allow back the rays of the moon to the source of his agitation.

A smile crept slowly over the sleeper's lips.

In an apartment flooded with the silver lustre of the night, reclined, in an invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a woman of singular though

now fragile beauty. Books and music lay strewn around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone of the moonlight by an orb of alabaster, burned beside her. She lay basking her blue eyes in the round chance of the moon. A profusion of brown ringlets fell over the white dress that enveloped her, and her oval cheek lay supported on the palm of her hand, and her bright red lips were parted. The pure yet passionate spell of that soft night possessed her.

Ever her name, the disembodied spirit of him who had once loved her—praying to God that his soul might be so purified as to mingle unstartingly, unrepulsively, in hallowed harmony with hers. And presently he felt the coming of angels toward him, breathing into the deepest abysses of his existence a fearful and purifying sadness. And with a trembling aspiration of grateful humility to his Maker, he stooped to her forehead, and with his impalpable lips impressed upon his sovery tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of the past that brought the blood suddenly to her cheek.—She started from her reclining position, and removing the obscuring shade from her lamp, arose and crossed her hand upon her wrists and paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips murmured inarticulately. But the thought, painfully though it came, changed unaccountably to a melancholy sweetness, and, soothing her lamp again, she resumed her steadfast gaze upon the moon.

Ernest knelt beside her, and with his invisible brow bowed upon her head, poured forth to the voiceless language of the soul his memories of the past, his hope, his repentance, his pure and passionate adoration at the present hour.

And thinking he had been in a sweet dream, yet wandering at its truthfulness and power, Eve slept silently and long. As the morning touched the east, slumber weighed upon her moistened eyelids, and kneeling by her bedside, she murmured her gratitude to God for a heart relieved of a burthen long borne, and so went peacefully to her sleep.

It was in the following year and in the beginning of May. The gay world of England was concentrated in London, and at the entertainments of noble houses there were many beautiful women and many marked men. The Freyher Von Leisteo, after years of absence, had appeared again, his mysterious and undesirable superiority of mien and influence again yielded to as before, and again bringing to his feet the homage and deference of the crowd he moved among. To his insatiable power the game of society was easy, and he walked where he would through its barriers of form.

He stood one night looking out at a dance. A lady of a noble air was near him, and both were watching the movements of the loveliest woman present, a creature in radiant health, apparently about twenty three, and of matchless fascination of person and manner. Von Leisteo turned to her to inquire her name, but his intention was arrested by the resemblance between her and the object of his admiring curiosity, and he was silent.

The lady had bowed before he withdrew his gaze, however.

"I think we have met before!" she said; but at the next instant a slight flush of displeasure came to her cheek, and she seemed regretting that she had spoken.

"Pardon me!" said Von Leisteo, "but—if the question be not rude—do you remember where?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I have recalled it since I have spoken," she continued, "but, as the remembrance of the person who accompanied you always gives me pain, I would willingly have unaided it. One evening of last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima, you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon me—but though I left Lucca with my daughter on the following morning, and saw you no more, the association, or your appearance, had implanted the circumstance on my mind."

"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von Leisteo, musingly, gazing on the beautiful creature now gliding with light step to her mother's side.

As the Freyher's heart was going to his friend, the lady, who was the first of the walks broken in upon the closing of the quadrille, he offered his hand to the fair girl, and as they moved round with the entrancing music, he murmured in her ear, "He who came to you in the moonlight of Italy will be with you again, if you are alone, at the rising of tonight's late moon. Believe the voice that then speaks to you!"

It was with implacable determination that Mrs. Gore refused, to the consternation of Von Leisteo, a renewal of Clay's acquaintance with her daughter. Resentment for the apparent recklessness with which he had once sacrificed her maiden love for an unlawful passion—scornful belief of any change in his character—distrust of the future tendency of the powers of his genius—all mingled together in a hostility proof against persuasion. She had expressed this with all the positiveness of language when her daughter entered the room. It was the morning after the ball, and she had risen late. But though subdued and pensive to her air, Von Leisteo saw at a glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said Eve, letting her hand remain in Von Leisteo's and bending her deep blue eyes inquiringly on his.

And with no argument but tears and caresses, and no unexplained assurance of her conviction of the repentant purity and love of him to whom her heart was once given, the confiding and strong-hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will that forbade her happiness. Her mother unlearned the slight arms from her neck, and gave her hand in silent consent to Von Leisteo.

The Freyher stood a moment with his eyes fixed on the ground. The color fled from his cheeks, and his brow moistened.

"I have called him!" said he. "He will be here!"

As hour elapsed, and Clay entered the house. He had risen from a bed of sickness, and came, pale and in terror—for the spirit-rumours was powerful. But Von Leisten welcomed him at the door with a smile, and withdrew the mother from the room; and left Ernest alone with his future bride—the first union, save in spirit, after years of separation.

The following capital parody on Mr. Russell's programme, is done by one of the wags that cluster round the Boston Post.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Song—"Some love to meet."

Some love to meet in the crowded street,
And spin a yarn so free;
But a rose chair, away from the air,
And a life in the house for me.

Ballad—"Old Black Bay."

O'er the mill-dam's wooden rail,
Many an hour I've whited away,
Smelling the rich and perfumed gale,
Which comes across the old black bay.

"The Bull Frog"

Mud croaker!—swamp digger!—
Dirt driver!—be still.
See!—me, with pickaxes,
Descending the hill—
Then cease they dull music,
And hushed by thy cry,
He! reptile—be! bull frog,
They're doomed thee to die, &c. &c.

The above will be illustrated with a few remarks connected with the incident upon which the song is founded.

Canta—"The Maniac."

F Some years since a gentleman of fortune was induced by the solicitation of his friends to enter a fashionable hotel, and imbibe the episcopus compound. The more the unfortunate gentleman poured down, the more he desired, until the landlord was finally obliged to refuse his application for drink, lest he might become what is vulgarly called intoxicated by the too frequent use of the same. This occurrence gave rise to the accompanying stanzas.

Stay landlord, stay, and give, I pray,
Another glass of punch to me,
For oh, although I am not cured,
Fell well I know you shall be.
He quits the bar—he looks the door—
Ah! would this day had never dawned—
I cannot get another glass,
Although not cured, although not cured.

PART II.

Song—"The old India Rubber Shoe."

This piece was sung in Jamaica to the presence of over three thousand black slaves.

Song—"The Dandelion green."—Words by Charles Quickens, esq.

Daisy flower, with head of gold,
Creeping o'er cow-pastures old,
Springing from a verdant sward,
A rare old plant is the dandelion.

Canta—"The Drunken Sow"—Written expressly for Mr. Snuffie by Digby, esq.

F Never shall I forget the sensations I experienced upon looking upon this unfortunate animal. They had been feeding him upon that inebriating article of food, rum-cherries and his truly melancholy situation filled the beholder with sentiments of solemnity and pity.

And he suggested about that olden day,
The spirit of rum-cherries dimming his eye,
While the old pig whistled a mournful sound,
And the little pigs grunted in sympathy round.
Hark!—hark! the pail creaks—list again!—it is o'er,
And the porker reels onward—the clock strikes four!

Song—"The old Toddy stick."

For full two seasons at the bar
I've mixed cocktail and punch,
And many a liquor helped to foam,
At evening lounge and morning hash.

Song—"The old Bell-Crowned Hat."

I love it, I love it, and who shall from,
Because I still sport that old bell-crowned hat.
What though the sugar-loaf's now the go,
And brimmers of late are selling but slow!
I'll stick to the old one in spite of the town.
For I love it, I love it, that old bell-crown.

Tickets at 50 cents, may be obtained at the Tremont House, U. S. Hotel, and principal music stores.

TREATMENT OF CONVICTS.—A visitor to Woolwich dock yard says—

"Having passed through the vast apartments filled with stores, I entered the inclosure in which the prison is held. Here one of the floating castles which once carried British sailors over the ocean to fight the battles of their country was seen converted into a lodging-house for 300 convicts. It was on Thursday, the 23d of March, that I found myself on the spot above mentioned. Turning from the vessel and looking towards the door by which I had gained admittance. 'And what,' said I, 'are those small buildings which that fence I'm pointing to some cottage-like erections.' 'The first one,' said the friend who accompanied me, 'is the dead-house. It is there that convicts who die are carried preparatory to interment. I approached it, but observing some functionaries of the place entering the adjoining hut to inspect stores which were there, I forbore to do so, gratified my curiosity to see the substantial hammocks and bed-clothing provided for the inmates of the prison-ship. 'These,' said one of the inspectors, 'are better than the others you had.' While thus speaking he turned to a convict who was engaged in folding some of the articles, and directed him to open one of the blankets. The prisoner seemed disposed to obey with an air of alacrity. He spread the blanket wide, so as to display the stripes introduced as a distinguishing mark, instead of the broad arrow of the crown. He was attired in the dark brown clothing and long oval hat worn by the convicts. His jacket seemed to be quite a new one. His countenance, though not remarkably prepossessing, was intelligent. He was a man of small size, and without exhibiting hardness, preserved an air of serenity and smiling resignation. Once or twice his lips quivered, as if he were doubtful whether a reply was not essential to one or two of the brief speeches addressed to him—but an answer made he soon. When we had removed from the spot far enough to be out of hearing, my curiosity was roused to ask what offences that prisoner had committed. 'A most aggravated forgery,' said my friend; 'one that would formerly have been visited with death. It was viewed, the more seriously,' continued he, 'from the education of the man, and the high and enviable position which he held.' 'Then who is he?' inquired I. The reply was, 'Dr. Bailey.' 'Can that really be Dr. Bailey,' I exclaimed. 'His,' said my friend. Yes, the unhappy being wearing a convict's sombre dress, the fetter on his left ankle, I had seen him who as a distinguished minister of religion had formerly warned from the pulpit his fellow men against the temptations of life! Yet he, unshapely yielding to his seductive power, was now reduced to sigh—

Is clanking vagrant.

Where are ye now and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

I learned that in a very few days his removal was to take place. He had written to his wife to visit him, but it was very doubtful whether he would not depart before she could arrive.

CAPTAIN MANBY, F. R. S.—This philanthropic gentleman, who has labored forty years for the humane and of saving life at sea, was born at Downham-Market, in Norfolk, in 1765, and educated at the grammar-school of Lynn, afterwards at Bromley, in Middlesex, and then at the Royal Academy, Woolwich. He next joined the corps of Engineers, and was appointed to the situation of barrack-master at Yarmouth, on the Norfolk coast, in the year 1803. That coast, it is well known, is full of shoals, and many vessels have gone to pieces within a hundred yards of the shore, in sight of multitudes of persons, who had no chance of giving relief, for want of means to establish a communication, either by a boat or by rope, with the object in danger. Captain Manby's attention was first fixed to the subject by the lamentable case of the *Saige* gun-boat, when upwards of sixty persons were lost near the haven's mouth at Yarmouth, though not more than fifty yards from the shore, and this wholly owing to the impossibility of conveying a rope to their assistance. Captain Manby's efforts were crowned with success after several experiments, in affixing a cannon-shot to a rope, and projecting it from a piece of ordnance over a vessel stranded on a lee shore; and by this means, in 1812, the captain had been instrumental to the preservation of ninety souls from drowning. The loss of a Swedish brig, and every semi on board, at Harborough, in the night of January 5, 1810, and the unavailing attempts made to project a rope to the vessel by the means of several experiments, the next led Captain Manby to extend assistance to ships wrecked even in the darkest nights. The requisite objects were—1. To devise the means of discovering precisely where the distressed vessel lay, when the crew were not able to make their exact situation known by luminous signals. 2. To discover a method of laying the mortar as accurately as to those who projected it and to the crew on board the vessel, so that they could not fail to see on what part of the rigging it lodged, and, consequently, easily secure it. A fire-ball and fusee was used for the first object; for the second, during the period of the light, a board with two upright sticks (painted white) was pointed towards the vessel, so that the two white sticks met in a direct line with it, and thus afforded a rule by which to lay the mortar. For the third object, a shell, instead of a shot, was affixed to the rope. The shell was four inches in diameter, and the body of the shell was filled with the finest and most glaring composition, which, when inflamed, displayed as splendid an illumination of the rope, that its light could not be mistaken. Such are the most prominent features of Captain Manby's intention for the preservation of shipwrecked seamen. There were many minor points respecting the mode of bringing the sick on shore, of carrying a boat over a surf, to reach a stranded vessel without a bar ke.

New-York: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN KEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

THE GRAHAM WRITERS.*

Taking them in the order they appear upon the cover for June, we have first and foremost, *James K. Paulding*—otherwise called, by the Graham editors no doubt, for these editors are brimful of inward reverence for A. B. C.'s and titles—the *Hon. James K. Paulding*. Here is a man now, with a strong head, a warm heart and a bold face pen, who will not have justice done him, as an author, till he has been dead and buried fifty years, or thereabouts, when his bones will be dug up! and his works, if not himself, translated. With very little of the dross and flourish, the glitter and show of mere genius; but with a large quantity of the pure gold of talent, mingled, to be sure, with a reasonable quantity of earthiness, else who but the *unearthly* would ever think of reading him? *James K. Paulding*, late Secretary of the Navy, in these United States, is doing more for the people now, as a magazine writer, than he ever tried, or wished to do for them, while he was at the head of our naval affairs—and that's a bold word: for he was alike steady, faithful and far-seeing, in that high office, and could he have had his own way, altogether, for a few years longer, our People would have well understood the difference between being "*too late and too early*" in more matters than one. The story he has furnished under that title, is a very good story—though written thirty years ago. The more's the pity! A man who could write in this way thirty years ago, ought to be ashamed of himself for not having written more and better:—And now for the next in order.

The *Hon. Robert T. Conrad*—otherwise called (by the Graham editors, of course) *Judge Conrad*. Of this gentleman as a writer, we happen to know so little, that—faith!—but we are half afraid to say what we think of him. The paper he has furnished, is entitled *Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer*, which are dedicated to the *Rev. Edmund Neville*, for the sake of getting in another title, no doubt. Now, we have a perfect horror of sonnets—and we don't care who knows it. Nevertheless, there are fine passages to be found here—and not a few things, for which the "*honorable judge*" ought to have his fingers rapped.

For example: Among the former are,

"And 'tis thy smile, when summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the weary wreathe a wreath of gold."

"Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast,
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Aversion with golden palm and icy heart,
Ambition's marble smile and earthy art."

And among the latter, are the following:

"Grant thy smile be
My light of life to guide me up to thee."

"Grant be" must be a new part of speech from that Philadelphia grammar, we have heard so much of, and still hope to see, after Professor Espy has got through with his plan for tapping the clouds to order. And again—

"Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best."

Now *quare de hoc*, Judge. As a matter of historical truth is the name of Father, what may be called with anything like reasonable propriety, *first, fondest, or best*? In a sonnet, we grant you, a man may go almost all lengths; but, to apply that very language to a *Father*, which is exactly suited to a *mother*—*first*,

* Of the three engravings which appear in this number, the first is paltry—the baby's feet, or one of them at least, being a wooden peg; the second, so-so, the water being somewhat thinner than the air; the third, smart and spirited

—*fondest*—*best*—we say is going a little too far, even for a sonnet—nay, even for a Philadelphia sonnet.

However, inasmuch as the Judge has shown the right feeling in some forty other places, as where he speaks of the "*dripping bayonet* and the *kindling drum*," the "*laughing Ethiop*" and the "*dusk Hindoo*"—we have concluded to overlook the remainder of the ten sonnets.

James B. Taylor. A nobody, of course; having no title, nor even a *Squire* in his name. Well, well, he has good notions of poetry; and if he should become greatly distinguished hereafter, depend upon it he will find something hitched to his *Taylor*, and be authorised to print all three of his names at full length. We should like to hear him read the following line, though, aloud to his grandmother—or to anybody else, indeed, whose opinion he cared for:—

"And through each dale renown'd in song,
Like a trumpet blast swept by."

The idea is warlike and stirring; but show us the man able to say, with any organs of speech we are acquainted with, "*a trumpet blast swept by*." Perhaps the Siamese twins might read the passage so as to be understood—both reading together now that they are married,—but we cannot imagine the possibility of any one person doing it by himself.

Mrs. A. M. F. Annan. Four initials are equivalent, most undoubtedly, to the title of Professor or Squire; and though we happen to have no acquaintance with the fair author of "*The Single Man*," we rejoice to see her standing bravely upon her rights and privileges. A woman of spirit and sagacity—and, withal, a gentlewoman, which all women of spirit are not—is *Mrs. Annan*; and we shall hope to be better acquainted with her one of these days. The story is well-managed and well-written.

Henry William Herbert—no title—three names at full length. A man of genius, with a strong, determined purpose, and a deep sense of the power of language. We have seen very little of his poetry before, but have met with many a clever prose tale by him, founded on English history. The title we take to be a misnomer—these are not *American Ballads*, though written in America, and upon American subjects—Mr. Herbert, the author, being an Englishman. We wish it were otherwise.

Take a passage describing that man—George Washington—as he sat upon his horse, at midnight, in midwinter, as represented by Sully in his fine picture of the passage of the Delaware, (now in the possession of the great museum-proprietor, Kimball, of Boston, we see)—

"Calm his high and noble port—
Calm his mighty face severe—
None had seen it change with doubt,
None had seen it pale with fear—
And it shewed as grantly now,
In that wild and perilous hour,
Fraught with wisdom half divine,
Fraught with more than mortal power."

"Sceadily he sat and gazed—
Not a cloud upon his brow—
Calmer in the banquet-hall
Never had he been than now!
Yet his face was on the cairn—
Life! and fame! and country! all—
Steepest game was never played—
Death or freedom—win or fall!"

N. P. Willis. Three more initials!—A poet, of course. One of the most beautiful writers in our language,—with a more exquisite perception of the aroma—the hue and flavor—the dewpoint—in Poetry, than almost any other we know; wanting only in strength and sincerity, both of which we cannot but hope will re-appear at no very distant day.

P. S. We have just seen the *NEW MIRROR* for the week; and

feel ourselves obliged to add, as a matter of fact, and in simple good faith, that the above was written *before* Mr. Willis would seem to have entered upon the joint editorship of that paper with all his heart and soul; and right glad are we that he has. The New Minxton flits by us now, every sunshiny day, like a purple-winged butterfly, dusted with gold.

William Falconer. A Poet—need we say more? Between ourselves, though, Mr. Falconer, we doubt whether *Sorrow* is a good rhyme for *Aurora*—not even though you pronounce it *oh*, *roarer*, as most poets do. Still, it may be so, and a man who is capable of writing the stanza below, is entitled to his own opinion—at least, till he knows better.

"Now they advance, now they retire,
Srewing the fresh morn roses;
See how their anidety shine like fire,
A round them the more uncles:
Their bosoms half veiled by the *rosy shawl*,
Their arms and their white feet gleaming,
Flouting around their Sultana tall,
Known by her queenly seaming.

The author of a New Home, Forest Life, &c. &c.—Mrs. — Mrs. — what the plague's her name?—ah—ah—we have it—Mrs. Clavers, hey? or is that not a newspaper name? We hate French, or would write *nom de guerre*, which we suppose to mean pretty much the same thing. Well, whoever she is, and whatever she may be—whether Mrs. Mary Clavers, or Mrs. Mary Clishmaclavers (a very numerous family) the author of this paper, "*an incident in Dreamland*," is a woman of real talent, with a strong, original, and very happy cast of mind,—great powers of language, and well-trained habits of observation. The little sketch of this month, however, is a trifle not worth mentioning.

Miss Elizabeth Bagart. We have a downright reverence for *Miss* that make poetry, whether good or bad, (the poetry, we mean); but if good, there is no telling how much we reverence them. "*The Clouds*" are very well got up.

J. Fennimore Cooper. Another of those with three initials, who, after a long life of unrewarded labour—as they think—are journeying slowly by us, and disappearing, one by one, within the great, unfathomable Future. After they are dead and buried, though not before, we may hope to understand their true characters, and their true value. Mr. Cooper's first novels—not the very first, but the first after that confounded Precaution of his—led the way to a declaration of independence on the part of our novel-writers, which has been followed by a war of twenty years or so, and without having procured for us an acknowledgment of our independence—even by ourselves. How much longer it may continue, God only knows; but long enough, we hope, to set men thinking. To Mr. Cooper we are greatly indebted for the opening of the first campaign—for breaking ground first—and for many a good fight since; and, notwithstanding his faults—and they are neither few nor small—and his follies, which we are disposed to rank next after our own—we are willing henceforth to remember the good, and the good only, of all his doings. The life of *Oliver Hazard Perry* is well written, frank, fearless, faithful, and to the point. We disagree with him in some of his results, touching Commodore Elliot and his behaviour; but what of that? He would disagree with us, if he had a chance, and we should be square.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Three more initials—hurrah!—Ever since L. E. L. began to flourish in the London Literary Gazette, almost everybody you hear of in the land of song, was quite certain to have, at least three, and some four initials, to begin the world with; and the moment *Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer* made his bow, at full length, nobody was thought worth reading in kit-kat or profile—nobody worth mentioning

unless he had a middle name or two, which had never been heard of before. The thing took—and of course, everybody stood for a full length; and even Mr. Cooper, and Henry W. Longfellow, and Colonel Webb, were obliged to take the field, as J. Fennimore Cooper, Henry Wordsworth Longfellow, and James Watson Webb. But never mind! That fashion will soon give way to another, and people will be satisfied to appear on paper, as they do elsewhere, like *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*, and *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, and *Mrs. Frances S. Osgood*, the very next we find upon the list before us.

We don't believe the first of these women—and we use the word *Women*—because we revere them; and because, no matter how much of ladies, they may be, it is as *Women* that we best know them, and most love them. Well then, we don't believe the first of these three women, has ever had anything like justice done her by the people of this country—nor even by the newspapers. By one class, we find her always called the *American Hemans*, just as Irving was called, and is now, for aught we know, the *American Goldsmith*, or *Addison*, it matters little which; Cooper, the *American Scott*, and somebody else we could name, who had never so much as heard of Richter, when he was thought to most resemble him, the *American Richter*—Jean Paul.

Now, as we don't care a fig for *American Addisons*, or *Hemans*, while we can get *English*; nor a single straw for *American Scotts* and *Richters*, while we can get *Scotch* and *German*, we take such language to be anything but complimentary either to these writers, or to the *American People*. Copies we don't want—originals we do. Copies at any price, no matter how good they are, destroy our natural confidence in ourselves, beget a false and foreign standard of worth, and lead to all sorts of mischief and discouragement. Even the plaster copies of the *Laocoon*, the *Venus of the Apollo*; and the everlasting repetition of the *Madonna della Seggia*—have done more harm than good, to every people among whom they have appeared, by lowering their conceptions, and disappointing their hopes. With literature, it is a thousand times worse. People who are good at copying, are *never* good for anything else. One might as well hope to learn how to make a poem, by copying poems, as a picture, by copying pictures, and therefore,—But let us return to Mrs. Sigourney. Another class, and among these, are a multitude of pennyha'penny editors, have undertaken to say, that Mrs. Sigourney is *never* original—never sublime—nor ever anything better than a very adroit manager, work-over, and hasher-up of other people's thoughts. We wonder if they have ever read her lines to *Niagara*—a subject that had been written to death, over and over again, long before Boz meddled with it, as if the bottom had dropped out, while he was lathering himself and looking at it; and he had never got over his fright. Observe how she has dealt with the everlasting baptism upon the trees and shores—we forget the language—and haven't a copy of the poem to refer to, or we could give the whole at length.

Now, we say, that a woman who has the courage to grapple with such a subject, must have a mind of her own and a will of her own too—faith! And we say moreover that she has treated the subject worthily, even the tumbling oceans of the Great Deep yonder, whose tremendous hymning appears to have stunned and stifled the imaginations of the mightiest of those who had gone thither before, without putting off their shoes. Very beautiful, though somewhat *snawy*, and like Mrs. Hemans herself, rather unimpassioned, even where the troubled mysteries of womanhood are all awake—the poetry of Mrs. Sigourney, is of a kind that must make a profound impression upon the understanding of the People, whenever they shall become fully sensible of her worth: upon their hearts we would say,

but—for the fact that no people on earth had ever a heart, for what is called poetry. For songs—whether warlike or amorous; for downright frolic and fun; for a short and playful or a short and strong passage, after it has been sounded in their ears, from babyhood to old age, like certain Hebrew poetry from the Bible—they have a relish; but for nothing beyond this; not even the Italian boatmen who rehearse Dante by moonlight; nor the English orators who misquote from a parboiled Shakespeare by lamplight, have the least feeling upon the subject, within that “crimson labyrinth,” which men have agreed to call a heart—just for the fun of the thing, perhaps.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.—Being a regular contributor to the Brother Jonathan, the wife of one of us—we had well nigh said one of our wives—this is rather a dangerous woman to meddle with. But then again—who cares! we have promised to judge of all that come before us, and all that lie in our path, and all that dare to question our authority, without fear or favor. And, if we shrink now, “what will Mrs. Grundy say?”—always meaning by Mrs. Grundy, the great gossiping Public. In a word, not having room to say more, we must content ourselves with saying this, that for loftiness, depth, sincerity and sweetness—with strong, womanly passions, to engage the kindlier and more earnest of our feelings, we know of no female writer to be compared with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the particular department she has devoted herself to—that of historical illustration. She seizes character and represents characters with a distinctness and beauty, which beside being essentially dramatic, is brimful of poetry. And then too, when she gets down upon her knees among the grass and wild-flowers, to weave blossoming chaplets for all who know how to prize them, she is indeed, and indeed a poet. More we shall not say—till she deserves it. Nor can we stop now to mention her faults. Of course the woman has faults, else were she no woman. Let us take a passage in proof—the first that comes in our way. On page 356—now lying before us—we find the following: “Once more the glowing buds and flowers, which Mary had woven with so many happy thoughts, were kissed by the cold cheek of the dead; again the threaded pearls, and the glossy satin, and the buds that seemed hurrying into flowers all over it, gleamed mournfully in the cold wax-light, a painful contrast to the paraphernalia of death that enveloped and overhung it like a cloud.”

Very beautiful to be sure; but—“bud”—“bud”—is rather astray, and “paraphernalia” is a very bad, though a very common misapplication of a law-term. But enough—we are in no humor for finding fault with her now; and have only to say that Mrs. Ann S. Stephens always writes English; wholesome and hearty, as well as beautiful English; and that we take to be one of the strangest things in our day.

Stay—one thing more—this reminds us that she is not English by birth, although her parents were English, and we had always believed her to be so.—She was born in this country, and we are glad of it.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood. DORA’S REWARD. Three more initials! We have long looked upon this writer as one of ten thousand, for her delicate sense of the hidden, the mysterious, the pure, and the exquisite. We have seen poetry of her’s brimful of playfulness and feeling; prose that breathed strongly of unobdured passion; and we have prayed earnestly for her that she might not be led into temptation—the temptation of authorship, we mean, for we editors have no idea of any other. By this we mean, not that we wouldn’t have Mrs. Frances S. Osgood write, and write often too; but that we would not have her stoop to much writing—to mere authorship. She can do better. Let her keep her wings fresh—her heart fresh—and

her feelings fresh,—and she will be all the happier and the wiser. By the way, though, one of her leading incidents in the sketch before us will be found in a story, nay, in two stories, “never before published”—or not yet published—unless they should appear this very week in the Brother Jonathan, and New Mirror. We mention this lest the author of both might be charged with pilfering from Mrs. O. Having seen the manuscript in both cases, we can vouch for the fact that he—or she—has done no such thing, though the resemblances in good sooth, are sufficiently strange.

Mrs. Seba Smith. Having said our say, long and long ago, of this charming writer, we have only to add here, that good as her sonnet is, we don’t like it—chiefly, we dare say, because it happens to be a sonnet.

Robert Morris. A good writer—story itself rather newspaperish.

Mary L. Lawson. Three more initials!—and, of course, we are by no means overpowered to find her writing very decent poetry—kind-bearded, simple, and affectionate.

Review of New Books. Who is he?—rather offhandish and spirited.

There! instead of Graham’s Magazine, we have chosen to serve up the *Graham writers*. We have tried our prettiest—and much good may it do them.

COINS AND COINAGE.

The reasons for selecting from the thirty-five known metals, Gold, Silver, and Copper, for coining purposes, all are familiar with, and it is scarcely necessary that we should repeat them. We do not intend to write an essay, but merely to give a few facts which we think will interest the general reader.

It has been found that the precious metals in their natural state are too soft for coins, wearing away too fast, and it has therefore become the universal practice to alloy the metal with silver and copper. The amount of alloy varies in different countries, generally from one-twelfth to one-fourth. In some countries the alloy is much more, as in Turkey and the Barbary States, where the coin being forced into circulation by despotic power at an arbitrary value, the less silver used the larger the profit to the mint. The nearest approach to absolutely pure metal is in the florins of Hanover, which are 995 to 997-thousandths fine,—the ducats of the same State 993-thousandths fine, and the sequins of Tuscany, which are 997 to 999-thousandths fine. By law, the alloy in the coins of the United States is fixed at one-tenth,—the practice at the mints is to make the gold coins of 900 parts gold, 25 parts silver, and 75 parts copper.

All civilized, and most of the barbarous nations, make their coins circular and thin. These two qualities are found to be necessary to give the greatest convenience and facility in casting, piling, &c., and to prevent wear of the metal. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, such as the rupees of Mogul, which are square, the octagonal pieces of Assam, the parallelograms of Japan, the tical of Siam, like a bullet, the star pagoda of India, a mere lump, and the square ducat of Nuremberg. The size and weight of a coin is a matter of considerable importance, and a proper medium should be observed. There is, however, great variety in this respect. The gold five-moires piece of Portugal, coined about a century since, weighs 828 grains, and is worth \$32 70, while the Turkish pair of late coinages contains a very small portion of silver, weighs 11 to 24 grains, and is worth one-twentieth of a cent. These are the extremes among modern coins. What would our friends at the South, who will not touch anything less than a half-dime, do with the para, or the pfennig of Saxony, which is one-seventh of a cent, or the centime of Geneva, which is only one-twelfth of a cent?

The process of coining is a very interesting one, and it has been at our Mint brought very nearly to perfection in point of beauty and rapidity. Bullion is sent to the Mint in every form—ore, bars, plate, jewellery, foreign coin, &c. To bring all these heterogeneous materials to metal suitable for coining, requires various operations, which result in turning it out in ingots about twelve inches long, half an inch thick, and from one to one-and-a-half inches wide. Before use, these ingots are tested by an assay. The approved ingots being heated to redness, are rolled out by a steam engine into long and thin strips; and by the same power they are passed through drawing dies, for the purpose of obtaining the proper thickness. The next operation is with the cutting-press, which cuts out pieces of the proper size at the rate of one hundred and sixty per minute. The edge of each piece is then milled, that is, forced up, so as to protect the surface of the coin. This operation is performed so rapidly that 500 half-pieces can be milled in a minute; of the large pieces about 120 is the average. The pieces, or planchets, are then cleaned, annealed, whitened, and their weight adjusted. The next and last operation is stamping. The planchets are received by a steam-power machine, through a tube, which machine of itself places them in the proper position in a steel collar, between the dies, and by a powerful rotary motion impresses each piece, and pushes it away to be instantly replaced by another. The process of coining is then finished. Of the dollar and half-dollar, about sixty pieces are struck per minute; of the quarter-dollar, seventy-five; and of the dime and half-dime, ninety. The Mint employs sixty operatives, and with a small increase would be competent to a coinage of six millions per annum, half gold and half silver. The cost would be about \$70,000 dollars. At its full capacity the Mint could accomplish twelve millions, at an expense of \$100,000.

The coins of monarchical countries almost without exception exhibit the likeness of the sovereign, while republics seldom give the likeness of the chief. We refer to permanent republics. Cromwell coined money with his portrait, and the head of Napoleon was on the coins of the Consulate:—the republicanism of Cromwell and Napoleon may, however, well be considered doubtful;—and the money of Buenos Ayres has the legend "Eternal praise to the restorer Rosas," but not his portrait. When in 1791 the Mint of the United States, then just established, was experimenting in coining, a few cents were coined, on which was the head of Washington. Congress promptly interfered to prevent the coining of these pieces. A few, however, escaped the Mint, and the "Washington cent" is now considered one of the greatest numismatic curiosities. In the republics which have existed in Europe, Switzerland, Holland, Venice, &c. the same rule holds good. In Mohammedan countries, where the Koran forbids the making of a likeness for any purpose, the sovereigns make ample amends by stamping on their coins the most ridiculous and bombastic titles. Coins also generally display a shield, or coat of arms, or a wreath, the date, country, denomination, a legend, and sometimes devices descriptive of national events. In the United States, the branch mints at Charlotte, Dahlonega, and New Orleans have severally the letters C, D, and O to mark their coinage.

The right of coinage should always rest with the sovereign or government. In the public faith alone can there be security for the purity and weight of the coin. No private individual will strike money without profit, and the nature of coins is such that a profit cannot be obtained without fraud. The gold coins of Mr. C. Bechtler of North Carolina, are near enough to the standard, if a single piece be considered—but in large amounts the loss is material.

In England it has been for a century the practice of the nation to give a great preponderancy to the gold coinage. From 1702 to 1840 the gold coinage amounted to 160 millions sterling, while the silver was but 12½ millions, and in the twenty years ending 1840, the gold coinage was 52 millions, while the silver was only 4 millions. Silver coins are only a legal tender to the extent of 40 shillings at a time. In other countries the preference seems to be given to silver as a basis of value. England may now be considered a silver-producing country as in 1835, from her argentiferous lead ores were extracted 140,000 ounces of silver, and from her silver ores 36,000 making a total of 176,000 ounces, valued at 227,000 dollars.

In Burmah there is no coinage, silver is paid by weight, and is cut up into bits as occasion may require. Gold is not used as a currency, all that can be obtained being used for jewellery and gilding temples. The Emperor of China, with all his boasted relationship to the sun and moon, exercises the attribute of sovereignty, coining, only in the production of a miserable coin called "tsien" by the Chinese, "kaxa" by the Portuguese, and "cash" by the English. It is about an inch in diameter, made of a composition of brass, with a square hole in the centre. They are strung in parcels of a hundred, and are worth about 800 to the dollar. The Chinese, however, receive freely foreign coins of known value. It is usual for every merchant who receives a coin to put a stamp upon it, by which means they get mangled and disfigured, so that the original impressions are entirely lost. There is another species of currency in China, passing by weight, called by the English "shoes." They are small ingots, or bars, melted in an oval crucible, and have a cavity in the upper surface, caused by the gradual cooling of the metal. Chinamen, who are as shrewd as Yankee tricks of trade, have a way of picking these ingots in a nitric acid bath, which gives them an appearance of fineness. Thus an ingot appearing to be 980-1,000ths fineness, proved on assay to be only 750-1,000ths.

The amount of coinage at Bogota from 1810 to 1825 was \$16,132,000 in gold, and \$375,000 in silver. At Popayan, from 1832 to 1825 \$2,079,000 in gold, and \$40,000 in silver. This will give some idea of the richness of Columbia in these valuable metals.

[To be continued.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle.—Verily, verily, these men are beside themselves. They do not seem to know there is any such language on earth as English. We speak of Mr. Thomas Carlyle and his followers; and we beg leave to tell them plainly, that German is not English—any more than English is German. One could believe that they had never read anything in their lives but German, of the German nothing but Goethe; and of Goethe nothing but Faust and Wilhelm Meister—two of the most lumbering, drowsy, fashionless, unprofitable and worthless books ever written by a man of strength, with little or nothing to give them life, but the "Sketch of Margaret" in one, and the disappointing glimpses of "Mignonette" in the other, a sweet, shadowy, profile of "Marianne" and the flourishes about Shakespeare, and the passage about a rose tree planted in a China vase—no! an oak tree—and bursting the vase by the growth of its roots—which he likens to Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: As for Carlyle himself, much learning hath made him mad—or poverty and wretchedness; and therefore, he and his followers both, are much to be pitied. They are of those who go about the World—the great busy World—preaching maxims and mottoes and apothegms in an unknown tongue; full of wisdom and strength, to be sure, more precious than rubies or gold for the gifted few, but wholly unintelligible to the many, for whom they are professing to labor. Jeremy Bentham had a language of his own—and what were the consequences? He died without being known to the people—a dead letter, to the countless millions

up the interest without flagging to the end, makes it not only valuable as a work of historical and sacred knowledge, but one of the pleasantest books of the season. In the portions of it where opinions on biblical or other subjects are expressed, his arguments are laid down in a forcible yet candid manner, without dogmatism, and will always command respect if they do not produce conviction, because his opinions are based upon close personal observation—formed without previous bias, and expressed in terms which places the matter clearly before the reader. In this light, these volumes have a peculiar value to the biblical student, as embodying the opinions of a perfectly competent and intelligent observer. The work is embellished by twelve beautiful engravings on steel, from drawings by Mr. Catherwood, the well known *compagnon du voyage* of Mr. Stephens, with maps of the route over which the Dr. travelled, and of the cities of Jerusalem and Petra. The getting up of the work both in the literary and mechanical departments is indeed very creditable to the author and the enterprising publishers, and we have no doubt it will enjoy a sale only equalled by the highly popular volumes of Stephens.

HOMER OR THE IRON RULE. *Harper & Brothers, New York.*—This is a story told in good strong English, of a true-hearted, filial daughter, suffering on from year to year under the heart crushing home tyranny of an "iron rule." It exhibits the effect of that system of bringing up children which represses every youthful feeling, and condemns every appearance of amusement as immoral. Mrs. Ellis has made a capital book, as she always does.

CHEMISTRY AND THE BOOK OF PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.—Greely & McElrath, New York. This volume before us, forms No. 5, of the "Useful Works for the People."

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—A very good number. We are glad to see it holding on its way so steadily.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.—No. 6, of the complete plays and poems of Shakespeare, has been issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It is embellished with beautiful etchings.

KATE IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.—Here is a book published by J. Winchester, calculated to interest every young man and woman in the land. It relates divers passages in the life of a young woman in search of that useful appendage to housekeeping, a husband, and describes how she eventually caught one.

BLACKWOOD FOR MAY, and the republication of Martin Chuzzlewit, Arthur O'Leary, Windsor Castle, &c. &c. have lately appeared from the New World office. This number of Blackwood is a very good one.

BOOKS IN PRESS.—The Messrs. Harpers have in press, and will publish soon a new novel by James, called "*The False Heir*." They are also preparing to bring out "*The Last Ship*" founded on the fate of the President, by the author of *Cavendish*, &c., &c., also the "*Days of Queen Mary*."

Lee & Blanchard, will publish in August or September, a New Border Story, by Mr. COOPER, called "*The Huttid Knell*." The work will much resemble the Pioneers in its action and character.

Dr. Harris, U.S.N., author of "*The Life and Services of Commodore Beardslee*," is preparing a "*Memoir of the Late Commodore Hull*."

Several new volumes of Poems are announced, of which the most important are "*Lays of Home, and other Poems*," by John Greenleaf Whittier, and "*Moment Auburn and other Poems*," by Isaac McClellan, Jr.; both to be published by W. D. Ticknor, of Boston; who has likewise in press a new and much enlarged edition of "*Motherwell's Poems*" and a Collection of "*Berry Cornwall's*" English Songs and other short Poems.

Dr. Stevens, Secretary of the Historical Society of Georgia, has just completed an elaborate history of that State, which will appear during the Summer.

A new work by Cornelius Mathews, bearing the title of the "*Politics, or a Comedy of Life and Manners in New York*," is in press in this city, and will be published in the beginning of June.

SALUTES.—The English *Gilgate* Warship fired a salute on Wednesday in honor of the day, as it was the birth day of Queen Victoria. The salute was repeated by the North Carolina.

MUSICAL.

Miss ELLEN LEWIS' Concert, on Tuesday evening, was very fully and fashionably attended—a compliment as deserved as it must have been gratifying to the lady. It is some two years since we last heard Miss Lewis sing in public, and the improvement which has taken place in her voice and style, surprised us. Many of her notes are peculiarly sweet, and even the tones of the highest, fall pleasantly upon the ear. Her voice is powerful, and she executes the most difficult passages with ease and precision. In the cavatina from "*Ipermestra*" "*Se Lincea Salvia*," she displayed great taste and judgment, and drew down repeated plaudits. Her style of ballad singing is good; she avoids the great fault of many vocalists, and does not disfigure them with ornaments. A little more feeling perhaps is necessary.

Mr. Dempster sang even better than usual, and was unanimously encored in his very beautiful ballad of "*The Blind Boy*."

Signor Rapetti played a Grand Fantasia on the violin in a chaste and beautiful manner; and Sig. Ribas with his oboe started even Mr. Pagli, who is so celebrated a performer upon the same instrument.

Mr. Heideberg, the pianist, belongs to the old school; in style and taste he is "behind the age;" at least such is our opinion,—we may be wrong. His little daughter is a promising child, and bids fair to be come celebrated.

Mr. Julius Metz was the pianist of the evening, but from being unaccustomed to preside on such occasions we presume, he occasionally evinced a little awkwardness and hesitation, and by his accompaniments slightly marred the effect of Miss Lewis' songs in one or two instances.

Mr. Russell had a bumper on Monday evening at the Apollo. He is now on his way to the west, and returns here about the end of August, previous to his departure to England, to sing at the Birmingham musical festival.

Mr. BROUGH's concert, on Wednesday night, also attracted a very large audience. Mrs. Leder, Mary Taylor, and Mr. F. Brown assisted. George Loder did the conducting in his usual efficient manner. It was a delightful evening's entertainment, and passed off with a great deal of spirit. We hope Mr. Brough will give us a few more such treats.

A lecture on music and a grand concert was given by Mr. George Loder last night at the Apollo, and the novelty of the entertainment was alone sufficient to produce the jam which took place; but this, combined with the universal respect in which Mr. Loder is held, and the host of friends he has made for himself here, should have induced him to provide a more spacious building. As we intend to enter fully into the merits of the entertainment next week, we content ourselves with merely remarking in general terms, that every thing went off well, and to the delight and satisfaction of the audience.

The Ravens arrived here from Havana on Monday last; they will appear at the Park.

ERRATA.—In "*Dearest! Fare thee Well!*" for "our children! ah, hear them weep," do, dear reader, be so obliging as to insert an I—so as to make the line read "our children! ah, I hear them weep." Perhaps, too, the German motto might be corrected with some advantage—or, as our composers don't read German, shall we leave it as corrected by those who do, *era* being twice printed *em*, and Denken, Denkon? Otherwise, we may have another correction to make, perhaps; for *her* Grace the Duke, read *his* Grace the Duchess."

CHEAP WORKS.—The list of cheap publications advertised in our paper of to-day, by Greely & McElrath, will be found very attractive to those who do not read simply for amusement. The books are all of a highly valuable character, and the price brings them within the reach of all who desire the information they contain.

BROOKLYN CHARTER ELECTION.—This case has been brought before the Supreme Court, by Mr. W. Hodgkinson, the Whig Clerk elect, to recover from the Democratic clerk, the books, papers, &c. The dispute turns upon the point, whether some misapplied votes should be counted for a Democratic candidate for Alderman. The Supreme Court will probably decide according to the strict construction of the law, which will give the suit to the plaintiff.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

Italian Improvisatori.—You would like to know something about these wonderful improvisatori. You shall be gratified. *Pistrucci*, is most celebrated by far, now living: a man who not only pretends to improvise a whole tragedy in verse, but actually does, though the subject may be suggested by a stranger, provided always that it be a subject worthy and capable of being turned into a tragedy. Well, this man is now between forty-five and fifty years of age, five feet six or seven inches high; with a red, ugly, and rather English face, so the whole, and covered with pimples and blotches.

I have heard him often in public—and with my limited knowledge of spoken Italian verse, have been able to follow him, page after page, with entire satisfaction to myself. He begins with music, and after a few grimaces and contortions, falls into a sort of rhythmical balance—a kind of chaunt—which affords ample time for that arrangement which led Byron to talk about the "fatal facility" of our eight syllable measure. I have no doubt the general outline of these extempore dramas, the plot, and characters, whether historical or imaginary, have all been thought over, long and long ago, and laid up in his memory, as in a great storehouse, for future operations. Orators do this every day. Sheridan's "Good God!" at the trial of Warren Hastings, was an afterthought you know; Tom Moore found it in Sheridan's notes of the speech, *interspersed* with a Δ marked below! Webster picked up that "British drum" years ago, at Quebec, which he used so effectively in his tournaement with Halloo, (if I do not mistake)—and there was hardly an image to be found to the finest exhibitions of the late William Pinkney, which had not been culled and put aside and garnered up in the same way, and oftentimes most laboriously polished, for future use. Curran did so too; but then John Philip Curran, like William Kent, was almost a poet—and some what loquacious therefore of downright drollery;—and neither do it often. Yet all these men were *improvisatori*, that is—all were supposed to talk spontaneously, without premeditation. So does Edward Everett though all his speeches are committed to memory; committed however, in the very act, and by the very act of writing them. Isaac Hill wrote his speeches and read them—carefully—to the American Senate; and got laughed at for his pains; and so did Caleb Cushing, when he first came out in Congress. Yet all these men were extemporisers—*improvisatori*—in their way—and each in his own way; and if in prose why not in verse? Believe me—my friend—nothing need be easier. I could undertake to speak blank verse, by the hour—*improvisé*—as Mosier did prose; or even, at a pinch, the eight syllable verse; and after a little training, not much, our heroic verse. I have tried blank verse repeatedly—and astonished some of my best friends. You know what that means, I hope when you have it from the lips of an author.

I find *Pistrucci* almost always accompanied by the celebrated Gao. Pepe, a Neapolitan, about fifty-five or sixty, five feet one, with grey hair, almost white, black whiskers, and moustaches; and by Gen. Di Maestro a Milanese, a man of about five feet seven, with a strong, sharp, sour face, indicating a character you'd swear to at a glance—all three are what are called *maveria exulta*: in other words, men that would be trampled on without speaking.

First Arrival at London.—Being wholly ignorant of the alarming distinction—alarming for a stranger—that exists between the City of London proper, and the West End, or Westminster, I was booby enough to secure lodging by the help of a friend, not in Westminster, which I supposed to be only a part of the suburbs of London, but in London—the City of London—that I might be near the theatres, and St. Paul's, and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and the Palaces and Hyde Park;—and that "skain of white worsted at Huns." And where do you think I found myself, the very next morning, after I awoke? Why, at a place called the *Providence House*—kept by a sober Methodist in Falcon square, just at the other end of all creation. I am outfitted on taking possession that no rails, are expected or received. Verily, verily, I could almost fancy myself in some out-of-the-way American boarding-house. Hitherto, I have found civility rather scarce and somewhat costly, I tell you—very selfish—bows are stamped a piece by the dozen—a lift at your portmanteau, one shilling. Such is the market price everywhere I believe; though in larger places there may be an abatement, when you take a half-a-guinea's worth; and along shore I am told they give you

sixteen to the dozen. I'm sorry for it. I am opposed to such courtesies getting cheap among a people who have so many persons dependent upon such a monopoly.

First View of St. Paul's.—Magnitude imposing; a sense of openness and vastness takes possession of you. You are either uplifted, nor overwhelmed—you are rather ashamed, after you have got your breath, to find such a building in such a place, covered with lamp black, built about with rubbish, and half filled with very questionable statuary—to say the best you can of about three-fifths of you see there. Went up into the gilt ball—along with half-a-dozen other blockheads to see if it would really hold a dozen all told. We got in to be sure—and I was fool enough to sit down in it—before I thought of asking myself how I should be able to justify myself to my friends at home, were anything to happen. That the ball was not strong enough to last for ever was pretty clear. That it must come down some day or other, I knew. And why not then, as well as at another time?—the whole building shook with a continual reverberation—and the hall itself trembled as if it were on springs. Unfortunately, however, while thinking how like a fool I should look, if we were all to come down by the run, I thought aloud, and frightened a young man so much, who was with me, that I doubt if he ever got his growth afterwards. To his dying day, he will think it the narrowest escape! What blockheads we are to be sure! Never again will I venture *needless*—that is, without a worthy and proper inducement, where if I should lose my life, or hurt myself much—there would be no consolation for my friends—or myself. "Nothing to pay—five shillings for all, and —"as much more as you please." "Nothing demanded but what you may please to give the guide." Such is the law of St. Paul's. And for whose benefit? For that of the British empire—who make a raree show of Westminster Abbey, and get sixpence a-head from all who are curious enough to desire a peep at a wax image of Lord Nelson, wearing the very clothes he wore at Trafalgar; and another waxen image of Queen Elizabeth, inferior to those you may see any where at a country Museum, or at the car, under St. Paul's, in which Nelson was travelled to his grave. Hurrah for the pride of a great people! Hurrah for the self-respect they show in admitting strangers at sixpence a-head, to a glimpse of their departed glories—whether in Westminster Abbey, or at St. Paul's!

Language.—"There's four famous cattle," said a stage driver, to me, on my way up. "They rattle away sharpish—roysher."

Original.

HEREAFTER.

BY E. S. F.

O, doom me not to hooke! I cannot bear
To be so fettered to the inner life;
The bounding pulse, the leaping heart must dare,
And be an actor on the field of strife.
I can but bow, nay, worship as I do
The soul of genius and the light of song;
But hearts like mine must have their empire too,
And quench their throbbings in the world's wide throng.
I cannot sleep upon life's fufal stage,
Nor live for ay, on garnered light alone;
My soul must wake, and read the lettered page
Where God's own radiance o'er the book is thrown:
Nature and Mao! the landscape and the heart;
The gorgeous Earth, the glowing Sky, the Sea;
But more than all God's nobler counterpart—
Earth's spirit-light, my study here must be.
I would go forth, strange yearnings in my breast
Call me to battle with the waves of life;
And Genius droops, her flagging pinions rest,
Forbidden still to mingle in the strife.
Wake thee my soul! our slumber idly here,
Nor dream to solitude thy days away;
Wake into action, and a better sphere
May yet in triumph close thy setting day.

For the Brother Jonathan.

PEDESTRIANA.

It is now four or five years since I became convinced of the advantages of pedestrianism. I had been jolted and dusted in a stage-coach, whirled along in a railroad car like a bullet from a gun, not to mention having my eyes almost put out with sparks and rather too many holes burned in my coat: I had been bruised by day and stowed by night in a steamboat, and dodged bridges, and been laid up on a shelf to sleep, in a canal boat.

Pedestrianism I had never tried. The evils I anticipated were blistered feet, the being looked down upon by those who ride in carriages, or straddle horse-flesh, rudeness and insolence from the rough characters with whom I should most probably be thrown in contact, dust, thirst, hard fare and all sorts of weather, the being stowed away in garret bedrooms, and perhaps having to eat at a second table, together with all the vague dread of a thing utterly new and untried.

On the other hand I should see human nature from another point of view. The very writers that would have been quite obnoxious had I come in a railroad car, would be surly and indifferent, or perhaps insolent, if I came dusty and travel-tired from a journey on foot. Now I wished to see how this was done; how the poor man was treated and what his feelings were in such a case; and also how those folks managed this double face of theirs, sweet towards the railroad traveller, and sour towards the way farer on foot. As for the hard fare there would be something exciting in the uncertainty of getting a breakfast, dinner, or supper, to one who had been used to eating three full meals a day with treadmill regularity. The blistered feet would probably not trouble me more than a week; I should soon get accustomed to a knapsack, and would then trudge gaily on, with health and youth to back me, wandering forth, as he of *Le Manches*, in search of whatever adventures kind fortune might vouchsafe.

Thinking that Pedestrianism, like charity, should begin at home, I determined to make the tour of the illustrious island of Manhattan. A day and a half were at my disposal. Donning a suit of fustian I set out in the afternoon and wended my way along the East River, jumping over fences and following fox-paths, admiring the river craft passing and repassing one another, the bright waves, like frolicsome children that stop for a moment to laugh and shake back their hair, and then go dancing on again, the green trees and the gay flowers smelling the earth, until my flights of fancy and my progress were stopped abruptly by a high stone fence.

Turning up a road that left the river, I went on towards Harlem. It was a warm summer evening, and I began to think how uncomfortable I should be if put in some small bedroom, there to swelter through the night, when suddenly the thought came to me of 'camping out' till morning. True I had no blanket, but then it was very warm, and most probably I should not need one; at any rate it would be preferable to a small close bedroom; and I had long wished to make trial of what we so often hear and read of. No sooner thought than done. I turned into a lane that led towards the river, and was at some distance from any house; got into a field by the roadside, and pulling grass for a bed, deposited myself with due care under some tall bushes that grew close together, and through whose branches I could look up at the stars, twinkling above; and as I lay thus I heard the far off sound of the water dashing against the river bank. As the time passed on, the wind arose and came up from the water through the trees and bushes, with a sad, low, moaning sound. I thought of the lonely traveller on the prairie courting sleep, while the distant howl of the wolf fills his ear, and of the shipwrecked mariner wandering on some lone and desert strand, listening silently in the dark night to unaccustomed sounds, that mingle their vague dread with the sadness of the dashing wave and the moaning wind, seeming, when too late, to mourn for the good ship and the gallant shipmates they have taken away from him forever.

While musing thus I looked at the half roof the bushes made above me, and suddenly thought what an unpleasant location I had selected in case it should rain. The thought was enough. I was up and in the road with amazing alacrity, making tracks for the nearest tavern. I found one, closed for the night; but some man, lingering still by the scenes of their past pleasures, directed me to another, which I reached and entered. The landlord, a man of medium height, but a shrivelled figure with pinched up features, was behind the bar, wiping off with a

towel the stains of the day's drainings. He paused for a moment to look up at me as I entered, and seeing a rough looking fellow in fustian, went on again slowly wiping his counter.

Stepping up I asked him if I could get lodging there. He looked at me from head to foot, and said yes. I asked if he would show me to my room. Wiping more slowly, he looked at me from head to foot, and said, "We generally take pay beforehand from lodgers."

Ha! Ha! thought I, here the fun commences. If I had been in broad-cloth, strapped and gloved, the affair would have been different. Removing the scruples of my host with that which removes so many scruples, I ascended to my dormitory in the attic. The accommodations were tolerable. Next morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting on cakes made from yesterday's codfish, with my shrivelled host and his wife, a fat dame, but fat through ill-humor. There are some, and thank heaven, they are a majority, who laugh and grow fat, but there are others whom ill humor keeps in such a constant state of exercise, that their digestive powers are wonderfully aided, and layer after layer of fat is deposited amid scoldings and brow-beatings and faultfindings, which, besides exercising the body, prevent the face being insipid, by imparting to it a pungent acidity. Two or three times I attempted to start an agreeable conversation with the shrivelled man and the sour-faced dame, but their answers were short and crusty. They had evidently set me down as belonging to the genus *Loafer*, and remembered what was due to their own aristocratic prejudices. I must not forget to mention that I cannot object to the respectability of the charges—they were quite genteel.

Setting out from the tavern I fell in with a company of laborers going to their work, with whom I entered into conversation, and who, as Irish laborers almost always do, displayed a great deal of unstudied courtesy, rough sometimes in its expression, but always warm from the heart.

Some crows flew up from a field as we passed by. Said one of the laborers to another, "Arrah, Dinmish! did you ever hear the story of the crow?"

"No I didn't—what is it?"

"Why, you see there was an old crow that had a mist o' young wans a'most ridy to fly off, an' she was givin' them some instructions, an' among the rist she said, 'Now, my children, if you see a man givin' along in a field, an' he scoops down wid his hand to the ground, he's stoopin' down to pick up a stone, an' ye must fly away as fast as ye can.'"

"But, mother," said wan of the young crows, "what'll we do as he has a stone in his pocket?"

"Arrah! git along wid ye," said the mother, givin' him a kick wid her fat out of the nest, "ye know enough to take care o' yerself."

Leaving the Milesians with a cordial good morning, I inquired of several persons the road from Harlem to Kingsbridge, and was told that the only road was by West Farms. Though this was not exactly going around the island, I went on in that direction, and came to what I supposed was Bryant's, "my own romantic Brook." Whether it was or not, I had an opportunity of doing the sentimental, and dabbling my feet in the cold water.

Talk of travelling by railroad or steamboat with a load of baggage to look after, and all the stiffness of conventional life about you—what are the pleasures of such travelling, to wandering through the country unshackled and free,—rambling alone as your humour suits,—now by some water-course, where the bright water shimmers through the green leaves, and again climbing the long shoulder of a hill, and then standing on its summit, to enjoy the sight of the pleasant valley with its winding stream, or to see hills on hills beautifully sloping away into each other, and holding in their recesses a rough and hardy race, where you may see man not so closely marked as in the crowded city, or along the often-travelled road. Here and there, too, as you wander on, is many a little nook, that seems the very scene for some sweet pastoral romance, where flowery earth and leafy tree and gushing font or bubbling brook are quiet and natural and fresh, as if their beauty had opened on no eye save your own.

But hold, there is another slide to the picture, and it is but fair to give it. See you fellow limping slowly along the dusty road, with anxious look like that of one who hath not yet seen the materials for his dinner. He is a pedestrian,—his feet are blistered,—his stomach is clamorous,—

the rain-storm is coming on, and the tavern is yet far off. His dinner will most probably be the universal stand-by throughout the country, i.e., ham and eggs; and it is also most probable that he will be wet to the skin. The landlord, perhaps, will look upon him with a half civil eye, and the open stare and the halfhearted joke may try his equanimity.

Hard fare, poor quarters and the downright stare are annoying, it is true, but the sauce of hunger seasons the hard fare, and ham and eggs, with coarsebread, are sweeter to the pedestrian far, than white bread and dainty meats to the stuff fed cit, or the Saratoga exquisite. When too he flings his weary limbs on the hard bed, he tastes the sweetness of that sleep which makes the sturdy laborer the envy of the pampered millionaire; and, to compensate for the rude state of the countryman, a civil address will often obtain from him some simple tale or old tradition yet lingering about the land, that gives you another lesson in that great and uncaged book, the human heart, or he may himself be an original, yet wondrous and unclassified, who will afford you many a laugh as you follow him in his odd vagaries up and down through the range of his ideas.

No.

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

How strange it is that so little has been said and written of this most beautiful stream. The Hudson and its Highlands have been celebrated again and again, in prose and verse. The Rivers of Maine, with their broken and picturesque scenery; the great Mississippi, with its forest-clad lands and turbulent waters, have all been celebrated by poets and travellers,—writers about and talked over a hundred times—while the Connecticut is scarcely mentioned,—and yet how beautiful it is!—how unlike almost every stream you ever saw, in its quiet and homelike scenery! It has no broken hills,—no towering rocks, to startle the beholder—nothing that could warrant a traveller's burst of enthusiasm, even in a romantic young lady,—and yet over again, how beautiful it is!—It was on a spring morning when we saw it last—one of those clear, pleasant mornings that bring the aroused blood to the traveller's cheek. A soft, smoky mist was curling over the water, and the banks all clad in the most lively and vivid green, were rendered still more beautiful by the heavy dews, and the slanting sunshine that touched it all with silver. Here was a lovely little cove, sheltered by a grove of birch, just leaving out, swaying its flexible branches and delicate foliage over the water. Three large, flat sail-boats, loaded to the water's edge, sat like water-fowls just within its shadow. The tide and wind were against them. It was near the hour for breakfast, and the wreathes of smoke curled sleepily up in the bright air from the stoves in which the boatmen were cooking, while the white sails lay mirrored in the water, and two or three figures could be seen sitting idly in the shadow of the sails.

Opposite this quiet scene was a meadow, level and smooth as if a floor lay beneath that carpeting of rich grass. For one-fourth of a mile it formed a beautiful bank to the river, without so much as a hollow to break the morning sunshine, which came twinkling all over the short sward. Two or three elms were pencilling their shadows on the fresh ground, till every twig and branch seemed sketched there with an artist's pencil. Now, a farm house appeared on the bank of the river, its chimneys, perhaps, mirrored in the water, and the lilac trees waving their perfumed clusters in the morning air. Connecticut farm houses they were you could see at the first glance—there is no mistaking those gable windows, and the shrubbery which luxuriates all around! Lilac trees belong to this State particularly—their great purple and white flowers are seen somewhere about the grounds of almost every dwelling. There was one just in front of an old brown house on the river's bank, large almost as a forest tree. Its branches shot upward, and spread over half the dark front, and a host of its snow-white plumes glistened among the green branches half way up the roof. It was the most magnificent, flowering tree imaginable. Then came an orchard, heavy with blossoms, some of them rosy, as if the sunset were lingering among them, and others pure white. You would have thought that a snow storm had swept its largest flakes through the branches during the night. The fragrance came sweeping to us from the forest of blossoms on every breath of the sweet air. This scene passed, a clump of peach trees, or another smooth meadow, presented itself. Then came a grove of elms, maples, and oaks, each weaving its own bright tints of green with the others, beautiful and motionless in the bland air. Once more a farm house presented itself—

a relic of olden times, with its roof sloping down to the ground, and two straight, upright poplars guarding the prim-looking front.

A new sight presented itself. There stood a little fishing hut on the curve of a magnificent bank, and a group of men were drawing the shad- seine whose wooden borders were dotting half the river. An old horse was toiling along the turf, stretching his limbs, and exerting himself to great purpose, though the chain with which he dragged the net was not visible, and the poor creature seemed making all that wearisome effort only to walk over the grass. The whole group was picturesque, and formed a pretty scene, which an artist would have loved. Perhaps we looked upon their employment with greater pleasure, as our breakfast had been furnished from the river, which produces the best shad upon the face of the earth. If shad have any preference for a quiet and rural home, this is not to be wondered at.

We approached Weatherfield—that pretty village which Jonathan Slick has rendered classical ground. The church steeple was defined in its nest of trees in the distance, and flung a lovely shadow down the river. The white houses gleamed out beautifully from the trees, as our boat swept by, and a more rural, pleasant spot had not presented itself during our little voyage.

After a few moments the spires of Hartford were pencilled on the horizon; the roofs of its dwelling houses rose to view, planted, as it were, in the bosom of a wood—the pasture lands all around. The Blue Hills in the distance, and the magnificent stream over which we glided, brought many a pleasant exclamation from our party. There is nothing tremendous or sublime about the valley of the Connecticut; but for bland, verdant scenery, no river on earth can surpass it. Occasionally the land is exceedingly luxuriant. The banks are all composed of a rich soil, which gives way to the flow of the waters so rapidly, that men are now living, who find the land marks which once existed on one shore, now marking the opposite banks, and the cornfields they planted years ago now form the bed of the river.

Beyond Hartford the Connecticut winds through a still more luxuriant country, which is rendered a little more picturesque by the Springfield mountains; but they cannot give it any thing of the imposing grandeur that walls in the Hudson; and after all, so far as we have traced its course, it is marked with scenery more like the parks and lawns of England, broken up with something of our own rough gardening, than any spot we have visited in America. The character of its scenery brings repose and contentment—a very unambitious or a sad man should build his home in the valley of the Connecticut—for if anything on earth conspires to create the tranquil and pleasant feelings, it is the objects which, combined harmoniously, make this valley so exceedingly beautiful.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Covent Garden Theatre has been suddenly closed for want of patronage, notwithstanding the appearance of Ronzi de Baginis, and Staudigl. The opera of Norma was repeated the third night of its engagement, to an audience insufficient to pay the salary of the principal artist, brass band, and rent.

Standigl was immediately secured by Macready, and announced to appear at Drury Lane, as Caspar in *Der Freischütz*.

Handel's opera of *Acis and Galatea* has been produced at Drury Lane, Galatea by Clara Novello. Novello's play of the "Secretary," was temporarily withdrawn.

Madame Vestris it was said, had taken the English Opera House, and would open it on Whit-Monday.

Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, "Il Don Giovanni," is to be given next Thursday at her Majesty's Theatre, with the following extraordinary cast:—*Don Giovanni*, Fornarini; *Leporello*, Lablache; *Masetto*, F. Lablache; *Ottavio*, Mario; *Dona Anna*, Grisi; *Dona Elvira*, O'Hovio Molinar; *Zerlina*, Persiani.

A very clever Easter extravaganza, founded on the "Babes of the Wood," has been produced at the Olympic Theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. L. E. Blanchard, and abounds in wit and merriment. Viewed either for its literary talent, or its mirth-provoking powers, it is one of the cleverest pieces produced for some time.

Fanny Ellar and Dumilatre had left the Opera.

Fanny, accompanied by Monsieur Sylva, performed two nights at the Bath and Birmingham Theatres. At the former theatre the receipts (from the prices being doubled) amounted to the sum of £270, (\$1300)

though the usual attendance of the season has been miserably unremunerating to the manager. At Birmingham her attraction was still greater, £340, (\$1700) having been received at the doors.

Count Gilbert de Voisin, the husband of Taglioli, died at Paris a short time since.

The Havre Theatre was destroyed by fire on Friday night, the 28th ult., when Mr. Fortier, the manager, who resided in apartments attached to the theatre, lost his life.

Carlo accompanied by her father had arrived in London. Her last appearance in Milan, was marked by an enthusiasm unknown even here.

She was called upon the stage 52 times, and 1494 bouquets and 633 garlands were thrown to her. Among the former was one of such gigantic proportions that it required two porters to carry it to the theatre. It contained 2576 camellias, besides 5875 other flowers. It is expected by the Taglioli-ites that the approaching reception of their favorite will be still more pompous, nearly all the hot-houses and flower-gardens of Lombardy having been bought up for the occasion. We may calculate shortly upon hearing that the manager has constructed sliding-scales from the boxes and galleries to convey the ponderous bough-pots to the feet of "La Sylphide."

Promenade concerts at *la Musard* have been established at Cadix.

M. Scribe, the well-known French dramatic author, is seriously ill: too much arduous work is said to be the cause of the alteration in the health of this prolific writer. By order of his physicians he is strictly forbidden to converse with any one. When he receives visits he puts his questions and answers on a slate. He is also strictly forbidden to continue writing for the Opera and Theatre Français, which would excite and fatigue him too much. Nevertheless, M. Scribe cannot reconcile himself to a complete life of inactivity. He has resolved to finish his dramatic career as he began it, by writing little and light vanderlives. The Gymnase is the theatre he has chosen to devote himself to, and which, it said, he will be become proprietor of, to be managed for him by a *directeur* of his own choice.

Carl Filtsch, a child of twelve years of age, gave a musical soirée in the *salon* of Mr. Erad, at Paris. Born in Hungary, which gave birth to him, he has evinced, like that great artist, from his childhood, the most remarkable abilities. The profound expression of his touch, and his irreplicable execution, excited the warmest approbation from his auditory.

Adolfo Wilkner has made quite a *ferret*, by his extraordinary talents as a pianist. He performed at the concert of the Conservatoire at Paris, and his success was overwhelming. The journals say:—

The matchless playing of Dreyshock fell ringing in the ears of our Parisian neighbors, Wilkners had a difficult task to perform. He, however came off most brilliantly. He played a serenade with the left hand alone, in which he succeeded completely to produce at once a distinct and charming melody, *arpeggio* accompaniment, and a strong bass.

At Leipzig, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy has just been presented with the diploma of Ehrenburger of that city. This distinction is rarely bestowed.

Letters from Moscow state that Rubini is expected there, and that he will, doubtless, make even a greater concert than at St. Petersburg. They say, "*Il n'en faudra pas beaucoup comme le premier pour rendre Rubini trois fois millionnaire.*"

Tamburini, previous to his visiting Madrid, will give concerts at Strasbourg, Dijon, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. The directors of the Italian Opera at Paris, wishing to testify that they have parted with him without breaking the friendship which existed between them, presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, with the following inscription:—

"A. Tamburini. Souvenir et reconnaissance.

Les directeurs du Théâtre Italien à Paris. Mars, 1843."

This superb *cadeau* was accompanied by a highly complimentary letter from the administration.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert of this society was rendered memorable by the performance of Beethoven's famed choral work, a "Sinfonie Characteristique," composed expressly for the society.

It characterized the whole of the second act of the evening's programme, and during that period, (about an hour and a half), the bursts of ap-

plause were loud and frequent, as some novel harmony struck upon the ear.

The advance of the knowledge and appreciation of fine music in the old country, is proved by this symphony. In 1825 it was played, and failed. In 1837 it was received, but its triumph was not positive. In 1833, it met with more success. In 1841, new beauties were recognized; and now, in 1843, its victory was decisive.

The Marquis of Normanby was removed the other day from the presidency of the Shakespeare Society, on the ground of his never having taken any notice of its proceedings or paid the amount of his subscriptions.

Madame Albertazzi is about to make her appearance at the *Princessa* in Donizetti's opera of *L'Elisir d'Amore*. On this occasion "Signor Orsini, musical director and composer from the Theatre Apollo, of Rome, will conduct the orchestra."

We may mention as a singular instance of the voracity of English authors (!) for French pieces, that no less than three different versions of the *Père de la Débutante* have been accepted at the London theatres. One of these we understand, is intended for Farren, at the Haymarket Theatre.

A new musical drama is about to be produced at the Haymarket, Vestris, Julia Bennett, and Charles Mathews, sustain the principal characters.

A Russian family Kantrowitz, consisting of six persons, is announced to appear in London. They are said to be totally unacquainted with music, and execute the most difficult pieces with perfect ease.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—But few, probably, are acquainted with the "rise and progress" of this very popular theatre. The late amphitheatre was one of the nineteen theatres built by Peter Astley, after whom it was named; and was the third erected by him upon the same site. The first he built in 1780, and opened as the Amphitheatre Riding House, to which he added a stage and scenery, to compete with the Royal Circus; this theatre was subsequently enlarged and called the Royal Grove, and then the Amphitheatre of Arts: it was burnt, August 16, 1794.—The second house was opened on Easter Monday, 1795, as the Royal Amphitheatre, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York patronising the establishment. This was totally destroyed by fire, Sept. 2, 1803; and the third and last theatre was built and re-opened on Easter Monday in the ensuing year. The site of these theatres was originally a timber-yard, first inclosed by Astley with boarding, within which he erected seats for his spectators, with a pent-house roof to shelter them from the rain; while he exhibited in a rope-ring by daylight in the open air. He subsequently lent his landlory, the timber merchant, £800; the yard and the timber in it being mortgaged to Astley as securities. The borrower left England, and was never more heard of; Astley became legally possessed of the property, sold the timber, and with the proceeds, added to £200, the produce of an assumed diamond ring which he found at the foot of Westminster-bridge, he built the first theatre. Astley also erected an amphitheatre in Paris, and another in Peter-street, Dublin, for which he obtained a patent from the Irish Parliament. The last Theatre he built was the Olympic Pavilion (now Theatre), upon the site of Drury House, in Wyck-street, Strand. He died at Paris, Oct. 14, 1814, and was buried in Père la Chaise; and on the 19th of October, 1821, his son died in the same house, chamber, and bed where his father breathed his last, by whom he was also buried.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.—The Aurora says:—"From information which we yesterday received, we are enabled to announce that President Tyler, with several members of the cabinet—including the Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster General with their families—intends to be in Philadelphia on the 10th and 11th of June next (Saturday and Sunday,)—will arrive in this city on the 12th, and leave on the evening of the 14th, for Boston. This is the preset plan."

DEATH OF MR. LORILLARD.—We are sorry to announce the death of our highly respected fellow citizen, Peter Lorillard Esq., at the age of 80 years. Mr. Lorillard was among the most wealthy men of our country, his estates being estimated at four millions of dollars, even in the present depression of real estate, of which he was a large owner.

Mr. Webster left town on Wednesday for Boston, via the Long Island Rail Road.

Original.

SARAH GRANGER.

A NOVELETTE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

" Methinks, might that sweet season last,
In which our first love dream is past;
Ere doubt, and cares, and jealous pain,
Ere dawn in the heart's dimmed chain;
Man might forget to think of heaven,
And yet have the same sin forgiven."—L. E. L.

It was a beautiful morning for a ride, and in excellent spirits we galloped down the valley, on our way to a romantic fall of water, some five miles up the Housatonic, into which river our valley stream emptied itself. I and my fiery little horse were consigned to the care of Mr. Nichols; while Sarah and her lover led the way. He was a capital rider, managing his horse with an ease and dexterity I have never seen surpassed, and sitting on him like a monarch. Sarah too—I have never seen a more beautiful creature on horse-back. Hers was not simply the grace of a slender waist and tall form, set off by a close habit and Kemble cap; but a pilanesque of limb and action, barrooming with the motion of the horse, and, as it were, incorporating the rider with the animal, leaving her free to the enjoyment of a healthy and spirit-stirring exercise.

The falls were magnificent. The whole body of water came leaping and roaring like a hungry lion through a chasm in the rocks to their bed below, cutting their way through a gap in the hills, with rocks piled on rocks for a barrier, and tall pines rooted among them towering to the horizon, and shaking their dark foliage to the sky. It was a place to worship in. There was the altar of living rock, and there nature was pulsing her solemn anthem forever among the hills. Were it possible for me to have a friend who said in her heart, "There is no God," I would take her there amid Jehovah's magnificent handy work; and if her soul were not bowed, and her unbelief rooted up, then would I forsake her as utterly unworthy. We were placed on our horses and left the falls with chastened feelings. For several miles the river was boded in with high broken hills. Along the face of one the road was cut, sometimes running along the base on a level with the water, and at others taking a sweep back of some projecting rock and winding up the brow of the declivity. Unconsciously Mr. Nichols and myself had passed our companions. We paused at the foot of an eminence like the one of which I have spoken, and waited for them to come up. We had watched sometime, when they came in sight, riding gaily forward. There was an air of excitement and triumph in the gentleman which I had not before witnessed. I looked at Sarah. Her cheeks were in a glow that might be from exercise; but her eyes—there was a soft, contented expression sleeping in their blue depths which could not be mistaken. The declaration had been made. They touched their horses and galloped past us up the hill. I have said the road was cut in the face of a steep declivity.—Here a precipice of thirty or forty feet high was washed by the river, the road wound over it which our companions had taken, urging their horses at an imprudent speed. Just at the highest and narrowest point of the road, a blasted tree projected its leafless limbs over the highway. Sarah's horse took fright and ran back several paces, while that of her attendant prevented him rendering her any assistance by leaping suddenly forward. Sarah, though a good horse-woman, lost her presence of mind; and instead of loosening tightened her rein. The vexed animal reared, gave a fearful plunge and threw her headling on the very edge of the precipice. The frightened horse plumped down the hill with the bridle dangling about his head, and was rescued by Mr. Nichols. I rode forward as soon as my fright would permit. Stone had dismounted, and kneeling on one knee was supporting the fainting girl. I thought she was dead, her face looked so like marble as it lay on the bosom of her lover. There was a lifeless look in the hand which fell loose and useless to the ground, where her whip had fallen, and a death-like expression about her whole person. I scarce remember how I dismounted; and I went to her with seeming callousness—so I was told afterward—and drawing off her gloves chafed her cold hands. There was no appearance of life, and almost desperate with apprehension, I threw my handkerchief to Nichols, requesting him to saturate it with water; then I proceeded to untie her cap. In doing so, I was obliged to raise her head from its resting place.

It fell back, pale and lifeless, half buried in the mass of loosened hair falling over the bosom and shoulders of her lover. Nichols returned with the dripping handkerchief with which I sprinkled my poor friend's face. A moment, and the brown lashes sweeping her cheeks, moved almost imperceptibly. The color came faintly to her lips, and half weeping with joy I saw her sweet eyes once more unclose. She gave a bewildered look about—then, as if just remembering her escape from death, burst into tears, and fell back sobbing, to her former resting place.

Sarah was lying, as I have described, with her arm falling over the shoulder of her lover, and his face bent to hers with an expression of deep solicitude, when a tramp of hoofs was heard ascending the hill, and two females on horse-back turned a projecting point in the road, and, with evident astonishment, drew up within a few paces of us. The first, was a tall, hard featured woman, with nothing to distinguish her except an ill setting habit and odd-looking bonnet. The other wore a short habit with a little Leghorn gypsy, the pink lining giving a flush to cheeks, otherwise too pale for beauty. Her dark hair was parted over a high white forehead, and her eyes, dark and passionate, gave an intellectual expression to her face, not marred by slight touches of pride about the mouth. The sudden curbing of her horse was not the effect of surprise only; a strange brilliancy came into her eyes, and though her cheeks could not well become paler, her lips turned perfectly colorless.

Stone, whose face was bent as he whispered words of soothing and tenderness to my friend, had not at first noticed the arrival of the strangers; but on raising his head he encountered the black eyes and pale face of the younger girl. With a quick start he half sprung to his feet, with a force that would have thrown Sarah to the ground, had she not wound her arm about his neck in a sudden fright. Almost rudely he thrust her arm away and left her unsupported, though she had scarcely strength to stand. Womanly resentment came to her aid, and with a compressed lip she placed her arm in mine, looking with astonishment, first on her lover, and then on the strange girl thus abruptly added to our party. Stone immediately recovered his composure, and with his own peculiar grace, was advancing toward them, when the elder lady exclaimed, "Is it possible?—Mr. Stone, can this be you?—Indeed you are pleasantly employed," and she cast a suspicious glance at Sarah.

"Not so very agreeable as you may suppose," replied the gentleman with a quiet smile. "The young lady was thrown from her horse, and but narrowly escaped being dashed over the precipice. But permit me to introduce you."

Our names were mentioned, the strangers bowed stiffly in their saddles, and we returned their haughty greeting with scarcely perceptible courtesies. In truth, we were not well pleased with the bearing of our new companions, and heard with smothered indignation, the proposal of the talking lady to join our party on its return.

There was a public house about a mile down the river, near a toll-bridge which divided our town from that in which Mr. Stone resided, and from whence the strange ladies came on a morning ride. It was arranged that I should change horses with Sarah, who expressed herself able to proceed as far as the bridge-tavern, where we were to dine. Mr. Stone and the elder stranger, kept up a broken conversation, uninterrupted by the rest of the party, till we came to our halting place. Sarah had suffered so much from fright and the shock of her fall, that she could scarcely walk into the house. I went with her directly to a chamber, and having composed her on the bed, darkened the room and watched by her until she sunk into a heavy slumber. I had been sitting sometime by my sleeping friend when the time began to drag heavily with me. There were no books in the room, and with a noiseless step I stole into the garden. It was a small enclosure full of vegetables. At its extremity was a low board fence, running along the foot of an abrupt hill, scattered over with detached ledges of rocks, and covered with a thick growth of underwood. Being attracted by some scarlet berries growing in the cleft of a rock near by, I opened a rude gate that led from the garden, and clambered up the steep. I was just bending over a projecting fragment of rock, to secure my prize, when the sound of approaching footsteps startled me, and I drew back with a foolish dread of being seen. The intruders proved to be no other than Mr. Stone and the beautiful young stranger. They paused at the foot of a rock, just where I had a full view of their faces. That of the gentleman bore an artificial look of hardness, as if he had wound himself up to go through with a disagreeable scene, which he would gladly have avoided, yet beneath all could be

detected the stirring of a spirit ill at ease. The lady walked by his side with a tremulous and uneven step. When she paused and placed her trembling hand on his arm, her pale regular features were strongly agitated with intensity of feeling. All the high pride which seemed a part of her nature was swept away, and the next moment her features were subdued into the meekness of an infant's. The young man turned toward her haughtily, as one who expects to receive, or would give reproaches; but when he met her look, his features relaxed, and for a moment his eyes rested on her with an expression of tenderness. It was but for a moment. His lip curled slightly as he said in a cold constrained voice,

"Well Eleanor, what would you say to me?"

"I would ask," replied the girl in a broken voice, "why you left home so suddenly, and how it happens that I meet you here and thus?"

Stone looked on her with a strange bitterness in his face. "You wish to know why I left my home," he said. "I will tell you. I found myself a suspected and traduced man, slandered by my enemies, suspected by my friends, even by you, you in whom I had garnered up my heart, as a gambler and a seducer of innocence. Such, my adversaries said I was, and such you who professed to love me, thought me to be. Nay, do not interrupt me—you have forced this interview upon me—I sought it not."

"Do not speak so harshly, do not, I entreat you," interrupted the agitated girl. "I did you injustice, I feel I did. Perhaps I am wrong to seek this conversation, but our meeting was so sudden, and to me so painful."

"Sudden!" exclaimed the young man angrily, "and do you pretend to say that you did not know of our intended excursion to the falls, and arranged with that imprudent friend of yours to intercept us as you did?"

"You cannot believe so meanly of me," replied the lady proudly.

"Well, it is of little consequence whether accident or design brings us together—for in either case the meeting can never be repeated."

The girl turned deadly pale, but she checked her anguish bravely, and he proceeded.

"Eleanor, after what has passed I need not say I loved you. The greatest proof man can give to woman, I gave to you. I could have chosen among the most beautiful and wealthy in the State. You know that I do not boast in saying this. White hands, warm hearts, and well filled coffers, waited my acceptance. But I neglected them all for you, pennyless as you were. I too, was rich in nothing but a profession; yet, I would have died rather than you should have wanted a luxury. How was my devotion returned? With pride and suspicion on your part—with cold looks and still colder words on the part of your parents. The word of a few gossiping old women and talkative girls was taken in preference to mine; and I found myself condemned where I expected perfect trust. I broke the engagement between us, and left my home in bitterness of heart. Now, Eleanor, I meet you an engaged man."

His voice had been growing softer and more tender, till the last words were almost indistinct from conflicting feelings; but they had reached the poor girl's heart. For an instant she gazed wildly in his face, then suddenly pressing her hand to her forehead, she sunk to the ground utterly helpless.

The young man bent over her for a moment grasping her hand in his, while every feature stirred with acute anguish.

"Oh, how I have deceived myself," he exclaimed passionately; "it was only her stubborn pride—she did not believe them—would she lie thus lifeless before me, if she had!—yet in my rash anger I have cast her off for ever—sacrificed her and myself. One hour, but one hour earlier, and all would have been well."

He stood a moment like one distracted over her; and then running to a spring that gushed from the foot of a rock, he dashed some water over her face, and the moment she gave symptoms of returning life, left her abruptly, and hastened with a disturbed air toward the house.

It was several minutes before consciousness returned to the fainting girl. Finally, she opened her eyes, but remained lying on the grass as if from inability to move. At length, she feebly arose, and seating herself on the fragment of a rock, sat for several minutes with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the grass like one stupified; then suddenly pressing her hands over her eyes, she burst into a passion of tears, and after indulging in them awhile, returned to the house, leaving me scarcely less agitated with the affecting scene I had unintentionally witnessed.

I returned to the room where I had left Sarah. She was still sleeping with one hand falling over the side of the bed, and the other lying in beautiful relief, on the blue worsted quilt. Her habit was unbuttoned at the throat, and just betrayed the graceful curve of a white neck, rising and falling with her gentle respiration. She was dreaming; I knew it by the soft smile stealing over her face and gathering about her mouth in a swarm of almost imperceptible dimples. How my heart ached when I knew that dream of first love must soon fade away forever! How beautiful it that vision which floats over and mingles with the first flush of youth, and then goes to span the horizon of the past, brilliant and unattainable as the bow of promise—yet like the golden cup at its foot, which children dream of, over and over eluding a second grasp! How beautiful it is!—but oh, how soon the clouds of life come up and drive it into the things that were.

The tramp of horses drew me to a window. Nichols and Stone were standing ready to assist the strange ladies to mount. The latter trembled like an aspen as he raised the slight form of Eleanor to the saddle. He did not look in her face, but placed the bridle in her hand, and drew back as if afraid to trust himself near her. The elder lady placed her foot in the band of the gallant Mr. Nichols, and springing hastily to the saddle, made her adieux and galloped off. Eleanor followed mechanically. When she came to the bridge she checked her horse, cast one long bewildered look behind, and then urged her horse onward at a dangerous pace.

Stone remained gazing after them until a turn in the road hid them from sight.

"They are neighbors of yours it seems," said Nichols, carelessly.

"Yes, I believe so," was the absent reply.

"Believe! why faith, Stone, I should think you might know by this time. But tell me, how far hence do they live? We will ride over and visit them to-morrow—the good natured one invited me."

"They live near my father's," replied Stone, abruptly. "But come, let us go in to dinner," and with unnatural animation he put his arm through that of Nichols and hurried him into the house.

I awoke Sarah and we descended to the table. Stone was in extravagant spirits, called for wine, drank glass after glass, and rode home apparently one of the blipstall fellows in creation. All were deceived except myself. I had been behind the scenes.

I could not mention what I had seen to Sarah that night, when she was so full of enjoyment; but the next morning I went to Mrs. Granger's. Sarah was in her chamber seated by her window, opening to the meadow. I had never seen her look more happy or beautiful. She received me with a glad smile, but did not rise. I drew my chair to her side and in a few minutes described the scene I had witnessed at the bridge-tavern. She did not utter a word during my rapid narrative.

After the first look of startled surprise, she turned away and shaded her face with her hand; but I could see the color fading gradually from the lower part of the cheek next to me, till it was left pale as marble. I had scarcely finished when a quick step and light knock was heard at the door.

"It is his knock," said Sarah in a hoarse voice, turning a face toward me like that of a beautiful corpse; "he is coming to make arrangements with grandmother—I will see him," and she walked unsteadily to the door.

For a moment she leaned against the frame gathering strength, and then went down. A half hour passed. Then the outer door opened suddenly, and I saw Stone pass through the yard in evident perturbation and turn into the meadow path. The next moment Sarah entered.—Her face was pale as before, and there was an expression of anguish about the eyes that I had never witnessed in a human being.

"He has gone," she said, with a strange calmness, "gone home to her—now, Sophy, let me thank you, and then leave me. Do not think ill of it—I must be alone or I shall die;" and wringing my hand, she threw herself upon the bed.

I left the room without speaking, and departed from the house with a heavy heart. Mrs. Granger was in the garden tying up her flowers, perfectly unconscious of the great sacrifice her granddaughter had made.

"Why did Mr. Stone go away so suddenly? I was just coming in to see him," said the old woman good naturedly as I passed her.

"He is about to return home," I replied with an effort, "and he could not spend the morning with us."

"Dear, how lonely Sarah and you will be, I shall quite miss him

myself," and the philosophical old lady busied herself again with a bunch of marigolds she had found trailing along the path. I turned away, thinking how little we know what is passing the hearts of our nearest friends.

Three weeks after our return to school, Sarah and myself were getting our lessons in the little room we jointly occupied, when a couple of parcels from the country was brought to us. I eagerly tore mine open. It contained a pretty pair of white gloves, wedding favors, and a card on which was engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Stone."

I looked at Sarah; the gloves had fallen from her hands, while she held on the card and was gazing intently upon it. Thus she remained for a moment, then with quivering lips and unsteady hands, she took off the gloves, folded the card in them, and placed them in her bureau.—When she turned to me again, the tears were quenched in her eyes, and her lips set firmly together. It would not do. She was too young—too unused to a heart struggle, and with a hysterical sob she fell into her chair, folded her arms on the table, and letting her face drop upon them wept bitterly.

After the first burst of grief had subsided, she raised her head, put her arm about my neck as if bent over her, and trying to smile, whispered, you shall never see me thus again. I never did.

To be continued.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. GRATTAN made his second appearance at the *Park* on Monday night in the character of Master Walter, in Knowles' play of the Hunchback, and has since appeared as Shylack. We have seen nothing to induce us to change the opinion we had already formed of him—Mr. Grattan is at best, but a very respectable actor, he reads the parts beautifully, but he cannot embody the author's conceptions, either with faithfulness or force. We don't mean physical force, for one great fault, particularly in the Hunchback was an inclination to rant; but he lacks genius and mental energy; the power to throw himself into a character, and imbue it with the vividness of reality. Still there were many points, which struck us as being very beautiful—the rebuke of Lord Tinsel for instance in the last scene, was well and correctly given—the speech to Julia, in the last act, closing with the lines

"The Engineer who places the last stone upon his sea-built tower &c." was delivered with too much vehemence, and the effect was consequently lost; indeed it appeared to us, that Mr. Grattan repeatedly mistook the author's intention—he made Master Walter, a cruel and repulsive being—divesting him of that innate tenderness, which amidst his assumed harshness, should be ever visible in his conduct towards his daughter; and thus the Hunchback instead of a kind and gentle being, exciting feelings of interest in the bosoms of the audience, is made a harsh and tyrannical guardian—in thus representing him the actor was undoubtedly at fault, if not in intention, at least in manner.

With the exception of Abbott as Mados, the play was poorly cast, indeed the ineffectiveness of the stock company was never more apparent. Mr. Lovell is a tolerably respectable actor, but he should not be thrust forward in such a character as Sir Thomas Clifford—it is injurious as well to the actor as to the establishment.

Mrs. Hunt's Julia did not please us; some of the readings were very incorrect, and scarcely a point, (and the character abounds with beautiful ones) was made effective.

Miss Buloid, as Helen, lacked playfulness, and a certain *naïveté* and archness so requisite for the character—the acting was too apparent.

Mr. Placide if he had chosen, could have played Fathom well, but he didn't—he hardly raised a laugh. Shaw did Tinsel very well, but the new Earl of Rochdale, was "positively shocking."

We have not space to notice Mr. Grattan's subsequent effort in Shylack—it is sufficient to say, it was calculated to sustain the reputation he has acquired here. We should like to see him enrolled in the *Park* Company, where he would be extremely useful, and we would advise him to eschew "staring."

Mr. Booth commenced an engagement on Wednesday night, and if acting of intrinsic merit could attract, he would have drawn crowded audiences, for he is unquestionably the only actor of genius of the present day. It is to be regretted that his course of conduct detracts from his character and reputation, and presents an insurmountable obstacle to the

attainment of that position, to which his genius and talents entitle him. The house has been well attended, but not so much so as he deserves.

We cannot but think, that a glorious opportunity for a successful enterprise presents itself to any manager, by forming a combination of the available talent now in the city and neighborhood—Booth, Grattan, Vandenhoff, the Broughams, Mrs. Sloman &c. Let a piece be presented, sustained by these artists, and would the public not go in a rush? We believe they would, and should like to see the experiment made—always provided the amount of remuneration, depend upon the receipts.

The OLYMPIC closed on Tuesday night, when the manager took a special benefit and appeared in every piece. The house was crowded, and at the conclusion of the performances Mitchell was called out and made one of his very characteristic speeches, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The house will re-open in September. Nickerson accompanied by Walcott, Graham, Dunn, and several others, started for Montreal on Wednesday.

NIBLO's, not his gardens, but the Operatic saloon was opened for the season on Friday of last week, when the French opera company from New Orleans, was introduced for the first time to a New York audience. It is said to consist of 35 persons—at present we have seen only a few of the number, and of those we are bound to speak in the highest terms of praise. Several new *Vandevilles* and opérettes have been produced, with all that attention to the minutiae of the stage, which characterizes the French theatricals.

Les Mémoires du Diable, was produced on Monday in the most effective manner. The acting of Mons. Lecourt in this piece is inimitable—he is the most finished artist we have seen for some time—he is excellent in every character, in some truly great. Mons. Bernard is also a good actor and singer—he has a baritone voice of capital quality and compass. We shall have more to say of the others, and particularly the ladies, by and by.

We are sorry to hear the audiences have not been so numerous as Mr. Niblo has a right to expect. We think the company should have commenced with grand opera. L'Ambassadeur with Madame Calvé is forthcoming and will no doubt change the aspect of affairs.

The English company commence in June.

We had almost forgotten to mention the band, which is the best we have ever heard in this city; to hear them play an overture is quite worth the price of admission. It is led capably by M. Provost, and there are two or three ex-leaders playing second fiddles.

LATER FROM CANTON.—The ship *Ano McKim*, Capt. Vasmer, arrived Monday from Canton, bringing intelligence to the 15th of February. She has thus made the passage in 96 days—one of the quickest ever made. Nothing new had transpired, commercial and other affairs remaining precisely as when the *Zeehoof* sailed. Messrs. Morrison and Thorne were still at Canton negotiating with the Commissioners, but thus far without effect. The Chinese had not paid any of the indemnity money. Sir Henry Pottinger was at his residence at Hong Kong. He has had a voluminous correspondence with the English merchants concerning a proper scale of duties, &c. The Hong Kong Gazette has the following:—

We regret to learn that the Pirates, still daringly pursue their vocation just outside of the harbor. On a late occasion the *Spec*, schooner, on her passage from Macao was attacked, but managed to beat the pirates off. But a short time since, we are told, the *Kappa*, also on her passage to this port, was compelled to fire, and happily sunk a piratical boat, which was bearing down on her, as she lay at anchor under the lee of an Island, near one of the entrances of the harbor. Among the native community, we are sorry to know, there is a considerable feeling of alarm, with respect to these almost daily outrages on the persons and property of individuals resorting to the port, especially as the *Namuk* Junks, which left here under the Convoy of H. M. S. *Royalist*, were all captured and cleared out by the pirates. The crews were also maltreated.

GENERAL HIAING.—It having been fully ascertained, to the entire satisfaction of the imperial mind, that the Tatar General Hiaing, voluntarily sacrificed his life on account of the loss of the city of Chio-keangfo, the Emperor, in a late Gazette, issued detailed directions for the highest honors to be paid to his memory, and magnificent favors to be shown towards his wife and all his relations. A splendid temple, in commemoration of his virtues and his unexampled bravery, is to be forthwith erected at Chio-keangfo, and a tablet, with his name inscribed by the Emperor's own hand, is to be suspended in the hall of the principal temple of Peking.

YUCATAN.—Com. Moore's brush with the Mexican steamers.—An extra of the *New Orleans Tropic*, of the 14th inst., (Sunday) contains Commodore Moore's official report of the action between the Texian squadron, (sloop of war *Austin* and brig *Warrenton*), and the Mexican

steamers Guadalupe, 4 guns, and Montezuma, 7 guns, on Sunday the 30th ult., off Lerma, on the coast of Yucatan, which appears to have been a sort of draw game.

The captain of the Montezuma and 11 men were killed. But one shot struck the Wharton, which killed two men and wounded four.

Com. Moore also gives an official statement of the execution of the four mutineers. They were hanged at the yard arm of the Austin, protesting their innocence to the last.

VICTORY OF THE YUCATAN PATRIOTS!—By the schooner Sarah Ann Jane, Capt. Coffin, which arrived from Sinal last evening, we have received the latest news from Campeche and Merida. The Mexican force of 2000 men, which advanced on the latter town with a view to its capture, has been discomfited by the patriotic Yucatecos, and has surrendered at discretion.

The brave, but mild victors permitted the invaders to depart without their arms for their own country, if they would do so shortly, otherwise they were to be held and treated rigorously as prisoners of war.

It was believed, that there being no vessels at Telchac to convey the Mexicans out of the country, they would be conducted to the interior as prisoners of war.

The Yucatan troops at Telchac, it seems, have captured the Lieutenant and part of the crew of the steamer Montezuma, who went on shore for water, leaving that vessel with scarcely able-bodied men enough to navigate her.

JAMAICA—We have received by the bark Ob, files of Kingston papers to the 24 instant.

The Kingston Journal of the 21 instant states that during the preceding week two distinct shocks of earthquakes were felt in the Island—*Bull. American.*

U. S. SCHO. BOXER—Capt. Smith of the schooner Harriet Smith, from Havana, reports having been boarded on the 13th inst. off the Double Headed Shot Keys, by two of the light-house keepers, who stated that they had been informed by some Nassau wreckers, that the U. S. schooner Boxer had been in action in the Gulf with a piratical ship, and that the schooner sunk by the effect of the pirate's shot. The wreckers also stated that some water casks and other articles bearing the name of Boxer had been picked up in the Gulf.

We give this report as it comes to us, without vouching for its truth. Possibly it may be true, but we very much doubt it. The Boxer arrived at Pensacola on the 21st, and, if we mistake not, was there on the 1st instant. She mounts 10 guns, and is commanded by Lieutenant Commandant Bullis.

The Double Headed Shot Keys are quite near the Island of Cuba, and the keepers of the light-house there would not be likely to get news from the Gulf of Florida, we suppose, much more so, sooner than it would reach Havana, where vessels passing through said Gulf are continually arriving. Captain Barton, of the Norma, who left Havana on the 14th, one day after the Harriet was boarded, heard no such rumor. News that has passed through many hands, is not much to be relied on. The Nassau wreckers may have played a hoax upon the light-house keepers. Pirates would not be apt to cruise in a "ship," especially among the W. I. Islands, as she could not run into the creeks, &c. if pursued. A long top-sail schooner of a suspicious character, was seen on the 20th ultimo, in the neighborhood of St. Thomas, and again on the 25th, near Sail Rock, in chase of a Portuguese brig; but no ship suspected to be a pirate, has been seen. Lastly, the Boxer would not be likely to be sunk by any private vessel.

FIRE, INCENDIARISM, AND RIOT IN PHILADELPHIA.—We regret to learn the following particulars from the Philadelphia papers of yesterday morning:

All the sheds and buildings belonging to the brick yard of Messrs. James Harper & Son, on the Gray's Ferry Road, were burned yesterday afternoon. The value of property destroyed in the brick yard of Messrs. Harper is, as we are informed, about \$15,000. The buildings, independently of the press, cost about \$9000; there was about \$1000 worth of wood on the premises, which we believe was also destroyed. It is stated on pretty good authority that several of the fire companies, on learning the nature of the fire, refused to assist in extinguishing it. Several disgraceful fights took place among some of the fire companies on their return from the fire—one in Arch and another in Race street—in which stones and bludgeons were freely used.

THE MURDERERS OF THE ADAMS.—The New Orleans Courier has information from Washington Parish, that the sheriff, with his deputies, refused to arrest the ten individuals implicated in the late murders in this parish, and that they were approaching the river and disappearing, and the remainder of the party related to their occupations. Quiet and order, says the Courier, now prevail.

COMPETITION OF THE NORTH RIVER.—In consequence of the accession of so many new boats to the travel on the Hudson, the fares on board the night lines have been knocked down. Once more, to a merely nominal rate. In the Empire, South America, Swallow, Rochester, &c., the fare is now only fifty cents, without charge for berths.

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAGOT.—The last Kingston papers announce the death of Sir Charles Bagot, late Governor General of Canada.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—This establishment is now one of the great points of attraction for the pleasure-seeking public, and especially for our country friends, who now throng the city. Its spacious halls are filled with objects of curiosity, specimens of natural history, painting, &c., which combined with the entertainments furnished in the saloon make it very justly one of the most popular places of resort. The plan of the city of Paris, carved in wood is a model of ingenuity and industry. General Tom Thumb, also excites the special wonder of all.

HECTOR O'HALLORAN.—We have now finished this story, and we are heartily glad of it. We shall in future publish no long serials, excepting Martin Chuzzlewit.

CASE OF NANCY BEACH versus MORGES Y. BEACH.—This suit for alimony, came on before Vice-Chancellor McCoun, on Thursday. The Chancellor awarded her one hundred dollars alimony, and the allowance for her support, was referred to a Master in Chancery.

On Tuesday night, one of the Philadelphia aldermen was called to visit a woman in a dying state, named Parker; and on reaching her room she was hardly able to tell him that a friend had forced himself into her apartment, and attempted improper liberties with her which she resisted, and he struck her with a club on the head, felling her instantly. The alderman arrested the villain, whose name is M'Closkey, and committed him to prison. Her recovery is doubtful.

SHERIFF HART.—An application having been made to the Vice-Chancellor by the Sheriff's securities and several creditors for the appointment of a receiver, the case has been referred for decision to Master Stephen Cambreling.

The Mayville (Ky.) Eagle announces the death of Joseph B. Reid, the Mayor of that city, on the 13th inst. About three days previous, the death of his right hand was broken by a fall, which finally resulted in "lockjaw" and terminated his life.

Bishop Hughes announces his intention to the Clergy of his Diocese, of embarking for Europe immediately after his return from the Provincial Council at Baltimore.

Six Synods and Presbyteries have petitioned the Old School General Assembly to take the proper steps to alter the constitution, so as not to prohibit marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

MARRIED.

On Monday morning, the 22d inst., by Rev. Wm. M. Stillwell, Mr. Joseph Bayce to Miss Maria Frayer, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Morris, Mr. Abner Brady to Miss Deborah B. Ogden, both of this city.

On the 23d instant, by Rev. W. H. Smith, John Campbell to Frances Turner, all of Coatesville.

May 22, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Horatio Dyer to Adeline L., daughter of John Van Nostrand, Esq., all of this city.

At Harlem, May 22, James Hastings to Caroline Force.

At South Brooklyn, May 22d, by Rev. Dr. Sloan, Lindley Murray, Jr., to Fanny, daughter of James T. Talman.

At Williamsburg, May 21, by Rev. Mr. Roberts, Eliza S. Parker, of this city, to Elizabeth, daughter of George Barnes of Williamsburg.

May 21, by Rev. Joseph Law, Henry G. Law to Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Col. Nehemiah Davis, both of this city.

May 20, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Charles A. Bell to Charlotte, daughter of Capt. Samuel Jones, all formerly of Boston.

May 21, by Rev. George Benedict, John H. Parcells to Emily D. Johnson, all of this city.

At Lancaster, Ohio, May 16, by Rev. J. McCron, Charles H. Hood, M. D., of Falmersburg, to Elizabeth A. Davis, of Lancaster.

At Clinton, Mississippi, May 11, by Rev. James R. Green, Benjamin F. Roper to Catherine W., daughter of Mr. Nathaniel W. Payne, of Lynchburg, Va.

At Greencastle, Indiana, by Rev. Dr. Simpson, Rev. H. W. B. Beers, of Lafayette, to Mary Ann Taylor, of Greencastle, Mo.

At Warrington, Va., May 15, Sydney Mason of this city, to Catherine G. Robb, of Warrington.

At Woodbridge, N. J., on Sunday, 21st inst., by Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. James Pringle, bookbinder of New York, to Miss Charity Baldwin, of Woodbridge, N. Jersey.

DIED.

On May 17th Eliza T. second daughter of Joseph Worster M. D., aged two years and 8 months.

On Monday evening, 22d instant, in the 92d year of her age, Martha, relict of Gerardus Smith.

On the 11th instant, on board steamer Furlong, on her passage from Mobile to New Orleans, Dr. Truman Hart Woodruff, late of Batavia, Genesee Co., aged 42.

At Rose Hill, near Toronto, May 13, Walter Ross, Esq., late manager of the Farmers' Bank, aged 35.

At Philadelphia, May 13, Rossana, relict of the late Capt. George Collier, aged 82.

At Newark, N. J., on Friday, Edward Price, aged 63.

At Coventry, R. I., April 25, Henry T. Johnson, aged 41.

At his residence in Westchester, after a short and painful illness, Peter Lorillard, Esq., aged 70.

At Yorkburgh, May 11, Basil Aldwell, printer, a native of Ireland.

At Fair Haven, May 30, Capt. John B. Ellis, aged 31.

At Washington, D. C., May 18, Peter W. Adams, in the 85th year of his age, in early life Mr. G. to a high stand for the rights of his country, and shared in the trials of Trenton and other distinguished actions in the Revolution. He was honored with the especial confidence of Washington.

Dr. Edward in Washington County, Pa., while watering his horse, Mr. James Mercer, of Monacaugh City, son of the Hon. Boyd Mercer.

THE TURF.

The second race between Americus and Ripton, "came off," in sport, lay parades, on Monday last, over the Beacon Course, from which many bipeds "came off," minus the contents of their pocket books and spirits; indeed, many in our hearing remarked, that "betting on horses wa'n't what it was cracked up to be"—rather a remarkable discovery, by the bye, when you have made a mistake to the horse. We were an observer of the race, or at least we pretended to be if the dust had let our eyes alone; but shame to the New Jersey "powers that be," our ride from that city to the course was in a continued cloud of the very worst dust we ever encountered—partially blinded, and half choked, and amidst a great deal of fighting and tearing, we reached the gate of the course, procured our fifty cent ticket for the "Pavilion," and through a multitude of threatening dangers, drove within the enclosure, gave our horse in charge of a "sigger," after carefully placing him by the side of one we thought would kick and, then, through an avenue of oyster stands, elbowed our way to what we supposed to be an aristocratic accommodation—alas! it was a "pavilion" only in name—a rough specimen of simple architecture, sometimes denominated "a staging." It was, however, nearly opposite the Judge's stand, and commanded a clear view of the course—was strongly built, a very important consideration, so we were content to put up with it, though the company was by no means select, or of the cleanliest habits in the world.

Being a disinterested party, for we don't bet, we were told a great many profound secrets—were informed of certain facts, purely official—information which the knowing ones would have given their ears to know—such as "private understandings"—"league between the proprietors of the course and of the horses"—"knowing which was to win, &c." accompanied by sundry winks and punches in the ribs, by no means agreeable on a warm and dusty day. By all this we were considerably edified, and as much astonished as we could be, considering that our veracity in such matters had disappeared some years before. After a very long wait, the band to the amusement, playing "Take your time Miss Lucy," a gentleman and a red flag appeared upon the Judge's stand, and the horses, which had previously been paraded before the people, were dispatched to the starting point—they are both fine animals, although Ripton has considerably the advantage in appearance and action—he trots superbly, with his neck beautifully arched and his fore legs thrown out at a considerable angle—the other has a shuffling trot, very deceiving in its speed—indeed, it would be difficult to believe in its fleetness, unless he is placed by the side of another horse. There is no doubt in our mind, however, that Ripton is the faster of the two—that in steady trotting, he would beat the other with ease.

After two false starts, the word "go" was given by the judge, and off they went in fine style, Ripton having the inside, and gaining a little on the ascent—he kept the lead for the first mile, which was performed in 2 m. 36 s.—the head of Americus being at the hub of his wheel as they passed the stand. During the next mile both horses broke once or twice, Ripton, however, got the lead, and won by about a length, running the two miles in 5 m. 12 s.

The second heat Ripton broke directly after he had passed the stand, and Americus went several lengths ahead; he made a second break soon after, but galloped a considerable distance, (very unfairly it seemed to us) thus decreasing the advantage Americus had gained—he, however, kept the lead, and did not break once until within a few hundred yards of the stand for the second time, when Ripton passed him.

This heat was, however, given to Americus, on the account of "fool, ing" by Ripton's driver, who tried to take the inside, to which he had no right. Time, 5 m. 12 s.

The third heat was very exciting, each horse having the advantage alternately, occasioned by breaks on both sides. At starting the odds were in favor of Ripton, but during the second mile, the same men were offering the same odds on the other. Americus was coming in at a slashing pace, some two or three lengths ahead, when he made a slight break, which brought them neck and neck. Americus having slightly the advantage, when just upon the line, the driver touched him with the whip, and he ran over it and thus lost the race. Time, 5 m. 17 s. It was beautifully contested throughout, and the closeness of the race will give increased interest to the final one, which comes off on Monday next.

A second race took place, we understood for \$100 stake, but we did not wait to witness it. The horses were not of much celebrity.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

[From the London and Paris Magazine of Fashion.]

The newest and most fashionable material of the season is the cambré on silk, deriving its name from the ever-varying shades it assumes in different lights; this, with taffetas sacré, Pekin Bengal, Ecosais giza, bengals of many styles, foulards, muselines, cachemire, &c., is now replacing the thicker materials of winter all shades of grey and violet are fashionable. Buttons are much used in redingotes and robes of demi negligé; they are made of colored glass, agate, stones, &c., having a gold point in the centre, and are of a round form. Black lace is almost as indispensable an accompaniment of every toilette; camails are of lace, scarfs of lace, flounces of lace, &c. &c. Point de Venise is also much in demand, and is made in every colour; and the patterns are either antique, renaissance, or pompadour; it is also made in black and white for shawls, or scarfs of cachemire or bengals. Dresses continue to be made unreasonably long, particularly behind; the trimmings are two very deep flounces with ruche, two tucks, or two has placed in a lengthened wave; the bodices continue high and tight, but many have full backs, or a little fullness on the shoulders, and the corsage is not excluded; the petticoats is a little changed in form, concealing less of the figure; the sleeves are still tight, but those à la Louis XIII. have many admirers, and it is expected will become more general as the season advances.

For evening dresses gauze or linen, forming double skirts in two colours, the one pink the other lilac, are much admired, producing the effect so much admired of the emerald silk; the same style is also applied to bonnets of gaze lace; it produces the opal tints.

Mantilles of black fillet, with trimmings of the same, will be very fashionable this season; also the manteau Venitienne, in black or white, lined with lilac or pink silk; scarfs of glacé silk are hollowed out at the throat, and trimmed à la grandmère.

Crispines and camails of tulle or gauze are made with four rows of lace and embroidery; the various styles of mantles all form pelaines behind, and the ends are rounded; they are trimmed with ribbon à la vieille; trimmings of ribbon quilted, and the hands of silk decoupées in festons, are much in use.

White satin bonnets are covered with lace, and ornamented with a long, white feather; the Pouter bonnet is the newest style, and capotes à la Madame, with long veil of tulle. Leghorns, whether plain or sewed, are now in favour, and vary in form and trimming according to the use required. Bonnets of écus élyphide are made rather close with a narrow bouillonné of tulle, and a bunch of lilac or fleur de cedrais; pailles de riz mixed with silk form pretty capotes, with sprigs of May and feather leaves, or wreaths of subépine.

[From the World of Fashion.]

CAPS.—The most successful cap for the present season is the bonnet Fourreau. The lappet of blonde with which it is formed, and the delicate foliage which passes over the top of the front, and the beautiful exotic flower which droops on each side of the neck, combine to render this coiffure becoming in any style of face. Caps continue to be made shallow at the ears, with the trimmings of flowers placed very much at the back; the crown being generally made open allows of a good head of hair being seen to advantage, which is attached with an ornamental comb.

BONNETS.—The fronts of the bonnets are now being worn a little more projecting over the face, and less deep at the ears. The crowns do not descend very low upon the back of the neck, but allow of the back part of the head being rendered slightly visible. Pailles de riz, crépe, and blonde will be much worn this summer for bonnets, trimmed with the most delicate flowers and the lightest style of feathers; the form of the pailles de riz has been of use in an elegant and novel form, that without being too open in the front of the brow, yet allows of the hair being in great profusion on each side, or for the placing of those elegant ornaments, such as flowers, ribbons, &c. Some are composed of straw-coloured gros de Naples, and trimmed with a bouquet of field flowers, and a taffeta ribbon, shaded yellow and green.

WALKING DRESSES.—The bodices are made half high in three pieces; the front trimmed with a falling of the same material, placed over the centre seam of the corsage, and continued up each side as far as the epaulet; another row of pearls loops is placed over the side seams, and around the edge of the epaulet and cuffs, the sleeves plain; also those dresses in unbleached cachemire, embroidered with braid up the front of the skirt; the body high and plain, covered with a beautiful embroidery of the same; plain sleeves embroidered in the form of facings à la hongroise. Others, that are composed of a spotted Pekin silk, having the body perfectly tight, the fronts à bavaroises allowing of the under chemise of cambric being seen, the sleeves plain, and of a single piece with open facings, the skirt trimmed with two broad folds.

MASTELLA.—Those composed of white cachemire are extremely elegant, particularly when trimmed with English point lace; the same description when made in the cambré taffetas is also very pretty trimmed with chitardes (see Pompadour) in white silk, with linings of pink silk, and fastened with pink rosettes, is a style of mantilla royal.

COLOURS.—Those most generally adopted for this month are of an unbleached colour, such as caméleon, scarabée, aile, de Monche, opale, &c.

FROST.—We learn that there was frost at Station Road on Sunday morning last, 21st of May.

Great Improvements IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheets, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to
JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nonvellette tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "hunted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be completely filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. THE MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, AESTHETIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annuals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall cull the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn us the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers as fair as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

BEST LITERARY PAPER

IN THE COUNTRY.

And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

TERMS.

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New York, May 19, 1843.

m27d

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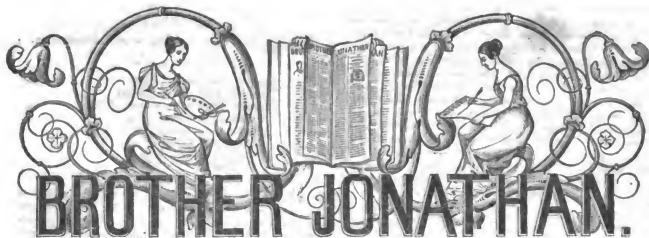
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VOL. V. NO. 5.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 203.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

BRACKETED VILLA — By DAVIS.

The kind of house which a man builds for himself in the country, when he feels himself able to erect a villa, is generally less a matter of consideration than the cost. Having decided how much he is willing to expend in its construction and furnishing, he goes to his builder, if he happens to be a man of no particular taste, and asks his advice. The builder, true to his own interest, shows him a plan, convinces him of its superiority to every thing ever constructed, and finally gets the job of designing the house, finding the materials and building it. The building when finished, will bear the impress of its paternity, and probably be in its various parts of interior, exterior and adjuncts, a combination of the Grecian orders, the Roman barbarisms, and the Gothic, Hindoo, Moorish and Egyptian styles. If the proprietor be a man of intellect, or even of cultivated mind, he will, after having formed his resolution to build, and decided how much he will invest in the structure, go to an architect of genius and experience, and inform him of his wishes, in the kind of house he wants, and what he desires to be its expense. The architect will visit his estate, examine the nature of its locality, select the most appropriate site and inform the proprietor what style of structure would be the most appropriate. This is often overlooked. The nature of the locality should always be consulted in adopting a style of building, so that there will be a harmony and apparent fitness in all the various parts that go to make up the estate.

When the plan is furnished and the elevations and sections all presented for inspection to the proprietor, there is much yet to be done. The mistress of the mansion is to be consulted, the tastes of all its destined occupants must be known and respected—there must be



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.



a room here and a pantry there—this dressing must be made larger—this bedroom must look out in this direction and the drawing room in that. In short, neither the architect nor the proprietor can tell what he wants till the lady, and perhaps her daughters or nieces have seen the plans. Before they are presented their ideas are all vague, and it is not till they see the design of the architect, that their wishes in the matter assume a tangible shape. Then they can see that this is wrong, that that is beautiful or convenient. The objections being all made in accordance with the opposite sides of half a dozen, and the discrepancies reconciled, as none but an artist of genius can do, the design is ready for specification and estimates. We will suppose the accompanying design the one accepted. The danger most to be dreaded now is, that the builder who has contracted to execute the task, will so slight his work and so economize in material for the sake of his own profit, that the building will not in its beauty and durability, satisfy the parties concerned or accord with the design. This is almost always the case. The language of the specification may be never so strong and so full, and yet, the builder will not put in so good material as he agrees to, nor execute the work so well as he is bound to. There is but one way to evade this, the proprietor must find the materials, employ an architect to superintend the construction, and have the work done by the day. By this plan, if he employ men enough, his house will be done, and his grounds in order at the time fixed.

The danger of having the work illy executed is not all the proprietor has to fear. The villa, if not carefully estimated, will probably, nay, certainly, cost more than the estimates. Men never calculate so steadily for extras and contingents

cas. The laying out of grounds too, and gardening and setting out trees and shrubbery always swell the bill of expenses beyond expectation. The upholsterer's bill will also astonish the proprietor, and a hundred nameless bills will flow in, till the whole estate will prove to have cost more than the most liberal estimate, as it would seem, could provide for; for however accurately people may cypher and arrange respecting the erection of any very considerable country house, it will, or rather always does, cost more of money, time and trouble than was contemplated. However, if a first rate architect has designed and superintended the construction of both houses and furniture, (for this latter is quite as important as the former) and has been reasonably consulted by the gardener in the arrangement of the grounds, the building and its appointments will long exist as an object of beauty, elegance and taste, and never be stigmatized as the proprietor's "folly."

Taking into consideration all the above circumstances, it is better to estimate high and take time enough, and be patient and persevering. It is better too, for a man of moderate fortune to build for himself a cottage orrdo, well appointed and well kept up, than to erect the more pretentious villa, and waste sufficient means to maintain it in appropriate style. It is better too to have a good locality and a site that will command a beautiful prospect. It is not to be forgotten that intelligent and agreeable neighbors add to the enjoyments of a country residence, and that the reverse would make a life in the country a purgatory, if it would bear no harder name. Another thing there is of equal importance. The place should be easy of access. It should be upon the high road, or near the river. All these advantages may be found upon the banks of the Hudson. It is the most beautiful river to the world, and its banks afford the most commodious building sites. The scenery is all fine or grand, with a good proportion of woodland and rock to give effect to the view. Its banks, for its whole extent, are easy of access, and there is not to the world a region more healthy. It is fortunate too, that marble, granite and other building materials are abundant to the immediate vicinity of every building site which could be found on the banks of the river for almost its whole extent. These are considerations for the present, and for the future it will be remembered that the time is not far distant when all the land on either shore will be occupied by villas, or ornamented cottages, and consequently every lot will then have ten fold its present value.

Some years ago, a clever countryman, returned from abroad, thus mourned his ignorance of the French language, that 'universal tongue':

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me
You'll repent by Jingo!
Starting like a fool
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

'Chaises' stand for chairs,
They christen letters 'Billies';
They call their mothers 'mama,
And all their daughters 'fillies';
Strange it was to hear:
I'll tell you what's a good 'un;
They call their leather 'queer
And all their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make
For every little noisance;
Limbs all going, like
A telegraph in motion:
For wine, I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns
To ask for 'beef and bully.'

If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a going;
And asked for new laid eggs,
By clapping hands, and crowing;
If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick, astride,
I made believe to trot it."

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

„Den iber Zeit verfliesen, flüchte
Die erste Wahrheit zum Gedächtnis,
Und schau' dich in der Kammern Über.
In drei Gläsern schäufst du Jule,
Kuchel in der Welt'st du Jule,
Erleuchte sie in dem Gedächtnis,
Und rade dich mit Ewigkeitslang
In des Verflüchtens freiem Str."

SCHILLER.

The exceedingly limited time which has been allotted to me for the preparation of this address, renders it necessary that I should beg your indulgence for the rambling nature of my remarks; for, to use the words of Pliny the Younger, "I have not had time to write you a short letter, therefore I send you a long one."

In attempting to condense into words the feelings and thoughts which have long haunted me concerning music, I feel myself as a child, who, standing upon the sands, beholds the ocean stretching before it without visible shore, yet who would fain enclose it within the circle of his arms. So nearly impossible does it seem to comprehend within the reach of language, the boundless spirit of music, that every word that I speak only seems to limit what in its essence is illimitable, and to chain and fetter that which is free as air. To many I may seem extravagant to what I shall say; but it will be only to those who have neither deeply felt nor profoundly studied its nature, that any word will seem to outrun my subject. Truly "music is," as Hoffman says, "the sanctest of nature expressed in tones." It seems to me like that cloudy pillar which led the Israelites of old, which rested upon the earth and buried its head in the heavens, which fore-ran their wanderings, which guided their steps, which no hands could touch, and yet which was a visible presence whereon was impressed the finger of God.

By the term music, I must not be understood to include any compositions constructed from those rapid commotions, and that unmeaning jingle, which are floating about at random, and whose only claim to be so considered, lies in the fact, that they are subjected to the rules of art; but rather, to intend that modulation of sound, and procession of harmonies, which is the exponent of a deep sentiment, and the revelation of a spiritual truth.

Art has been the culminating blossom of every century. The refined sensuousness of the Grecian polytheism embodied itself in the harmonious form of sculpture; the aspiration and humane fervor of Catholic Christianity invested itself in the warm coloring of painting; and lastly, the depth of less ascetic love and sentiment, hath been interpreted to us in the language of music. What Pindar was to the classic age of Greece, Raphael was to the Catholic era of the middle ages in Italy, and Beethoven is to the romantic age of our own day. It would be curious to follow out the various developments which music acquired in the progress of the religious sentiment, from the stern ratiocination of the union in the old Roman church, through the Protestant questioning and high argument of Sebastian Bach, in the involved and intricate fugue, to the God-spoken serenity of Handel, and the lofty aspiration of Beethoven. In our age these great souls have successfully risen to a perfect growth, each representing a different phase of one great whole,—"four faced to four corners of the sky." In Bach, we behold the struggle of the soul in form and in the rules of art—a struggle which is made in trust and hope, and which is always successful. The fugue, through its curious entanglements and intricate windings, plying with a thousand shuttles the self-same web, and as constantly fulfilling in the end the perfect flower in its tissue, seems to represent that mental phase, when, through struggle and earnest will, the individual is developing, from the seemingly inharmonious elements and diverging forces of his nature, the true and simple idea of his life. In Mozart we find the evolution of impulse and passion, the humor of temperament and constitution, and the natural reaction of the mind upon incident. His music is dramatic and full of individual characterization; and in the opera, wherein his genius found its true scope and expression, he has left the most perfect master-pieces of the art in the *Zuiderlande* and the *Don Giovanni*. He represents, there-

fore, the social relations of man. The world of Haydn is the world of sense—the offspring of bristly animal spirits, prompting a soul delicate in its sympathies and pure in its impulses. It is full of love, happiness and a child-like contented health. The shadows of sorrow and discontent are but as passing cloud-shades—that alight petainces which is instantly effaced by a smile. His genius, while it faithfully mirrors the forms and colors of external nature, bestows upon them the tinge of a fanciful and refined sentiment—even as the clouds and trees and downward heavens, when painted in the calm depths of a lake, borrow from that reflection and tender beauty unpossessed before. His music is descriptive, abides in the half sentiments, and represents the childhood of man and his sensuous relations to nature. Then comes Handel, the form of the perfected man, steady, clear, simple and strong. Such exquisite directness and truth lie in his melodies, that they seem fore-ordained to the thought which they embody. In his music is no vacillation, no indeterminateness, but a calm energy, and faith continually attaining its end, and completing its design. What more was needed to represent the forces and phases of the universal man? We already had the childhood and simple abandonment to impulse—the struggle and birth of will—the character and relations of passions—and the educated force of the perfect man. But genius as yet had not been represented; and the relations of the internal world were reserved to be expressed by a soul deeper than all—by Beethoven. That infinite aspiration which overflows all the moulds of art; that yearning, which cannot be repressed within the limits of form; that restless self dissatisfaction with what is accomplished; that haunting presence of a power which urges on the soul with vast and infinite whispers—all, in sooth, which we mean when we speak of genius—it was for Beethoven to express. And has he not achieved his task? The fifth symphony in C minor—the work of his complete manhood,—seems distinctly to enunciate the story which was allotted him to tell, the story of genius struggling with nature for expression. In the first grand division is developed the limitation and prohibition which nature asserts to the aspirations of the spirit, and that blind struggle between the soul and fate, as of one in the folds of a snake.—Here is painted the spasmodic effort and failure,—the aimless seekings—the pining as for breath within a confined atmosphere—the fatal approximation to despair—the doubts—the fears—the disappointment. It is, as Beethoven himself said, “as if fate was knocking at the door.”—In the second movement is the morning hush of a new era, whereon the beams of faith and hope are dawning through the cloudy bars of doubt and distrust, which circle the horizon. Hope as yet is stronger than Faith, and that superstitious child hath not yet left her mother’s side. Still the old wearisome limit, the weakened prohibition, and the echo of a former despair, are heard, like the suppressed growling of a lurking thunderstorm. Aspiration often, in its soaring, changes to doubt and falls. The two elements of faith and distrust are in conflict, and nothing is accomplished, though all is hoped. Thus ends the “andante,” and then breaks in the “scherzo,” which is the third movement. Now a new spirit hath grown up, a spirit of strength and power; of giant will as well as towering aspiration. For a time it tries its strength in sudden efforts of vast force, and relapses. It is as a champion, who paces the lists, bending his sword to test its temper—shifting his position, and restlessness for the approaching conflict—then suddenly strengthening and gathering its force to one determination, it spreads its “ail-broad” van for fight.” Here music becomes rapturous in its strength, and the work is accomplished as soon as thought. It soars and soars, and towering onward with a great progression, goes on its limitless journey above, anvilting, and as if all barriers were broken down. The motion of the “scherzo” seems to me like that of a gryphon upon which Neptune is mounted in one of Flaxman’s outlines. There is in both, the same steady and uniform grandeur. This is the accomplishment of the task, the victory over fate, and only from below come back dim and faint recollections of a former struggle and a former defeat.

In the music of Beethoven, the simplest theme forms the thread upon which the most wonderful changes are wrought. There are a few notes, a simple hint of enchanting, soul-thrilling melody. It is a cloud no larger than a man’s hand, which, as the piece proceeds, darkens up the horizon, overtops the cope of the firmament, and scatters lightning and thunder and the wild blast from its bosom. Through the wildest and most echoing modulations, passing from key to key—through the crash of chords varying from the most determinate and sonorous to the

most wailing and suspended—the melody moves calmly and steadily. It soars over the harmonies which roll and away beneath it—even as a broad-plumed bird with dripping wings flies calmly over the foaming and heaving ocean. Often there is a blaze of terrific splendor, but the general tone of color in Beethoven’s music is sombre and dark, with ever and anon a clear pencilling of light, like the track of a falling star. If I were asked to say what chord peculiarly characterized the music of Beethoven, I should say that it was the flat seventh. Yet though the central idea of his music is aspiration, he is not without that sense of humor which ever accompanies genius. This humor takes a peculiar coloring from the vehemence of his nature. Often after an intricate struggle for the expression of a subtle idea, the music suddenly breaks out into the wildest and most terrific changes, catches at the most grotesque chords, and assumes a furious and terrible humor. This does not last long, however, but from exhaustion soon falls into a sad and prolonged wailing, preparatory to the progression of some new and simple phrase.

I have been led to speak more definitely of Beethoven, because he is now beginning to be better known and appreciated, and because most of my hearers have had an opportunity of listening to an orchestral performance of that symphony, an outline of which I have attempted to sketch.

Truly if any one ever felt in his heart of hearts the great value of music, as culture, it was Beethoven. Unwayed and unbiased by those misunderstandings of the ignorant and envious, which vented themselves in the abuse of his writings, he held a steady, uniform course, even to the end of his life. That indomitable self-trust, which is concomitant of greatness, never forsook him. He was without vanity, while he clearly apprehended his genius and his mission. Witness that wild and vehement exposition of his creed, which he delivered to Bettina Brentano, in the streets of Vienna, and beneath a burning sun: “Music is like wine, inflaming men’s minds to new achievements, and I am the Bacchus serving it out to them even unto intoxication. When they are sobered down again, they shall find themselves possessed of a spiritual draught such as shall remain with them even on dry land. I have no friend: I must live all to myself. Yet I know that God is nearer to me than to my brethren in the art. I hold converse with him, and fear not, for I have always known and understood him. Nor do I fear for my works. No evil can befall them; and whoever shall understand them, he shall be freed from all such misery as burdens mankind.”

Well might he have addressed to his heart, those lines of Shelley in the “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty:”

“I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours,
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned bowers
Of audient soul, or love’s delight,
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope, that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, oh awful Lorelineas,
Wouldst give what these words cannot express.”

Most welcome is it to behold a growing love for art spreading around society its beneficent beams; most cheering are those indications of a susceptibility to beauty gleaming like a smile upon the rugged countenance of our American age. Truly “a thing of beauty is a joy forever.” I have little to hope from the music which America shall compose. I seek in vain for indications of a native and spontaneous genius for this art; and it seems to me as if Music was never the offspring of the Anglo-Saxon mind, though she may well be its friend and intimate.—But for that enlargement of soul, that grace of character, that refinement of sentiment, which are the dowry of art, I greet the sound of her coming footsteps. America must owe its regeneration to art. Art will deepen its thought, elevate its impulses, direct its efforts, and be a sure shield against that corruption which is but too often engendered in the warmth of unrestrained republicanism. When art shall supply a channel for the restless activity of the people, and afford scope for the exercise of a different series of powers, they will become less morbidly intent upon the shifting and agitating subject of politics; and while the mind of the country grows deeper and stronger, the legislation will be less swayed by the ignorant enthusiasm of popular factions.

But music, before it can attain that position from which it can co-operate with the arts in sending forth an influence to purify the moral and strengthen the character, must itself be recognized as an art. Too long has it held only the precarious foothold of an accomplishment, worthy to scourge away no darker fiend than ennui; whose greatest benefit was the relaxation it afforded to the exhausted mind; and whose best use was to supply our leisure hours with an occupation at once harmless and agreeable. Let us take this degrading view of it no longer. That Music may serve such a purpose, we admit; but that this should be considered as her highest culture, is a most gross reproach to an intellectual people. Let us put it in its proper niche, as an art embodying the highest and noblest cravings of our nature, and demanding for its development not the chance effort of a leisure hour, but the steady pursuit of a whole life; an art whose labyrinth it is permitted only to master spirits to thread; a height from which the low interests and offices of every-day business, soiled as they are by falsehood, meanness and servility, only look meaner and more dwarfish; a universal language, which penetrates the dimmest chambers of the spirit, evokes the recollections of the past and the hopes of the future—awakens high resolutions, earnest wishes and noble desires—speaks with the voice of angels, and is the nearest language to the soul of man; an art which demands an assiduous cultivation of powers, a delicate susceptibility of organization, a subtle apprehension of the intuitions, the utmost weakness conjoined with the utmost strength, for its attainment. It is not until we take this truth to heart that music will receive its due.

Nature is crowded full of music. No motion can occur without expressing it: from the moaning pine tree to the "solemn sea-like bass" of a thousand voices. Wood and wire, earth, air and ocean are full of music; and those wild inarticulate breathings of sound, seem to be to nature what the soul is to man. In every soul there lies a germ of all powers and the prophesy of immortality—so every note contains the embryo chord and predicts its harmony.

Music is in its essence the principle of all art. So soon as the soul assumes for its product the roughest garb of art, so soon is there perceptible the shadow of music; as there is in the rhythm of poetry, the modulation of prose, the flowing outlines of sculpture, the harmonies of color, the "frozen music" of architecture, the varying intonations of common speech, in the smile, in grace, which is musical motion, in nature, which is the art of God. Almost it seems to be the soul of the universe, which weaves all nature symmetrically and harmoniously around itself. The fabled music of the spheres; the Theban walls which gathered orderly at the lyre of Amphion; the evocation of the Erycidæ from the jaws of Etebus; the Cerberus which Orpheus charmed; are all but recognitions of its divinity. But in these our American scenes, Music has been expelled from the temples of the gods, and driven as an outcast from our hearts. She has begged her bread from door to door. Ears were too busy with bargaining and huckstering to listen to her. Many received her as a toy, and soon tired of her; many sneered and repelled her; and only a few souls, recognizing her divinity, have felt that her presence bestowed a light and peace upon the meanest home. These few have erected to her temples, and many a soul now lights a divine enthusiasm from her altar. Pilgrims begin to flock to her shrine, and we to-day have met to lay our offerings before her. In the lap of our mother I rejoice that this wandering child hath been taken and recognized. It is fit that she should find rest here.

All art is language. In the soul of the artist, nature is transmuted and reformed in some shape, which is art. The truth and force of a true work of art are incalculable. A simple thought or feeling whose heart is laid in the true use of beauty, will vibrate over the whole world. There is no end to its blessing: it is of higher worth than wood, fire and clothing, for it warms, feeds and clothes the heart. It goes over the broad continents, and is not lost on the waste of waters; it touches the heart of the lonely forester in the western prairie; it assails the ears of kings; it makes science its friend and ally, and the winds and waves cheer it. Art writes not the stone history of religion in the Grecian temples, in the Gothic cathedral, and in the Catholic St. Peters. It gleams through the building verse of Homer, the ætæric rime of Dante, and the majestic cadence of Milton; it carves the statues of Greece and of the Middle Ages; it paints the cartoons and the terrific forms of the Sistine Chapel; it breathed through the early shepherd's pipe upon the Grecian plain, and in the august and imposing beauty of the Messiah. The ben-

ven-born truth which lay in the one greatest soul, runs like a shuttle with a golden thread through the great tissue of events. On the dark ground of despair shine the "gold candles" of those whose aspiration was higher than to be bounded within the uses of this world; and the great names of Homer, Michael-Angelo, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and Beethoven, stand like watch-towers burning wearisome, and with the proud assurance that only by being true to ourselves, we may conquer the world and time.

To the musical composer, all of beauty becomes melodious air. His soul is but a harp which an infinite breath modulates; his senses are but strings which weave the passing air into rhythm and cadence. Poetry is a much coarser transmutation of thought, though she has stolen the wings of her sister. Words are but weak hieroglyphs of the inner sense compared with tones; words are deflected from their original significance, and wear away; but tones are one and the same for ever. In a casual word, the intonation may reveal instantaneously, what accumulated pages could not so clearly interpret. All the emotions, passions and sentiments weak themselves upon our tones. In them is revealed the habitual pursuit of life, as well as the evanescent feeling of the moment. There are the false intervals of the querulous, the chromatics of the despondent, the monotone of the weak-minded, the diatonic of the enthusiastic. The tones of our voice are like the expression in the eye, which give us glimpses into the inner world. How cold and lifeless seem those printed words, which, when they trembled on the inspired lips of the orator, were winged with fire—which thrilled us through, and stopped the blood in our veins as he spoke them! They are but the dry bones which were before blooming and radiant in color and life. All this is so familiar, that we pass it by as trite. But music treasures these suggestions, and on this scaffolding erects a temple of fire and air, radiant with a thousand hues, and permanent as the soul. Do we then claim too much for music? Is it so wonderful that the "electric chain with which we are so daily bound" should vibrate to the touch of these gathered tones, when the simplest of them all reveals more than we can speak, and pierce all that we feel? Is it not, as Carlyle says, "a kind of inarticulate unfaithful speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and let us for a moment gaze into that?"

But the effort of musical art is not to imitate the sound of nature, and when ever it stoops to this process, it degenerates into mere skill. A far higher and more difficult task devolves upon the composer. He must apprehend that subtle essence of melody which permeates nature. He must separate the accidental and extraneous from the inherent and necessary, and by a delicate intuition, as well as by a careful selection, penetrate to that pure rhythm which lies behind the sound, in the very essence of the thing. In this view, music is not an imitative art, but the most purely ideal of all arts. It is the art by which that strangely undefined presence, which we recognize in all harmonious scenery, which haunts all forms of beauty, and pervades the face that we love; that answering glance to the soul's countenance, which we see in all simple existences, whether of thought or of external nature, is developed and renewed to us in notes. Its mission is not to reproduce the image of the forest, the sound of the brook, the motion of the trees; but simply to awaken and revive that feeling which lay concealed in them more secretly than the tide in the ocean, and, as it were, with a renewing breath to fan to a clear glow those memories over which the ashes of forgetfulness are gathering. Notes themselves are no more music, than words are poetry. They are but the means. The music itself dwells in the soul of him who wrote, and is reproduced only in him who can reform in his own soul that great whole, which is here suggested only in scattered fragments. He who brings the most, finds the most; and knowledge and susceptibility are necessary prerequisites to its full apprehension. What we are ignorant of, we despise and undervalue; and it is as foolish to expect an uneducated and uncultivated mind to apprehend the high language of music, as the most intricate formula in algebra. Hence the so often expressed wish, that the meaning of a particular composition should be interpreted and translated into thought, and the dissatisfaction consequent upon the refusal.

But how can this be done? Describe me the faces of Raphael and Titian, and so exhaust their meaning, that they shall seem copies from your words; paint me the 'Excursion,' or even that shapeless shape which stood at the infernal gates,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head,
The semblance of a kingly crown had on;"

chisel me from the cold marble, the warm, moist, fragrant mornings of Claude's pencil; then ask to have music done into poetry. It is in vain: one art cannot be transmuted into another. That which is ordained to one form, and susceptible of one expression, will not flow into another mould. The art is necessitated to the thought. The harmonies of color are lost in stone; the sublimity of sculpture disdains the robes of coloring; and the fluid spirit of music will not congeal into words. In every art there resides a certain charm peculiar to itself; and music, which only becomes where speech ends, is in its very nature transcendental, and is only music by not being words. No poetry can track its flight; the spirit of analysis cannot penetrate its mystery; and the understanding never dreamed of that vague mysterious world into which it soars. If it is such a language—how it awakens such emotions—cannot be answered. We may only say, such is simply the fact. The aim of music is not to write a poem, which could be as easily written in words, but to whisper a secret, which must otherwise remain unspoken; to weave around you a spell, which no other art can evoke, and to give you finally nothing more nor less than music. As such you must be willing to enjoy it. You must resign yourself to its influence, willingly and without skepticism; you must abandon yourself to it as to an element which cannot be thwarted; or you will find not music, but a mere jingle of sounds, wearisome to the sense and without nourishment for the soul. If your thought can be painted, rhymed or chiselled, it was not meant to be sung. But when that consciousness, which is the primary existence of thought, and that feeling, which is the primal motion of beauty, demand an utterance, pour it forth in music. Music is not so much one thing, as the essence of all things; and it is singular to find how definitely the rules of harmony often interpret the laws of nature, and how adequate a formula its language affords to express the more delicate and subtle distinctions of thought. After a study of music we continually find that by means of its technology, we can translate into words, what it would otherwise be impossible clearly to express, and thereby also give a light, shade and illustration to our ideas. Thus music even in its verbal formula is worthy to be recognized among the sciences.

Not only is music a blessing to us in our highest moods, but it sheds a light and beauty over our most common life. It idealizes the lowest scene; it bestows every where gladness and refinement; it enlarges the charities and purifies the affections. In the song, which is the simplest form, it enchains and entwines the spirit in a willing net; it ministers to love when words have failed; it relieves the burden of a deep-seated sorrow; it lightens aspiration and prayer; it is no respecter of persons, but sits beside the mother who rocks her cradle in the squalid cell of poverty, as willingly as at the tables of kings. It occupies the same relation to the dramatic instrumental writings, that the old English ballad does to the dramatic and metaphysical epics of poetry. In the national song, it welds together a people. The 'Ca Ira' was almost the rudder of the French revolution. How thrilled the wild, vehement heart of France, when that war-song startled the summer skies, borne upward on the voices of thousands! Is not the anthem of 'God save the King' the air-spun cable of English loyalty? Did not the Moorish spirit so kindly beneath the tones of the mournful ballad of the 'Siege of Alhambra,' that under pain of death it was forbidden to be sung within the walls of Granada? See too, how thoroughly the national song is impregnate with the spirit of the people; in the saddened and broken-hearted melodies of the Irish; in the bold and picturesque tumult of the Scottish war-song; in the light-breathed yet shallow spirit of the French chansonette; in the passionate caprice of the Italian canzone; in the subdued sentiment of the Spanish romances; in the shrill yodel of the Swiss, which only elaborates the hint given by every echo in their native Alps; and in the deep and serene spirit that throbs in the German lieder, and, clear, broad, and fertilizing as their own Rhine, pulses through the great German nation. How many hearts have not the songs of Schubert thrilled, and the songs of Burns inspired? How many a pain and sorrow have they not soothed away—how many a temptation have they not thwarted—how many an aspiration have they not kindled—how many true thought have they not begotten? 'Certainly,' says Sir Philip Sidney himself says, 'I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of 'Piercy and Douglas,' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no stronger voice than rude stile.' Is not then Music an infinite world, within whose atmosphere the weakest spirit, surcharged with the tolls

and cares of life, may find a sure rest and gather a new strength, so that through its virtue this old world of ours shall be fairer and brighter in our eyes, and renewed in beauty and promise?

It is not now the time to ask, what is the use of art? Such a question is not worthy of an answer. Beauty is its own great use, which cannot be measured by a petty utilitarianism.

„Was wir als Schönheit hier empfinden
Wird einst als Wahrheit uns entgegen geh'n."

Shall the shallow demands of an every-day interest, the short-sighted policy of a petty traffic, the obsequious deference to a narrow self-advancement, be compared for a moment with those arts which are set far above the tumult and turmoil of life, and exist only in the pure recesses of the soul? Is the penny one puts in his pocket worth more than the thought with which he flowers his mind? When we have piled our golden sheaves, and have wherewithal to feed and clothe our bodies daintily, have we attained the end of life? Lies not the great problem of self culture far beyond, a deeper and more central want than that of the sense? Almost it seems as if the hand of utilitarianism blinded the eyes from the sight of an eternal beauty. Art will not perhaps put money in our pockets, but it will give to the spirit "riches endless."

„Nur durch das Vergnügen des Schönen
Drangst du in die Erkenntnis rank."

True art appeals not to the calculating prudence of an every-day life, but to that sense of the infinite which is the soul of all religion and that love of the beautiful which is the fragrance of all action. Long after the institutions of Greece had crumbled to the dust, and her laws and religion were but matters of history and tradition, the silent statues of her gods still stood majestic and overpowering. The statues at Rome frowned from their pedestal upon her impious and effeminate sons, and besought them with their marble lips to abjure those impurities and luxuries which finally accomplished the downfall of the empire; and still they stand amid the wreck of a ruined people, their lingering grace and their sole redemption. Thus will it be with the words of those great composers, which, though suggested by occasion, were yet planted in the depth of a great spiritual nature; their steady tones shall outlive the fleeting fashions of centuries of years, and shall mould the hearts and characters of a nation which yet sleeps in the bosom of forgetfulness.

"As all nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in art's wide region ranges
One sole meaning still the same."

"This is truth, eternal reason,
Which from beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season,
Keeps for aye its loveliness."

I know I do not place this noble art of music too high. Not to all is the clew given to its infinite mystery; but an infinite mystery it is, which is not to be blown into fine dust by the cavilling dogmatism of the skeptical. When I reflect that the view which I take of music is the same that every greatest soul that ever was initiated into its rights, has taken; when I remember the words of Beethoven, and consider the lives of Handel, Mozart, Bach and of a thousand others, whose love and reverence for it only increased with their knowledge and power, I feel asured that it is not the idle and meaningless thing some would make, but truly a language which proclaims the prophecy of immortality. I feel assured that I cannot be wrong, though a thousand lips should smother my enthusiasm, and call my speech the ravings of folly. At such moments, I recall the sentences of him whose words have been called "half battles." "There is no doubt that many seeds of noble virtues are to be found in such souls as are touched by music; but those who have no feeling for it, I hold them to be like stocks and stones. Whoso despises music, as all fanatics do, with him I am not pleased for music is a gift of God, and not an invention of man. It drives away the devil, and makes people cheerful; then they forget all wrath, impurity, pride, and other vices. After theology, I give music the next place and highest honor; and see how David and all saints have uttered their devout thoughts in rhyme, verse and song. Music I have always held dear." Such words from a heart so calm and manly, that the infernal passions could not shake it from a stout equanimity, are not without significance. No one ever accused Martin Luther of effeminacy.

The fear hath lately suggested itself, that music would be absorbed in instrumentation, and in the attempt to accomplish impossibilities of execution, would be deflected from its genuine sphere and buried beneath its ornament. The new school of modern France and Germany has produced rather a series of dexterous instrumentalists, than of great creators and originators. The passion for novelty, which characterizes the taste of the present age, is better suited with phantasy pieces, full of wild changes, flights and freaks—full of coquetry, brilliancy and bravura—than with the simple character of a profounder school. The effort of this late school has been rather to overcome instrumental difficulties, to attain to a skilful management of technicalities, and to acquire an accomplished mechanism of fingering, than to explore the mystery of music. Thus in our concerts, we but too often feel that the composition was written solely to display the power of the instrument or the skill of the player, and the music sacrificed entirely to attain that end. Yet though the modern school of music is not profound, it is graceful and accomplished. Let us do all honor to the naive and spirited waltz of Strauss, the tender gracefulness of Henselt and Chopin—the fantastic and picturesque grotesqueness of Liszt, and the towering cloud-scenery of Thalberg; but let us not be guilty of the folly of comparing them with the sublime works of Handel and Beethoven—or even with those of Bellini, Weber, Gluck, Himmel and Spohr.

I would congratulate my friends, and all who love music as it should be loved, upon the opportunities which have been afforded us within the last year, to listen to genuine music, performed by artists of feeling and skill. It has not been a slight gratification to hear the deep expression which the violoncello of Knapp yearned forth—the fiery freaks and pathetic tenderness which have in turn been drawn from the violin by the skilful bows of Nagel and Herwig. Rakeham has also again favored us, and beneath his touch the piano forte has been as a running stream of harmonies. We have also listened to Spohr's oratorio of the "Last Judgment," and heard the "Adelaide" of Beethoven, from the pure contralto of Mad. Spohr Zahn. But chiefly I rejoice and congratulate you upon the orchestral concerts of the Academy of Music. Therein was Music courted for her own sake. There was but one cause for regret, but it was painful to those who remembered the crowds which flocked to Henry Russell's concerts, to contrast them with the small audiences which were convoked by the charms of true art. But if the audience were small, they were appreciating. "Fit audiences they found, though few;" and we sincerely hope that sufficient patronage may be secured to encourage a continuance of these concerts during the approaching winter. They have done much towards creating a better taste, and awakening a stronger interest in music; and we would fondly anticipate the time when this slight foreign graft may grow to such breadth and strength, that the whole people may refresh themselves beneath the grateful coolness of its shade.

As yet we are only beginning, and the prospects of the artist look discouraging. The man whose life is spent in the closet, and whose exercise of action is not a bustling activity, finds but little favor, and is considered as an idler. But when we remember that those great works which stay through the washing and wasting of time, were not accomplished save by the most untiring devotion, and by an earnest struggle against the prejudices of the age, and oftentimes in bitter want and sorrow, we should take heart and fear not. That "myrtle song" which Dante chanted from an exiled shore, "*patris uxoribus ab oris*," was not the product of an idle hour; it was won by pain and toil, in struggle and by a great earnestness: it was written almost in his blood; and ere it spoke to the world, had, as he says, "made him lean for many years." No great aim was ever won easily; and the paths to greatness are strewn with difficulties.

This age is in too great a hurry, to take time to be truly great; it is impatient of that discipline which is the necessary training even of the highest genius. Our science is but too often a happy guess—our arts a lucky hit—our literature the amorphous and incongruous product of a ready talent, and not the careful elaboration of deep and thoroughly digested thought. What is wanting in thought is supplied by words; what is deficient in truth is made up by striking effects. We need earnestness, study, discipline; we have too much surface and too little depth; and so long as we recognize no other object and aim in life than the amassing of wealth, so long our nation will be poor in spirit if not in purse. While art seeks its reward in a popular applause, and lives on the fleeting

breath of notoriety, content with that praise which is the flattery of fashion, and subservient to that prejudice which is the bubble of the hour, so long will it be the slave when it should be the master. So far from levelling its thought to meet the superficial demand of a shallow and insincere age, it should be the duty of art to chasten the mind, to deepen the heart, to strengthen the will of the century. With the true artist, it is as with the dweller in the Polar regions, where the sun sweeping below the horizon spreads a rare twilight over the nightly sky:—the artist, in the night of disappointment and neglect, feels brooding around his horizon a serene light, which cannot fade away. It is not for the soul to such visions come, to bend and crouch before the world: rather let him wear the front of an undaunted warrior, to whom fear and danger are as shadows, beneath which the battle can be better fought. Let him cast aside the cumbersome armor of patronage, and stand free and naked, like the angel Michael, to dazzle with his splendor the eyes of the low, and to plunge the vengeful sword of purification into the grovelling heart of his age. Let him ask no favor, but come stern-eyed and unflinching, armed by his own strong will. Is it for souls like this to be moulded by their age? No, a higher, nobler task is theirs. Beneath their plastic fingers that age shall be as wax, as it is in the hands of the great for ever. There is nothing so high in pride, as shall not crumble; nothing so low and humble, as shall not be sublimed and uplifted; nothing so fixed in baseness, as shall not be crushed. Even the slavery of custom and the despotism of opinion shall shrink and become powerless before their eyes. Their spirits shall be uplifted, and standing alone in their truth, shall make the whole world bend to them. It is not to him, who, truckling with the thoughts that come, makes life a bargain, that the spirit of art shall descend. Love and faith, and a hope that flies upward with unflinching eyes, are the companions of the true artist: nay, more even than this, an unalterable trust in the truth of his own nature, a determination never to balk his impulses, nor to be false to his instincts, nor to waste that time in vain questioning which should be spent in doing—but feeling that form, and color, and words, and tones, are but the means of expressing his great mission to mankind, and that art is but the veil on which its text is to be woven, it behooves him to leave his soul to the inward guidance, and to prompt his life by an earnest will. Let me finish with the words of Beethoven:—"Would you know the true principle on which the arts may be won? It is to bow to their immutable terms; to lay all passion and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach their divine presence with a mind so calm and so devoid of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of fantasy and the revelations of truth. Thus the art becomes a divinity; man approaches her with religious feelings; his inspirations are God's divine gifts; and his aim fixed by the same hand from above which helps him to attain it."

A TIGER STORY.—The following story is related in a letter from Bata via, dated December 6th, inserted in the *Amsterdam Courant*.—"On the evening of the 16th November, whilst a Creole, named Ramein, was at work in front of his house, a royal tiger, coming from a thicket, advanced slowly behind him, and got pretty close upon him, without being perceived. The father of Ramein, who was sitting within the house, observed the animal, but was so overcome by terror that he was unable immediately to give his son the alarm, and in another moment he perceived that the fierce animal had seized his son by the leg. Ramein, with great presence of mind, turned round and threw himself over the tiger; then exerting all his strength he held with both hands the animal's head between his legs, and pressed it down to the ground; but finding that his strength was insufficient, and that the animal was endeavouring to drag him into the neighbouring thicket, he began to cry out for help, and tried to force his fingers into the tiger's eyes, which object, however, the struggle prevented him from accomplishing. Meanwhile, the father of Ramein, having recovered his self-possession, drew out a sort of poignard called a *badie-badi*, which he wore about him, and plunged it into the tiger's side. On receiving this wound the animal let go his prey, and was about to retreat, but Ramein's father attacked him again, and wounded him a second time. The tiger now turned upon his new assailant; but fortunately in a moment, Mallang, the brother of Ramein, came up and struck the infuriated beast a blow with his goliok. The tiger now reared himself on his hind legs, and endeavored to attack Mallang with his claws, and succeeded in wounding him on the legs. Both father and son now attacked the tiger, and, fortunately, soon succeeded in killing him. Ramein has been very seriously wounded in the conflict, but hopes are entertained of his recovery. The tiger was very old, and of unusually large dimensions, measuring 6 feet 6 inches along the back, exclusive of the tail. A female tiger, of similar dimensions, has been seen in the same neighborhood."

DUNNYBROOK FAIR.

"JACK MORIARTY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES."

"Who's for the Brook?—room for six, and no delay." "Up wid yer, your honours, here's the lad'll take you along like sticks a breakin'!"—"Jim Deelan, ye thief, don't be afther your delusions on this gintlemen, thes' be all mine; sure, I giv them the wine for it!" they answered it like gentlemen!—"Oh, the playful craft for it's be that's so full of life, and gets the knight of good lives!" (This is an apostrophe to the horse who was wincing under a well-established row).—"Stand by his head two or three of yez, and tell him a story: it's off he wants to be, for it's the good drop that's in him, any how," &c. &c. Sach were the mingled sounds which met our ear as we wheeled into Stephen's Green. Although this had been our first excursion to Dunnybrook fair, our experience in the way of carmen, purchased at the expense of several passages, prevented us from accepting the pressing offers which were made by the rival Jebus, until we, at last, espied a car which was completely filled already, and, therefore, held out some hope of moving off. "Have you room for two?" shouted Jack, well knowing that the response would be in the affirmative, although if a plan had taken into his head to go to Dunnybrook, his distinctive brain would have been sorely puzzled to know where that room was. A general protestation from the six passengers, uttered in a concert of shouts, was formally emitted, a circumstance which no way daunted either the gentleman who was the chariotier to the establishment, or those against whose intrusion it was directed. We took opposite sides of the car, and forthwith threw ourselves into a system of speculatively calculated to meet the removal straight party into a series of rapidly uttered "Sir," said I, respectfully addressing an elderly gentleman, from whose costume, especially a leather apron, I reflected his rank in society to be that of a cobbler,—"sir," said I, "I am like yourself, a gentleman desirous of witnessing the pleasures of the fair; the cobbler did not offer as yet to condense himself, but remained as obdurate as a lap-stone." "Nay, I must say, I speak to you, sir, confidently, sir, as one gentleman does to another," ("we are a nation of gentlemen in Ireland"), "in short, my dear sir, I have a little tender appointment." This was enough—quite enough: the cobbler melted into the man, the dreams of early youth came last over him, and, sending a cascade of tobacco-juice over my person, as in his enthusiasm, he put out his hand—the clinging hand of real friendship truly, for it was all over with us; forthwith I felt myself face to face—sitting side to side now impossible—with the excellent artist on whose softer feelings I had thus pressed. At the same moment my friend Jack took his seat on the opposite side between two fair splinters, having previously taken the usual oath, that it was their beauty had attracted him to the car and nothing else. Matters being thus far settled, we set off once more, Moriarty requesting the driver, should he dare to stop until he reached his journey's end, "to consider himself as dismissed."

Whoever is determined to go to Dunnybrook fair must make up his mind, or rather his mouth, for one thing—dust. This grievance is so severely felt, that an Irish member, not many years ago, thought it his duty, as a patriot, to throw it in among the other wrongs of his country, and so took occasion to rise into a highly inflated style of oratory, probably from an instinctive sympathy with his subject, describing the whole road to Dunnybrook fair as "one mass of red-hot dust." From the moment we passed the bricks at the end of Leeson Street our miseries began. It was dust before, dust behind, dust all around. The road was crowded with vehicles, as far as we could judge by the soft grinding of the wheels along the pulverized surface. Visions of our world whirl past us, as we believed them to be, distinguished by an atmosphere of peculiar thickness travelling along with the little world it enshrouded, and settling us, as it passed. Immediately before us was a line of cars, booming occasionally through some opening before us, and then hid from sight. There was a car behind us, the driver whirled, with his face all over dirt, which broad grin occasionally gleamed from his eyes, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, kept poking his head into our vehicle, and extracting from the well-served choice morsels of gritty hay. The path-way on each side was one moving mass of powder, and even the particles reached the neat villas, which give to that part of the suburbs of Dublin an elegance that, even in the cities of the Continent, I have rarely seen. Still, however, great was the annoyance, it seemed to affect on all. Every one came for enjoyment, and that spirit did far more, to be sure, than the element of air or the pursuit of sales.

As we were obliged to turn entirely to the geographical knowledge of our conductor, the usual land marks being invisible, we had no means of determining how far we had proceeded, or how near we were to the destined goal. A tremendous uproar of cracked trumpets and drums, borne through long service, gave token, however, of our approach to the scene of action. At last, when we came to a dead stop, and forthwith found ourselves in the very middle of a combat of whips. There might be, I dare say, a great deal of fun in all this, but one does not think so just at the time he is receiving a cut in every quarter, and has nothing in his hand to cut with in turn. Accordingly we all leaped off, and on emerging a little into daylight, we found the disturbance to have been caused by the presence of a squadron of horse police, who in Ireland armed indeed to the teeth, but who on the present occasion, administered the laws of order by means of a long coach-whip, although a drawn sword rested on the left arm ready for action. We are used to things of this sort in Ireland, but the strange impression such a military spectacle,

in what should be a land of orderly freemen, leaves on strangers is sufficiently visible in an anecdote occurring in Sir Walter Scott's *Tower*. It would appear that, with a view to the general convenience, the cars were not allowed to approach within a certain distance of the crowd: an arrangement which those official guardians of the peace were stationed to enforce, and which they did by the application of such strong measures as we had lately witnessed and felt within us. It would have been quite as well, keeping with the character of any Dublin *Liberty-bell*, as with our Automaton, not to have shown fight against the law, even although those under his charge might be involved in the penalties attached to such a display of spirit. However, as we felt that this was a case wherein the glory of the action was likely to prove its sole reward, we ignominiously, as might be said, declined the proffered laurels, and escaped into the general crowd.

And such a crowd! This celebrated meeting is held on a green of considerable dimensions, through which there runs a large stream, called, if I recollect aright, the Dodder, and in the case of bloody nose received in combat, furnishing a grateful styptic in its cool waters, flowing down from the Dublin Mountains. The principal traffic among the grown population is limited, I believe, to horses, to horses, to horses, to horses, to horses; of children, there are large transactions in the article of gingerbread.—On both sides of the road there is a goodly display of tents, streaming with all sorts of gaudy flags, most of which have suspended on a pole at the entrance the emphatic symbol of a black bottle. Dancing is the favorite amusement within their canvass walls, there being always a piper on the establishment. Where the location is on an extensive scale, two or three musicians operate on as many parties, and as each is paid by his own party, each works away within the same apartment at his own tune; so that by this means the dancer has a choice of tunes to regulate his motions, provided, to be sure, he should propose, amid such a conflict of sound, to regulate his motions at all.

The principal points of attraction are the show-booths, whose number and splendour rivalled in no faint degree the show-booth fair, even in the days of its glories. There were upon the occasion I am now referring to, one or two caravans of wild beasts, and which, if I recollect aright, formed the travelling company, if I may so express it, of the great menagerie at Exeter Change. Next to these was a booth of strolling players, and with pretensions, it would seem, of no common order. A small as suspended above the principal entrance, and which, formed as it were, a flag of defiance, being couched in these terms:—"The whole world challenged to equal this establishment for 1000 guineas—the account posted within." The necessity for having so much capital as money—could, possibly, for the general appearance of the whole concern, which was certainly shabby in a degree. Then came a whole range of puppet-shows of all orders, and innumerable exhibitions of dancing, acrobatics, and little men, and little women, learned pigs, and fat girls, and all other wonders of nature and art appropriate to the scene. To each exhibition there was attached a band of music, whose instruments were selected with a view to their loudness in penetrating to the most distant parts of the crowd, and attracting attention. There could not have been less than twenty drums going at once within a compass of some half-hundred yards, each performer sending the whole of his body, and every limb, into the sound of his instruments, while his mouth was seen to wander over the surface of a Pandean pipe, although the sounds it emitted were totally inaudible. Moriarty and myself, after a general perusal of the scene, at last took up a position opposite to our friends of the thousand-guinea wager, to study at our leisure the groups who adorned the parade for such is the sounding name applied to the couple of deal boards in front, on which, with a view of attracting spectators, the performers, arrayed in their fantastic finery, display themselves. It is curious to think how far the spirit of distinction extends even to societies of this sort, where one would naturally suppose no criterion could exist as all being backwoods alike. The regulations which prevail in the green-rooms of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and which have to mark the grade of each performer in the theatre world, are mimicked ludicrously enough to be sure, and after their own way, in the travelling-booths which animate, if they do not infuse, our rural fairs. It is well known, for instance, that those who aspire to "first business," and thence as kings and tyrants, stipulate formally for riding upon circuit in the caravans up hills, those who sustain inferior parts mean while being held—

The price down again would be again wanted to drink out of the same pot with a lady who was a mere paragon in front—unless she was more than moderately thirsty. At the moment when we entered upon our observations, the whole establishment having brought their performance to an end inside—the whole process of play and farce, with a variety of incidental singing and dancing too great to mention, occupying some ten minutes—made their appearance on the exterior platform in full force. It should be observed, that during the whole day there was a peculiar class of ladies and gentlemen whose professional services were limited to speech-making on the outside, and whose duty was to assure the public, up to the moment of closing, that "the performances were just commencing, and that they were exactly all in time." As the costumes of the several characters were adopted chiefly from the stage, and were, therefore, of no so particular a nature, or country, it is to be presumed that the dramas wherein they figured did not affect the utilities of time and place, on which Aristotle so much insists. These dramas were all of the right blood—thirty cent, containing an infinite number of terrific combats with old swords of the color of barrel-houses. The wretches, moreover, who assisted to act, from, frowning under sun-burnt Spanish beards with drooping feathers, their cheeks burnished with a composition of brick-

duet, and which gleamed daily against the open day, had contrived to pick up a variety of the most approved gestures of the regular stage.—When a couple of cavaliers, for instance, reached the extremity of the plank, turning as they paced along, to each other, arm in arm, as if engaged in some high theme, one, as they moved, who took the money out of his right arm with which air, in the first rank, theatrical courtesy, yielding by that gesture the pass to his companion, the whole according to the most approved stage directions. The ladies, who were in general, and speaking of them as a body, considerably intoxicated, smiled benignly on the gay gallants in ruffled buckskins, who escorted them along the terrace, that is the plank aforesaid. The manager who was in a key costume, his business being chiefly to watch his invested, who took the money out of the door—moved among the motley crowd, driving away little boys with light purses, and who prevented *bona fide* pennies from pressing forward. At proper intervals the band struck up a lively tune, when the several parties arranged themselves for dancing, but the moment this evolution, which was truly elegant, was completed, every stout-tyrant, sultan, *prince des princes*, baron, knight, clown, manager, domineur, trumpet, every possible member of the corps, as if by calculation, stood just pithed off on the mob, lined the front of the platform, shouting at the very top of their voices—"Now's your time!—recollect, only one penny!—this is given up to be the first troop in Ireland! only one penny!—Now's your time to secure seats! we expect immediately a large select company of the nobility and gentry from Merrion Square, who have commanded the performance this time, so make haste, my friends. These would they partake themselves to a general dance once more, again to come forward and declare that they were on the "point of commencing, and so all in time to begin," and so on for the next half hour. Even when, to all appearance, the performers had withdrawn from the platform with a view to realise these promises, out they would probably rush again, much to the discomfort of the expectant audience, who were hurried by the manager, who had discovered that it was possible to squeeze in half a dozen more.

"Come," said Moriarty, "it is quite plain that the best of these show is on the outside. Let us move about until they reappear." Accordingly we proceeded to the rear, and continued to wander about there without any definite object, until our attention was attracted to the booth we had just left by a sound proceeding, as it seemed, from two pieces of iron stuck violently against each other, appertaining, decidedly to one of the terrific combats above-mentioned, and which was evidently then at its height. Jack forthwith dragged me forward, and applied his ear to the thin partition of wood which separated him from the green-room of the establishment, but through which the sounds from the stage penetrated with perfect distinctness. The scene that was then proceeding represented, as far as we could make out, some Eastern struggle, the lord of which had just discovered a conspiracy against his wedded honor, and having protested, in personal combat, the destroyer of his domestic peace, was boring him, with a savage fury, through a hole in his victim's jacket, and which is used for death scenes. Having so far satisfied his vengeance, he was heard to stamp off, probably to vent his fury still further on his faithful sultan, and who, in the meantime, being, as we sit in the partition showed us, very undecipherably in the green-room. There was but one step into the green room from the stage, and the tyrant had not yet time to get out of his professional frock, when, advancing to the table, and sitting on a pewter pot, a fresh suspicion, far more touching than mere infidelity, flashed across his mind as he inspected its contents; the actor was lost in the man, and that a thirty one, and prefacing an awful imprecation, he exclaimed:—"Why, who the deuce has been at my postbox?" This one touch of nature was far too much for my friend Jack, and, indeed, myself. Forthwith we became insane, and thundered with our sticks against the boards. The second stroke was directed with such force that the thin partition gave way, and we could catch a glimpse of the inmates within, who were punished by such unexpected and mysterious tokens of their fate. The feeling was, surprise, however, lasted but for a moment. We could just see the Eastern monarch, followed by his sultan, brushing his way through the rotten drapery which screened him from the stage, and heard the scream with which he was saluted by the audience as he leaped from the stage over the orchestra, evidently making a furious progress towards the entrance door. Luckily this circumstance did not escape our attention, and we had just time to wheel round the corner and get out of sight, as the whole company, man, woman and child, emerged in front, leaping in among the crowd, and tearing round to the rear. Moriarty and myself crept under the hangings of a tent, attaining the interior just as the whirlwind swept by. And a whirlwind indeed it was! Stalls, booths, baskets, were overturned in a moment; hats tossed in the air, and sticks brandished, some of them already in the air, and the confusion added an awful roar, which certainly would have taken place had not the whole activity interfered, a large body of which, under the command of a magistrate, were stationed on the ground. It was, I recollect, on a very recent occasion that a body of the peasantry, who live on the Dublin mountains, had come down to "clear the fair," and the conflict rose to such a height that several lives were sacrificed before order could in any degree be restored. I am, therefore, not at all sorry that when I saw the whole of the mounted police riding in among the crowd, and even using the flat sides of their swords vigorously enough, too, before they could effect a moderate state of peace, I felt most sincerely rejoiced. Moriarty, too, although I must say, of a more energetic temperament than myself—for the reader must bear in mind that he was a Connaught man, and who relished the luxury of a moderate fight enough—seemed quite contented when the storm had at last fairly blown over.

Matters, then, being thus far settled, we joined what appeared a small family party at another table, consisting of a policeman and his lady, as we conjectured, and who was accompanied by two young ladies, who were, probably, as indeed we found them to be, their daughters. Our friend Moriarty took the lead, and drank the toast of the evening order. My friend Jack's appearance, even under his fantastic costume, was very prepossessing, and the air of high breeding, which could not be so well suppressed, and which the female eye in Ireland is so peculiarly quick to detect and appreciate, had its favorable effect on all the parties.—How far my own contributed to improve the impression, it is not for me to say: I am an Irishman, and modest. Our acquaintance was conducted after the usual manner, and in the most approved manner, as Mr. Policeman; to which Mr. Policeman responded, on behalf of his lady, and pushed his pewter pot into my hand. Jack bowed successively to each of the two Misses Policeman, who received the salutation by a grin of gratified pride, and acknowledged his courtesy by a persevering libation. After this reciprocation of civilities and pewter pots, our conversation took a general turn. The policeman himself was quite a gentleman. He was not much of a policeman as a sergeant of police—the horse-police too, and, in fact, rarely spoke to the foot-police, except officially, and in discharge of his duty. He took every opportunity of enhancing his personal dignity, and was apt to refer to himself as "a military man." His dress—for he was in full military costume, although he only attended the fair to escort his interesting family—consisted of a blue jacket with white facings, all dotted over with that sort of small spherical buttons of a white color which are known by the name of "Nelson pellets." He wore a white buff belt, from which hung a straight sword of indefinite length, and which he permitted to jangle along the ground—a sound that announced his presence, and comported with his impressive character. On his head was planted a leathern cap, broadening towards the top, and which he directed to the Venus de Medici, as one, well commented, instead of a plume, by a small leathern knob. The cap served also as his pocket, as it ever is with "a military man." Every one in Ireland, you know, wishes to appear something greater than what he actually is; and if our friend chose to play as "a military man" before our eyes, we were sufficiently disposed, from our knowledge of the national character, to humor the idea. Besides, we thought it as well to cultivate his acquaintance, calculating on the chance of our being some night in the watch-house. His lady was a good, motherly sort of woman, and had all a mother's pride in seeing the gladness with which we paid our devoirs to her fair daughters. I am not sure that this epithet was applicable with any singular propriety in the present case, both being as-shamed, and adorned with the small rock. A connoisseur who had formed his idea of female beauty from the Venus de Medici, and so on, would have had them much refreshed, I am bound to say, as both the sister figures were unquestionably very solid—modelled, in fact, much after an apple dumpling. It could not have escaped a fond mother's eye that the eldest, Miss Lauretta Policeman, was bent on conquest, and if anything could be judged from looks—and a great deal is to be known from looks—she was decidedly fair to stand towards her a tender relation. Indeed, it is but justice to the good lady's sagacity to refer to the admiration, and of the most respectful order too, which evidently pervaded that young gentleman's features, while listening to the dulcet tones of his charmer; and if at times there was a slight protrusion in that cheek, as though his tongue was in it, which was turned away, it was visible but to such of the public as were on that side of his face, and to whose candid interpretation it should be left. Indeed, matters were proceeding so far, that it attracted the attention of the younger lady, who requested to know who my friend was,—for he was really charming.

"I'm sure he is a gentleman," continued the lady, "and is making Laury to burst with the laughing like any thing."

This observation I forthwith saw was of the angling order of sentiment, and a very good naturedly suffered myself to be hooked.

"Who he is, my dear, you're true," but she said no more.

"Oh! now," she persevered, "you can't think—Laury will be so glad." Here the sylph assumed a most fascinating smile, which caused for a moment a deep chasm across her whole face.

"Why, then," said I, first taking a long look at the loving couple, and affecting to be decidedly thereby, as if matters had gone enough, and it was high time for a stout friend to explain—"Why, then, she's sure now; but is of course to be understood that it is as yet a family matter quite."

"Oh! quite," said my delighted companion; "It would be vastly unproper, and out of all sorts."

"Then," said I, lowering my voice to a confidential whisper, "his name is Count Sop, of the County of Sop, County of Sop. I am an attendant in Dr. Duncan's Lunatic Asylum, at Firch, and this young gentleman is recovering there at present,—that is his profession."

A slight disappointment affected the lady's features, but her natural good sense soon resumed its influence. To be the sister of Countess de Sop was in itself a sounding thing, and would shake the whole police-officer's acquaintance came off as well as the other. I saw the lady over, husbands were, she knew by experience, in those hard times some what scarce, and much inquired after, as they say of oats in Mark Lane; and a mad husband was assuredly better than no husband at all.

"Count Sop," I continued, "is one of the first scholars of the day, and is supposed to have overlearned his knowledge-box."

"Oh! that is so delightful; for Laury does so upon learning, and she and I subscribe one halfpenny a night to a fashionable book-stall

along the quay, for the sake of all the new novels as soon as published. Larry has got a most considerable education, for he was raised to—

"Ah!" said I, recovering herself, "he was intimately acquainted with a young lady in *Meerion Square*, and so knows heaps of things."

"He must indeed be a charming companion. We must try and stir her up. Count," continued I, pinching Jack, and assuming significantly, as he turned round, a singularly dry face—"Come, let us have a little criticism, if you please, sir; belles lettres, you know sir."

"Ah!" said Jack, comprehending me, and sporting a French phrase, "just as you say, *Vive la baguette!*"

Here the two young ladies exchanged looks, as if to say, "Listen to that!"

"May I ask you, Miss Lauretta, if you cultivate the Muses?" inquired Jack, with a tender air.

"When *de* (this is a fond paternal appellation, and quite genteel, too), has an estate in the country, he used to cultivate them, but found the weather against them; and so *de* gave them up."

"Ah, true," said the German Prince. "You don't love poetry, then, do you?"

"Love!" said the elder Miss Policeman; "I do so love it—oh! so passionately! Oh! there's that sweet *Child Harold*, and the little child so delightful! Oh! it's splendid—does so shine like any thing, eh?"

This ardent piece of criticism put the Count Soup on his metal.

"Just my opinion—better expressed certainly, but just mine. These there's that sweet novel—you must read it—*The Mysterious White-Rose*; or, *The Hero in the Castle Ward*," he continued, and forthwith soon passed a quotation. "Beloved and gentle one! said the blood-red stranger, 'let me but embrace once more thy lake-like aspect—thy sunny tendrils!'"

"Oh! delicious!" chimed in the two ladies Policeman in one key; "that's so soft—oh!"

"Let me but hear once more!" repeated Jack—I mean Count Soup—as if he had a book in his hand, "continued our arguement—dotted here—but once more, less fair, the delect tones of that voice gurgling with sweet passionate emotions, the rich sympathies of soul—the deep thrillings, and what-do-you-call them of extensiveness!"

Here *de* Soup's feelings became so excited, that he was forced to give nature its way, abandoning himself to a pot of porter. The two Misses Policeman turned weepfully away—Mrs. Policeman being no more audibly—and even the male and female of the establishment were now, as far as was consistent with his sternness as a "military man."

"Larry—child!" said the fond mother, "don't be ashamed of yourself, my dearling," for sure their tears arose purely.

"I don't give way to tears, mind you," struck in her husband, thanking his opinion was wanted, addressing himself to a complimentary note to Jack, "as a military man, but he worse pronunciation than what I have heard you use, come out of a newspaper in print."

"The tale is a one, I confess," resumed he of the gray appellation, "and would require a large table cloth for the weeping part; but I perceive your two lovely girls," addressing Mrs. Policeman, "are too much affected for me to think of proceeding. Suppose we have a dance on the door, to recover ourselves."

At this proposal the two lovely girls brightened up wonderfully, and forthwith we holstered our partners over the deal boards which served as seats, and led them, slithering along, to that portion of the tent which was set apart for the votaries of Terpsichore, as they say in the London suburban tea-gardens. The space so appropriated was, I must confess, very limited, being a platform formed by a door laid open *terre-à-sol*. Hence, whatever evolutions were to be performed, their scale was very narrow. At one side of the arena sat upon a stool a blind old gentleman, who comprised in his person the whole orchestra. As this was the third day of the fair, he had sown away the tender strings of his violin completely, and was now confined to the bass. For the benefit of the public, I would wish to point out, that the price of a single dance is one penny. When the solo is deposited, the fiddler proceeds to test its metal by his teeth, your word of honor not being considered a valid security at Doonbrook. He is good enough to dispense with the vain ceremony of tuning and tuning, and thereby saves a vast deal of annoyance to the audience. As, moreover, it is utterly impossible to catch the tune from his performance, he remedies that difficulty by stamping and waving his white. It is understood, that, in addition to the fee of one penny, he is open, or, rather, his mouth is open, to receive any sort of refreshment they may order him—and should the waiter not hear your commands, he obligingly enough repeats them,—"Jim, erick; as sure 's a deaf yr ere. Isn't the gentleman that's bidden me to take a drop of somethin'?" Never mind the waiter, Jim; we can think of that as our leisure. "It's myself has but little experience, but that's all. Now, but that's strong!"

Then, recalling himself to his professional duties, although drinking is a natural episode in, if not the main action of, a wandering fiddler's life in Ireland. "Whose on the floor now? Hurroo! here goes then, and well the boards, ye sows!" Forthwith there rises a sound of clattering feet, mixed with notes extorted by main force from the collision of horse hair and cut-gut, and the Doonbrook door dance is the order of the day.

"Come, ye sows, who's on for another tumble!" exclaimed the blind artist—there are no such things as fiddlers nowadays—as my worthy friend and myself led our grinning partners, and handed them out to the door. It is part of the etiquette of the place, for the gentleman to place the tune at the lady's disposal; and the selection in the present instance fell upon "Jack's Alive."

As the ball-room could only contain four persons, quadrilles were out of the question, and a Scotch reel was, therefore, our sole resource. The signal for action was given—away went our music, and away went we. None of your sliding steps—none of your languid graces, but good, solid, and substantial pouncing! Jack was ever seen to such advantage—tearing back and forward, up and down—now here, now there, now every where! and introducing, as he did, a most original *ballet d'entraine*, composed for and upon the occasion. One while he would leap up, and strike the top of the tent, with a view to upset a splendid orange chandelier supporting two candle-ends; and again would be seen kicking a way far from the door, in among the benches.

"That's it, you darlin' divils!" exclaimed the orchestra, to assist the animation of the music. The crowd gathered round, and were lost in admiration, among which was the police sergeant and his lady—the father-in-law and mother-in-law expectant. Several times, to be sure, the son-in-law contrived, unintentionally, I am convinced, to come in full bump against his worthy relatives, and which sent them headlong in among the forms—but this was decidedly in the thoughtless excitement of the moment, and out at all through any want of filial respect. At last a particular part of the movement I suppose—not that we danced according to any exact plan—obliged us all to meet, as it were, in the centre of the ball-room. That did meet was quite plain, and to a good purpose, too—for immediately after I found myself flying through the air, and alighted upon my face in some unknown country beyond the tables. On recovering, I found Mr. Moriarty reposing upon his corpulent father-in-law, the two young ladies tenderly hugging him off, although he seemed rather to relish his soft and comfortable position. When we had recovered from this collision, and collected the fragments of our persons together, we once more proposed to renew the dance. But here an unexpected obstacle intervened.

"Tis another dance, childer, you wud have! Why not?" said our fiddler, encouraging trade.

Mr. Moriarty indicated that such was his idea.

"Tisn't it about right you are, my jewel; but down with a fresh penny. Hiss! ha!"

"What!" said Jack, confronting him, "do you mean, old villain, to charge a fresh sum, as if for a new dance, before the old one is done?"

"It's a way I have, darlin'!" said the old villain, scratching his elbows to enhance the humor.

"Why, then," insisted Jack, "did you stop, and not play to the tumble!—ye sows, ye sows, get up, sir, and I will oblige you to fulfil it."

"Well, then, fill me up a crapper of whisky, as you say, and we'll go to sleep, and think about it!"

"No, you delinquent," said my friend, advancing his one leg and arm, and going off into a speech—"certainly not. I will not encourage such an utter abandonment of principle. I will appeal to my country, and you will be crushed by the weight of public opinion—the wings of the press."

"Your granny's press!" was the insolent reply, and which argued a sad, depraved indifference to the great censor of our public men. "Your granny's press!" Those were his words. "To the devil I pitch all the presses and copybooks, and yourself after them!"

With a characteristic of this sort it was a degradation of course, to argue and accordingly we led our pouting partners, and who were indeed blowing heavily, once more to their seats. As the tent was becoming intolerably warm, we determined on returning, and the sad moment of parting came to us, as it will ever come to scenes of happiness the most tender. Again and again did the military head of the house curse and swear to his delight in our coming; again and again did the old lady hope "she'll be after seeing us again;" again and again did the two young ladies look most wistfully; and again and again did Jack Moriarty and his biographer curse and swear that the delight was mutual; again and again did we protest our determination to wait on the old lady; and again and again did we shed the most unmistakable looks on our fair partners, and the evening. We then rushed out of the tent, overpowered by soft emotions.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN FRENCH COLONIES.—The celebrated Commission instituted in May, 1830, has fixed its labors by the production of a very long report, which concludes by ending the 1st of January, 1835, as the epoch of slavery ceasing in the French colonies. All their slaves to remain in their present condition, with the exception of the following modifications, to be introduced by Royal Ordinance. Civil rights are granted to slaves during these ten years; but they cannot plead those rights in a court of justice without being represented by a *curator ad hoc*. Boats and vessels, arms and powder, are excepted from the kind of property which slaves may possess. The preference and the right of the emancipated to their present condition is established. Emancipated slaves are not to enjoy political rights. Children born free are not included in this. The emancipated are to be forced, for five years, to engage themselves to planters, and, of course, forced to reside in the colony.—The Governor in Council shall fix each year the maximum and minimum of salaries. Disciplinary workhouses shall be established for the reformation. The indemnity to be paid shall be 15 millions of fr., in 4 P. Cents. This sum will be distributed in 1837, with the accumulated interest, to the owners of slaves; those who have old and infirm slaves agreeing to keep and feed them. Another law will provide for the emancipation of all children born of slaves since 1838. The indemnity to be £20 for children who have reached the age of seven, &c.

THREE THOUSAND POUND NOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

The proverbial hospitality of Cork, was theory to me when I marched down the Barrack Hill, for the first time, in the discharge of my duty as caterer of our depot mess—(I belonged to the fifth foot, Goslin Greens or Northburnham Fusiliers), and stepped into the shop, or *emporium*, as he chose rather to call it, of Mr. Denis MacCarthy, of Patrick-street, grocer, wine merchant, provision and tobacco dealer, with I know not how many other occupations to commend him. I had a great many things to buy, and, for the better aiding and assisting a rather short memory, carried with me a catalogue of required combustibles, condiments, embellishes, and what not. Handing this document to a mealy faced youth, in a canvass bib, behind the counter, not without remarking that a court martial would have convicted him, *prima facie*, of sucking the sugar candy, I desired him to prepare the several articles in the quantities ordered, and to send them to the barracks with the least possible delay. Having thus acquitted myself satisfactorily of the onerous duties attached to my responsible situation, (others would have been bothered about tasting samples, asking prices, and so on—for my part, I always, and ever hated trouble,) I was betaking myself out of the shop of Mr. Denis MacCarthy, in full cry after two stylish girls, then and there passing the door, when a gentleman in black, with a white hat, whom I had observed to occupy an arm-chair in the *emporium*, came forward, and having requested to be allowed the pleasure of speaking a word to me, gave me the trouble of retracing my steps into the shop, through the back shop, then into a well-fitted counting-house, and last of all, in a capably-furnished parlor. Here lunch, consisting of a cold roast turkey, a famous ham, and a round of spiced beef, was already laid out, not without a delectable of port, another of sherry, and a foaming jug of ale. In a few moments the door opened, and a neatly dressed maid-servant brought in a dish of the national potato. Mine host, who had announced himself as Denis MacCarthy, proprietor of the *emporium*, and so forth, pressed me to partake, himself doing the honors. Imagining that all this civility would appear in the invoice of my order, I did not relish the thing at first—but reflecting that, if so, the mess would have the pleasure of paying for it, I tackled to, and in an incredibly short space of time appropriated half the turkey, a couple of pounds of ham, and a quart of stumping ale. Cigars were then introduced, and the sherry circulated freely. I became rather prepossessed in favor of mine host, from his contradicting me once or twice, in an easy gentleman-like manner, and from the total absence of that abominable *flavor*, which sticks in a stranger's throat like the smack of Cape wine. I could not help reflecting how many hundreds of pounds I had circulated in country quarters in England, without having been once invited to ham and cold turkey, and resolved, if MacCarthy did not cheat us in the way of business, to report him to the mess as a devilish fellow.

"Beg pardon, sir, but thought I saw two young ladies attract your notice in the front shop, just now."

"Do you know who they are?"

"Odd if I didn't, captain, living in the beautiful city, these five-and-twenty years—father's a pig butcher in Blarney-lane."

"Ah! I thought they looked vulgar, rather."

"Then, I can tell you, captain, you were never more mistaken in your life; no expense spared on their education; French governments, and all that; fortune not a farthing under thirty thousand each."

"Eh! did you say thirty thousand? Yes, you're right, MacCarthy, there is something stylish about them, certainly, after all—another glass of wine!"

"With pleasure, captain; try that again. Melinda, I assure you, is the reigning toast of town; such a pipe, sings like a nightingale; and as for Erlina, the younger, if ever swan had such a neck, I'll be bound to eat him, feathers and all; put a few of these in your pocket, captain."

"Thirty thousand—damn me, that's a good round—what are these weeds a pound!"

"Can't afford to sell them; keep them for my particular customers and friends; but, as for those girls, captain—I assure you, 'pon honor, Cork does not contain sweeter creatures; the father—"

"Bad style of person, no doubt; pig butcher does no good down—excellent sherry this."

"Duff and Girden's, I assure you: as you say, captain, the father is not the thing, though I say it."

"Pig butcher. Eh! Ah! Bah!"

"Oh, as for that, we call him a provision merchant, and that goes down here very well; the pig line is first, and first in this city. You have heard of the Callegans, but no matter: Regan is a boy, beyond all doubt."

"Regan! swinish cognomen: trouble you for a light, MacCarthy. But how, pray, did this provision butcher, or whatever you call him, get up in the world? Thirty thousand—twice three, six—as times go, pretty comfortable. Eh, how did the fellow amass the tin?"

"By falling, sir; by becoming bankrupt, let me see how many times; gad, I've forgotten how often, but it is certain he has broke twice for every other man's once, and always gets up stronger than ever."

"Like Antaeus, rising from his mother earth!"

"I do not know the gentleman you speak of, captain—but I dare say the trick is common enough on the other side of the water; sure enough Regan falls like a drunken man, without hurting himself; and somehow

or other, when he gets up again, finds every man readier than ever to take him by the hand."

"Have you had any dealings with him, then?"

"Once, captain, only once!" here Mr. Denis MacCarthy interjected a parenthetical ascription, adding with great apparent emotion, "once too often!"

"Cheated you, I suppose, in the way of his profession—pig butchers are but men, you know, MacCarthy, preying, like other creatures, on the swinish multitude; the good old rule holds with him, dare any,

"They may pay who cannot help it."

"They may cheat, who can."

"Why, as to cheating, captain, I don't accuse Regan of that; others may, and do, but I cannot say he ever cheated me exactly, because I never had any dealings with him, except once; and after all, I cannot bring the matter home to him; I suspect, in short, that he cheated me of three thousand pounds."

"Three thousand—good haul—as he would say himself, a pretty bit of fat—blessed did the old fellow contrive to lift you so far off the ground!"

"Why, 'tis a long story, sir, and I have no great appetite for telling it; but if you would do me the honor to taste my old Madeira any evening you may be disengaged, I shall be happy to give you the particulars, and introduce you to my wife, whee, poor thing, although she is a daughter of Jerry Regan, is as good a woman, though I say it, as ever broke bread. Hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often, captain, under my humble mahogany; but, beg pardon, how will you have your little order addressed, 'President of the Mess, 5th depot, or simply 'Captain'—what shall I say?"

"Now, before I go farther, I must inform the, as yet, ignorant reader, that I am the only man of my name in, or as far as I know, out of the army list—imagination could not invent a more extraordinary, outlandish, or ridiculous cognomen; how many a worthy governor, who was a colonel in the army, came by it, I never could ascertain; it is needless for me to put myself to the blush by penning it down here, as nobody who takes the trouble to look over the army list can recognize my extraordinary patronymic. The most curious part of the business is, that the name is written one way, and pronounced another, so that from seeing my name in the army list, you will have just as much notice how your tongue should go about it, as if you had been born deaf and dumb. I mention this peculiarity of my name to account for a singular train of events hereafter to be detailed; for the present I must content myself with stating that, on my informing the hospitable MacCarthy that he was to direct me to Captain, but to Lieutenant, as I was then, the man's face grew suddenly pale, then red as fire, then pale again; seizing pen and paper, he laid them before me, but without speaking, or seeming, from some internal agitation, able to utter a word. I certainly felt rather queer in the room, alone, with this original, who might be a lunatic, for all I knew to the contrary, and kept a sharp eye upon him, but all the paroxysm he might have seemed to take his head to throttle me. Recovering himself, at length, however, he found speech so far as to desire me to write the name, which I immediately did. The grocer took up the paper, made several attempts, futile of course, to pronounce my patronymic correctly, then, with an expression of visible chagrin, laid it down again.

"Rather peculiar name, Mr. MacCarthy," said I; "pray, have you ever happened to fall in with it before?"

"I thought I had, sir," replied the grocer—"but five-and-twenty years is a long time back: would you do me the favor to pronounce it once more, sir."

I did so.

"No, sir, that is not the name—and yet I think I dare swear that the name was written somewhat as yours is, unless I am very much mistaken—but the pronunciation certainly does not suitka my ear as I wished and expected."

"Have you any interest, Mr. MacCarthy, in recollecting a peculiar name, such as this of mine is universally acknowledged to be?"

"I have certainly, a very deep interest; would you have the goodness to inform me, sir, whether your name is never pronounced otherwise than you are yourself in the habit of doing?"

"Oh! certainly; for example, my servant invariably pronounces, or rather mis-pronounces the name thus—"

"By—omg, I have it at least!" said the grocer, starting up, seizing the paper, where I had written a name capable of producing, as it appeared, a paroxysm of insanity, and rushing out of the apartment under the power of light. I took my cap and stick, following as quickly as possible, in utter astonishment what where my name could have in the fortunes of a Munster tea-dealer, and anxious to see what might be the end of all this. Nothing could I see, however, save the business figure of MacCarthy rushing distractedly across the street, with the scrap of paper fluttering in his hand. Compelled to the conclusion that unreasonable under the circumstances, that the man was a lunatic, I dismissed him from my recollection—and after taking a few turns up and down the parade, with two or three of our fellows, who were not overburdened with garrison duties, we turned in to play billiards until the hour of mess.

Often as I had occasion to drop in at MacCarthy's, to order pickles, preserves, anchovies, wine, and all the little & ceteras a military mess knows as well to get rid of, I never troubled myself about mad MacCarthy, not did I happen to see him, either in his shop, or about town; it was, therefore, with no ordinary surprise that I received in about a fortnight after the eccentric affair of the back parlour, a polite note, in a neat female hand, gilt-edged paper, and everything en regle, as if from the

delicate fingers of Miss Melinda Regan herself. The contents unfolded themselves in words and sentences following, that is to say:

"Mr. Denis McCarthy presents his respectful compliments to Lieutenant —, of the 5th regiment, and requests the particular favour of his company to dinner on Monday next, as five o'clock."

"Mr. D. M. hopes Lieutenant —, will not deny him the favor requested, as Mr. D. M. has every reason to thank his lucky stars for having thrown Lieutenant —, in his way."

"P.S.—A hop in the evening. Any of Lieutenant —'s brother officers will be heartily welcome."

What can be the meaning of this, thought I, on perusing the above transcribed hospital card? What does the fellow mean by saying he has every reason to thank his lucky stars for having thrown me in his way? However, I made up my mind at once to accept the invitation, without letting any of our fellows into the secret, and dispatched my servant forthwith, with a note expressive of my satisfaction in accepting Mr. D. McCarthy's polite invitation. Now my military readers, those of crack on especially, will think me guilty of a decided breach of military etiquette in having accepted an invitation to dinner at a grocer's. But the truth is, Mr. McCarthy was in addition a respectable merchant—and in country quarters, in Ireland especially, it is not considered an impertinence in a person of this description sending an invitation to an officer, nor, in the dearth of other entertainment, is the acceptance of such an invitation held of sufficient enormity to justify putting a man into Coventry. If this excuse will not serve, however, I am free to confess, as the parliamentary people say, that thoughts of the adorable Melinda and Erlina Regan flashed now and then through my imagination, not unmingled with quick-coming fancies of thirty thousand pounds, if indeed I can be said to be enabled to form, even in imagination, a correct idea of so magnificent an abstraction. Accordingly, the appointed day saw me elegantly attired in my regimentals, of course, were expected, but that I could not afford, in justice to the regiment, rattling-tatt at Mr. Denis McCarthy's private entrance on the Grand Parade, as one of the principal streets of the "beautiful city" has the honor to be denominated. The door was opened by a servant to general livery, who, after carefully laying aside my hat and cane, as hostages for the shilling he expected on my leaving the house, ushered me with much ceremony to a handsomely furnished drawing-room, where my friend and host, Mr. Denis McCarthy aforesaid, received me with great warmth of hospitality, introducing me to his wife, a remarkably genteel woman, and to a gentleman of the name of Murphy, a pretty good-humoured personage, one of a clan of Murphys who luxuriate in Cork.

We chatted for some time on the weather, mainly endeavoring to solve the important problem in meteorology, why it should rain in the south and other parts of Ireland from one end of the year to the other; we then changed the topic to politics, with a view to determine the grievances *par excellence* of Ireland. Discovering, however, that we were each morally certain that the grievance of the other was no grievance at all, and being also unconsciously convinced that no remedy for the evils of the country was worth our own, we came to the conclusion of the conversation on the difficult question. We then shifted our talk to religion. Here we contrived to get upon neutral ground, being, one and all, of opinion that a little less zeal and a great deal more charity, on the part of the different sects of religionists, would be of immense service to the country at large. Upon further discussion, however, we found out that each of us laid claim to every possible excellence for his own particular sect, throwing all the blame upon those who had the misfortune to differ with him; so that our unanimity upon religion was not more likely to produce good results in practice than our difference upon politics. Dinner was announced in the nick of time, just as the ordinary topics of Hibernian conversation, that is to say, the weather, politics, and religion had been exhausted, and my refusal on my part, the honor of handing the lady of the house to the dining parlour was conferred on the representative of the Murphys, the grocer and myself bringing up the rear. The dinner, as usual in Cork, was excellent; a turbot and lobster sauce, removed by burnt fowls and tongue, with a rib of roast beef, together with the usual *càravan* of a second course, formed a very sufficient commensal for the *deux ou trois personnes* of the party.

With the dessert appeared a bottle of old Madeira, a wine which, from long service in the east, I am particularly addicted to. Nor can I imagine the affection that makes claret now-a-days as much more a fashionable wine; however that may be, the grocer at Cork spared us this potation, and we were not behind hand in showing that we fully appreciated the excellence of his London purchase.

I wish some philosophic benevolent would explain how it comes to pass that the flow of soul and of the decanter always runs together. Although grave and melancholy at times, the tinkling of glasses upon the mirror-like mahogany, and the soft gurgling of the generous wine in its tankard from the bottle to the decanter, never fail to put me in a bland and complacent humor, ever ready to applaud a good thing, or even to attempt, towards the second or third bottle, an indiffident good thing myself.

There's Gamblion of cork, a fellow from whom you can extract nothing before dinner, save a nod or a grunt, yet, no sooner is the dessert upon the table, and the wine once roared, than he opens upon you a battery of fun and good humour that slanders your side with laughter. If your wine drives him to the universal quelling of men; if, so Gamblion to do natural justice, should be always as drunk as a lord, as in his state of sober sobriety there is not a stinkier fellow in cork or any other regiment. But to return to my narrative.

When the lady, soon after the removal of the cloth, retired, and we had done justice to our loyal feeling, in a bumper to the king, another to the army and navy, proposed in a highly complimentary manner by our entertainer, and a third to the prosperity of Ireland, given by Mr. Murphy, our hearts were abundantly open, and we began to get jolly and familiar.

"Captain —," observed our host, "I have to apologise to you for a most unusual breach of the common rule of hospitality at our last meeting."

"Don't mention it: I presume your business required your immediate attendance, and business, I know, must be, of all things, attended to."

"Why, truly; the fact is, a pressing engagement was the cause of my leaving you so abruptly; but I assure you your coming into my shop on the day you did was to me one of the luckiest accidents of my life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and thereby hangs a tale."

"If I might not be considered impudently inquisitive —"

"By no means, captain; you have a very good right to hear the particulars, and you should this moment, if I were not afraid of fatiguing my friend here, who has already had more than enough of trouble in the business."

"Never mind me," interposed the good-humoured Murphy, "I have got to look in on my clerk at the counting-house, and will return to make one as quiet rubber; so good bye, gentlemen, for the present."

"To tell you the truth, captain —"

"Lieutenant, if you please —"

"I beg your pardon; but faith, all military men are captains, who come to our set, so if you don't wish to put me out, you must take it as it comes."

"Or, as it will come, let us hope —"

"And the sooner the better. We'll drink, if you please, to your speedy promotion. Well, sir, now that you have lit your cigar and settled yourself, I will let you know that the very moment you entered my shop the two young ladies, the Regans, you recollect, passed my door, and that brought to my recollection that on the very same day, five-and-twenty years before, I led to the hymeneal altar, as they say, i.e. the elder sister of Melinda and Erlina Regan. The fact, at that time in less splendid circumstances than he is now generally reported to enjoy, was still considered the warmest man in Blarney lane; his enterprising rivals in the provision business did not fail to attribute to him the devil's luck and his own in all his business transactions; certain it was, that as I told you once before, even his failure was lucky. The old gentleman, as I should premise, was, and continues to be, a regular knave, or I should rather say rascal, sharp back and front, so that without cutting your fingers you can touch him no where. Stingy and peevish in all that related to his own personal expenditure, sticking to business like a leech, thinking only of money, talking only of money, and giving everybody to understand that he had money, it is not wonderful that he had credit at his finger's end, and was doing swimmingly."

"Really, although no moral philosopher, I am I was fully convinced that the bulk of mankind is wonderfully taken with the appearance of wealth. Acting on this principle, the old gentleman would give a cheque on his banker for his banker's bill; his butcher must draw up on him for his little account at two months after date, and he would discount the acceptance himself at banker's prices. He seemed to be supposed capable of procuring anything in the newspapers, save the price of stocks and the fluctuations of the money market, with all the mysteries whereof he affected to be quite familiar. He knew all the 'warm' men in Blarney-lane and other parts of our southern metropolitan city, and had shrewd notions of such as were 'shaky.' He never directly owned to the possession of ready money himself, but could always direct a considerable sum where it was wanted. In this way, my excellent father-in-law incurred a general suspicion of sharing the profits without incurring the odium of usury."

"No man on earth was more punctual in his payments in his early day than Regan; he never was known to 'fly a kile,' and his 'paper' was as good as the Bank of England. He had of his longer's and fall periods of all the gentry round Cork, whose estates were embarrassed, and what was a much easier charge upon his memory, particulars also of such as were not. The very aspect of my worthy father-in-law's establishment indicated a moneyed man; no show, no flim, no gilding upon his gingerbread; all was solid and substantial as his credit, from the huge iron crane where with his tides of beef and pork were transferred from his store to the warehouses, down to the massive iron knocker on the hall door of his dwelling-house by. Such was the ostensible position of Regan five-and-twenty years ago, when I became acquainted with his only daughter Kathleen (for Melinda and Erlina were not thought of at that time) in the following manner:—Regan, who was strongly suspected of posting his books on Sundays, was in the habit of sending Miss Kathleen to early mass by herself, for he had at this time lost his first wife, and had not yet married his second. It so happened that I always went to early mass myself, because I was then glad to take the best opportunity of getting a seat, which it is difficult to do at last mass, for you see, captain, there's a fashion in masses as in other things."

"At this time common report had it laid down as a settled thing that Miss Kathleen Regan's fortune was ten thousand pounds; ten thousand pounds, as accurately laid down a discerning public ferreted out the amount, that you would have thought her father had no more to do than just pay the money. I don't know how it is, captain, that ladies' fortunes are always given out in round numbers."

"Ora refutudo," I suppose, "sounds full and mellow in the mouth, like your Madeira."

"I dare say, captain, you military men ought to know. However that may be, neither you nor I ever heard of a lady who had a fortune of three thousand five hundred and sixty-six pounds, sixteen and seven pence three farthings, or any other broken sum; it must be either five thousand, ten thousand, or twenty thousand pounds, neat cash."

"As I was saying my prayers, I could not help thinking, God forgive me, whether there was so much money in the world. Ten thousand pounds represented in the person of one modest, pretty little girl, (she was younger then, captain, than she is now by a quarter of a century), saying her prayers with as much devotion as if she had not a crown to bless her."

Eying her from time to time over the edge of my prayer-book, I thought she must be made of money, and by the time the priest had got to the "*De Profundis*," I assure you solemnly I was over head and ears in love with her. However, what was that to her? I was an humble youth then on a salary of twenty pounds a year as shopman to Timothy Driscoll, the wholesale grocer and tobacconist in Cook-street, and had no more chance of an introduction to Kathleen Regan than I had of being asked to dinner by the Lord Lieutenant; for you must know, captain, that the old pig butcher had given it out that his daughter was to marry a real gentleman from Kerry—one of that class that would swallow a good estate in whiskey punch, and marry the devil's daughter to bring it up again. While the sermon was preaching I was turning over in my mind what a pity it was so fine a girl—the money, of course, was nothing—should become the prey of a drunken Kerry dragon. If I had the ten thousand—I mean the girl—thought I, what's to prevent me from setting up a thriving wholesale grocery, adding in time the tobacco and spirit line; becoming common councilman, alderman of the ward, and in due rotation, mayor of the city; let me see then whether Jerry Regan would venture to turn up his ill-looking nose at my worship. While I was thus amusing my innocent mind building castles in the air, the sermon had ended, and the entire congregation plumped down on their marrow bones to receive the *benedicite* before I knew where I was; nor would I have awakened from my ambitious reverie even then, had not a brattle of thunder over head, followed on the instant by a terrible storm of rain, restored me to my recollection, and made me bless my lucky stars that my Sunday clothes were safe, as I had taken the precaution, though the morning was treacherously fine, to bring with me my cotton umbrella. As I went down the gallery stairs to go out, what should I see at the chapel door, but a pretty girl pot-popping out from under a petticoat, and peeping in again, and whose foot should this be, you do think, but pretty Kathleen Regan's! There she stood, awaiting the cessation of the thunderstorm, looking as if she would move the very heavens themselves to pity. What could it be, captain, unless I had been a horse? Stepping up to the sweet creature, I offered her my cotton umbrella, and added, that as I feared it would be too heavy for her to carry, I must request the favor of being allowed to hold it over her precious head; and this she granted, with a smile that melted a hogshead of sugar, off we went in the direction of that select locality, Blarney lane.

"Quite a change in the weather, Miss Regan," said I, in as tender a tone as one could throw into such a trite remark.

"Quite," said the lady dryly in reply.

"And so unexpected too, Miss Regan, at this time of the year."

"Certainly, very unexpected," echoed the fair one with a frigidity that almost quenched my ardour. However I had not risked my neck hanging over the battlements of Blarney Castle to kiss the memorable stone for nothing, so I returned to the charge with renewed vigour.

"Quite as unexpected, Miss Regan," continued I, 'as my having the happiness of holding my cotton—my umbrella, I should say, over your precious head!'"

"I am sure I am greatly obliged to you, sir; I fear I am taking you out of your way, and giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Trouble, Miss Kathleen. If you'll believe me, Miss Regan, upon my sacred affidavit I would lay down my life for you, much less hold up an umbrella, Miss —"

"Oh! sir —"

"Believe me I would; and what is more, on my oath of honor, I might as well be blind or deaf for all I see or hear in chapel when your sweet face is in it, Miss Kathleen; but indeed that is no way wonderful, for such a face for beauty I never did see."

"For shame, sir; if you ought to go to chapel to say your prayers, and not sin your soul by thinking of anything else."

"No more I do, Miss Kathleen; on my oath I am always praying that I may see you, and I am rich enough, to ask you to think of me now and then, when you have nothing else to do."

"Think of you, sir—think of a young man—I should not think of such things at my time of life, I am sure. I think the rain is lighter now, sir."

"By no manner of means, Miss Kathleen; it rains cats, dogs, and dairy maids; but it will rain twice harder before it quenches my love for you, if you'll believe me."

"Your love for me?—don't talk nonsense."

"Nonsense! I wish it was, Miss Kathleen, I would be able to eat my allowance, and sleep like a top, and not be sighing all day like a smelt's hollow. You ever were in love, Miss Kathleen Regan."

"I am too young, sir."

"Never too young to learn, miss; you may be taken by surprise if you haven't a little experience in love matters, and maybe married before you know where you are, to a man you don't like."

"Married to a man I don't like?—Never!"

"Miss Kathleen had hardly got out the last words, which she uttered with more emphasis and decision than I expected from her mildness of manner, when, raising my umbrella, so as to get a peep at the length of the street, who should meet my astonished optics but old Regan, in his baggy breeches and leopards gaiters, hurrying along, bending low in the weight of sticks and umbrellas, in full speed towards the chapel, no doubt to bring his treasure, home with a dry skin. There wasn't a moment to be lost; so, telling my fair charge that there was a puddle knee-deep right in our way, I gave a short turn down Bachelor's quay, round Mallow lane, cutting out the old buck completely, and making the best of my baggy opportunity—the only one, as I might have said, for it was some time to come, which made me the more desperate in making the most of it. But why should I trouble you, captain, with the way we humble people make love. I knew very well that if I missed my chance that blessed Sunday morning, I might wait till the fifth Sunday in the month for another; and as my rule of life always was to complete my business on the grand hop, you will not suppose that I quitted Miss Regan without a squeeze of the hand, a smutch of a kiss, and a promise to send her a love letter. I don't deny that I was devilish impudent—say, I am sure, now that I look back upon it, that I must have been positively rude; however, my humble opinion has been throughout life, in love matters and in money matters, that every man gets his opportunity; that the successful man is he who makes a good use of it; and the unlucky devil is he that lets it slip. Fortune favors the bold, they say, but it was in my instance; for at the very time I chanced to fall in with Miss Kathleen, her father, as I afterwards discovered, was pressing her, through thick and thin, to marry that same Kerry dragon that I spoke of, whose sole recommendation was that he was nominal owner of some half hundred acres of moorland, that he could drink half a score tumblers of whiskey punch at a sitting, drive tandem when he could get it, and had the honor and glory of, once upon a time, killing a man in a duel. Now, it so happened that not one of these accomplishments of Mr. Mac Gillicuddy, recommended itself to the tender heart of Miss Kathleen Regan; she disliked the habits of Mac Gillicuddy, she disliked the name of Mac Gillicuddy, and she disliked the man Mac Gillicuddy. In short, Kathleen was fond by me in that happy condition where, to avoid falling into the clutches of a man she really hated, she was ready to think favorably of a man that in the indifference of her heart she would not have allowed herself to think of for a moment; so that, vanity apart, her favorable prepossessions towards me arose from the fact, not that she loved me much, but that she hated Mac Gillicuddy more. This is a true instance of the way I have observed things to turn out, and I can assure you that chances when the least expect it in the way of those who love themselves. Well, sir, Sunday after Sunday, I threw myself in the dear girl's way, and although speaking openly was out of the question, it seldom happened that I did not get an opportunity of informing her of the progress of my passion in a bit of writing, stuffed in her muff sideways, in the squeeze as we call it over the gallery stairs. In short, when old Regan—he was not so old then, you must suppose, as he is now—came out from the indisposition of his daughter to throw herself away upon the gentleman of his choice, and from the hints of certain good-natured friends, who are always to be found active in such cases, that there was something in the wised between Miss Kathleen and your humble servant, his rage and indignation knew no bounds, and the parental vagaries customary in such cases, of threatening to throw her out of the house, of giving her his curse—which would have been, I take it, no more evil to anybody than his blessing—and of cutting her off with a shilling, were all in due course inflicted upon poor Kathleen, with the inevitable natural result of confirming her in the attachment she had by this time formed for myself. To save the poor girl further annoyance, and also to prevent old Regan making a fool of himself by any exposure, I thought the wisest way was to put matters into that condition when it becomes prudential to put the best face upon them, and as took my sweetest in the cool of the evening over the old fellow's garden-wall, and off to Sunday's well, where we got a temporary splice from a well-known couple-beggar, (as the venerable man is irreverently called), who keeps an unlicensed temple of Hymen in that bold and magnificent style. Of this little episode I took care to inform Regan in a very penitential, poor-mouth epistle, which produced no answer for a considerable time, until the urgency of our circumstances became so great that we were in danger of having no place whereto lay our heads, when shame coerced my father-in-law into doing that which could never have been expected from his humanity, namely, expressing his determination to make some provision for his daughter and her husband. Accordingly, with all due grace, and after a deal of family-negotiation, a sort of hollow truce was patched up between the old fellow and me. A day was appointed for an interview, and my wife and I, with the seven penitential psalms legibly imprinted on our countenances, entered the counting-house of the venerable gentleman—she in expectation of his blessing, and I of touching the ten thousand shillings which a generous public had long decreed to be the handsome portion of the handsome Miss Regan. The counting house was a dirty dog-hole, filled with a pig's-helm and darkness visible; here, for Regan could not condescend to admit two such reprobates into his dwelling house, we found the pig butcher in his den and, although so coward, I will honestly confess to you, captain, I had rather at that moment have been anywhere else. At length, after the exchange of balls, half out of their sockets, and gnashing his teeth with rage, he opened a battery of Billingsgate upon us, and especially upon me, that might have served a regiment of fishermen for a twelvemonth.

tion that without it I probably should never have attempted. I was determined to justify to an unbelieving world not only my character but my talent, and instead of slaking under my misfortune, I determined to succeed in spite of it. You may suppose my wife and I lived very humbly for some years, but our poverty never was ambushed by any vain alterations or contentions; she always behaved to me in the most dutiful and affectionate manner, and I discovered at once that though I had lost my wife's fortune, I had gained a fortune in my wife. A few years more of my character so far established that I had sufficient credit to establish myself in business in a small way. What with industry and good fortune I had a very fair connexion, and finally, joining with my friend Murphy in some speculation, I made a little money, which enabled me to remove to this more commodious situation. I need not say that my worthy father-in-law and I had no further intercourse; he married a second wife soon after my affair, and the young ladies you saw on the parade are his daughters by this second marriage. He has grown in wealth abundantly since then, but bears a rather suspected character. If indeed he plays off such tricks on others, as I suspect he did on me, it is not to be wondered at that he is better known than trusted. You may suppose that although I was now above want, and had every prospect of decently maintaining and bringing up my family, the mysterious disappearance of the three thousand pounds ever and anon recurred to my memory. Often and often did I dream that I had discovered the numbers, and the names of the person to whom the bills were payable. I thought of every odd name and odd number, but I never could make any approach towards satisfying myself upon the subject. I dare say, captain, you are fond of music, you may sometimes or other hear a strain without remembering when or where, which you are anxious to recall, but in vain. In this way exactly was I often attempting to recover the particulars of the Bank bills which I had certainly looked upon, as I thought with sufficient attention, so far as eyes were concerned, but which failed of impression upon my memory, because of the agitation in which my mind was kept during our short interview, by the long wrangling of my worthy father-in-law. When I was musing in this way one afternoon, the thought suddenly struck me that the books of the bank of Ireland might afford me some information, if I could gain access to them. The number of thousand pound bank notes and bills issued I knew must be comparatively small, and as these must necessarily, in the ordinary course of circulation, reappear at the Bank in a greater or less time, I concluded that by assisting the career of the particular note in question, one might track the thief. But here again I knew I would be met in the first instance with a demand of the particulars of my missing notes; these I was utterly unprepared to furnish, and here again I was at fault.

"However, my trusty friend and benefactor going to Dublin on business, I took that opportunity of accompanying a man so justly respected, in the hope that the Bank might afford me some advice to guide my investigation for the future. I did not expect to find any satisfactory answer to my inquiries for the present. Arrived in Dublin, I was introduced to the Directors by my worthy friend, who answered for my respectability, stating my case with a benevolent earnestness that won upon the hearts of those who heard him, so that far orders were immediately issued to the Secretary to give every facility to my inquiry. On examination of the bank books for a series of years, an operation which I need not tell you occasioned a good deal of trouble and fatigue, we discovered that all the bank-notes and post bills of the amount of one thousand pounds had repeatedly passed through the hands of the company, *save and except three*; these were post bills, but to whose order payable I was not allowed to be informed.

"The decision of the directors upon the case was, that if these bills did not re-appear in circulation, and that I could ascertain the name of the person to whom they were made payable, without which the Directors did not feel justified in going further, they would again take my case into their favorable consideration; and with this answer I returned to my business. The truth of the matter, when I found that those bills were not in circulation like all others, dashed upon me at once. I concluded, how far right or wrong you may be able to judge, that old Regan, in the situation of taking the money from the counting-house, had given me post bills instead of bank-notes, and on finding them not more in his possession, through the light-fingered dexterity of his sister, knew that to put them in circulation would inevitably, sooner or later, bring home to his own door the robbery and its consequences. Although I was no richer than before, it was a great satisfaction to me to know that the old rogue had no other way to reap the reward of his infamy, but was obliged to destroy the bills, as doubtless he had done, to avoid detection and punishment.

"To your fortunate arrival I am indebted for being three thousand pounds richer this day than I was this day three weeks. Your extraordinary manner, for you will forgive me if I say it is an extraordinary name, struck me on the instant with a force that left me no doubts of my being in the right, as that of the other player the use of which, on the instant, as you may have observed, I left you, and in an hour afterwards was on my way to Dublin, where the Directors, satisfied by the last proof in my power of the correctness of my statement, handsomely paid me three thousand pounds in cash, subject only to the contingency of the bills ever being presented to them for payment, of which I need hardly say, I have not the least apprehension.

"On will agree, captain, that I was not saying too much when I declared that my fortunate meeting with you was one of the luckiest days of my life; and I hope the case of Madeira, and the few boxes of cigars, which I have to apologise for sending without orders to your quarters,

will not taste worse when you reflect that you have, although unconsciously, been the means of enabling me to recover my long lost and long unhopèd-for THREE THOUSAND POUND NOTES.

"And now, if you will take another glass of wine, captain, we will join the ladies."

We did so—a pleasant party, which was not my last under that hospitable roof, enabled me to know that my friend the grocer had not said a word of his wife that was not the fact, as well as to be able to recommend McCarthy, now an eminent merchant, to all my military friends in Cork, as a devilish honest fellow. By the way, I have but one bottle of his famous Madeira left, and as I think I never before wrote so much at a stretch, with your permission, good natured reader, we will finish it.

From the New Mirror.

THE SPIRIT-LOVE OF "JOSE S—"

(SINCE DISCOVERED TO BE MISS JONES.)

BY H. P. WILLIS.

Not long ago, but before poetry and pin-money were discovered to be causes of grief, Miss Thebe Jane Jones, was one of the most charming contributors to a certain periodical now gone over "Lethe's wharf." Her signature was "Jose S—," a neat anagram, out of which few would have picked the monosyllable engraved upon her father's brass knocker. She wrote mostly in verse, but her prose, of which you will presently see a specimen or two, was her better vein—as being more easily criticised, and not cramped with the lexiconic fetters of rhyme. Miss Jones abandoned authorship before the New Mirror was established, or she would, doubtless, have been one of its paid contributors—as much ("we" flatter ourselves) as could well be said of her abilities.

The beauty of heretics and hollow chests has been written out of fashion, so I may venture upon the simple imagery of truth and nature. Miss Jones was as a prize beifer. She was a compact, plump, wholesome, clean-limbed, beautifully-marked animal, with eyes like ink-stands running over; and a mouth that looked, when she smiled, as if it had never been opened before, the teeth seemed so fresh and unhandled. Her voice had a tone clear as the ring of a silver dollar; and her lungs must have been as sound as a pipkin, for when she laughed (which she never did unless she was surprised by it, for she loved melancholy,) it was like the gurgling of a brook over the pebbles of the pebbles of the brook. And, more than all—oh gracious!—to be loved for this trumpet-drapery of her immortal essence!

But do you suppose that "Jose S—" cared anything for her looks! What—value the poor perishing tenebrous in which nature had chosen to lodge her intellectual and spiritual part! What—care for her covering of clay! What—waste thought on the chain that kept her from the Fledgling of a brook over the pebbles of the pebbles of the brook! And, more than all—oh gracious!—to be loved for this trumpet-drapery of her immortal essence!

Yes—infringe dig, as it may seem to record such an unworthy trifle—the celestial Phebe had the superfluity of an every-day lover. Gideon Filmmis was willing to take her on her outer inventory alone. He loved her cheeks, which he did not hesitate to admit! He loved her lips—he could not help specifying! He had been known to name her shoulders! And, in taking out a thorn for her with a pair of tweezers one day, he had literally exclaimed with rapture that she had a heavenly little pink thumb! But of "Jose S—" he had never spoken a word. No, though she read him faithfully every effusion that appeared—asked his opinion of every separate stanza—talked of "Jose S—" as the person on earth the most wished to see, (for she kept her library long!)—Gideon had never alluded to her a second time, and perseveringly, successfully, atrociously, and with mundane motive only, he made industrious love to the outside and visible Phebe! Well! well!

Contiguity is something, in love; and the Filmmises were neighbors of the Joneses. Gideon had another advantage; for Ophelia Filmmis, his eldest sister, was Miss Jones's eternally attached friend. To explain this, I must of course refer to the notice that was given to the Filmmis family. Fat Mrs. Filmmis the mother, (who had been dead a year,) was a thorough "man of business," and it was to her down-right and upright management of her husband's wholesale and retail hat-lining establishment that the family owed its prosperity; for Herodotus Filmmis, whose name was on the sign, was a flimsy kind of signing, signing man, and nobody could ever find out what he was doing but wanted. Gideon and the two fleshy Miss Filmmises took care each for mother; but Ophelia, whose semi-transparent frame was the envy of her faithful Phebe, was with very trifling exceptions, the perfect model of her sire. She devotedly loved the moon. She had her preference in the stars of heaven. She abominated the earth sun. And she and Phebe met by night on the sidewalk around their mutual nearest corner—dearly villed to conceal their emotion from any wandering eyes of such stars as they were not acquainted with—and there they communed.

I never knew, nor have I any, the remotest suspicion of the reasoning by which these commingled spirits arrived at the conclusion that there was a want in their delicious union. They might have known, indeed, that the chain of bliss, ever so far extended, breaks off at last with an imperfect link, though though mustard and ham may be a very innocent bread into a sandwich, there will still be an unuttered desire. But they were young, they were sanguine. Phebe, at last, believed that in the regions of space there existed—"wandering but not lost"—the

aching, worse half of which she was the "better"—some lofty intellect, capable of sounding the unfathomable abysses of here—some mild essence, all soul and romance, with whom she could soar finally, arm-in-arm, to their native star, with no changes of any consequence between their earthly and astral communion. It occurred to her at last that a letter addressed to him, through her favourite periodical, might possibly reach his eye. The following, which the reader may very kindly remember to have seen,) appeared in the paper of the following Saturday:—

To my spirit-husband, greeting:

"Where art thou, bridegroom of my soul? Thy lone S— calls to thee from the aching void of her lonely spirit. What name bearest thou? What path walkest thou? How can I, glow-worm like, lift my wings and show thee my lamp of guiding love? This wing I throw to thee thy dwelling-place (for thou art, perhaps, a subscriber to the M—). Go—transmit! Rest not till you meet my eye.

"But I must speak to thee in the manner of this world.

"I am a poetess of eighteen summers. Eighteen winter years have I worn this prison-house of flesh, in which, whose torn from thee, I was condemned to wander. But my soul is untamed by its cage of darkness: I remember, and remember only, the lost husband of my spirit-world. I perform, coldly and scornfully, the unheavenly necessities of this temporary existence; and from the windows of my prison (black—like the glimpses of the midnight heaven they let in) I look out for the coming of my spirit-lord. Lonely! lonely!

"Thou wouldn't know, perhaps, what semblance I bear since my mortal separation from thee. Alas! the rose, not the lily, reigns on my cheek. I would say dispassionate thee, though thou art little fair, for that loveliness for the spirit only. But believe not, because breath holds me rudely down, and I seem not fragile and ready to depart; believe not, oh bridegroom of my soul! that I bear willingly my fleshly fetter, or endure with patience the degrading homage to its beauty. For there are soulless worms that think me fair. Ay—in the strange and fearfulness of my corporeal covering, there are those who rejoice! Oa! mockery! mockery!

List to me, Ithuriel!—(for I must have a name to call thee by, and, till thou breathest thy own aërean name into my ear, be thou Ithuriel!)

List! I would meet thee in the darkness only: Thou shalt not see me with thy mortal eyes! Penetrate the past, and remember the smoke-curl of any lightness in which I floated to thy embrace! Remember the sunset cloud to which we retired; the starry lamps that hung over our slumbers! And on the softest whisper of our voices let thy thoughts pass to mine! Speak not loud! Murmur! murmur! murmur!

"Dost thou know, Ithuriel! I would fain pursue to my freedom from the trammels of this world! In what chance shape thy accident of clay may be cast, I know not. Ay, and I care not! I would thou wert a hunchback, Ithuriel! I would thou were disfigured as a monster, my spirit-husband! So would I prove to thee my elevation above mortality! So would I show thee, that in the range of eternity for which we were wedded, a moment's covering darkness thee not; that, like a star sailing through a cloud, thy brightness is remembered while it is eclipsed; that thy lone would recognize thy voice, be aware of thy presence, adore thee, as she was constantly wont; ay, though thou wert imprisoned in the likeness of a reptile! Love care for mortal beauty! Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

"Come to me, Ithuriel! My heart wrings in its call for converse with thee! I am sick-thoughted! My spirit wrings its thin fingers to play with thy ethereal hair! My earthly cheek, though it obstinately refuses to pale, tingles with fever for thy coming. Guide me in the shadow of eve—softly! softly!

Address "P." at the M— office.

Thine, JOSE S—."

There came a letter to "P."

It was an ink-blot. The moon was in her private chamber. The stars had drawn the breath the crescent of clouds and pressed to sleep. The street-lamps heartlessly burned on.

Twelve struck with "damnable iteration."

On tip-toe and with beating heart Phoebe Jane left her father's area. Ophelia followed her at a little distance, for Ione was going to meet her spirit-bridegroom, and revive a renewal of his anti-vital vows; and she wished her friend, the echo of her soul, to overhear and witness them. For oh—if words were anything—if the soul could be melted and poured, lava-like, upon "satin poet"—if there were truth in feelings magnetic and prophetic—then was he who had responded to, and corresponded with Ione S—, (she writing to "I," and he to "P.") the ideal for whom she had long sighed—the lost half of the whole so mournfully incomplete—her soul's missing and once spiritually Siamese twin! His sweet letters had echoed every sentiment of her heart. He had agreed with her that outside was nothing—that earthly beauty was poor, perishing, pitiful—that nothing that could be seen, touched, or described had anything to do with the spiritually-passionate intercourse to which their respective essences achingly yearned—thou, unseen, unheavenly save in whispers faint as a rose's sigh when languishing at noon, they might meet in communion blithe, superhuman, and satisfactory.

Yet were fitfully to meet—oh agony! agony!

The street-lamps two squares off had been taken up to lay down gas. Ophelia Filminnes had inwardly marked it. Between No. 126 and No. 132, more particularly, the echoing sidewalk was bathed in unfeeling-

able night—for there were vacant lots occupied as a repository for used-up omnibuses. At the most lonely point there stood a tree, and, fortunately, this night, in the gutter beneath the tree stood a newly-disabled 'bus of the Knickerbroker line—and (sweet omen!) it was blue! In this covert could the witnessing Ophelia live *perdu*, observing unseen through the open door; and beneath this tree was to take place the meeting of souls—the interchange of sky-born vows—the immaterial union of heaven and earth! Bliss! bliss! exquisite to anguish.

But—oh lamentable vessel—Ophelia had blabbed! The two fat Miss Filminnes were in the secret—nay, more! they were in the omnibus! Ay—deeply in, and portentously silent, they sat, warm and wondering, on either side of the lamp probably extinguished for ever! They knew not well what was to be. But whatever sort of thing was a "marriage of soul," and whether "Ithuriel" was body or somebody—mortal man or angel in a blue coat—the Miss Filminnes wished to see him. Half an hour before the trying time they had fanned their way thither, for a thunder-storm was in the air and the night was intolerably close; and, climbing into the omnibus, they reciprocally lowered each other's upper lip, and with their moistened collars laid starchiness in their laps, awaited the opening of the mystery.

Enter Ophelia, as expected. She laid her thin hand upon the leather string, advancing the door after her, leaned out of its open window in breathless suspense and agitation.

Ione's step was now audible recurring from 132. Slowly she came, but inevitably, for it had grown suddenly pitch-dark; and only the far-off lamps, up and down the street, served to guide her footsteps.

But hark, the sound of a heel! He came! They met! He pressed his arm around her and drew her beneath the tree—and with whispers, soft and low, began breathing to her ear. He was tall. He was in a cloak. And, oh, ecstasy, he was thin! But thickest thou to know, oh degrading of dust, what passed on those ethereal whispers! Futile—futile, exasperate! Even to Ophelia's straining ear, those whispers were inaudible.

But hark, a rumble! Something wrong in the bowels of the sky! And vast! vast!—on the sounding roof of the omnibus—fell drops of rain—stiffly, stiffly!

"My dear!" whispered Ophelia, (for Ione had borrowed her clasp hat, the better to elude recognition,) "ask Ithuriel to step in."

Ithuriel started to find a witness near, but a whisper from Ione reassured him, and gathering his cloak around his face, he followed his spirit-husband into the 'bus.

The fat Miss Filminnes contracted their cowed shapes, and made themselves small against the padded extremity of the vehicle; Ophelia retreated to the middle, and, next the door, on either side, sat the sturdy bride and bridegroom—all breathlessly silent. Yet there was a murmur—for five hearts beat within that bus's duodecimal womb; and the rain pelted on the roof, pitiful-like and imploringly.

But alas! dash! when 'heavens! in—rushed a youth, dripping, dripping!

"Get out!" cried Ione, over whose knees he drew himself like an eel pulled through a basket of cottonized other eels.

"Come, come, young man!" said a deep bass voice, of which everybody had some faint remembrance.

"Oh!" cried one fat Miss Filminnes.

"Ah!" screamed the other.

"What!—dad!" exclaimed Gideon Filminnes, who had dashed into the slathering 'bus to save his new hat—"dad here with a girl!"

But the fat Filminnes were both in convulsions. Scream! scream! scream!

A moment of confusion! The next moment a sudden light! A watchman with his lantern stood at the door.

"Papa!" ejaculated three of the ladies.

"Old Filminnes!—my heart will burst!" murmured Ione.

The two fat girls hurried on their collars; and Gideon, all amazement at finding himself in such a family party at midnight in a lonely 'bus, stepped out and entered into converse with the guardian of the night.

The rain stopped suddenly and the omnibuses gave up its homogeneous contents. Old Filminnes, who was in a violent perspiration, gave Gideon his cloak to carry, and his two arms to his two pinguid adult pledges. Gideon took Ophelia and Phoebe, and they mimed. Mockery! mockery!

Ione is not yet gone to the spiriti-phere—kept here partly by the strength of the fleshly fetter over which she mourned, and partly by the dove-dutied duties consequent upon annual Filminnes. Gideon loves her after the manner of this world—but she sighs "when she hears sweet music," that her better part is still unappreciated—unfathomed—"cabin'd, cribb'd, confined!"

A DESECRATION.—"Some twenty years ago," said a bosom dame, showing us the antiquities of Dartford Church, "we lived in that old building you see through the windows there. It was in ancient times part of the manney." "There are some strange old things in such places," remarked we inquiringly. "You may say that, sir," replied she; "and when we left, I wouldn't leave them behind me. I pulled down the whole Trojan war—Hector and Andromache, so—supercilious—hanging all worked by the crows; beautiful, sir." "Ye—well! have you sold them? have you sold them yet? where are they?" "Bless your heart, sir! they are worn out long ago! I sent 'em up, and made carpets of 'em." "Oh! oh!—we groaned in spirit—in-parted Hect and Andromache, and made carpets of them"—*Literary Gazette.*

New-York : SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN NEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

BRITISH PENDITTI—FREE TRADE, &c. &c. &c.

The cool impudence of certain Reviewers, Editors, Magazine-writers, and Publishers, *over sea*—for we meddle not with our own, just now—is truly wonderful. Abusing our Writers, our Editors, and our Publishers, every day, for thieving and pilfering, while they themselves are the greatest thieves and pilferers upon the face of the earth—what do they not deserve at our hands?

Charging us, year after year, through the newspapers and magazines, with piracy, bad faith, plagiarism and besotted imitation, while some of the very best of them get their living, and others maintain their position in society, by a system of wholesale depredation, to which wrecking and shoplifting were honorable and praiseworthy professions,—why should they not be dragged from their hiding-places, or set in the pillory and cropped, as a warning to others, and a terror to themselves?

Take them by and large, and we are complaining now not of the small fry—the rubbish and trumpery of their periodical press—but of the leaders and champions, the “principalities and powers,”—they are the most impudent, bare-faced pilferers to be found upon earth,—the most faithless and shameless foot-pads that ever infested the highways or by-ways of literature. Begging and borrowing everywhere, without acknowledgment or thankfulness, and stealing, without remorse or compunction, whatever they may happen to take a fancy to,—pillaging everybody that comes in their way,—rifling without mercy every creature, whether man or beast, they are allowed to associate with for a single half hour,—and so disguising whatever they have chosen to appropriate to themselves—whether by begging, borrowing, or stealing—as the gypsies do their horses in the south of Europe, by changing the colour, by cropping the mane, or by fastening new tails, with foretops and fetlocks to match, till it is no uncommon thing for them to sell back what they have pilfered to the original owner, for a good round price,—altering every ear-mark, and counterfeiting so adroitly, when hard-pushed, as oftentimes to cheat one another—and even themselves: alike insensible to the claims of common decency, and to the claims of common honesty;—there is nothing for it, in dealing with them as they deserve, but the dog-whip.

Enriched and even characterized by what they have obtained under false pretences, from all the authors, and all the languages of Europe,—by what they have begged, borrowed or stolen from the most renowned writings of every age and country—writings which they never scruple to transmute, or emascuate, or garble, or overlay, to suit their purposes, and put off upon the people for their own:—these thieving penditti have the hardihood to set themselves up for patterns of good behaviour; they claim to be revered for their manliness and good faith,—nay, even for their modesty, and originality, and forbearance, while they arraign us, the writers and Publishers of America, for the very things of which they, our accusers, are ten thousand times more guilty than we are! Must we continue to bear this patiently—murmuring, “pour on! we will endure?” If so, God help us!

And now for two or three of the samples we promised the other day. That there may be no mistake, we shall give chapter and verse, and where entirely proper, names.

In the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for April, 1839, (by and by we may go further back) there is a paper purporting to be a review of the character and writings of John Hunter; a

very eloquent and powerful paper, by no less a personage in the world of literature and science, than “William B. Carpenter, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London: late President of the Royal Medical and Royal Physical Societies, and Fellow of the Royal Botanical Society, Edinburgh; and lecturer on Forensic Medicine in the Bristol Medical School!” We give the gentleman’s titles at full length, out of respect to the gentleman’s own title-page. Well—and where do you think the reviewer found the paper he has given to the world as an account of the character and writings of John Hunter? You might guess for a twelvemonth, and still be as far from the truth as ever. Why, if you can believe such a thing possible, it is a translation from the writings of one William Ellery Channing—a North American savage—or a D. D.—or something of the sort, if we are not strangely mistaken, who flourished somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth or nineteenth century. We cannot be mistaken there. Altered in some few particulars, to be sure, from Channing’s *Remarks on the character and writings of JOHN MILTON*, it is substantially the same throughout, as a whole. Opinion after opinion is expressed in the very same language—the name of JOHN HUNTER being substituted for that of JOHN MILTON! The criticisms are the same, and the weighty inferences the same throughout!—and occasionally the most laughable substitutions occur—as, for example:—

DR CHANNING.

“Without meaning to disparage the ‘TREATISE ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE,’ we may say that it owes very much of the attention which it has excited to the fame of its author. We value it chiefly as showing us the mind of MILTON on that subject, which above all others, presses upon men of thought and sensibility.”

DR CARPENTER.

“Without meaning to disparage the ‘TREATISE ON THE BLOOD AND INFLAMMATION,’ we may say that it owes very much of the attention which it has excited to the precious fame of its author. We value it chiefly as showing us the mind—of a master—on a subject which, above all others, presses itself upon the attention of the Physician or Surgeon.”

The curious will find other examples contained, page after page, in a clever, honest, and straightforward pamphlet by Martyn Paine, M.D., A.M., of the New York University, 1841. Talk about stealing brooms ready made!—what is that to stealing brooms and offering them for sale to a next-door neighbour, with the maker’s brand upon every leaf and twig of the stuff; and then to think of hiding them, as Robert Walsh, Junior, Esquire, the “American gentleman,” if we may believe his own dictionary, used to hide the golden words he stole from one Burke—a somewhat celebrated Irish orator—like red-hot thunderbolts in a snow-bank!

And now for another case. We have all heard of the Westminster Review; and most of us have read passages from it in the newspapers, if nothing more. It has been thought well disposed towards these United States, chiefly because from the very beginning it has made war upon the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. Well—some years ago, before Dr. John Bowring, the principal editor, was in his dotage, he got a native American to furnish a paper for the Westminster Review, about America. The article was set up, and a proof sent to the author. All right! Some time after, the article itself having appeared (in the W. R. for January, 1826), the author had occasion to refer to it, and not a little to his amazement, you may be sure, he found half a dozen paragraphs omitted, and whole pages of new matter introduced, containing opinions directly the reverse of those he had always entertained, and openly avowed!—What was to be done? The shrewd, crafty, presumptuous, and very plausible editor had obtained a concession or two in the hurry of proof-reading, which, under the ingenious manipulation of Editorship, had gradually, and syllable by syllable as it were, taken upon itself the offensive shape complained of. There was nothing for it now but a quarrel, and a refusal ever to write another word for the West-

minster,—although, if we do not mistake, another paper was under way at the time for it, and nearly finished, at the desire of no less a personage than Jeremy Bentham himself, the sole proprietor of the W. R.

It is hard to forgive treachery. And the passages complained of, are really of a nature so extraordinary, that the only wonder is how an American could be silent so long under the imputation of authorship. The reviewer was dealing with the *literature of America*, and had before him, among other works, no less than four different orations, then just delivered; one by Daniel Webster, one by Charles Sprague, and two by Edward Everett. Of all these, he spoke as they deserved. But what says the editor—Dr. John Bowring? Let him speak for himself: (See page 183.) "It is now totally unnecessary to answer such idle talk as this, either by reasoning on the nature of literature, or by an appeal to fact. Wherever men assemble together in society, and still retain the passions and affections with which they are naturally endowed, there are materials enough for literature, poetry and eloquence. Should the scene of their habitation be laid amidst a country of bold and romantic features, it is possible that this circumstance may have its effect upon the ideas of individuals and their expression of them (!) Should it be supposed that tradition, ancestry, and history are necessary ingredients in the composition of literary or poetical works of great excellence, which is a mistake, (!) they will never be found wanting. These 'discontented democrats,' even on their first arrival, had a country and ancestors to look back to, either with lingering and romantic tenderness, or with bitter, but not less romantic and poetical feelings of disappointment and disgust. Since that time these successors of the 'pagan savages' have made a history and a name for themselves, so that according to the theory of these sagacious persons themselves, the materials of a *native* literature, are not by any means found wanting." And now—heads up! The doctor you see is frightfully in earnest; having certain confused notions, on the subject of Free-trade, that everlasting puzzle to men, with more of poetry than common sense—in the place where their brains ought to be—and not much of that. "Whether a *native* literature be one jot more valuable than an imported one, is a question which we think (*wz*, the Doctor, not *wz* the author) depends very much upon which happens to be the *best*, or the 'most conducive to the happiness of society.' Now just apply this reasoning to other manufactures, and we should still be importing our bricks and our nails; our hats and our shoes; our tombstones, ready built, and mayhap churches and churchyards ready furnished; nay our very fishermen—our soldiers and our sailors—our wives and our sweethearts—to say nothing of our opinions, our little ones, and our political or religious faith; since it cannot be denied that in the *beginning*, our manufactures, whether of hobnails or bricks; of cotton cloth or soft-soap; of tombstones or church-yards; of sailors or husbandmen; of shoemakers, or lawyers, or editors, would never 'happen to be the *best*' nor 'most conducive to the happiness of society'; if, by *best* is meant only the *best* for the money; the *cheapest*, in pounds, shillings and pence, the only standard of worth, ever acknowledged by these long-sighted, deep-thinking philosophers over-sea: or if the 'happiness of society' depends altogether upon the cost of production, as Dr. John Bowring, and a host of worthies little and big, who preach their doctrine through the British press, pretend to believe (whether knaves or dupes we shall not stop to enquire) while the British government, and every other government upon the face of the earth, with a thimbleful of common sense, and all the communities of earth, are practising another.

In the beginning, our soldiers are of the clumsiest and costliest—and so were our nails. Why not send to the prince of

Hesse-Cassel, or to Switzerland, for the former; as our British father's did, when they undertook our subjugation by contract, because we had set up for ourselves and begun to manufacture opinions for the home-market—and have them furnished at so much a head? or to Birmingham for the latter, paying whatever they might choose to ask, provided, on the whole, it were somewhat cheaper in the outset, than to manufacture for ourselves?

Observe their argument—the argument of people who have made us pay from 62 1-2 cents to 87 1-2 a yard for long-cloths, and British cottons, not to be compared for strength, finish or durability, with our home-made cotton cloths, now retailing from six to fifteen cents a yard over the whole length and breadth of our land: of people, who made us pay from ten to twenty-five cents a pound for nails by the cargo, every way inferior to those you may buy almost any where at a country-store, by the single pound, for six or seven cents. How should we have known how grossly and cruelly we had been cheated by the manufacturers of Europe, if we had never set up for ourselves? With woollens it was the same—these are but samples that we have mentioned. And is it not worth all it has cost us, to find it out? Our manufactures were of the clumsiest and the costliest, to begin with—instead of being the *best* and the *cheapest*. But what of that? We have saved countless millions to the country, by our very blundering. The gentlemen philosophers over-sea may well complain—for we have found them out; and we are twenty millions strong. But to their argument. Your manufactures can never be 'of the *best*,' nor 'most conducive to the happiness of society,' till they have been long established. That's clear. But they never can be long established—till they have begun. That's clear. And they never ought to be begun, so long as you can have them *cheaper* from abroad—that is, at least cost, in pounds, shillings, and pence! Lo, the reasoning of these mighty ones, who, after turning the world upside down in their paper dormitories, and pigeon-holes, and whittling-shops, have come hither also!

But, continues the doctor, in the shameless interpolation complained of: but "we may here, though in a matter so alien from considerations of profit and loss, apply the principles of free trade. If a *native* literature is not good, or cannot be cultivated so advantageously, let it give way to the imported one, and be crushed." That is—if your native militia are not so good, or cannot be cultivated so advantageously—that is, so *cheaply* (for the argument means that, or it means nothing) let it give way to the imported one—foreign mercenaries!—and be crushed! Native authors are our best militia. Our bulwarks, our entrenchments, our whole frontier, must be lined with *native* authors, or we are lost. Strangers cannot be expected to understand, much less, to fight for, institutions wholly opposed to those which they have been brought up to believe the best, and to revere accordingly. And so with opinions. We must manufacture opinions for ourselves—if we go abroad for them, nothing can save us.

"The natural course of things, however," continues our L. L. D. "is, that while a nation is thinly peopled, and when the division of labor is not carried to its extent, its literature will be borrowed from collingual nations; when however, a love of literature is generated, and a certain portion of ease may be laid aside for the purposes of education, the natural workings of the mind of man will prompt him to the production of literature. That is, when a love of superfine broad-cloth from abroad is once established among a people—and "a certain portion of ease laid aside for the purposes of education," the natural workings of the mind of man will set him to making superfine broad-cloth for himself!

Inasmuch as the *literature* of home growth, must be econo-

tially more interesting, more intelligible, and better adapted to the habits of thought and feeling of its readers, than any foreign composition, it will not fail of speedily becoming popular, and of outstripping all strange competitors in the race of fame. For literature, read *superfine broadcloth*; and judge of the argument, by facts. Were American broadcloths popular at home? Did they ever outstrip all strange competitors, before they were well-established? And could they ever have been well-established, if these doctrines of Free-trade were true? So long as our people could buy better and cheaper broadcloth, than they could make, they were fools for making it—nay, fools for trying to make it, if the free-trade theory be safe. But, in the beginning, they could always buy broadcloth, and everything else, even literature, better and cheaper than they could make it. Of course, therefore, they were never to *begin*. "Man never is—but always to be"—a manufacturer for himself.

"If the analogy of youth and age in literature, and the same epochs in the life of man may be maintained," continues the doctor, in what he most undoubtedly meant for English, "it is very possible that the foreign, but older and more chastened and sober literature (*broadcloth*!) may exert a wholesome influence upon its more youthful rival, which will probably partake of the exuberance and extravagance of minority. In this point of view, the influence of British literature (that is, of British broadcloth!) may be most salutary on the rising literature of America, (always meaning the broadcloth of America). It is very true that as long as literature (*broadcloth*) bears a potent sway over the minds of its lovers, the literature (*broadcloth*) of an aristocratic and corrupt country, may not be beneficial to the citizens of a new and free democratic State. In this respect, probably, the literature (*broadcloth*) of this country may be injurious to America, and it were to be wished, that the prospect of such injury should stimulate the writers of the New World, to the productions of works in harmony with their institutions." Bravo! broadcloth for ever! Compare the first part of this argument with the last—and then say, whether our L. L. D. is not one of those profound reasoners, who, if you let them have their own way, and give them rope enough, are sure to hang themselves. Was ever any mortal man more completely bound up?

Nevertheless—here he begins to rub his eyes and look about him, and try to *unwind*—nevertheless, he adds: "considering the matter, however, in a more literary point of view," (a view almost too absurd for laughter), "we must continue to think that the study of British authors (that is, the consumption of British broadcloth) can have no other than a beneficial result!" Good! One paragraph more, and we have done with Doctor Bowring. We hope, forever. "Violent exaggeration is the character of American literature at the present day." Bear in mind that the Review is written by an American, and purports to deal with the orations of Webster, and Everett, and Sprague, and with a message of President Monroe! "Violent exaggeration in the character of American literature at the present day, and, compared with the *cheater and more rational style of our best writers*," (that of John Bowring L. L. D.—of the two Mills—of Austin, or of Alexander Macaulay, for example!) "the style of the North American authors is usually the rant and unmeaning vehemence of a strolling Thespian, when placed beside the calm, appropriate, and expressive delivery of an accomplished actor!" There's modesty for you! Keep in mind, we pray you, that these are Doctor John Bowring's opinions of Daniel Webster, of Edward Everett, of Charles Sprague, and of James Munroe!

The interpolation of Dr. B. ends with the following paragraph:—"We have distinguished a few of the remarkable pas-

sages by italics. Sometimes the reader will find the remarkable parts the worst, sometimes the best of the paragraph, and often composed in a spirit worthy of a less vitiated expression." There's for you!

P. S. Upon further consideration, we have been led to believe that apologies and explanations were offered by Doctor B., which, at the time, were satisfactory to the author; and that he consented to write another article for the Westminster, which was actually in type—when happening to see a revise, after he had corrected the proof, he found the same disgraceful treachery at work, withdrew the paper, and refused ever to write another line for the Westminster, even to oblige his friend, Jeremy Bentham.

And now for the last case of British pilfering and rascality, we propose to mention, till we have another leisure afternoon. Some four years ago, a work appeared in this country, under the title of *Medical Jurisprudence*, by Isaac Ray, now superintendent of the Insane Hospital at Augusta, Me. It was a book of great value—a well-considered, original and philosophical treatise, altogether superior to anything which had appeared, upon a subject of transcendent importance to the legal and medical professions. Well, this very book was republished at London—page for page—and letter for letter, even to the typographical errors, some of which were laughable enough—very soon after it appeared in this country. But how!—honestly, handsomely, and all above board? No—but in the following shape, "A treatise on Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c., by I. Ray, M. D.—with an introductory essay by T. Spillman, M. D., London, 1839." Well, and what then? Why then, in the first place, there is not only no "Introductory Essay," but not so much as one single additional word, saving those above underscored, in the whole book! The dedication is left out; and not a syllable appears, whereby the reader might be led to suppose it an American book! Of course, therefore, Dr. Spillman—a friend perhaps—a fellow countryman certainly, of Dr. Carpenter, the translator of William E. Channing into medical English—meant to pass off the *preliminary views* of Dr. Ray, which are the soul of the book, for his own "Introductory Essay." Was there ever such matchless impudence!—out of England, we mean, of course.

Another edition of Dr. Ray's book has appeared at Edinburgh. Not a word is there left in it however, showing the author to be an American; except perhaps a change of "our country," in the dedication to "America." Here too, the typographical errors are carefully republished.

Stay!—there is yet another case, that of the papers on China and Chinese literature, stolen from Pickering, or Dupencene, we forget which, and republished, word for word, in a British Journal of the highest pretensions. And—but we forbear. We should never stop, were we once to enter upon the field now opening upon us. For example. Some seven or eight years ago, a friend happening to take up a number of the London Literary Gazette, found therein a review of a book, entitled "Narrative of Adventures among the Nootka-Sound Indians, by"—he forgets the name. It was just published and purporting to be altogether a new work. "What was my astonishment," says he, in telling the story "to find on reading the article, that it was nothing more nor less than 'Swett's Narrative,' which had been the delight of all the boys of my age some twenty years before!"

But enough—enough—these are the men who charge American publishers with pilfering! and American authors with stealing their brooms ready made!

Lady MAX BAOR, relict of the late Governor General of Canada, with her family, have arrived in this city, on her way to England.

THE ARTIST AND LADIES' WORLD.—These two monthlies are published. After a few days, they will be inter-grafted, and appear like "two faces under one hood." So much the better. At two dollars a year, flourishing together, we can see no good reason why they should not be a sure fortune for the proprietor. Heretofore, we have had rather a prejudice against the ARTIST; having seen but one or two numbers, which were so be-puffed, and be-spattered by the newspaper-people, that it turned our stomachs, and that's the truth. Flimsy, showy, and full of pretension, we were averse to see it in such high favor; and so with the LADIES' WORLD—we had never happened to see it here and there a stray number; and were favorably impressed with but one circumstance—that of the editorship being in the hands of a woman who would be sure to make it just such a WORLD as you see in the big rain-drip that purifies the lily and washes the wild-rose and sweet-briar, while brimming with all the tints of the sky and all the pleasanter business of earth. But we have come to this aggregate number, the last of the old series, and the first flowers of that, whose fruit we are to have in the new series, and, in good sooth, are not merely pleased, but delighted with the promise it holds forth.

We have read the whole—that is, all the best papers we have read with care, wondering the while, how such a monthly could be furnished, with such costly embellishments and such capital writing, for two dollars a year,—and we have skimmed over the rest, in such a way as to be able to judge of their general scope and purpose.

People are beginning to turn up their noses at fashion plates, and to talk about the flimsiness and emptiness of our monthly literature. But if all they say were true—if our monthly literature were as empty and showy, as idle and unimpressive as they pretend—what then? Whose fault would it be? People complain of dancing-women upon the stage—of tumblers and fire-eaters, and horses and elephants—and like the newspapers, are always talking about the *legitimate drama*; "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." Still, it is found that horses and elephants, and musical glasses pay—while Shakespeare does not; that ground and lofty tumbling are profitable, and that dancing women bring full houses—and put money in your purse—while the *legitimate drama* is played to empty benches and a bankrupt treasury. And if so—whose fault is it? Are managers to create a relish for the lofty and impassioned—the devout and serious—among a people, who prove by evidence that cannot be mistaken, how little they care for anything but amusement. As well hope to reconvert the burning dust underneath our feet, into its ancient "hero-shape"—into leaves and blossoms—monuments and palaces—eyes and lips. These things have all had their day, and we must have ours. To fashion a soul "under the ribs of death," were no idle undertaking, we promise you, either for newspapers or managers. The people—whether Men or Women—the people must re-create themselves. We cannot help the matter much, till they do, with all our face-making. And to talk about *leading public opinion*!—pooh!—you might as well try to lead the falls of Niagara, to stay the breathing of the summer-air, to stop the mouthing of the birds and blossoms. The most you can do, is to help it a little, this way or that—a hairbreadth or so, at the most; always observing that the *faster* it goes, the *more* easily it is turned—if turned at all—if you try to stop it, otherwise than at a certain angle, it goes through you like a cannon-ball—if you try to turn it, and fail—you are crushed, or your brains are splattered upon the door post of your publishing office. As with the *legitimate drama*, so is it with literature, and especially with the magazine literature of the day. "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," it must be now, as it was in the days of Oliver Goldsmith, or—the musical glasses and Shakespeare. Which is the better of the two? Shakespeare and the musical glasses—Shakespeare or the musical glasses—or, the musical glasses first and Shakespeare afterwards? Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve—ye, the reading people of America? The newspapers, whether daily or weekly or half weekly, the monthlies, or the quarterlies, each has its well understood character. If you want sobriety, strength, and something very dull and tiresome, bestow yourself to the quarterlies, and much good may they do you. If you prefer the sprightly, the pleasant, the encouraging, and the not so—very—drowsy, or the very clever, the monthlies are the thing. On the contrary, if you want to be kept awake and stirring, to be made better and wiser and happier, from year's end to year's end—hey! for the weeklies! and the dailies! and the monthlies! and the quarterlies! always taking care to choose the one you are pretty sure to be the best;

for having once begun, you will be sure to like it better and better the longer you have read it, and identified yourself with it, as you are certain to do, after a while—if you have paid up for it like a man, or rather like a woman, for women are much the homester of the two in all these matters.

There's a specimen of the legitimate drama for you in the Southern Literary Messenger; another in the Magnolia; and another in the Boston Miscellany, and the Pioneer, all dead, buried and forgotten, except the two first, which are but just able to keep their chins above water, without paying their contributors at all, or only half price at the best, (we say *two first*, instead of first two, notwithstanding all the nonsense in the newspapers and grammars about the phrase, simply because *two first* is English, and *first two* is not. Why may there not be half a hundred *first*—in the *foremost* rank; or half a hundred *last*—in the rear-guard of an army!); ay, ay, all dead and buried, and forgotten, with at least forty more we could name, if we had the heart, which *deserved* the warmest and steadiest encouragement of the American people, and were assured to perish nevertheless, while the empty—the foolish—the frivolous and the worthless were to be found upon the work-tables of our mothers, yea—in the counting houses, offices, and work-shops of our fathers all over the land. Whose fault was it?—we ask again—whose fault was it? if the frivolous and showy flourished and the substantial and wholesome withered and wasted, and finally disappeared? Publishers are but men—they are but managers of the great world-theatre, as a German would call it, and it would be not only preposterous, but positively hurtful to the public as well as to themselves, were they to persist in their self-sacrifice by playing to empty houses what is called the legitimate drama in one department, and *sterling literature* on the other.

Awake then, awake! Ye that pretend to care for the mighty Dead, or the mighty Living, for the Stage, the Drama, or the literature of the day, whether permanent or periodical, monthly, or quarterly, daily or weekly—in folio—or duodecimo—awake! If you want a reform, and show that you are in sober earnest, *Awake—and pay up!* You will find publishers—yes, and editors, too, like Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Mr. Charles J. Peterson (a capital fellow we judge by the "Summer time," he has poured into this number) all putting in their leashes, and ready to spring forward after any further improvement you may ask for—and pay for. "Awake—arise!—or be for ever fallen!"—O! Lucifer, son of the morning!—thou that subscribe for a paper, and never pay for it; and slumber over its pages only to find fault with them for not being ten thousand times better than thou deservest!

We observe two trifles in this number, worth a remark. Is the beautiful poem by Mrs. S., we find the following:—

"Earth was to me a weary home,
My soul was driven from its shrine,
It seemed a gem where light had come
And hardened when it sought to shine."

Of course the lady wrote "and hardened when it sought to shine" or something of the sort. Perhaps too, for such things will occur, she herself, in writing by ear, committed the mistake herself, and did not perceive it in reading the proof. The story itself is very beautiful and natural; abounding in womanly incident—and told in language worthy of all praise. But then the story itself is not new—the plan or plot of the story, we mean; and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens owes it to herself never to be indebted to anybody on earth for so much as a single word. Brimful of the richest ore, she has only to sink her shaft deeper and deeper, and she will never be at loss for material more precious than she has ever yet dreamed of. We know her well, and have known her from the very outset of her growth as a writer—we have watched her, and listened to her, through all her lisping, and prailings and warblings. There are two versions of the chief incident we refer to, in English. One is called the *Bride*, which appeared in the *TOKES*—a foreboding of the other: A young, thoughtless, giddy thing, is married to a full-grown man, who gets ashamed of her: vexed and roused, the child becomes a woman, and (with the help of a female friend,) educates herself only to cast him off. In the other, a story by Mrs. B. C. Edgerton, called the *Egypt Wife*, published in the *Ross of Sharon*, 1841—the leading incident is the same. A country girl educates herself to secure a husband, who first captivated by her beauty—had sickened over her pitiable ignorance; and she triumphs at last as every woman must, who goes to work in downright earnest to recover the affections of a husband, not altogether a fool.

The other trifles we had in view was the following. In the "Decayed Lover," *Frank Hutton* is transographed, by the printer of course, into *Frank Hawn*, before he gets through the second page of the story; now, from the character of the name—*Ellen Ashton*, we take it for granted that she wrote *Frank Hawn*—these romantic women have such fancies you know—everybody they meddle with on paper, must be one of your "Lord Alimont, Mordimer, Montmorency"; and the printer made the mistake in the beginning, and printed *Hutton* for *Hawn*—Smith for *Buckingham*.

Speaking of newspapers, and more especially of the weeklies, we forgot to mention the *Brother Jonathan*. That's the paper for you after all, dear public! whenever you can afford but one, and are honest enough to pay for it in advance—take our word for it! and what is more—but this must be between ourselves—we shouldn't like to have it go much further—it is a paper you must not only pay for, and read—but one that you must take care of, and blud up for future reference—we had written *reference*—and, on the whole, don't know why we should not, for we hope to have it *reverenced*, affectionally *reverenced*, before we have done with it; in a word, to furnish families throughout the land with a paper which their children's children, whatever may be the improvements or changes made hereafter, will never be ashamed of.

MR. STORY'S ADDRESS.—We have much gratification in presenting to our readers an address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, from the pen of a son of the eminent jurist, Judge Story, who has in the kindest manner consented to its publication in our columns; and we feel assured that an attentive perusal will impart to our readers that delight which we have ourselves experienced.

Seldom indeed has music found so eloquent an advocate, never, we think, in our country,—and a diffusion of his sentiments, so happily expressed, cannot, in our opinion, fail to be productive of the happiest results.

It cannot but be gratifying to the philanthropist and the lover of music to contemplate the various circumstances which have combined to encourage the hope of a remarkable awakening of musical taste among us, which if followed up by a sound and thorough system of teaching, cannot fail of being extensively and permanently beneficial. "If once," says our author, "music be domesticated at our firesides, it will warm the national heart, and fertilize the American genius. Through song it will reach most sympathies; and the glee and madrigal which mediate between harmony and melody, seem well fitted to awaken a taste for both."

We hope the day is not far distant when, as in Germany, each one of our schools, public and private, will have its teacher of music—at least, of vocal music. Much difficulty may at first occur in obtaining competent teachers, but the extensive and increasing domestication among us of a numerous body of educated Germans, will speedily remove this impediment.

The Government of France and England have recognised a sense of its importance as a means of national improvement, and classes for instruction in vocal music have been extensively encouraged. The Temperance Societies have also called in its aid most wisely,—for experience has shown that the degrading habits of intoxication which at one time characterized the poorer classes of Germany, are most remarkably diminishing since the art of singing has become almost as common in that country as the power of speech; and this improvement is in great part attributed to the excellent elementary schools of Germany.

In the "golden days of Queen Bess," musical education was as universal in England as it is at this day in Germany. At that time shone that constellation of musicians, whose inimitable MADRIGALS are still the delight of every lover of harmony. The term *Madrigal* is applied by the Italians to compositions in four, five or six vocal parts, adapted to words of a quaint or tender character; and it is distinguished from the glee, to

which it is near akin, in this, that the glee is sung by a single voice to each part, while in the madrigal each part ought to be sung by a number of voices.

These beautiful productions, in the age in which they appeared, were the music chiefly resorted to as a recreation in England. To sing in parts was an accomplishment held to be indispensable in a well-educated lady or gentleman. At a social meeting, when the madrigal books were laid on the table, everybody was expected to take a share in the harmony; and any one who declined on the score of inability, was looked upon with some contempt, as rude and low bred.* In Morley's "Introduction to Practical Music," which after the fashion of that day, was in the form of dialogue, the scholar is made to seek instruction in consequence of a mortification he had met with the evening before, owing to his ignorance of music,—and it gives a curious picture of the manners of the time.

P.—Sage brother A., what haste! whither go you so fast?

A.—To seek out an old friend of mine.

P.—But before you go, I pray you to repeat some of the discourses which you had yesterday at Master Sopolobos, his banquet, for commonly he is not without both wise and learned guests.

A.—It is true indeed, and yesterday there was a number of excellent scholars, both gentlemen and others; but all the purpose which was then discussed upon was music.

P.—I trust you were contented to suffer others to speak of that matter.

A.—I would that had been the worst; for I was compelled to discover mine own ignorance, and confess that I knew nothing at all about it.

P.—How so?

A.—Among the rest of the guests by chance Master Aphron came thither also, who, falling to discourse of music, was in an argument so quickly taken up and hotly pursued by Endoxus and Calergus, two kinsmen of Master Sopolobos, as in his own art he was overthrown; but he still sticking in his opinion, the two gentlemen requested me to examine his reasons and confute them; but I refusing and pretending ignorance, the whole company condemned me of discourtesy, being fully persuaded that I had been as skilful in that art as they took me to be learned in others: but supper being ended, and music books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a book, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when after many excuses, I protested unforgedly that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of my ignorance, I now to seek out mine old friend, Master Gnorimon, to make myself his scholar.

The principal composers of madrigals were Palestrina, Stradella, Luca Marenzio, Giovanni Croce, Steffani—Italians. Wilbye, Morley, Dowland, Webbe, Weelkes, Kirbye, Gibbons, Bennett, Yonge, and others—English. The Flemish also excelled in this species of composition.

* Hogarth's History of Music.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MOFFAT'S SOUTHERN AFRICA: ROBERT CARTER: N. Y. The popularity this work has met with has caused the publisher to issue a third edition at a cheap rate. In the pursuance of his missionary labours, Mr. Moffat passed through many stirring and adventurous scenes in the barbarous lands he visited, and was frequently exposed to eminent danger from the savage beasts and equally savage men that infest them—but was carried safely through by the guarding and guiding hand of that Power to whose service his life was devoted. The journal of his wanderings and labours is written in a plain style; but from the new and almost untried field in which his lot was cast, it is intensely interesting, and full of information upon the habits of the people, natural features, and present political and civil aspects of a land almost a sealed book to the general reader. Those who read merely to kill time, will find this a most entertaining volume, "full of fair bread's" "scapes" from the perils surrounding the travels in savage countries.

STEPHEN'S MISCELLANIES.—Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.—This is a collection of the contributions to the Edinburgh Review of James

Stephens, during 1833—43, and comprises articles on the "Life of Wm. Wilberforce," "Whitfield and Froode," "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation," "Life and Times of Richard Baxter," "Physical Theory of Another Life," "The Port-Royalists," "Ignatius Loyola and his Associates," and "Taylor's Edwin the Fair." These articles attracted much attention at the time of their publication, and will, no doubt, meet with a large sale in a collected shape.

HISTORY OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. The fourth and concluding number of this cheap edition is published. The work is illustrated by five hundred engravings, representing the most eventful scenes in the career of the Conqueror. It is a comprehensive and graphic history of that great man. The type and paper are beautiful.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JUNE.—We have also received from James Springer, this favorite Magazine for June. This number is fully equal to the best of its predecessors, and contains several tales conveying valuable morals. "Summer Birds," is a sweet poem by J. M. Lellan, Jr. Our friend Hastings Weld, has furnished a story of "humble life," full of earnest feeling and deep interest. Miss Leslie continues her tale "Annette Haverstran." Mrs. Embury gives us a poem "The Solos Wife." The other contributors are Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Lomas, T. S. Arthur, T. O. Duivrage, Mort McMichael, &c., &c. The embellishments are "The First Ear-Rings," "Scene from Catharine and Petruchio" and a wood cut of Opechancanough reproving Sir Wm. Buckley. The usual fashion plate is worthily replaced by an etching entitled "The Angel's Visit."

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.—Harper & Brother's, N. Y. This is a deeply interesting history of the sufferings, persecutions and martyrdoms, endured by the Protestants during the reign of that bloody Queen. The work was carefully prepared by the London Religious Tract Society, and has obtained a very extensive circulation in Great Britain. It is reprinted without abridgement, and will be very acceptable to the Christian public.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE. The June number contains a larger than usual quantity of valuable and interesting statistical matter. As a work of reference, this Magazine must be of incalculable utility to the merchant and the statesman. The biography of the late Samuel Ward is a rapid and well-written sketch of the life of that eminent banker. Every department of the work is evidently in the hands of writers fully competent to their task.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.—The June number of this periodical has been issued. It is ably edited by Rev. Felix Varela and Rev. Charles Constantine Fise, and is a valuable defender and auxiliary of the Catholic cause. It is embellished by a portrait of The Rev. M. DeSmet, Missionary to the Rocky Mountains. The mechanical getting up of this magazine is good.

FORTUNES OF CALISTO STICKLE.—Wilson & Co., N. Y. This capital novel, which has been published in Blackwood as a serial, and supposed to have been written by the author of "The Diary of Physician" has been issued from this office. It will repay perusal, and the sale it has already enjoyed, proves that the public have adopted it as a favorite.

BOY'S AND GIRL'S MAGAZINE.—Carter & Co. Boston. The June issue of this little work is one of the best that has been published. It is edited by Mrs. Colman with much ability, as from the experience she has had in such matters, we were satisfied it would be. It contains a story by Arthur, and a poem by Mrs. Osgood. James Springer is the agent for this city.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—James Springer has sent us the June number of this periodical. It is certainly one of the cheapest publications of the day. The number before us contains sixteen pieces of music, many of them of high order of merit.

THE BIRD OF ITALY.—The third number of this musical periodical conducted by Sig. Candido Chennati, is before us. It contains three songs "Welcome Bounteous Youth," "Il Corno delle Alpi" and "La Primavera."

THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.—John Allen, N. Y. This popular tale by Harry Franco, has reached its second number.

MERRY'S MONTH.—Bradbury, Soden & Co., N. Y. The June number is well filled with matter of great interest to the young folk.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JUNE.—Here is another capital number of the "Old Knick," may it live a thousand years, worthy of its amiable and talented editor, and worthy of "Knicks" which have gone before it. In its class the Knickerbocker, has no superior on this or the other side of the Atlantic. Irving's Quod correspondence is continued and increases in interest. It is better than much of that which has made Mr. Dickens famous. "Glenzie" is a musical, earnest poem by a true lover of nature, H. W. Rockwell. "Mens Conscia Recti," is a well told Dutch story, the scene whereof is laid in Idelburg. The other papers are No. 9, of the "Polygon Papers," "Meadow Farm," "Forensic Eloquence," "The Mail Robber," "Hymn to the Soul," "Our Village Grave Yard," &c., &c. The editor's table is as usual a banquet of wit, humor, criticism, poetry, and sentiment. We heartily wish we might transfer the "entire lot" to the columns of the Brother Jonathan.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. J. & H. G. LANSLEY: N. Y. The important articles in the June number of this periodical are "Universal History," a powerful paper, by O. A. Brumson. "The International Copyright Question," defending the affirmative, and "The English in Afghanistan," by Theo. Sedgwick, a just review of the causes and results of that most wicked contest. Hawthorne furnishes a quiet, delicious, pen-and-ink picture of "Buds and Bird voices," and Alex. H. Everett a capital imitation of Burget's Lessons. The embellishment of the number is a portrait of the venerable Albert Gallatin, engraved by Dick from a Daguerreotype by Chilton.

NO SENSE LIKE COMMON SENSE. D. APPLETON & CO: N. Y. The character of this little work is told in the title, and when it is known that it's from the pen of Mary Howitt, the author of "Survive and Thrive," "Hope on Hope Ever," "Sowing and Reaping,"—that the story is eloquently told, and the moral well worked out, no one will doubt. Miss Howitt's fame as a translator is now in the ascendant; here,—her reputation as an original writer was long since established. This is one of the best of her moral lessons.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.—The Messrs. Harper's have issued No. 7, of their cheap republication of the Great Dramatist. No one need now be without a copy of this magazine of thought. This series also contains all Shakespeare's poems.

GERTRUDE HOWARD: REDDING & CO: BOSTON. The publishers have sent us this tale of domestic life, by Wm. B. English. It is a well told story of the trials of virtue, and it reads, as all such trials should read, in matrimony.

HECTOR O'HALLORAN. This popular work has been issued by the Messrs. Appleton, in good style, with engravings, on the cheap plan. The readers of the Brother Jonathan are well acquainted with it.

The Rainbow for June is out, and is a very good number. Otter son has infused new energy into it.

THE ORION.—This well conducted periodical comes to us like "two single gentlemen rolled into one," the March and April numbers being published together. We have not had time to read it, but it looks very inviting, and under the editorial care of Mr. W. C. Richards promises to become a bright star in the literary firmament. The illustration is a view of the Falls of Amnicola. The New York agents are Wiley & Putnam.

CELEBRATED CRIMES.—Winchester has published, in an extra, three intensely interesting stories from the French, with this title.

EXPRESS.—Among the many improvements of the present age this is one which has given facilities to all classes in the transaction of business, not the least in importance. All the large Eastern and Northern cities are now connected by their daily communications, and that they are extremely useful to the public is proven by the fact that they are well patronized. These advantages are now to be extended to Pittsburg and the intermediate places, Harrisburg, Hollidaysburg, &c., &c., by Adams and Co., who have established a daily line with careful carriers between New York and Pittsburg. The reputation for despatch and faithfulness this house has already won, is a surety that any business entrusted to them will be attended to with fidelity.

NOAH WEBSTER, who has been before the world many years as an author, but whose fame rests on that enduring monument of learning, research and industry, his Dictionary of the English language, died at New Haven, on Tuesday evening, 29th inst., in the 85th year of his age.

Original.

IXION.

BY AUGUSTUS SPODGRASS.

IXION IN HEAVEN.

Scene—Mount Olympus—the gods of Ixion.

FIRST GENIUS:

Eternal light! Ye glorious rays
Of majesty divine,
Which fill with love the circling days,
Forever blessed shine!
Forth issuing from th' eternal throne
Of Him who binds the Heavenly zone,
It presses back the gates of Night,
And floods the boundless air;
And swelling, waving, roareth bright
The stars of glory there!
Roll back, ye gates! ye circling walls
Which shut in starry even—
Lo! as with jewels shine the halls
And golden shrines of Heaven!

SECOND GENIUS:

Far in the deep blue air—
A golden point in Heaven—
See worlds revolving fair,
Through space eternal driven:
Jove! unto thee is power;
The thunder bolt is thine!
Thou weep'st the summer shower;
Thou mak'st the lightning's shine!
Alone,—supreme in might,
Thou fillest gods with dread,
And fierce thy bolts alight
On man's rebellious head!
'Tis thine to rule on high,
O'er soul and sense and clay;
And when thy heralds fly,
Let shrinking man obey!

THIRD GENIUS:

Lo! through th' eternal halls of God
See walk the fearless man;
God-like he treads the bright abode,
Built e'er his race began!
He moves as though he grasped the chain
Which bindeth world to world;
As though dread Jove from his high reign,
Had to the dust been hurl'd!
Hail, Jove! the God of Love and Light,
From whom all things began!
Hail! thou beloved in Heaven's pure sight—
The sky-uplifted man!

IXION:

I tread along th' eternal halls of Heaven,
Rich with the odors of celestial love,
And sink not! And mine eyes behold the flames
Of godlike purity, and grow not dark!
A little while, and but a worm on earth,
I groined beneath the galling ills of life!
I sought its pleasures, and they poisons were;
And I turned unto myself, and scorn'd the worms
That crawl'd in dust;—yet gazing on the stars,
Would pluck them from their thrones!—I had my foes,
As who has not? They fell,—till that one hour,
When, like a blasted tree, my strong frame bent
With a deep groan. Then, in the hour of shame,
I mounted into glory. Yet alone
I tread these jewell'd halls;—alone must hear
The warbling music of celestial souls;—
Alone,—of all my race, gaze on the throne

Leadable, and worship. Thus to be,
Is but to die eternally!—to see,
Like Tantalus, the bending fruit, and strive
To grasp thy juicy sweets in vain,—yet live!
Man's dwelling is with man. This earthly frame
Clogs my quick soul, and makes an Earth of Heaven!
Yea,—what is Heaven, but yet another earth,
Save in its gorgeous richness? Love, power, strife,—
All passions, feeling, and all thought,—the same,
But more intense!

O Love! thou hast no home

Save in the universe;—and sweet, methought,
As through the parting air I mounted up,
I heard the stars reply to stars with songs
Ringing for ever! And within the heart,
Unchangeable by time or place, thou reign'st
With a deep passion,—making all things change
Even with thy hues! I move along the halls
Where Jove sits thron'd; and dream—Is it a dream?
I turn with hidden fires, and spurn the air,
Sweet with ambrosial odors, for one breath
Of Heaven-controlling love. I, formed to love, or hate,—
Must love, or fall! One smile, one glance
From that sun-darkening eye, and I could dare
The Thunderer on his seat, while his bolts fall,
Burning and fierce around! Sweet Queen of Heaven!
To thee 'tis madness to aspire,—to win,
Is glory plucked from the bright halls of Jove!

FOURTH GENIUS:

Love! I wanton child of Earth and Heaven,
Whose home is in the human heart,
When once thy piercing shaft is driven,
Nor god nor man can pluck the dart.
Invisible it flames for ever,
And dieth not through endless years;
But like a fiery, rushing river,
It burns the victim and his tears!
O Love divine! thou child of Heaven,
Who shall escape thy firm control?
To thee by mighty Jove is given
The silken chains which bind the soul.
Advance, blest mortal! seize the prize
Which love now offers unto thee;
Thine is the empress of the skies,—
She loves,—obey the soft decree!

IXION:

Behold where Juno moves with that sweet grace
Which charmed of old the Father of all Love!
Her feet scarce press the ground, and seem to tread
Upon the golden tissues of the air,
Which, yielding lightly, bears its queen aloft!
I have no eyes for aught beside,—nor ears to hear,
Save the soft music of her steps! She smiles,
And beckons me! I fly,—and at her feet
Will find the Heaven which without her would be
The dir'et of Hell's profound!—Great Queen, I come!

FIFTH GENIUS:

Love is wanton and deceiving,
Smiling but to weave its snare;
Mortal, weak and fond, believing,—
Mortal, of high Jove beware!
Love as e'er lone and secret goeth;—
Suspicion lowereth by its side:
Who the end of deep love knoweth?—
Unknown ever,—though oft tried!
Luring, smiling, and betraying,
Love a wanton traitor is;—
While their airy halls surveying,
Mortals perish in their bliss!
Jove now yields his deadly thunder,—

Mortal, who thy tale shall tell?
Hark! it bursts the clouds asunder,
And the victim huris to hell!

IXION IN HELL.

Scene—Tartarus.—*Spirits*—*Ixion* chained to a wheel.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Brooding darkness! hovering o'er,
Horror of the fiery shore;
Rayless veil which hides the fire
Burning wild in billows dire,
Quenchless as the lower Night,
Deadly as the aspie's bite;
Brooding darkness! unto thee
Make we this glad revelry!
Chaos wild, and Discord dread,
Stalk among the wand'ring dead;
Loud confusion, shrieking high,
Drags its uproar madly by;
Night eternal veils each cell
Of the dungeon-deep of hell!
Brooding darkness! unto thee
Make we this glad revelry!

SECOND SPIRIT.

The sky is Jove's! and man's the earth,—
But Hell, deep Hell, is ours;
Here, groaning, shrieking, for our mirth,
Man feels the fiery showers!
Lo! up yon mountain see ascend
The ever-rolling stone;
Beneath it Sisyphus doth bend,
And heave it with a groan!
Here, Tantalus, in Hell's deep river,
Sighs for one cooling draught;
But flowing onward swift for ever,
It passeth by unquaff'd!
Lo! Ixion rolling on his wheel,
In tearless, dumb despair!
Why lifteth he no loud appeal?
Why rolls he speechless there!
On earth ye may laugh and love,
But here are the fangs of pain;
For ever the sting shall prove
Like fire on the burning brain!

IXION:

Forever! was the doom! Forever more,
Through endless ages to revolve in pain
Upon a living rack!—to know the pangs
That die not; and to be th' insidious spot
Of hell-hags, and of gibbering shades! I bend,
But groan not! Tyranny may wield his scourge,
And murder,—but he shall not conquer. No!
The steadfast soul can never be a slave;
But in its chainless palace may outlast
High Jove himself. 'Tis liberty to know,
And feel the breathing of that inward life
Caught from the immortality of Heaven!
Tyrant of gods and men! I curse thee now,
And dare thy malice. Torture add to pain,—
Flames add, and life for ever dying, yet
Thy great injustice spurs my wronged soul,
And deathless scorn within my heart finds wings
To mount even to thy thrones!

But thus to be,
Through an eternity ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
Is terrible. But like that fearless god
Who brought the fire of life from Heaven, I bear
The thunder's scars. He chained unto the rock,—
The food of vultures ravenous as Jove,
Smil'd at his fend-like malice! I can share

His tortures, but shall win his immortality
Of martyrdom and fame,—to thee a shame
Eternal as thy throne! Through countless years,
All dark and numberless, this rolling wheel
Has borne me in its flight, unceasing since
Sweet Orpheus kindled Hell with his wild lyre,
And charm'd my rack with song! Condemned to see
Groaning and shrieking, the Heaven-invading beast,
Briarius, who with hundred arms, waged war
Upon the gods,—fire-vomiting Chimærae,
The Furies' dread, engendered in the flames,
Upon incestuous beds,—and Lærmæ's awful beast,
Whose shade crawls hissing through the murky night,
Scarred by great Hercules!

Yet here amid
These tortures, I can bring from Heaven the form
Of her, beloved, for whom I suffer now
Hell-pains! Love rooted, deathless as its Soul.
Engraven on the marble of the least,
It constant glows, a trophy of pure joy,
Or tomb-stone of our pleasures. Age on age,
Through countless centuries, the hidden fire
Shall burn, volcano-like, and eat itself,—
Yet e're find food consuming. But to be
Thus doomed for passions planted by the hand
Of Jove himself,—the tempter,—punisher,—
A tyranny, at which high Justice frowns,
But her sword lifts with powerless hand,—for who
Can cope with Heaven! or who reverse decrees
Fram'd by th' Eternal Tyrant? The quick soul
Hath feeling, passion, thought,—bath power to bring
Knowledge from secret depths,—and power to work
The rough-hewn marble into life,—and search
The mysteries which move in starry light
Along the boundless heavens!—but unto Love
It clings from nature,—'tis a passion fixed
By him who made it,—binding beast to beast,—
Warming the sky-sprung nests of flying life,
And kindling an intensity of thought
Within the heart of man, which prompts to deeds
Generous and noble, and mortality
Lifts up unto a blessed being. But
'Tis vain to murmur! I must bear my pains,
And my lips open but to curse! Afar,
Like a dim light seen by the wanderer
Through the thick night, I see revenge all armed,
And Justice with her sword, who shall o'erturn
The tottering monarchy of Heaven, and hurl
Th' Omnipotent, self-called, adown to Hell,
Into his own wild burning!—and his shrines,
Gleaming along the altar-sheening Nile,
And over Hell's blooming vales, shall fall
For vipers to creep over, and for owls
To rest in with their night-carousing broods;
While time shall lick the clotured grove once shed,
As odor to his nostrils, steaming up
On the dark walls of slaughter-houses built
To him—with incense, song and revelry.

Then shall my torments cease; and rising up
My arm shall dare the fallen Thunderer!
But Love! shall these thy pains unceasing be?
Have they no end? To thee I bend and sigh,
And hug thy heavy chains,—a passive slave!
The immortal memories of thee are mine,
But not a'sr painful. No!—They ease these tortures,—
Soften my rack,—and through the night of Hell,
Glow like bright stars within a sunless sky!

*Atque Ixionis cantis rota constitit orbe.—Descent of Orpheus. Georg. lib. iv.

A fellow at Kentucky, with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the EQUINOXIAL LINE.

THE POLES AND THEIR SLAVES:

[We are really *obliged* to the gallant author of the following. He does our people no more than justice in supposing they would like to know the truth and the whole truth about Poland; Mr. Darby, Tacitus, and the National Intelligence, to the contrary notwithstanding.]—ED.

Much has been said by foreign writers of *slavery* in Poland. In this country even the school-books teach that the Polish Peasants, or Villagers, are *slaves*. Let me therefore call your attention to this wild error—the growth of ignorance, or cruel misrepresentation. In old times, the people of Poland were divided into four classes—Peers, or *Wojewods*, Nobles, Peasants, and Slaves. The Peers were the only class that participated in the government, by appointing from among themselves twelve counsellors, who were always at the side of the King—then almost absolute rulers. The Nobles composed a militia, called *pospolite ruszenie*, and were the people who defended the country in time of war. These two classes, the State and the Church were the sole and exclusive land owners. The Peasants or Villagers, called *Kmiec*, were of old a free and independent people, who tilled the soil; they were lease holders, and paid the rent to the owners in corn, or in labor—but they were never attached to the glebe as in Russia, and were at liberty to dispose of their labor and themselves, as they pleased. Their public duty was to guard the castles in time of war; and all those who joined the nobles in defence of the country, or the cause of Christendom, were considered like the nobles, and in time became nobles. Hence even at this day, there are many hamlets and villages in Poland—inhabited by a population of the nobles called—*drobna-Szlachta*—small nobles—who have always enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the great nobles, or *millionaires*. All the nobles, without distinction, are *brethren* and so style one another—in public speeches as well as in social greetings. The only slaves in Poland were the prisoners of war, and their descendants—and they were the only people living on the Polish soil, who were dependent on their masters, the peers and the nobles, by whom they had been made prisoners of war, and even these were wholly emancipated in 1317, and declared to be as free and independent as the Polish peasantry. The following event contributed thereto: In 1333 *Ladislas Lokietek*, king of Poland, and his peers found themselves compelled to admit the nobles to a share of the public business. From that time meetings were held throughout Poland, calling for a reform in the constitution and government—from which resulted the great National Assembly, called the first Polish Diet, held in the city of *Wislica* in 1347. This assembly laid the foundation of the new Polish constitution—out of which sprang the principles which made Poland a Republic. It was in consequence of this reform that all the slaves were at once emancipated—and from 1347 there never was such a thing as a *slave* bound on the soil of Poland, till her dismemberment. True it is, that the Polish peasantry were always considered a subordinate class of men, and what is called good society was altogether made up of the nobles; the former being lease-holders, and paying the rent to the latter in corn or in labor. But the children of the peasants were admitted to the same schools, as those of the nobles; and all those who finished their studies in the university became nobles *de jure* of right, which shows that the tendency of the Polish constitution was to reform Poland by ennobling her people. The notion that there does not exist in Poland a class corresponding with what you denominate *citizens*, or *townsman*, is another strange error, wholly without foundation. The towns of *Gniezn*, *Krazebn* and *Przem* are as old as Poland itself. They were founded in the sixth century, and on examining the records of Polish history, we see the representatives from these very towns in the Diet of 1363, and even before this time (in 1343): for when Casimir the Great gave up Pomerania to the Teutonic Knights, the treaty was subjected to the ratification of townsman, as well as nobles and clergy. The title of "Citizen," (*Obywatel*) is not applied in Poland to the inhabitants of towns and cities, as in this country. The Poles call citizens (*Obywatel*) every man who enjoys the rights of a citizen, whether he is a nobleman, a townsman, a peasant, or a villager.

There is a strong opinion among the Poles in favor of paying the rent in money instead of labor; because the present system often gives place to great abuses. Another party desires a general division of land without any remuneration to its present owners. This party is very small, but noisy, and denounces the present system, and every other system of

rent, as *slavery*. Their writings have certainly rendered great service to our foe; and might have misled some foreigners, unacquainted with the true relations between the landholders and villagers in Poland, and ignorant of our constitution.

G. TOCHMAN.

For the Brother Jonathan.

WEST POINT.

I determined, a long time since, to make a pilgrimage to this beautiful spot, but, until recently, have been prevented from carrying my intention into effect. Having lately made a visit, I send you some notes I took on the spot.

I went with Professor A., who carried with him a letter to Major Delafield, the superintendent. This, together with his own reputation, of course opened the way for us everywhere. But even a perfect stranger is at liberty, whether attended or not, to enter any of the recitation-rooms, or to visit any part of the establishment. As for the recitation-rooms, all he has to do is, to open the door and walk in, sit down, and stay as long as he chooses. The standard in the establishment, is mathematics. Conduct, however, counts in marks, as high as mathematics. Thus, excellence in conduct, or mathematics, is denoted by three, in other matters by one. The Cadets are divided into sections, of ten or thereabouts. When a section enters the room, they see written up in a certain space, the names of the five who are to recite that day. These without further orders, walk to the large black board, which has room enough for all, and while the first one is preparing the necessary diagrams, &c.; the lecturer explains something to the five who are at their seats. As soon as the first of the appointed five is ready, he turns about and states what he is to prove, or investigate, and runs on till he has exhausted the subject in all its parts. If the Professor has not to ask any question, the mark of excellence is given, and in proportion, as questions are necessary, so does the mark decrease in value. So strict are the requirements in reciting geometry, that if upon the board a line which should be straight, is perceptibly crooked, the Cadet has immediately to sit down. We heard one Cadet recite, who was quite a talented young man. His recitation consisted of one of the most abstruse applications of mathematics, to optics; and really if you had not been looking at him, you would have supposed that he was reading from a book, for he went on without pause or the slightest hesitation, until he had completely exhausted the subject. "There," said the Professor to us, "what question can I possibly ask him? You see he has exhausted the subject!" This perfect result is accomplished through strict military discipline. The Professor showed me his report for the week. There was but one disorder-mark. He said that was given to one of the Cadets for speaking to the other at the blackboard; and he stated, that the punishment for that word, or two, would be three hours extra guard duty. He would send his report to the Superintendent, and orders would come to take his musket, and stand guard for three hours. (Ample time for deliberation, truly. Why, he might think of pretty much everything in the world! How he must have philosophized; especially on the evils of temptation.) The Cadets are allowed sixteen dollars a month, and are taught habits of the most rigid economy. No matter how rich the father of a Cadet may be, he must send no money to his son. If a Cadet is found to have received any money, which he has not reported to the Superintendent, he is immediately expelled. Each Cadet from the time he enters, to the time he leaves, has to wash out his own room, bring the water he needs, in short, he has to wait on himself. The son of the poor man, and the son of the rich man, are shoulder to shoulder in the race. One Cadet has passed through some college with honor; another knew barely enough mathematics and French to enter. Yet those that have passed through college, are often beaten by the comparatively illiterate. The stern contention shows the true metal; the rough diamond polishing itself, though with many a hard rub, gradually outlines the courtly and well-set topaz.

A farmer's son, a son of Henry Clay, and a mechanic's son, were in the same class. When the class ended its course, the son of the farmer was at the head, the son of the mechanic was second, and the son of Henry Clay, third.

There was a young fellow at work in a saw-mill in our Western States. He heard of West Point, and applied for a Cadetship. As he was the only one that applied from that district, he obtained it. He immediately left the saw-mill and went to school. At that time the requirements for

entrance, were the first four rules of arithmetic and reading. In three weeks he had got as far as multiplication. At this time, the school was shut up. He walked to New-York, intending to fit himself there. When he reached this city, he found that he had barely time to present himself for examination. He did so. Of arithmetic he was found to know very little, and his reading was the most barbarous collection of uncouth sounds, that was ever called reading. He had no idea of any kind of stop, or pause; he knew few or none of the parts of speech, and any proper name at all uncommon, he regarded as like the rest of the large words, which conveyed not the slightest idea to his mind. His eagerness to get an "edication" was, however, very evident. If the examiners chose, they might examine any candidate again, three months afterwards. They told him they would do so, made up a purse for him, and sent him to school. He finally entered, and hard work he had. One of the Professors spoke to him about a bad recitation he had made. "Why," said he, "the fact is, I have to look up in the dictionary almost all the words in my lesson, and very often, I can't understand the meaning the dictionary gives for 'em." Still, he persevered, and, by dint of downright hard work, the stout-hearted young blackwoodsman, now stands number five, in the third class in the academy. For the first six months, the new comers are taught little else, except the most exact and implicit obedience. They are ordered to do all sorts of things, and the orders given, must be obeyed, in the minutest point. At the end of that time, the faculty usually decide who will "do," or who will not. Commonly from a class of a hundred, about twenty will be rejected. Neither spirituous liquors, nor tobacco, are allowed to come to the Point. If a Cadet is found using tobacco in any shape, he is expelled, or severely punished.

Not long ago, as the Superintendent was sitting in his office, a rough-looking young fellow entered with his hat on his head, and his hands in his pockets. He had come on foot from Indiana, as he had heard they "edicated" young fellows there. When Major Delafield told him that he had no power to admit him, his countenance fell. After a few mn.—means he said, "If I go to Washington, do you think they'll let me in?" "That I can't tell," "Well, I'll try, at any rate." He turned on his heel and left the room on the instant, for Washington; and is there, perhaps, at present, trying for an "edication."

No.

From the Ladies Companion. SOCIETY.

BY MISS C. M. REDGROVE.

I saw, a few evenings since, a lovely young friend dressed for her first "grown up ball," and looking fresh and delicate as an opening rose. A rich white satin was the substratum of her dress, and over that, arranged with consummate skill, was a drapery of "Tartan," or "illusion," or some substance, (if substance they may be called), as transparent and fragile as they. There was no trimming, excepting the fine meeklin lace about the neck and sleeves, and here and there a flower, that seemed to have been drawn and attached to its place by the magnetic force of the wearers. Natural flowers appeared interwoven by the same charm, with the rich braids of her hair. She wore but a single ornament, a bracelet of hair attached by an opal clasp—an opal of such rare size and beauty, that it could not escape attention. I said but a single ornament, for I dare not designate by a word, that implies man's art, the exquisite beauty ever carried, the flowers still fresh and odorous from the breath of their Creator.

After the carriage rolled away with this lovely vision, we sober, elderly people at home—"the dear middle aged"—fell into discussions of dress and society, and mesmerism, which by degrees, subsiding into silence, I being seated amidst the soft, soothing comforts of a "deeply hollow" of a chair, fell into something between a dream and a reverie, which was naturally tinged with the hue of the preceding conversation. I seemed, to myself, endowed with a preternatural mental power analogous to that claimed by the mesmeric sleepers.

My spirit was present with my young friend in a brilliant drawing-room, and there her dress appeared to me but as the index of her mental and moral qualifications for society, & rather—(for it is difficult to explain this strange hallucination)—it was no longer composed of muslin lace, etc., but of mystical garments, which these substances indicated to the material eye. The satin was a foundation of firmness and stability, the muslin investment was an atmosphere of frankness, simplicity and purity—the meeklin lace, the fine accomplishments that give charm and variety to artificial life, and the natural flowers were the virtues that diffuse sweetness and happiness, no longer roses, geraniums, pelargonias, etc., but charity, benevolence, courtesy, trust, modesty, etc. But the potent charm was the bracelet. What had seemed to my waking eyes but a braid of a departed friend's hair, became his memory, endowed with the power of a guardian spirit. The rich opal clasp that at every turn, reflected many colored light, became the mind of my young friend, a pure intelli-

gence, receiving and continually giving out beams of intellectual beauty, originality, knowledge, reflection, imagination, had been to mortal seeming those exquisitely colored rays.

This new power I had acquired of discerning the immaterial through the material, extended to the company. Wit, humor, genius, science, modesty, true love, and cheerful benevolence, were there, but in what proportions to weakness, insanity, ignorance, folly, vanity, frivolity, self-complacency, I forbear to tell.

Some individuals were composed of mere mortality—the pure concomb was a mere shell of a man, like a plaster of Paris cast, complete, externally, to the imperial, meatus, and eye glass, but within, mere vanity. Dresses, fresh from the hands of Victorine, robes of satin, velvet, gauze, embroidered muslin and what not, which their wearers gazed on with infinite self-satisfaction, were, to my eye, a dingy, weather-worn substance, worse of exterior elegance, vanity and pride, according to the dominant quality of the wearer.

There was something so shocking to my womanly feelings at this involuntary betrayal of the soul's secrets, that I suddenly awoke, and commencing my dream to a friend who was sitting by me, she said, "Your dreaming fancies are compounded of your waking notions. I admire wit, wisdom and goodness, perhaps as much as you do, but it seems to me, that oracles of wisdom, and preachers of righteousness, would be out of place and out of season in a drawing-room. Just imagine Socrates or Corinna, at one of Mr.—'s dinner-parties!"

"Socrates and Corinne," I replied, "are looked people, rather too classic to fit in to any modern frame-work. But the social value of genius and the graces, is not depreciated. When I dined with Mr.—, I thought our friends L— and C—, and the other by his sparkling humor and the merriment by his playfulness and benignity, cast the luxuries on the table into the shade. We might have dispensed with half the costly wines, and perhaps all the costly dishes, and received and retained quite as agreeable an impression of the entertainment. If we meet a very agreeable person at dinner, we remember it to the end of our lives, but who cares whether he drank, last week, 'Hermitage' or Croton water—certainly not you nor I."

"You," replied my friend, "are talking from very narrow and personal experience. The two persons you have mentioned, are rare birds; you might dine out all winter and not meet their fellows. L— is a person that every body likes—he has fine manners as well as fine talents—and C—'s beauty gives currency to all her other charms; besides they both belong to the fashionable world, and there was nothing out of the way in having them. But if you were giving dinner-parties, you would, like the rest of the world, invite those who invite you, those to whom you are indebted, people in your own circle, you know."

"This is the argument ad-hominem, my friend. Because I trundle on in the worn rut, you must not conclude that no improvement can be effected. I am aware that no individual can break up the old mould and recast society. We must therefore make the most we can of existing institutions—we must sail with the current, instead of opposing it. We are not wits to invent vehicles for ballooning, but we can profitably use our wits in improving rail-road cars and steamers. We could loath imagine more refined, more attractive forms of social life than the dinner-table and the evening party, but these are the received forms, and it seems to me not impossible to infuse a better spirit into them."

"This sounds very well, but unhappily body and spirit go together, and society must be made up of such men and women as we have."

"You mean," I replied, "such men and women as we happen to have in a certain set. You will not pretend that among the three hundred thousand inhabitants of New-York, there is not social materials of the very best, to furnish forth a feast."

"No doubt there is, and suppose you had a diving-rod with which you might go forth and select from the mass, the witty and the wise—a pretty museum they would make when you got them together—animals of different elements—people of discordant tastes, habits and modes of life, as incapable of the interchange of thought and feeling, as if they were strangers, speaking different languages. I confess, my dear friend, I prefer our old-fashioned realities to your dreams. My party may be dull, but yours would be intolerable."

"You condemn me unheard—you have not yet seen my programme. All that I ask is, that the social qualifications of the guests be made a distinct object in inviting a party—that we should seek clever and accomplished men and women, though they may not be of our particular set—that the quality of the guests at a dinner-party should be of more importance than the luxury of the viands—that the *etiquette* should be the indispensable condition."

We both know families that starve their social natures, because they cannot, in the vulgar sense of the word, "entertain"—they cannot decorate their rooms with costly (useless?) furniture, nor cover their tables with luxuries. "Better is the shadow of a friend on your wall, than a statue of Pheidias, or a painting of Raphael" certainly far better than champagne, oysters, leas, or even *pois de foie gras*.

"You despair of improvement, my friend, and one great reform is already made, imposed in part, by the stern necessity of the times, and in part by the good sense of those who are its leaders, and whose high position gives to them the 'glorious privilege of being independent.' In their mode of living, they are entirely independent. During the past season, Mr.— and Mrs.—, and half a dozen others have received their friends on a certain evening of each week. There is no conventional tyranny as to dress or hours; you may go early or late, and dress in *demi* or *plain toilette*, as suits your taste and convenience."

"You have sometimes the best music the town affords, but no other luxury—a glass of lemonade, a cup of tea or chocolate, and a bit of cake, is the only tribute paid to the casual nature so long pampered, and poisoned by excess at late hours."

"Now, my friend, do not think me Quixotic if I recur to the idea shadowed forth in my dream. Let our young people transfer some of the thought and time they bestow on their dress, to a mental and moral preparation for society—let them teach their cavaliers that no Paris training in dress and conventionalism can be an offset against debauch and ignorance—let them remember there are objects of benevolence in the drawing-room—that there the sweet charities of smiles and kind words may be bestowed on the stranger, the timid and the neglected. If they are among the rich in social gifts, they may thus benefit the poor—and if themselves the poor, let them receive slights with patience, and neglect with cheerfulness. There is no barren field in God's world, but good every where to be sown and reaped."

From the Orion.

THE KISS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS OF THE PAPER-LINETE MALL."

I do not like the title I have selected for this story, and yet I see not how I can help it. It requires great skill to fix upon an appropriate cognomen; one designed to serve as an index to the tale, should never be vague or uncertain in its connection with the body of the composition; one intended to attract should show, at least, figuratively, what the reader is to expect. Some authors, it is true, select their titles with the express view of giving no indication of the character of their works, and seem to think that if the heading has a name, it is wholly immaterial what that name is. But as this latter mode of christening does not agree with my notions of my previous practice, I have discarded it, and am consequently compelled to call my story "The Kiss." The objection I have to the title selected, is that it is too old and hackneyed. When a little boy, I read a little story, in a little book, called the "Mirror of the Graces," which said little story was entitled "The Kiss." Now I have lived long enough to have read full twenty different versions of this same story; each worse than the former, and all infinitely below the original. To meet at this time with a tale, novel, romance or poem, entitled "The Kiss," would at once remind me of the "Mirror of the Graces," and ten to one, I should throw it aside without reading it. It may very well be, that a large portion of the readers of "Orion" have, like myself, been sufficed with *kiss* stories, and would as soon read *kiss* *verses*, as one of them. I know, therefore, the risk I run of being shipped by the graver portion of magazine readers. Still as the point in the story depends upon a *kiss*; the incidents arise out of a *kiss*; and the denouement is produced by a *kiss*, I don't see, as I said at first, how I can well avoid calling my paper "The Kiss." How much I may have borrowed from the "Mirror of Graces," my readers can, perhaps, determine better than myself, should they ever have chance to meet with it, or any of its multifarious imitations.

The log-cabin of old Jerry Peters was somewhat longer, better shaded, and more comfortable, than those of the most of his neighbors. It had the advantage of a plank floor, and was literally papered with a species of wood-cut drawings more prevalent then, than at the present day. In short, Jerry's domicile was decidedly aristocratic, both in its external and internal appearance. The walls of his house furnished an interesting library for the natural philosopher, for there you could learn the pedigree of all the horses ever exhibited in the Pin Hook settlement.

It was our first visit to Captain Peters. His son Jake had invited us to a Saturday night's frolic, and, as a special inducement, promised that we should open the ball with the Queen of Pin Hook. Who this said queen was, he did not explain, further than by swearing that "she could take the rag off the bush, faster than any gal in the settlement."

We omitted to state that Jerry Peters had once been the Captain of the Pin Hook Boat; that he owned a small tub-cmell, and ran a thirty gallon milk boat, and was the undisputed owner of a hundred acres of ridge land. But beyond all these claims to influence and aristocracy, was his acknowledged possession of a *live negro*. He owned *but one*, it is true, yet that one was bona fide flesh and blood. And old Prince fully understood his importance, both personally and relatively. He was the visible type of the gentility of the captain's family, and was seldom missing when a stranger darkened the door of his master's house, and good mistress Dolly Peters too, had a little harmless vanity in exhibiting the *nigger* to her visitors. She had a way of her own which Prince perfectly understood and humored, and to one of the uninitiated, this peculiar way of old Dolly's would carry the impression that the Captain was really a man of considerable *nigger* property.

When we had made our bow, and shaken hands with Mistress Peters, the Captain, and sundry Pin Hookers—*bays* and *gals*, we were, before taking our seat, invited to take a dram.

"Let me have some fresh water brought first," said Mrs. Peters, going to the door and hawling out, "Here you Judy—you Non—gon Sal!"

"What in the world can have become of all our *niggers*!"

"I reckon 'em," said Jake with a grin, "they're all busy getting supper. 'Spose you call the boys."

"Well, I'll try; but they too, I'll be bound, are out of the way.—Here you Catal!" no answer. "You Congo?" no answer. "You, you Prince!"

"Yaw! yaw! yaw!" old Prince called at last. Well, whose de long tail blue you've reached this time!"

"Ah! old Prince. Bring some fresh water, old gentleman. You're the best *nigger* on the plantation. It seems useless to call any body but you."

"So I think," said Prince, "less you call de Queen, and she be's putting on her shoes an' tocking. Plenty water in the pail, old Missus."

"So there is, I declare. Come, young man, qualify out of the Captain's last doblings."

I was not a cold water man then, and so I did fall justine to old Jerry's bald face.

"Whose dis young Buckin?" asked old Prince, after scanning me very critically from head to foot.

"Wily, Prince," said the Captain, "don't you know him? This is young George Woodcock. He's standing fiddle at the court-house. Shake hands with him, and tell him you're the best fiddler that ever drew a bow in Pin Hook."

"Yaw! yaw! yaw!" shouted Prince, in a key that shook the cabin.

"Young Moss Woodcock, ha? I hear tell on you fore now, young moss. I speak dis sint de russ Saturday night you've been out on a spree. Never mind; I'm sure as a goose."

The company were all seated, the pine knots threw a cheerful light over the large room; old Prince was tuning his fiddle in the corner; all were ready for the word, "choose your partners"—still there was a pause.

"What in the round world keeps Belle?" asked old Dolly.

"Why," said Jake, "she's in the kitchen fixing with 'Long Jim from the Green Creek,'" about the first dance. "Long Jim" swears he'll have the first reel with her, and she promised to go *that* with George Woodcock."

"Don't let me be in the way," I remarked, modestly.

"You ain't in the way," said Jake; "but 'Long Jim' is, and if he don't take himself out of the way pretty shortly, he'll see sights."

"Well, I reckon," said the Captain, "I'll settle that fit in less than three shakes of a pig's tail," and the Captain started to the kitchen to enforce the rights of hospitality.

It was not long before Captain Jerry returned, and with him the lady for whom the company had been waiting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, and especially Mr. George Woodcock," said he, with a grand flourish, "this is my daughter, Belle Peters, generally known as the Queen of Pin Hook. I hope you'll all get acquainted with her."

I made my prettiest court-house bow to the Queen; expressed my gratification and pleasure at making her personal acquaintance, and concluded by asking the honor of her hand for the first dance.

Belle was a coquette, and a fine lady in her small way, and for each bow she returned me three groans, protesting that she had been keeping her eyes especially for me, and that all the long Jims in Pin Hook should 'nt come between me and her.

"No, by dad," put in Long Jim, "nor shall all the boys at the court-house come between me and you, Belle. You may dance with George Woodcock the first reel as you have promised to do, but if he don't want to swim Squash Creek before day, he'd better not be too *impediculous*."

As I had no intention of settling up for a rival to the demi-savage "Long Jim, from over the Creek," as they called him, I assured him there was no ground for a quarrel between us; that as that was my first visit to Pin Hook, I trusted it would create no unpleasantness that the Queen honored me, as a stranger, with her hand in opening the ball."

Jim growled some sort of assent, and I led Belle to the head of the room.

Her majesty, the Queen of Pin Hook, was truly a majestic looking personage. She was fully four inches taller than the ordinary height of females, and bulky in proportion. She was still, an indefatigable and undying dancer; with all her fat, Belle could stand three cut-outs by the longest winded of her admirers. She was, after all, quite a beauty, so far as good skin, regular features, and a sparkling pair of eyes were concerned, and notwithstanding her illiterateness, she was an incessant talker.

"Long Jim" appeared to me, expressly created as a mate for the Queen, and I did not wonder at his jealous regard for her. He was, at least, six feet four in height. Just the man, had he lived in the time of the Great Frederick's father, to have been kidnapped and sent to Prussia for a grenadier. He was as ignorant as a bear, and as rough and as strong. Nature evidently intended Belle Peters and Long Jim Buggy for each other, and it was useless for them to struggle against the decree. Still, Belle was a coquette from instinct, and flirted with all the Pin Hookers who paid homage to her charms, and to the high standing of her family.

The dance continued amidst uproarious laughing and talking, no little encouraged by the liberality with which Captain Jerry furnished the *double* *double*. Old Prince was fast asleep, but it made no difference in the skill with which they played their favorite tune of "Squash Creek beauties, how they go." Captain Jerry and Old Dolly were both sid-sid-nodding in the corner. Squire Cooney, the Pin Hook Justice of the Peace, began to talk wisely and thickly about the merits of the various candidates before the people; and several of the younger men, among whom "Long Jim" was quite conspicuous, were getting entirely *cantankerous*.

"I don't believe you dare do it." I heard wicked Will Saunders say to Long Jim.

"What do you think I'm afraid of?" asked Jim, rather fiercely.

"Why, of Captain Jerry, in the first place; of Jake, in the second place; and of Belle herself, in the third place."

"It's a lie!" shouted Jim. "I'm not afraid of the whole Pis Hook best, and I'll do it in spite of the big guns and little fishes." Belle was on the floor, dancing, with all her might and in the heat of humor, as Long Jim at this moment approached her. The savage threw his arms about her neck, and kissed her, with a report that sounded like the explosion of a four-pounder. Belle Peters screamed and struggled with all her strength and some how in the tussle, fell heavily on the floor; the blood ran profusely from her nose; old Prince awoke with the noise, and the fiddle stopped. Captain Jerry and his wife threw off their sensuality, and looked aghast at the prostrate Queen. Long Jim, like all other fellows when they commit a great crime under the influence of liquor, was completely sobered by the extent of the catastrophe, and stood mute and trembling beside his unfortunate victim.

"Who did this?" asked the Captain, in a voice of deep emotion.

"I did," said Jim doggily.

"You did—did you?" said the Captain in a tone that almost froze my blood. "Long Jim, if you cross the Creek to-night, you'll have better luck than I think you will. Give me my rifle, Prince!"

"Slope, Jim—slope!" cried a dozen voices, male and female—"slope, or the Captain will bore you for the hollow bones."

Jim did slope or run. It was for dear life, and he made tracks like a wild turkey. Squash Cooney was sworn that night in shorter metre than it had been since the revolution. The Captain's call for his rifle aroused Belle from her swoon, or more likely the possum fit she was playing off. Prince was in no hurry to produce the rifle, and old Dolly, in an agony of fear, threw her arms about Jerry's neck, hysterically, praying and entreating him not to murder Long Jim. Belle also interposed and catching Prince by the leg, just as he was mounting a chair to reach the rifle, threw him *karchoon* on the hard floor; there she held him, with her foot firmly planted on his breast.

"Gorry mighty, Miss Belle!" groaned Prince, "pull yer foots off dis nigger, less you want to stop his fiddle forever an' de day arter."

The delay produced by the confusion, the entreaties, and the tactics of the various parties, was sufficient to save Jim from the Captain's vengeance. He knew that Jim was safe, and pursuit useless.

"Well, if I let the skunk go," growled Jerry, "what am I to do?"

"Take the law of him," said Squire Cooney, brightening up at the idea of issuing a State's warrant.

"What's the crime?" asked Jerry.

"Said and battery, as I should reckon," replied the Squire, doubtfully.

"It may, however, be sufficient to save Jim from the Captain's vengeance."

"What's the punishment?" again asked the Captain.

"Well, I ain't certain about that. As the Queen halit killed out and out, I reckon it won't hang him *quite*. 'Twell whip him though, I'm pretty sure."

"That'll do," said Captain Jerry. "I hope they'll hang him, but forty save one, well laid on, will teach him better manners in future. Write the warrant, Squire, and I'll make the affidavit."

It was court week. Judges, jurors, lawyers and witnesses were in attendance. Mr. Solicitor Windy had given out the bill, in the case of The State vs. James Buggy, for assault and battery. Captain Jerry Peters, his wife, his son Jake, and the Queen were in attendance as State's witnesses. Being a quasi officer of the court, i. e. a 'student at law,' I was not bound over, though the solicitor sent me before the grand jury to testify. After hearing and duly deliberating upon the testimony, the grand jury found a "true bill," and Long Jim had to stand his trial.

"The State vs. James Buggy, for an assault and battery." Who appears for the defendant?"

"I do," replied lawyer Windy.

"Will you *traaverse*?" asked the Judge.

"No sir; we'll try the case."

"Very well, sir. Go on, if the State is ready."

Belle Peters was put upon the stand, and narrated the circumstances very particularly, though evidently with a leaning in Long Jim's favor. Belle's pretty figure, and large, good-natured face, apparently made a favorable impression upon the jury, and they were prepared to feel indignant at the discourtesy Long Jim had offered her.

"Hem," said lawyer Windy, commencing the cross-examination. "Had there been any dispute or quarrel between you and James Buggy before the night you refer to?"

"None, whatever."

"Was he not in the habit of visiting at your father's house?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the object of his frequent visits?"

No answer.

"Come, Miss Peters, you must answer the question."

"Well then, dam it; he said he came to see me, and get his dram into the bargain!"

The judge looked at poor Belle, in some surprise at her unjudicial language.

"Well, when he came to see you he generally got a dram, I suppose!"

"In course he did, if dad had any."

"You were in the habit of giving a dram to all the beaux who called at your house?"

"I can't say that," retorted Belle, pertly; "you called there once, and I don't recollect of giving you a dram."

This was considered a good hit, and there was a general laugh.

"Did the defendant attempt any further violence to you than kissing you, on the night in question?"

"I suppose not."

"Did he ever kiss you before?"

"Why, yes! a thousand times!"

Belle's *saisset* created a laugh this time at her expense.

"You never indicted him before?"

"Pshaw! no."

"The fall, you think, was only accidental?"

"Haint I said so?"

"Well; you don't want to punish Jim for kissing you?"

"Not I; Jim's a good fellow, though he was a little fuddled at the ball."

"I close for the present," said Solicitor Windy.

"I shall call so witnesses," was the answer of lawyer Windy.

"Very well, gentlemen. Will you go to the jury?"

After a moment's consultation, both lawyers agreed to submit the case under the direction of the court.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said his Honor, "the evidence is very plain in this case. The assault and battery complained of, consists in the defendant having kissed the witness without her consent. Now, the law says, that any rude, contemptuous or angry touching the person of another, is a battery. If the witness did not give her consent, expressed or implied, at the time defendant kissed her, then the rude manner in which it was done constitutes the offence with which defendant stands charged. You may retire."

The jury soon after came in with a verdict of "guilty."

"Very well," said his Honor. "To-morrow, at ten o'clock, Mr. Solicitor, I shall pass the sentence. Should the parties in this case compromise, in the meanwhile, let me know, or the defendant may stand a chance of spending some time in jail."

Belle, who had taken a seat near me when she had given her testimony, turned to me and asked, in a whisper, "what the judge meant by a compromise?"

"I suppose," said I, "he means for you and Jim to get married to-day."

Long Jim looked very pale with despair, at the judge's intimation of the jail. Belle's tender heart was touched. She made a motion to Long Jim as she went out of the court house, which he obeyed. He soon after returned, with a bright countenance, whispered a few words to Squire Cooney, and they passed out together.

"James Buggy," said the judge, "you have been convicted of an assault and battery on Belle Peters. Have you any representation to make to the court before it proceeds to pass its sentence upon you?"

"I have been compromised," said Jim.

"That is very well," said the judge. "Do you confirm this statement, Miss Peters? Have you and Jim made friends?"

"Certainly! I should think so," replied Belle, "considering the compromise."

"What compromise," said the judge, "did you make, that you both look so well pleased?"

"The one your honor recommended," replied Belle, with a simper.

"I am not aware that I made any particular suggestion," said the judge.

"We so understood it," said Belle; "so did George Woodcock."

"Well, what have you done?"

"We got married last night!"

This was too much for the gravity of the Bench to stand. Never since, though I have had a quarter of a century's experience, have I heard such a court of laughter as then shook the court house.

"Let the defendant," said the judge, as soon as he could command himself—"Let the defendant pay a fine of one cent!"

"Long Jim from over the Creek" was a proud and a happy man. Belle's eldest daughter has succeeded her as Queen of Pis Hook.

SIR THOMAS GEORGE APPEARS BART. late of Washington Hall, Huntington, who committed suicide at Margate, on the 30th Dec. 1842, has by his will (dated 23rd June, 1836) bequeathed the whole of his property, amounting to upwards of £25,000, to St. George's Hospital. His sister, Mrs. Amelia Peacock, intends to dispute the validity of the will in the Ecclesiastical Court, on the ground that the deceased was not of sound and competent mind at the time of executing such will. He was a man of very eccentric habits, and changed his lodgings fourteen times since the year 1834; though he had his mansion, as above stated, he never resided in it. He was also very peculiar, hoarding up old clothes and harness. He would cut up for the dogs what remained of his dinner, to prevent the servants (who were kept on board wages) from having it. The executors named in the will are George Fiero and Samuel Foster.

A grand jury to Indiana have presented the practice of dunning as a nuisance; being a fruitless consumption of time, and waste of shoe-leather.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Booth concluded his engagement at the PARK THEATRE on Wednesday night in the part of Pescara, in Shiel's powerful tragedy of the "Apostate," which was revived after a slumber of twelve years, for Mr. Simpson's benefit on Monday night. Despite the carping of a few critics, who refuse to concede to Mr. Booth, the possession oven of a high degree of talent, we are convinced that no actor of the present day, could have enacted this character with so much power and effect as was exhibited by him on Monday night—if a proof was wanting that the fire of his genius is not yet extinguished, it was afforded on that occasion; the actor and the audience seemed to be carried away by their feelings, and the most enthusiastic applause rewarded his efforts. We cannot doubt, that should Booth rise superior to the vice which has beset him, he might yet bring his career to a brilliant termination.

A melancholy event occurred at this house on Monday night. Mr. Abbott during one of the scenes in the first act of the tragedy, fell down suddenly, apparently in a fit; the curtain was immediately lowered and he was conveyed to the green room and medical assistance procured. He was bled and cupped, which only partially restored him to his senses. The surgeon announced it as an attack of apoplexy, and it is feared that should he survive, he will be unable to resume his profession. Mr. Abbott was not in a fit state to be removed from the green room, where he remained for several days in a precarious state.

NELLO'S.—As we predicted, the production of "L'Ambasciadore" has caused quite a rush to the operatic saloon—on each night of its representation, every seat has been occupied long before the rise of the curtain.—So much has been said by our contemporaries about Calvé and the opera, that we have but little to do but repeat the eulogiums which have been so lavishly bestowed upon them, and which they so well deserved.

Mlle Calvé, the *prima donna*, is a peculiarly chaste singer—her voice is a mezzo-soprano of very limited compass, but of exceeding sweet tone, and her style is remarkable for its grace and finish. She has the advantage, too, of being an excellent actress, and the *maître* with which she gives her first song, charmed and delighted the audience, and secured at the outset their good opinion.

Madame Le Count as Charlotte, played liminally, and confirmed the opinion we had already formed of her talents. Mlle Lagier has little to do, indeed there is only one scene in the opera in which she appears prominently—in the singing lesson with Henriette, when she divides the applause with the *prima donna*.

Madame Mathieu, the old aunt of Henriette, is, beyond question, the very best representative of old women we have seen for many a year.

Lecount, Bernard and Richer were necessary adjuncts to the developments of the plot, but they have little to do comparatively—Bernard as he bustling manager, was particularly excellent.

It appears to be a matter of surprise to every one, and very naturally so, that so successful an opera, should have been played so seldom, particularly when it is known that the vaudevilles will not compare in attraction with it, however excellent they may be—the policy, at least, doubtful. Equally so, it is to substitute "Le Domino Noir" for "L'Ambasciadore," whilst the latter is in the full tide of success—we presume, however, their must be a cause.

We understand the English Company commence on Tuesday next, and play twice a week for the present. Burton, Walcott (of the Olympic) and Miss Reynolds are the stars.

MUSICAL.

Mr. George Loder, assisted by the pupils of the New-York Vocal Institute, gave a musical entertainment at the Apollo last Friday, commencing with a lecture on music; the pupils giving illustrations of the music of different ages. Amongst the rest we had the "Chanson de Roland," as sung by the principal bard and soldier of Charlemagne's army—a song written by Thibaut, King of Navarre, in the thirteenth century, (quite a gem,) and several other pieces equally interesting in their character. The lecture in itself, a subject of great interest, was rendered doubly so, by the admirable arrangement of the different heads, and the characteristic anecdotes with which it abounded.

The entertainment concluded with a concert, in which Mrs. Loder, Raymond, Massett, and Mr. Marks the celebrated violinist, assisted. Of these it is unnecessary to speak, as they are well known to the public, but, the amateur performers, certainly deserve a passing notice. The

glee "Sigh no more ladies," was sung by the vocal class in a manner we have not heard surpassed, and the "Camp Glee," a composition of George Loder's, could not be given better by any professionals in the city.

These young gentlemen are the pupils of Messrs. Loder and Massett, who have formed a Vocal Institute, at 592, Broadway, where they teach singing in classes. We have watched the progress of several of their pupils, and their rapid advancement in the science, has been a matter of astonishment. To those that are desirous of acquiring this pleasing accomplishment, the Institute affords an opportunity of doing so, with celerity and economy.

Mr. Marks proposes giving a concert on Monday next, when he will be assisted by nearly all the available talent in the city.

Mr. Dempster gave a concert on Tuesday evening, assisted by the Misses Cumming at the Society Library. The many admirers of this gentleman, turned out, and he had a full house. He, as well as the ladies, was in excellent voice, and his "Irish Emigrant's Lament," and "Blind Boy," elicited rapturous applause. His style of singing, simple, touching, and natural, always pleases, while the more ornate and scientific pieces of the Italian school, have for many, no charms. The Misses Cumming won much applause, their songs were given with feeling, and their voices harmonised together, with a perfection only to be attained by long practice. They are already very popular, and will become, when their style is fully appreciated, great favourites with the lovers of simple, and graceful melody.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Henry of France in Youth." There are some very good verses in this poem, but as a whole, it is unfinished and defective. "Part" and "apart" is not an allowable rhyme, and in other verses, the sense is overstrained to force a rhyme. Some portions of this poem prove that the author can write much better than he has in this instance, and he should make the attempt.

"At Sea," "Night before Battle." The young gentleman who wrote these articles, it would be a great stretch of courtesy to call a poet. He is widely mistaken his vocation. In answer to his question we say "certainly not."

"W. S." We are grateful for the offer of the work he has written—but most respectfully decline it.

"Friendship." Here is another verse maker who is not a poet. His similes are all old, and his lines, although smooth and musical, want life and originality sadly.

"W. F. S." Will not do.

¶ We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem "Izion in Heaven," which we have the pleasure of presenting them this week. In the conception and construction there are developments of true genius, and some passages are worthy the most mature and famous masters of the lyre in either hemisphere. The writer is H. Hubbard, Esq. of Norwich, N. Y., and forming our estimation from what we have seen from his pen, we look to see him assume and maintain a high rank on the roll of American poets.

MR. W. V. WALLACE.—This gentleman, who is said by competent judges to be unequalled in this country as a Pianist, Violinist and Composer, advertises a concert for Tuesday next. We are told, by those who have heard him, to expect almost a Paganini, and look with some anxiety for the proof. It is a great pity, however, that the gentleman is not a Signor, or a Herr, or something of the sort. Can he not tack a foreign termination to his name? He would then become the rage.

NEW WORK.—Farahan the traveller, whose remarkable work on Oregon has attained such a wide popularity, has a pair of volumes of a similar character on California, nearly completed, which are to be published in London by Beasley.

¶ The third trotting match between Americus and Ripton came off at Beacon course on Monday last. It was taken by Ripton, mile heats and repeat, in 2 m. 41 sec.

The last census of Upper Canada gives the population as 506,055; of which number the natal country of 40,684 is England; of 78,255 is Ireland; of 39,781 is Scotland; of 247,665 is Canada, of British origin; of 13,969 is do. of French origin; of 6,681 is Contient of Europe; of 32,838 is United States; 7,545 are Foreigners not naturalised.

TRIDERS SONGS.—A musician in giving notice of an intended Concert at Cleveland, Ohio, says:—"A variety of other songs, may be exposed, too tedious to mention."

Exercise.—Many people take no exercise at all, because they cannot take, or think they cannot take, a great deal. At least this is the reason they give their consciences. It is not always a sincere one. They had better say to themselves at once "I am too idle," or "I am too accustomed to sit still, to make exercise pleasant." Where the fault is aware of itself, there is better hope of its mending. But the least bit of exercise is better than none. A walk, five minutes before dinner in a garden, or down a street, is better than no walk at all. It is some benefit, however small a one, into the mere habit of sitting still and growing stagnant of blood, or corpulent of body. A little tiny bit of the sense of doing one's duty is kept up by it. A glimpse of a reverence is retained for sprightliness of mind and shapeliness of person: and thus the case is not rendered hopeless, should circumstances arise that tempt the patient into a more active system. In fair kindness of ours, once reckoned among the failures of her native city,—a very intelligent woman as far as books went, and latterly a very sharp observer into the faults of other persons, by dint of a certain exasperation of her own,—literally felt a aversion to sitting indoors, and never quitting her favorite pastime of reading. The pastime was at once her bane and her antidote. It would have been nothing but a blessing had she varied it. But her misfortune was, that her selfwill was still greater than her sense, and that being able to fill up her moments as pleasantly as she wished during health, she had persuaded herself that she could go on filling them up as pleasantly by the same process, when she grew older; and this "wouldn't do!" For our bodies are changing, while our minds are thinking "won't do" of the matter; and in vain attribute the new pains and weaknesses which come upon them to this and that petty cause,—cold on a seat, or an apple; thinking they shall "be better to-morrow;" and at last, as they were before. Time will not palter with the frail state of the age, for all our self-will and our over-weening confidence. The person we speak of literally rusted in her chair: lost the use of her limbs, and died paralytic and ghastly to look upon, of premature old age. The physician said it was a clear case. On the other hand, we heard some years ago of a gentleman of seventy, a medical man, (now most probably alive and merry—no hope he will read this,) who, meeting a kinsman of ours in the street, and being congratulated on the singular youthfulness of his aspect, said that he was never better or more active in his life; that it was still owing to his having walked sixteen miles a day, on the average, for the greater part of it; and that at the age of seventy, he felt all the lightness and cheerfulness of seventeen! This is an extreme case, owing to peculiar circumstances; but it shows of what our nature is capable, where favorable circumstances are not contradicted. This gentleman had cultivated a cheerful benevolence of mind, as well as activity of body, and the two together were irresistible, even to old time. The death of such a man must be like going to sleep after a good journey.

CANAL BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.—(Mons. Elie), the distinguished engineer of the proposed canal across the Isthmus of Darien, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean, is now in Cincinnati, where he has for some time been confined by severe illness. Mons. E. agreed to complete the canal within five years after reaching the ground; so do this in the time proposed by him, the labor of four or five thousand men will be necessary, not one of whom is to be an American—all are to be brought from Germany and Ireland, the Americans being regarded as too independent to submit to the French and English manner of ruling the common laborer. The extensive London house of Baring & Brothers are represented to be the heaviest stockholders in this scheme; whence long kept secret until those gentlemen agreed to furnish the funds for making the great Macadamized road running from the City of Panama to the Bay of Chorrera, according to the Company's contract with the Republics of New Granada. The canal from bank to bank will be one hundred and twenty-eight feet; at the bottom, sixty-seven feet in width—the whole length forty-eight and a half miles, and it will have four locks. New Granada has taken to the company eighty-six thousand acres of land along the canal's line, in addition to which four hundred thousand acres more can be taken by them from any other part of the country, unless previously appropriated by Government.

The extract from a London paper, now going the rounds of the United States press, estimating the cost and probable profits of this great work, and also the advantages, is represented by Mons. E. as being substantially correct. Instead of estimating the Company's line finally decided upon charging but eight francs per ton on merchandise passing through the canal.

A GIANT, AND "NO MISTAKE."—In the library of the dean and chapter of Carlisle in the following curious account of the discovery of a giant at St. Bees:—A true report of Hugh Hodson, of Thornesay, in Cumberland, to St. Rob. Cwelly (q. v. Sewall), of a giant found at St. Bees, in Cum'land, 1661, written at St. Bees. The Company went in the first 4 yards deep in the ground, and was a corn-field. He was 4 yards and a half long, and was in complete armor; his sword and battle-axe lying by him. His sword was two spans broad and more than two yards long. The head of his battle-axe a yard long, and the shaft of it all of iron, as thick as a man's thigh, and more than two yards long. His teeth were 6 inches long, and 3 inches broad; his forehead was more than 2 spans and a half broad. His glove could contain 3 pms of oatmeal. His armor, sword, and battle-axe, as at Mr. Saml's, of Redington [Retington], and at Mr. Wyber's, at St. Bees.—"Mackel MSS., vol. vi.—Jefferson's History of Antiquities of Alderdate Ward, &c.

THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SPAIN, by Sir JOHN FRISWATER, J. WINCHESTER, NEW YORK.—A few years since who would have dreamed of such an enterprise as this now undertaken and indeed accomplished by Mr. Winchester. "Friswaster" a sealed fountain to all but the student and antiquarian, popularized and selling in the streets of New York at 25 cents. There are probably few readers of the present day who have not heard of this faithful chronicler, although few probably have read his works. His histories have the mine from which have been digged the ore to furnish art the brain labors of many of the most successful novelists, poets and romancers of the present and last centuries.

Historians have been deeply indebted to his labors in researches, and have drawn liberally on the almost inexhaustible stores laid up by his untiring industry. Unlike some of the dry histories which our literary appetite rejects as our physical appetite does husks, when it desires "dinner and snuff," the Chronicles read like a romance by Scott or James, romantic and stirring personal incidents are frequent, and the great events of national wars and progress are detailed in language which throws a charm around the driest theme.

This work is issued by Mr. Winchester, containing "one hundred and twenty engravings, facsimiles of the originals, done at an expense of one thousand dollars. This is a great undertaking, and we hope the publisher will be amply sustained by a liberal public."

TO AGENTS.—Any of our Agents having on hand No. 2, and No. 16, of Vol. IV., (Jan. 14, and April 22, 1843,) will please return them to this office.

THE GRAMPUS.—The U. S. schooner Grampus, Lieut. Com. Downes, bound on a cruise to the southward, went to sea from Hampton Roads about 60 days since, with a fresh breeze from the southwest, and it is believed that she has not since been heard of, except once. As there were some very heavy gales soon after her departure, great fears are entertained that she has been lost.

The following is a list of her officers:—Albert E. Downes, Lieut. Commanding; Lieut. Geo. McCreery, William J. Swan, Huns Gansvoort; James S. Thatcher, purser; T. S. K. Hum, master; E. C. Con. way, assistant surgeon; Middlebury A. J. Lewis, E. N. Beadel, Geo. L. McKenney, captain's clerk.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

MARRIED.

On the 29th ult., by Rev. L. Jones, Sr. Richard Marsh to Miss Maria Frances Strobel, daughter of the late Benjamin Strobel, of Charleston, S. C.

On May 25, by Rev. F. F. Crowell, Mr. Stephen White, of Westchester, to Miss Ellen R. Brinkhoff, of the city.

On May 21, by Rev. B. M. Varrington, Abram Aker, of the firm of Aker & Son, merchants, to Mary Frances, daughter of Capt. Augusta Lyon, all of Greenwich, Ct.

On May 21, Henry A. Garrett to Sarah A. daughter of the late Richard Lyons, all of this city.

May 21, by Rev. Mr. Bigler, John D. Kinsey to Emeline, daughter of Wm. Beatty, all of this city.

On 25th ult., by Rev. Richard W. Dickinson, D. D., Mr. William Beard to Margaret, daughter of Mr. John McColl, all of this city.

On 24 ult., by Rev. Mr. Wauwright, William Clarkson to Elizabeth Van Teyl.

At Middleboro, Ct., May 16, George O. Russell to Miss Augusta H., daughter of Thomas Mather, Esq.

At Lynchburg, Va., on the 17 ult., by Rev. Wm. S. Reid, Mr. John Woodson Smith to Miss Mary F. Francis, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Cannon.

At Lynchburg, on the 16 ult., by Rev. John L. Prichard, Wilson C. Hewitt, Esq., to Frances Brydon, daughter of Col. Stephen Coleman, of Cittyland.

At Albany, May 15, by Rev. Dr. John A. Collins, to Pamela Landan.

At Troy, on the 18th ult., by Rev. O. H. Grosver, Santia Cogswell to Amelia Temple.

On the 25th ult., at Newark, by Rev. Mr. Chace, George Frederick Deas, of New-York, to Miss Mary Minnie Allen, of New-York.

On the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Dr. Quastner, Mr. Joseph Burdick, of Bristol, England, to Miss Sarah Leary, of New-York.

DIED.

On the morning of the 29th ult. West, infant daughter of Nathaniel Currier. In this city May 30, Eugene A. Simpson, Esq., formerly of Manchester, England, aged 32.

May 30, Ann, wife of James Walsh, aged 22.

May 30, Mrs. Catherine Rider, aged 64.

May 30, Charles B. Surry, aged 51.

May 27, Capt. Peter Simmons, aged 53.

May 27, Capt. James D. Snow, late master of the ship Waverly, of this port.

On the 26 ult., Elizabeth, wife of John Burd, aged 28.

On the 26 ult., Mary, widow of the late Captain John F. Doane, aged 60.

On the 26 ult., William Withiger, aged 64.

On the 26 ult., Samuel C. Brown, aged 39.

On the 26 ult., Jacob Freeland, aged 36.

At Albany, on the 24th ult. William Swan, youngest child of James B. and Mercant Nix, of this city.

On the 26th ult., William Elder, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 25th ult., Jane Remond, wife of Tunis Jackson.

At Brooklyn, May 23, Ann, widow of the late William De Groot, of Roundbrook, N. Y.

At Ballston Springs, May 30, James Merrill, Esq., aged 64.

On the 29th ult., at Brookville, L. I., in the 56th year, John Colverson.

In the city on Sunday last, William Bell, a native of Scotland.

On the 25th ult., Catherine Donnell, aged 73.

On the 27th ult., James Chelwell, aged 20.

AGRICULTURAL.

HOLSTEIN BUTTER.—The Journal of the English Agricultural Society contains an article on the rural affairs of some parts of Holland, in which an excellent account is given of the Holsteins made of making the butter which is so very famous. The Holstein dairies are very extensive, varying from 100 to 400 cows, and provided with buildings and every necessary accommodation on a corresponding scale. Whenever practicable, the milk room or milking parlour is from the north, and is sufficiently capacious to hold the proceeds of at least four milkings. Numerous windows or air passages are prepared so as to secure the most perfect ventilation; they are furnished with glass sashes and shutters, and within have gauze curtains to exclude insects.

When, as is sometimes the case, both cheese and butter are made at the same dairy, the apartment for cheese is always kept separate from that devoted to butter-making, from the vicinity of which every thing is carefully kept away which by any possibility could exercise a sinister influence on the very susceptible substances of milk and butter, which suffer to a degree those unaccustomed to observe it little suspect from an impure atmosphere. The dairy is managed by women, of whom there is the superintendent, or head dairy woman; and one dairy maid to every sixteen cows. There is besides the owner or overseer, and one or more men who attend to the feeding of the cows. There are others whose business is to attend to the cows, see that they are properly fed, and every thing in its proper place and keeping. The overseer sees that the cows are fully milked, as on this the quantity and excellence of the cream is greatly depending. It has been ascertained by carefully repeated experiments that the first drawn milk contains five, the second eight, and the fifth seventeen per cent of cream.

The business of the head dairy woman is arduous, and demands a full acquaintance with the various processes. "She must not only thoroughly understand, but accurately observe the precise time when the milk should be creamed: the degree of acidity it must attain in the cream barrels; its temperature, whether requiring the addition of warm water or cold to the churn; as well as the all-important operations of kneading, beating, salting, and packing the butter." The milking commences at four in the morning (the milkers using at three), in the field, and the milk is conveyed to the dairy by a cone horse wagon, from hooks on which large vessels are suspended. To prevent the milk from flying over the brim of these vessels in moving the wagon, thin pieces of wood, of nearly the size of the vessel, float on the milk, and this practice is adopted when pails are carried by the hand.

The effect which various kinds of different materials has on the promoting or retarding the acidity of milk, has received much attention in Holland, and the vessels most generally preferred on all accounts are shallow wooden keels, holding about eight quarts. In some few instances glass vessels are used, and some of the reports speak of them highly. It has been found that cream to make first rate butter, must be removed from the milk at the latest not later than four hours, and the cream will not fully rise under thirty-six hours; to prevent souring before that time, especially in sultry weather or during thunder storms, requires particular attention to temperature."

A cellar temperature of from 60 to 62 degrees gives the best and the most cream, the rising being completed in thirty-six hours; a greater degree of warmth hastens the process, but lessens the quantity of the butter; a lower temperature preserves the milk forty-eight or sixty hours, but imparts an unpleasant flavour to the cream and butter. The commencement of souring in milk is marked by a slight wrinkling of the cream, and a slightly acid taste. When this appears, whether the milk has stood a longer or a shorter time, skimming commences. As fast as it is collected, it is poured through a hair sieve kept for this purpose alone, into large barrels of about eight quarts each, in which it remains till the necessary sourness is attained, which in summer usually takes twenty-four hours, and in winter thirty-six or forty-eight hours. During this advance to acidity, the cream is frequently stirred, to prevent its coagulating or becoming cheesy, and when fit for churning, the skill of the dairy woman is required to determine the proper temperature to make good butter. In warm weather the churn is rinsed with the coldest water, and if necessary cold spring water is added to the cream, but if the cellar is properly warmed, this is rarely necessary. In cold weather the churn is washed in warm water, and is sometimes applied to the cream itself. The churning being completed, the butter is immediately carried to the butter cellar, where, in a large tray or trough made of beech or oak highly polished, and provided with a plug at the lower extremity to let off the milk, the butter is slightly worked and salted with the purest salt, moulded with a ladle into a mass at the upper end of the trough, and left for some hours to drain. In the evening it is thoroughly kneaded and beat, the dairy-maid lifting a piece of three or four pounds, and slapping it against the trough with great force to beat out the milky particles. After the whole mass has thus, piece by piece, been freed from the buttermilk, it is again spread out, and receives its full salting (in all about 1½ ounce of salt to a pound of butter), which is worked with the utmost care, equally through the whole, and is then pressed into a compact mass. Butter in Holstein is seldom washed, though in some other parts of Holland it is practised with the greatest success. When enough is made to fill a cask, the several churnings are once more kneaded and beat thoroughly together, a very little fresh salt is added, and it is then packed in the barrel, which is made of red beech wood, water tight, and previously well washed with water and salt. The cask must be filled at a single packing, and is then pounded down, and care being taken that no interstice is left between the butter and the sides of the cask. This packing of a cask at a time

gives the butter of large dairies the advantage over small ones, as it must be left longer exposed to air before the quantity requisite to fill the barrel is obtained.

"The qualities of first rate butter are considered to be 1st, a fine yellow colour, neither pale nor orange tinted; 2d, a close, waxy texture, in which extremely minute and perfectly transparent beads of brine are perceptible; but if these beads be either large, or in the highest degree tinged with colour, it indicates an imperfect working of the butter; while an entirely dry, tallowy appearance is equally disapproved; 3d, a fresh, fragrant perfume, and a sweet, keenly taste; 4th, good butter will, above all, be distinguished by keeping for a considerable time, without acquiring an old or rancid flavour."

"The quantity of food which can be afforded to the cows during winter is determined at the beginning of the season, when the harvest returns are known; and in plentiful years the calculation is, that each cow should be allowed three sacks of grain (generally oats, at 140 pounds the sack), 2,000 pounds of straw, including bedding or litter for the stable, and 1,800 pounds of hay of good quality; while for every 100 pounds of hay deducted the must receive 25 pounds of grain more, and rice *et cetera*."

During the winter the requisite colour is given to the butter by some colouring material; and the best for this purpose is found to be a mixture of annatto and turmeric, in the proportion of five ounces of the latter to one pound of the former.

The average quantity of milk from the Holstein cows is about 2500 quarts per annum; much depending on the food and care; and it is calculated that every 100 pounds of milk will give 24 pounds of butter, 6 pounds of fresh cheese, 14 pounds of butter-milk, and 76½ quarts of whey, where cheese is made. Fifteen quarts of milk are considered a fair average for a pound of butter, though sometimes a cow gives milk so rich that 12 quarts make a pound. "On the whole, it is considered a fair return from the Holstein dairies when the produce amounts to 100 pounds of butter and 150 pounds of cheese per annum to each cow."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—An operation has been performed in this city which goes far to establish the fact that there is something in Mesmerism, beyond all dispute. Mrs. Davis, of Edlington, has suffered for some time with a tumor in the right shoulder, and was advised by her physician to have it removed. While thinking upon the subject she heard of animal magnetism, and came into the city several days since to have its effect tried upon her. Mr. Wm. F. Small, of this city, who has recently been practicing magnetism on his friends, and found to be a successful magnetizer, was called upon to succeed in mesmerizing her, or in putting her into the magnetic sleep. This was repeated several times within a few days, when the physician and several friends met for the purpose of removing the tumor by a surgical operation. The excitement of the preparation, Mrs. Davis remarked, was so great that she doubted whether Mr. Small would be able to mesmerize her sufficiently for such an operation. Mr. Small, however, after having engaged her for eleven minutes she fell asleep, and the operation was continued as much longer, when the surgeon, Dr. George B. Rich, made an incision in the shoulder, over the tumor, of about two inches in length, and inserted a hook into the tumor, which was about half the size of a hen's egg, and dissected it out and dressed the wound. During the operation Mrs. Davis manifested some slight uneasiness, like a person in a troubled dream, and one or two slight screams in the opposite arm. On being taken out of the sleep she was told that they had not been able to extract her tumor, to which she replied that she had feared they would not as she was so much excited about it. She was at length apprised of the result, of which she was previously quite unconscious, and the only sensation of which she was in any way conscious was that of being asleep and wishing to wake up, but not being able. Nor had she suffered any pain up to this evening. We have this statement, substantially, from those who were present; and the parties are of the highest respectability, and who have no motive for an erroneous statement.—*Bangor Whig.*

Thorn, the murderer, was lately taken to Thomaston to the Maine State Prison. He stood respectfully to passengers on board the boat that had no intention of marrying Mrs. Wilson after the death of her husband, and that this was not the motive for the commission of the crime, although he does not appear to have had any other motive, except to please her. He also solemnly avers that he never had any criminal intercourse with Mrs. Wilson, as has been generally supposed. At the same time he appears to entertain the strongest aversion to her, and to cherish a feeling of hatred and revenge on account of her statements concerning him and her conduct towards him. And he has the impression that it was wholly on account of her conduct that he was convicted.

He is generally cheerful, conversed freely with the passengers, and entertained the strongest hopes, amounting almost to an assurance, that he shall be reprieved at the end of the year to which he is sentenced prior to his execution. He does not appear to possess much mind.

WHO WILL NOT PLANT A TREE?—Capt. John Ferguson, a veteran of the Revolution, now living in Bedford, N.H., when in the prime of life, cut a willow walking stick from a tree in Haverhill, Mass., and upon his arrival at Pelham, N.H., where he then resided, he placed his cane in the ground about six rods north of the old meeting-house in that town. The cane was seen in the shape of a tree, measuring fifteen and a half feet in circumference, at the small end below the branches, which are of corresponding proportions with the trunk.

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VOL. V.—NO. 6.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 201.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

That there is for every building site in the country, a style of building peculiar and appropriate, and more so than any other admits of no controversy. The right kind of house to erect on any given locality is easily ascertained, if the intention is to make that sort of structure which would best harmonize with the scene with which it is associated and the purposes to which it is to be applied.

The architecture most appropriate to the bold and rocky shores of the Highlands, would be the *castellated*. To the less bold but equally romantic intervals below, where there is plenty of woodland, the thousand and one varieties of the *pointed style*. To the clear and sunny glades where there is but little variety of scene, the *Tuscan*, &c. &c. To a majority of the sites on the North River, the *pointed style* or *Gothic* is peculiarly fitting.

The engraving which illustrates this number, is from a design by A. J. Davis. It was originally prepared to illustrate the "Cottage Residences" of A. J. Downing, Esq., who has been eminently successful in inculcating a correct taste in Landscape Gardening, and Rural Architecture. His works on these subjects, both published and very beautifully got up, by Wiley & Putnam, are above all praise. From the work on Cottage Residences, we take the description of the picturesque architectural composition which is here presented.

This is the "Beau Ideal Villa" of Mr. Davis, and rising above the grade of cottages, is not so expensive a structure as it would seem to be.

It is an example, both of a complete and extensive villa, and of the rapid progress which architecture is making among us. It was designed for the country residence of J. R. Williams, Esq. of Albany, near which place it is situated.

In the view here given, the artist has chosen a position showing the north and east fronts of the building, which are to be seen from the river; the entrance front being on the west side, but a small portion of the open porch or *porte cochère* is visible on the right. This is undoubtedly the finest specimen of the Gothic or pointed style in this country. Although the whole composition evinces great unity of feeling, it has nevertheless more variety of feature than we have ever before seen successfully introduced into a villa. Of windows, alone, there is almost every kind used

at the period or era to which the style belongs—the triple lancet, the arched, the square-headed, the bay, the eiel and the triangular. There are three or four varieties of gables and buttresses shown, and an air of originality and boldness is bestowed on the whole composition by the octagonal tower, which gives a pyramidal and artistic form to the whole pile of building.

The house is entered on the west, where the high and boldly projecting porch, extending entirely across the approach road fifteen feet, forms a dry, sheltered carriage porch, under which any vehicle may draw up and the occupants alight, dry and sheltered in the stormiest weather.

If we now enter and pass through the vestibule, we shall soon find ourselves in a circular hall, sixteen feet in diameter, that forms a nucleus or radiating point from which all the principal apartments diverge. This

hall, and though it, the whole house is heated by a furnace in the basement. Directly beyond the hall is the library, a hexagonal apartment of much beauty of proportion, which will command a very striking view of the Hudson from the bay window at the eastern extremity. This bay window is of richly stained glass, which produces a rich and mellow tone of light in the apartment in admirable keeping with its character. On the right side of the library is another window opening upon the umbrage, affording a delightful walk with a noble view of the river in its southern course.

The dining room is entered by another door on the right of the hall. It is sixteen by twenty-four feet in dimensions, and the bay at the south opens into a conservatory of plants, which will give this apartment an air of summer, even in the depths of winter. This conservatory, forming a part of the veranda or umbrage, may be entirely removed in the summer, if it should be preferred, to leave the whole open for promenade. The dining room has a china closet on the right of the chimney breast and a dumb waiter on the left. Across the staircase-hall is the pantry, and the stairs descending to the kitchen and its offices, is placed in most convenient proximity to the door leading to this passage.

The drawing room opens on the left of the hall and forms a *salon* with the library and dining room. Its bay will have a charming view into the north, and the two windows on the river front another looking east,

A VILLA IN THE POINTED STYLE.



The two remaining doors from the hall lead, the one to the staircase-bell and the other to a bedroom and dressing room. On the south side of the vestibule is the office or gentleman's own room, neatly and appropriately fitted up as a study and business room, for the master of the house. At one corner of this office is an iron safe built in the wall. On the north side of the vestibule is a large closet for cloaks, umbrellas, &c. This story is thirteen feet high.

The second floor contains six sleeping apartments of various sizes, a bath room and a water closet; and the attic furnishes sleeping accommodations for the servants. We regret that we cannot show by engraved plans, the ample and convenient arrangements of this and the basement story.

The whole internal arrangement of this "*beau ideal villa*" of Mr. Davis is, we think, highly remarkable for its elegance, its compartments, and the abundant convenience of its accommodations. While any portion of the house may be used separate at any time, the effect of the entire first floor when thrown open at once is more striking than that of many mansions we have seen of four times the size, where the rooms, having no connection and being badly arranged, have no effect as a whole.

Such is the *beau ideal* of a villa appropriate for an American gentleman. Thousands there are among us who could have such a house to live in for fifteen thousand dollars, certainly not a large sum to those who build palaces or extensive country houses.

The situation selected for this villa is a hill of considerable extent, (commanding an extensive view of the Hudson,) which is densely wooded with a natural growth of forest trees. The site was selected from its beauty and romantic character, and the style of the building adapted to it, and nothing could have been designed more appropriate. There is a beautiful and perfect harmony between the house and its situation. The large growth of forest trees upon the ground was also a desideratum, for it is found much easier to produce a satisfactory effect, and at once, by thinking out such a growth of natural wood, than to plant and raise new growths of sylvan accessories upon a bald landscape.

This style of building, of which we have given a beautiful specimen in the *beau ideal* villa, most especially recommends itself in rural residences, and their appendages. It admits of an agreeable symmetrical irregularity, and great variety of outline, both in plan and elevation. It is suited to uneven ground; and additions of rooms or offices, may be made in it from time to time, with an increase of picturesque beauty, while it possesses many advantages for convenience, and the essential recommendation of being within the limits of economy in the execution. High roofs, and chimney tops, which are inadmissible in the Grecian style, here contribute to its picturesque character. Another circumstance that tends greatly to recommend this style, for domestic buildings upon a moderate scale, is, that it allows the windows to be of very different dimensions, and proportions, and plainer or more ornamented, on the same floor, as either external convenience, or the external elevation shall require. Neither is it one of its least favorable peculiarities, that such frequent and extensive application may be made of the projecting, or *bay window*, which admits of great diversity in plan, proportions, elevation, and embellishment. While features of this description are almost sure to tell externally, and to possess a pictorial, if not invariably a strictly architectural value,—among other reasons, because when they rise from the ground by advancing beyond the general mass, they give an appearance of great solidity to its base, so they come greatly to the aid of the architect in the interior, he being thus enabled to enlarge any particular room, without similarly increasing the one above it, or extending the general plan. They also materially conduce to beauty and cheerfulness within, inasmuch, as they lead to variety of form, in the plan and disposition of the rooms themselves, and because by projecting, they admit gleams of sunshine into an apartment, both earlier and later, than other windows having the same aspect. Even when a window of this kind has no lateral lights, and forms but a shallow recess, it conveys the idea of solidity in the walls, by seeming to be a deep *embrasure* cut out in their thickness; and as it generally enables us to dispense with other windows, at least on the same side of the floor, greater space may be obtained between the window itself, and the walls at right angles to it. The advantages resulting from this are not unimportant: In the first place, it enables us to place larger pieces of furniture on that side of the room; secondly, although a more extensive view is obtained of the

prospect without, on which the window recess serves as a frame, the apartment itself seems less exposed, while the sun is less troublesome in summer. In addition to the recommendations already pointed out, bay and oriel windows assist greatly in keeping up symmetry where there are recesses, or even breaks in other parts of a room.

Fitness and appropriateness cannot be too much impressed on the minds of those who would build. Many people in their aim at magnificence, erect the most ridiculous and paltry imitations of temples, for the purposes of a residence. One would suppose, that such men, with so perverted and depraved a taste, would be run, but, not so—half the expensive houses we see erected in the country, seem to be straining after magnificence, trying to be a temple of Theosus or Minerva. It may be, that, remembering how of old the Gods were supposed to inhabit the temples, these fondly preceptors imagine, that if they build temples for themselves to live in, they too will be gods. The delusion can be accounted for on no other supposition.

Nothing seems to be thought of less, than the necessity of adapting the style and character of a house to its location and its purposes; and yet a beautiful structure will lose half its beauty, by being badly located, while a house of perhaps half the expense, if designed in harmony with the site and with perfect fitness, would surpass it in every requisite of use and elegance.

It is certainly lamentable, to witness the wasteful expenditure, and ludicrous ostentation exhibited in many of our country villas, on the banks of the Hudson, and elsewhere! Facades of Greek temples, of such colossal size and expense, that the porticoes, rooms, and all conveniences must be sacrificed for cheerless magnificence; for fitness, proportion, expression of purpose, shade and shelter, seem never once to have entered into the thoughts of their planners. Every carpenter, who builds an ordinary house on speculation, gives it columns, and greek scrolls, honeysuckle ornaments, and sarcophagi. Why should he not write out his specifications in the language of Paradise Lost, and pay his men with a speech from Timon of Athens? Fitness—fitness—fitness, should be as constantly the cry, in regard to architectural design, as action, action, action with respect to eloquence. Employ the established orders of Greece, where you can do it with fitness to yourself, and no offence to her; but being directed by certain absolute requirements of internal disposition, give the whole a filling decoration, though the unsuitableness of Westminster Abbey, or the Parthenon drive you, as in a "fortiori hope," upon your own resources.

In architecture, which is both an art and a science, designs should be resolved with great caution, precisely as the arguments of opponent lawyers, by one who is both judge and jury. Let us lay down a little law, since we have it on our side. "Whenever the effect of any design depends mainly on anything not essential to its use, the critic may always be certain that there is something wrong. In general, also, when imitations of the effect of time on buildings are introduced in architectural designs, they are to be looked on with suspicion, as well as all accompaniments of trees, clouds, and figures. A design for a building, should always have distinct and independent beauty, which can be conveyed by lines, without any reference to either shading, coloring, or accompaniments." Taste is said to operate instantaneously in the mind of its possessor, but taste is first to be acquired,—in some by reflection, in others by study; in both by an operation of the understanding. Hence few possess intellectual taste. But all have eyes, and must have read or heard tell of the beauties of classical architecture, thus all eyes are dazzled, the external eye, with white paint, and the internal, by association.

Since the downfall of ancient Greece in the time of the great robber, Alexander, no Architect seems to have arisen, who ranks with *Raphael* in Painting, or *Canova* in Sculpture. Many excellent Painters and Sculptors have had their day since, but not one great Architect, in any thing but precept, from Vitruvius down. Is it so difficult to excel in the practice of this important art? It would seem so. Our would be Architects, not being regularly educated for the profession, have little study, not having the appliances, and are "as easily led by the nose as nases are,"—and proprietors with purses, often have only eyes, without understanding; and improvements (so called) go on with such rapidity that no time is left for reflection.

The Sheriff of this County has, it is stated, been summoned to appear before the Governor and show cause why he should not be removed for malfeasance in office.—*American*.

Original.

SARAH GRANGER.

A NOVELETTE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. ANN B. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

Can the heart which has once poured out the wealth of its young affections, gather up its broken tendrils, and twine them around a new object, after they have been rent by sorrow or fickleness from their first support? If the life be not extinct—if the heart be not utterly crushed by the first uprooting of its hope, will it not shoot forth the same tendencies again, even as the young vine, when crushed and trodden to the earth for a season, will bud and blossom in a new spring, clinging around a new support, and spreading its invigorating foliage over other boughs than those that flung it off to perish? Men, and women also, do love again and again. A second—nay, a third object may be beloved with a deeper, more enduring, and more reasonable attachment than the first,—but not as the first. The radiance youth flings around its earliest sensations is as the dawn on the summer peach—if once sunbeamed off, never to be renewed;—it is a dream,—a beautiful vision, born in sunshine and flowers, fed in experience, and often blighted by the fulfillment of its own hopes. Nay—it is to be doubted if the human heart is capable of its steadiest, holiest attachments, until the soul has been chastened, and the mind matured for their reception.

Poor Sarah Granger! the marriage of Edmund Stone almost broke her young heart. For a time, the rich damask grew faint on her cheek,—her eyes were languid,—and at the twilight hour she would sit dreamily by an open sash, and gaze upon the stars, as they came one by one into the deep blue sky above, as if she longed to be at rest in a better world than this. She betook herself to sentimental reading, and sometimes I caught her writing on mysterious scraps of paper, which she put away hastily and in confusion whenever I approached her writing-table. One morning, on unfolding a bit of crumpled paper, which I had been profanely using as a papillote, I discovered '*parted and broken hearted*,' rhyming in suspicious proximity at the end of what had evidently been two lines of pathetic poetry, written out in my friend's pretty Italian chirography. But this was all the evidence I could ever collect in proof of her despair; after a few weeks of nervousness and low spirits, during which the tears would start to her eyes at the tones of a melancholy song, or at the least mention of that one loved being, she became contented and cheerful, though her former brilliant gaiety was apparent only at intervals.

We spent the winter at home, and returned to town for our spring term. Col. M., a friend of my father, had consented to receive us into his family as boarders, an arrangement which gave us much pleasure, as we thereby secured the society of our young friend, Maria M., and became mistresses of our time after school hours. Nothing could have been more agreeable than the succeeding three months of our residence in ———. Besides all the luxuries which usually surround the habitation of a wealthy gentleman, Col. M.'s stable boasted four of the finest horses in the city, and as he was a man of leisure, and uncommonly indulgent to 'young people,' it may be supposed that they were in pretty constant requisition; indeed, there was scarcely a day passed in which we did not take a ride, or drive to some of the delightful haunts which surrounded the town.

Col. M. was never so happy as when amused by a group of laughing girls. He could refuse us no enjoyment so long as he was to partake of it with us. Neither Mrs. M. nor her daughter rode on horseback, and as the colonel was an indefatigable equestrian, he naturally became our companion on those excursions.

The first morning on which a ride was proposed was one of those glorious dawns which make the earth so beautiful that it might seem in its loveliness to rival the bowers of paradise. The dewy leaves were trembling in the light, and the lilac trees around the house shook off a cloud of balm at every breath of the morning air. Black Tom stood at the door with two superb horses caparisoned for our use. Col. M. was walking impatiently up and down the hall, anxious for the appearance of a friend who was to join us, and Sarah had full time to indulge in the timidity which her fall on the banks of the Housatonic had inspired—a state of nervousness which the spirited lilac horses, with their glossy coats, arched necks and jetty eyes, were by no means calculated to allay.

'There be comas,' exclaimed the Colonel, with a slight flourish of his riding-whip, walking to the door, as a noble-looking man checked his coal-black horse before the house. 'Ho! if the fellow prances his horse about after that fashion, Tom will have his hands full to keep white Jimmy in order. Come, come, Bradley,' he called out from the door, 'dismount and take a glass of wine before we start. A glorious morning, isn't it?'

Mr. Bradley spoke a soothing word to his high-blooded horse, who instantly ceased his prancing on the pavement, and stood quietly as a lamb,—his master dismounted, reared his bridle on the saddle-bow, and came up the steps, lifting the hat from his high forehead, and smiling as he advanced.

'What a splendid head!' I whispered to Sarah, who looked up and smiled a faint reply, but she was too nervous for words, and her hand shook as she settled the folds of her riding-dress.

'See how I tremble,' she whispered, putting her arm in mine, 'I shall never get courage to mount that fiery horse,' and she cast a timid glance at the beautiful animal which stood champing his bit and pawing up the earth with his delicate hoof.

'Shall I assist you to mount?' said a deep, rich voice at her elbow.

She started, blushed deeply, and before she had recovered her confusion sufficiently to answer, was lifted carefully to the saddle, and found herself galloping by the side of her new acquaintance.

We dashed gaily onward beneath the dew-laden trees, that overhung our path, and in less than five minutes were sweeping over the rich sward which lined one of the sequestered and beautiful roads leading toward the East Rock. At every furlong of our horses their hoofs were dashed with dew, and our path was marked by the crushed dandelions and violets which grew thick as pebble stones in the young grass. On we went, cantering over a world of these humble wild flowers, with the fragrance of the blossoming orchards perfuming every breath we drew,—the soft tints of dawn melting into the golden light of a rising sun,—and the picturesque mountains looming with a cool shadowy grandeur close by.

'And who is your princely friend yonder?' I inquired of Col. M., as Sarah was galloping just before us, chatting merrily with the stranger, and pointing to the last ray of cloud as it died away in the east, with her riding-whip.

'His name is Bradley,' said Col. M., with provoking perspicuity.

'That I knew from the introduction,' I replied, laughing; 'but what is his profession?—is he married, or single?—rich or poor?—what is his age, and where does he live?'

'Stop—stop—stop!—I will answer this list of questions, and then you can go up another,' replied he, touching my horse with his whip. 'Well, to begin, he is a retired lawyer—is not married, nor ever was—is rich as a Jew, and boards at the Tontine; as to his age, I suppose it to be about mine.'

'And how old may that be?' I inquired a little maliciously;—'ah, I can tell—you were twenty-three when Maria was born, and she is just seventeen;—add that to that, and ———'

The colonel's horse began to curvet and plunge furiously just at that moment, and his master was so occupied in conquering him, that somehow my calculation was lost.

Sarah and her companion were in advance, and happening to look back, turned and walked their horses towards us. For the first time I had an opportunity of observing Mr. Bradley quietly. He was about forty, large and finely proportioned, with the air and dignity of carriage which might have befitted a monarch. His dark hair was slightly touched with silver, his forehead high and white, which, joined to eyes from colour and expression uncommon and almost imposing in effect, made him one of the most striking persons I ever beheld. His manner was the perfection of gentlemanly breeding, blending severity and dignity so imperceptible that one was almost as much awed as charmed in his society. There was no effort at effect in his manner,—no ostentation, or attempt at display. His conversational powers, which were remarkable alike for strength of thought and brilliancy of expression, seemed to arise from a spontaneous action with the minds of others, rather than from any exertion of his own. I never heard him laugh, and he seldom smiled; but when he did the effect was magical. It was like the sudden sparkle of waters in a pleasant place,—like music breaking up the soul, and imbuing the features with new life and beauty. Yet, with all his powers of pleasing, there was something which prevented perfect

familiarity. He was so correct in manner, dress, and speech,—so attentive to the minutest forms of etiquette,—that one felt a restraint in his company,—a constant fear of transgressing some of the trifling forms which he never omitted. Pride was his predominating characteristic, the pride of a strong intellect and through self-esteem, unadulterated by that vanity which little men haply prize, and glory in.

These observations were not formed entirely on the day of our ride, but from subsequent knowledge, for such characters are not read like the nature of a blossom, or the sparkle of sunshine upon flowing waters; time only can fathom their depths. Opportunity for the study of mind must be given, or the most exalted intellect may be misunderstood in men who have learned to seal the leaves of the heart—and of such men was Jason Bradley.

Our ride was exhilarating and delightful. We sought out every path and by way which led to any of the thousand lovely retreats which surrounded the forest city. We lingered in the shadows of The Grove, and checked our horses on the banks of that most tranquil and lovely of rivers which winds its murmuring waves through the meadow lands between the mountains and the city. We rode under the apple trees, and gathered blossoms from the branches which overhung the orchard walls, on our way home, and when we alighted at Col. M.'s door, Sarah had a garland woven around her saddle bow, and a tuft of rosy buds and bright green leaves secured on one side of her riding cap, while a handful of the same sweet blossoms peeped from under the snowy ruff, which were rather generously revealed by the black veiled vest which Mr. Bradley had lost but carefully buttoned at the top.

After our introduction to Mr. Bradley, there was scarcely a day in which we did not see him. We could get no companion half so dignified and proper for our rides, so one who had such admiration for the beautiful in nature, who knew and loved every plant and flower we had trod upon in our walks, or could draw our attention to the chasing folds of a sunset cloud with as perfect an eye for coloring. Did we choose to work, so one but Mr. Bradley could select the exact book which harmonized with our existing feelings, or could read it to us with that deep, rich modulation of voice, which fell on the ear like the varying tones of a fine instrument. His brilliant intellectual endowments seemed to radiate and lead a portion of their brightness to all surrounding objects; our literary taste was improved, our ideas were exalted, and our life made more rational and happy by a companionship with him.

Sarah was afraid of our new acquaintance, and would shrink away to her room, or to some retired nook in the garden, whenever he made his appearance; but by degrees she became accustomed to his lordly ways, as she called them, and would occasionally join him in conversation, with a shy kind of restraint, which, instead of rendering her manners awkward, gave them a graceful timidity, more becoming, perhaps, than her former unrestrained mirthfulness. As his intercourse with the family became more and more frequent, this influence over her mind was still more clearly apparent. She would accept his assistance in her studies, and pursued them with an avidity never evinced before. She seldom took up a book unless he had recommended it, and frequently appealed to his expressed opinions long after they were forgotten by all except herself. Sarah's feelings were quick and susceptible of sudden impressions. Her lesson soon remained untouched, unless Mr. Bradley were there, or expected soon to explain them; and if by any chance he came late, she was restless and low-spirited, opening and closing her books, listlessly walking to and fro from the window, and never recovered her cheerfulness till she heard his step in the hall. Then with the rich blood rushing to her cheek, she would shake her curls forward to hide the crowd of dimpling smiles that swarmed around her pretty mouth, and bent over her book as if deeply absorbed in the task she had scarcely looked upon before.

After a time, there was an almost imperceptible change in Mr. Bradley's manner. He was possessed of too much genuine politeness to single out any one object for his exclusive attention; but there was a tone in his voice, a degree of *emphasis* in his manner, when addressing Sarah, which convinced me that she was his principal attraction to the house. But when I blurted as much to Mrs. M. she only laughed at my suspicions, and said that he was a confirmed old bachelor, was not a marrying man, and that it was absolutely folly to think that he could fancy Sarah, a mere child, even if she were foolish enough to fall in love with a man old enough to be her father.

'But, madam,' said I somewhat pettishly, I fear, for Sarah was only a few months younger than myself, and it was very disagreeable to be thought a child at seventeen, 'I did not say a word about marriage, and all that—I only asserted that Mr. Bradley liked Sarah better than Maria, or—'

'Very natural,' replied Mrs. M. coolly interrupting me, 'very natural, she is handsome and more engaging than either of you—but—'

The beginning of her sentence was so pleasant, I concluded to dispense with the remainder; so, as Pink, her favorite dog, chanced to lie before me in a comfortable doze, I accidentally put out my foot and trod on the two white paws, which, with a sharp little nose poking out between them, lay quite convenient on the carpet. Pink—the suppliant, unforgiving cur—yelped, and limping off to the chair of his mistress, stood sniffling as spitefully, as if I intended to hurt him, poor dear. Mrs. M. reddened—I apologized, protested and ran into the garden.

It was one of those quiet summer days, which soften without enervating the feelings. Every thing seemed luscious with beauty and repose. Light fleecy clouds floated lazily over the sky, now revealing the sun in all its splendor, then wreathing their silvery folds over its face, mellowing its brightness and bathing the earth with transparent shadows, ethereal and heavenly in their effect on the landscape. We were once more standing at the hall-door, ready for an excursion to East Rock!—a delightful party, consisting of our own family group and Mr. Bradley, who drove off with Maria M. in his chaise, and was followed by the Colonel, with Sarah and myself in the phaeton. Black Tom brought up the rear with all the essentials for a comfortable picnic in the 'Seat of Happiness.' Our horses cleared the ground like a brace of rein deer, and amid merriment and cheerful wit, we drew up in the shadow of a beautiful pine grove, where the trees are completely interlaced over some two or three acres of level sward, till the sunshine can scarcely penetrate to the earth, and the dew was half the day unshaken amid the delicate foliage. A tranquil—and lovely retreat was 'The Seat of Happiness' that morning,—a home for the fairies, it might have seemed, but for the broken champagne bottles, that here and there bristled up from the grass, and fragments of crystal cups, which lay splintered around the root of a great tree, which formed a kind of central pillar to the roof of deep green foliage which arched above us, whispering with the sweet summer air, softly and low, as if Bacchus the jolly God, had never called for a libation in its shade.

We entered the grove, and walked idly beneath the emerald arch, woven from those huge old pines.—The lower branches had been cut away, and a current of fresh air circled and eddied around the huge trunks, rustling among the branches, and dying away in the deep liquid melody of a river, which swept half around the grove, and ran with a dull sibilant flow through the meadows, till it almost washed the foot of the precipice we were about to visit. After selecting a cool nook for our repast, we left our horses in charge with Black Tom, and proceeded on our excursion up the rock.

We followed the foot path which intersected the meadow, one after another, like Indians treading a war track, though we were occasionally tempted from our course by the gleam of a bunch of strawberries—by the glorious lilies which rose in profusion about us, with the mottled cups glowing in the sun, as if each golden bell had been dropped with rubies—or by the wild honey suckles, which empurpled the whole surface with their hoisted flowers.

At length we reached the summit of the rock with our hands full of flowers, hair out of curl, and our thin shoes frayed by the pine tassels, and much the worse from their toll along the rocky zigzag path, which wound up the back of the precipice; and we each sought a fragment of rock, and flung ourselves on the ground, panting and overheated by the effort we had made in ascending. The gentlemen were absolutely loaded down with shawls, reticules, and parasols, with which we had foolishly encumbered ourselves at the outset. It was transcendent—the beautiful landscape stretching away at our feet in its luxuriance and loveliness. The soft blue line of Long Island stretching along the horizon—the beautiful Sound dividing it from the main land, with its broad waters studded with sails, gleaming in the sun, like palaces of moving silver—the plain undulating away on either hand, dotted with country seats and clumps of trees, with lacy cattle resting in their shade—the meadow at the foot of the precipice, with its green bosom cleft by that stream, tranquilly catching the shadow of the pine grove, and sweeping the long

grass on its current like a silken fringe, as it pursued its winding course to the Sound—the town standing on the curling sweep of the harbor, its white houses embedded in foliage and its cupolas and steeples rising up as if from the centre of a garden—all lay slumbering beneath us, so calm and heavenly, that it seemed as with one leap we could spring into the very heart of paradise. To most of us the scene brought a feeling of satisfied and tranquil pleasure, and we sat quietly down to enjoy it, but Sarah Granger was full of enthusiasm. She threw off her bonnet, and ran from one point of observation to another, uttering broken expressions of delight, and with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks appealed to us for sympathy in her high wrought admiration. She had gathered a quantity of flowers, and now began collecting sprigs of hemlock and tufts of mountain blossoms from the rocks around us. At length she sprang lightly from the shelf of rock on which we sat, and running to the bank of the precipice, cast over the flowers she had gathered, and leaning forward with childlike eagerness, watched their descent to the meadow. We warned her of her danger, and entreated her to return; but she only laughed at our fears, and playfully daring to a rock, where we had left a pile of golden lilies, she seized them, and running to the verge of the precipice, began to shower them, handful after handful, down the steep. After the first exclamation of "Miss Granger—I beg—I entreat—I implore you to return," Mr. Bradley had drawn back, and remained watching her in stern and displaced silence, though there was a paleness about his mouth, and a quivering of his eyes, whenever her foot touched the edge of the precipice, which told that it was with painful restraint he prevented himself from rushing forward and forcing her from her dangerous position. Col. M. commanded, and Maria and myself entreated her, even with tears, to desist; but she only laughed like a wayward child, called us cowards and threw a handful of the flowers at us, looking all the while so lovely, with her hair wantoning in the wind, her flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes and half open lips, that one almost forgot her obnoxious and danger, in admiration of her brilliant beauty. At length she scattered her last handful of flowers, and, as if proud of her daring, bent over the dizzy height, with one little foot just touching the extreme edge, and her laugh rang out like the melody of a bird.

"Oh beautiful, beautiful!" she exclaimed, bending still more over the precipice, "they look like a cloud of great yellow butterflies hovering over the meadow—Maria—Sophy—do come and see!"

Mr. Bradley could bear the sight no longer. He stepped hastily forward as if to force her away, exclaiming with sudden energy, "Miss Granger, you shall not trifle with your life in this way—I insist—I command—"

She gave a sudden start—her foot slipped and she fell—one flash of sunlight on her long brown hair—one glimpse of her arm as it was thrown wildly upward—and that was all.

With a burst of horror, we sprang to our feet and stood motionless as blocks of hewn marble. Not a white lip moved—not a hand stirred—we stood paralyzed—listening for some sound as if stricken with a death blow. It came—a loud sharp cry pierced us like a knife, and all was still again. A cold shudder crept through us, and a simultaneous breath was drawn: Mr. Bradley stepped slowly and deliberately to the brink of the steep and looked over. The blood came in a flush to his marble lips, and rushing back to where our shawls were lying, he snatched one up and began to rend it into broad strips. He was deadly pale, and drops of perspiration started over his forehead, but there was a glitter in his eyes—a quick eager fire that reassured us. We gazed in his face an instant, and sprang to the brink of the precipice. She was there alive, clinging to a bush not more than fifteen feet below us. But, oh!—her position was terrible—hanging more than two hundred feet from the ground, with nothing but the stem of a thorn to support her—with no object to press her feet against but the rough edge of a perpendicular rock. On the broad front of that bold precipice there was no shrub nor bush, save that one thorn rooted into the face of the cliff. From the meadows below it seemed nothing more than a tuft of fern; but it was in reality stronger and larger than it appeared, though we could see it bend and crack as each motion threw the weight of her body more directly upon it. "At another time our heads would have reared on the dizzy height, but then we had no fear—no feeling but for our poor friend—Oh—it was dreadful. We could see the shuddering of her frame and the more convulsive grasp of her white fingers round the rough stem, as he felt it yielding to her weight. We saw that the root was firm, and

that the stem, though the bark was breaking and exposing the bare wood, might sustain her some time longer. We strove to call out and encourage her, but our voices refused their office, and we could neither articulate a sound nor remove our eyes from her fearful position; though as each shawl was hastily rent my heart leaped with new hope. After a moment of fearful anxiety, I felt that Mr. Bradley and Col. M. were by my side, and with a thrill of joy I saw the massive and knotted rope of twisted sericeae, with a loop firmly tied at the extremity, lowered to our poor friend. A moment more and the thorn would have given away. It was a time of intense anxiety. No word was spoken, except when Mr. Bradley, in a voice he strove to render firm, tremblingly directed her how to secure herself by the rope. We saw the shuddering of her form as she removed her foot from the rough face of the rock and secured it in the loop—then one hand was torn from the thorn and clutched the rope with a desperate grasp. Partially relieved of her weight, the thorn swung upwards, and with a shriek, and while her whole form was convulsed with terror, she undid her fingers from their last hold on the yielding stem, and swung out from the face of the rock.

She looked up—her eyes seemed starting from their sockets with horror. Her white lips and cheeks gleamed ghastly in the bright sun light, and her form shook till the rope swayed to and fro, sometimes almost dashing her against the rock.

"Shut your eyes—great heavens! do not look down," shrieked Mr. Bradley, as he saw her face droop to her bosom, and her fingers relaxing their grasp at each motion of the rope.

She was fainting—we saw it, and the very earth seemed giving way beneath our feet, so dreadful was the thought. But his voice had nerved her again; the pale head was faintly uplifted, and now her eyes were convulsively closed, while a still firmer grasp was fixed on the rope. Steadily and with a strong hold they drew her up—and she was safe—safe once more, but senseless as marble. White and still she lay on the hard shelf of rock—her garments torn, and the blood dripping from those helpless hands to the rough stones. We had all sunk to the earth in weakness, and crying like children, none of us could move, we had no power to render help to the sufferer. At last Mr. Bradley arose from his knees, where he had fallen, and taking her in his arms, turned away up the rocks till he found a small hemlock, with a plat of wild grass and moss woven together in its shadow. He sat down, laid her pale head on his bosom, and putting back the hair that had fallen over it, kissed that pallid face, forehead, cheek and lips again and again, with a sort of mad energy that almost terrified us.

"Can nothing be done? Oh, God! can nothing be done?" he exclaimed, lifting his face as we approached. "See how white she is—how still and dead—see?" He lifted the hand which lay bleeding on his bosom, and it fell from his grasp like a broken flower relaxed and lifeless.

"Dead—quite dead!" he uttered in a choked voice, and that strong, proud man, bended his face and sobbed like a child.

We had no restorative, and there was no water on the mountain; so we could only stand by and gaze each into the pale face of the other, terrified and soul-stricken. It was long—very long before we could believe that the sufferer was not in truth dead; but at length she moved her hand, it was a faint motion, yet, oh, what a thrill it sent to our hearts—a little while, and her lips began to quiver—it was like the flutter of a white rose leaf, and yet enough—a promise of life was there.

"Can you forgive me—I was rash—brutal to speak so harshly, but do not hate me—Sarah—Sarah do not shudder this, and in my arms. Un-close those eyes—utter but one word—say that you do not loath me—I love you girl better a thousand times than my own soul—I did not think to frighten you—it was torture to see you in danger, and I was rash—but it was love that made me so—love deep and earnest—the love of a strong man, tried and struggled against.

The face that lay upon his bosom moved faintly and a soft word was murmured against his heart. The heart alone heard it, for it was inaudible and low, and thus it was that Sarah Granger confessed her second love.

The Mayor of Port Lees, Va., while recently out hunting in a dense hammock near that city, was suddenly seized by the leg by a large alligator, who commenced making a meal of that portion of his honor's person. The mayor discharged both barrels of his gun into the head of his assailant, killing him instantly.

Original.

THE TWO STUDENTS;

OR, WHAT SHALL I DO FOR A LIVING?
BY A NICK YOUNG WOMAN.

At the close of a warm sunny day, in August, 1829—two students were sitting together at an open window, in the second story of Bowdoin College. Harry sat with one elbow on a table near the window, his hair tumbled, and a nankie-colored wrapper about him, rather the worse for wear, and seemed busily engaged with his books. There was that in his eye which betrayed the hard-working ungifted laborer, in that vineyard; a sort of painful anxiety, amounting at times to downright suffering, unaccompanied by any of those signs whereby genius makes itself understood, and felt. His window looked out upon the flashing waters of the Androscoggin, "of brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun," and all alive now with the splendors of a western sky. The shadowy tops of the pines were afire—the deep darkness below all the deeper for the brightness above—and the scene altogether beautiful enough to lure even the unhappy, and the thankless into the broad open air.

But the student heeded not the outer world. The task was his—a bit, ter task indeed, for the ungifted—to make himself ready for the trials of Commencement. His theme was yet unwritten—almost unpondered—and there he sat, fumbling with the leaves of his dictionary, Blair, and Allison, and wondering where he should begin, and what should be his subject? Having no reason for a choice—he found it impossible to choose from among the countless, vague, shadowy outlines, that presented themselves before him.

The other student, his elon, was the perfect opposite in appearance. With black sparkling eyes, a profusion of soft shining hair, and even some youthful whiskers, which he had nurtured, and trimmed with the utmost care, he had a something, which gave him, although evidently very young, an older and more manly appearance. His short jacket set off his finely proportioned, athletic bust, and he had altogether very little the look of a student. He had just fixed the last rope to a beautiful miniature-ship, completely rigged, and perfect in every part, and as he now sets her upright upon her "moorings," he stepped backwards, swung his cap in the air, and shouted with all his might, against the open window, "The Ariadne! ho! the Ariadne, my good ship Ariadne!" The book-student leaped to his feet in astonishment; and when that had passed over, his brows were gathered, and he turned pettishly away; rearranged the books he had disturbed, and again seated himself at the table, without uttering a single syllable. But another short burst from his fellow student.

"The Ariadne! ho! the Ariadne! my good ship Ariadne!" Harry was now fairly waked, and his eyes flashed angrily as he replied, "Al-ways at your nonsense, Jack!—and this is your term's work, I suppose—wasting your time upon a childish toy! it would have been more to your credit, I fancy, if you had let it alone, and attended more to your books. What a scapegrace you are to be sure! you will neither study yourself, nor let me study."

Jack drew himself up to his full height, and pitched his voice an octave higher.

"The Ariadne! ho! the Ariadne! my good ship Ariadne!" Harry clenched his Latin dictionary, and shook it threateningly at this really beautiful specimen of naval architecture. Jack turned his head, and his eyes flashed fire, but without stirring hand, or foot, he uttered the single words "do, if you dare!" Had Harry seen that look, the dictionary had certainly dropped from his hand; but he did not lift his eyes, the motion was already made, and he dashed the book with all his force at the frail object of his wrath; but Jack anticipated the blow, and caught away the ship, and the book went whirling to the farthest end of their little chamber. One more about—one more hail to his new ship, and Jack turned pleasantly to his chum.

"Now for the launch, Harry! what say you?"

"No," was the only answer he received, and with a low provoking whistle, he started off with the ship, on his way to the river.

Harry was now left alone; but the thread of an essay he had almost begun was broken, and lost; and so, after trying a while in vain to recover it, he threw down his pen, and turned to look out of the window.

"Alice! if I live! how beautiful she looks! how light and graceful her step! how like a shadow she glides along! O! for one look from those

clear blue eyes!—but no—she does not turn her head—how strange! I never knew her to pass before, without looking up—what can it mean? surely—ah! I see now, the young villain! he is showing her that confounded vessel—and now—see! he is talking to her, and they are standing close together, and how very much in earnest they both are! and now—by Jove! but she has taken his arm! and away they go to the launch—O that I had answered yes!"

And poor Harry brushed a tear from his eye, as he saw his chum walking off with the beautiful girl; and he felt just then as if he could have abandoned his books forever—all that he ever did, or ever would learn, to be in that boy's place, but for one blessed half hour—and then a pang of jealousy shot through his heart—don't smile, Reader, I beseech you for students can love; and the rest follows of course, you know; and somehow or other, Harry had contrived to set up the image of the beautiful Alice within this very heart—to make her the load-star of his hope, the utmost aim of his earthly wishes; and his good opinion of himself had never been so troubled before. Never before had he entertained a doubt that he should win the prize. And even now, it was only a passing doubt. "Surely" said he to himself "surely, she never can prefer the idle Jack!"; and then he peeped into a bit of broken glass, over the fire place, smiled with a decided air of superiority (his father being a Squire), sat down again, took up his pen, and with a look of "no doubt" in his eye, went to work anew upon the drudgery appointed to him.

That night Harry was awakened by a loud pistol shot, close at his ear. He leaped from his bed screaming "murder!" at the top of his voice. Jack lay still, breathing heavily; nor could they wake him before the room was crowded with half-dressed—half-frightened fellow students, when he turned over on his side, drew a long breath, and muttered as if in his sleep—"what ho! the good ship Ariadne!"

"I say murder!" screamed Harry creeping into bed again, "I say murder!" and I'll stick to it. A pistol or a gun, was fired close to his head, and there is a murderer in the room.

"Nonsense, Harry! it was only a dream; or at most a warning, else I must have heard it, you know; and you have been raising Bedlam about nothing. I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself. Come gentlemen, let's have him out of bed, knight him for his valor, what say you? I shall we give him a cold bath at the pump for disturbing the College!"

This proposition was received with shouts, and hurrahs, by the wild young students of B, for some bow or other, Harry had always been the standing butt for their mad pranks, even after he had entered the senior class; and nothing backward for sport, they seized upon their defenceless companion, headed by the daring Jack, and in spite of all resistance, prayers, and entreaties, bore him off to a neighboring pump, and there administered to him a plentiful shower of the sparkling beverage, just now coming into fashion. The drenched student was then set free, to make his way back as best he might, followed by the jibes and jeers of his heedless—almost heartless companions.

"We'll pump the 'Squireship out of him!" said one.

"We'll teach him better manners!" added another.

"Ghosts, and Goblins!" exclaimed a third.

"We'll teach him there is something better than spirits, to make a noise in the world." And another, "a pretty fellow! he'll find there is other talking than at Pegasus, and other horses than Pegasus to be had for the asking; let's ride him on a rail!" and so with a thousand biting jests, and half smothered laughs, they all returned to the College, and nothing more was heard for a time of the pistol shot, or the shower-bath.

CHAPTER II.

It was the night previous to the Commencement. Many of the students had gone home, intending to return on the next morning early. Among them were Harry Woodside. His chum, John Belford, or Jack, as they called him in college, remained behind. He had not yet served out his full apprenticeship—was not quite free—he said, and when the cage was once left, it should be left for ever.

It was nine o'clock in the evening and the wild young fellow sat busily at work by the dim light of an untrimmed lamp. A small board rested upon his knees; upon the board lay his Greek Lexicon, which he was deliberately stripping to pieces, page by page, and slitting into lamp-lighters by the help of a Jack-knife, and piling them up in a large basket on the floor by his side. Before him lay, with their titles before him, the whole of his college library, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Mathema-

ties, History, Metaphysics, &c. &c., all prepared and ready for the knife. Even so he was actually cutting up his books by piecemeal, destroying them root and branch; and never was a happier countenance than his, while he sat there at his wayward task. His eyes sparkled with animation; and the quick low whistle, and the boyish smile on his lips, which his complete solitude could not entirely obliterate, betrayed a heart brimful of mischief and fun, while the gathering of his eyebrows, and at times a slight pressure of the lips, no less surely told of settled firmness and resolve. One by one the books before him were completely destroyed; and not one was spared, and as he cut the last strip from the binding of his Zephon, and tossed it among the rustling heap, he cried out exultingly, struck the knife into the board half way up to the hilt, flinging his arms into the air, shouted—"Ho! the Ariadne! the good ship Ariadne!"

"So perish all my acquaintance with you for ever and ever, ye Greeks and Romans! Fare ye well! The fustens that have bound me so long are burst, and for ever; 'Richard's himself again!' Wretch that I was, to be slave so many years, while there was a sky, a sun, a sea!—What, Ho! the Ariadne! my good ship Ariadne!" And up he jumped to his feet, and capered about the room, in the very wildness and riotous joy of his feelings. At that moment, a low knock was heard at the door; it opened, and his classmates and chum appeared.

"Just in time, just in time, Harry! I knew you would not miss the bonfire; let us see, it is new—" at that moment the clock struck twelve—"just the hour, you know, for ghosts and goblins to shake their heels; and won't they dance about the funeral pyre! Look there, my boy!" and he held up a basket brimful of torn paper. They were already on good terms again; for Harry's regiments never lasted long; else had he never been made such a dope. "Hurrah for the Goblin throng! Wilt lend a hand Harry!"

"What do you mean, Jack? Your books gone—your—" and he glanced at the table—"your knife—a shoemaker's cutting-board! Ah! I see it all now; so, your career is finished, hey? and you are offering sacrifice to the gods of the college to appease their wrath!"

"No, my boy, not finished—it is only begun; I am only making room in the arcon—burning up all this trash, to give the new craft elbow-room. Have you forgotten the good ship Ariadne!—Ah!" And he cast a roguish eye at his companion, just in time to see the flash that kindled up to his very forehead, at the sudden recollection of a cold bath—as he took his arm, and with the basket slung on his own, they hurried off to the place of meeting.

Jack had already told the students of the bonfire at twelve, and there was a general gathering to see the tar-barrel in flames, or something of the kind. But it would be impossible to describe the shouting and screaming—the cheers and outcries that echoed and re-echoed on every side for a full hour that night, when they understood the whole drift of Jack's proceedings. They crowded about him, took up strips of the incensed worthies, and examined them by the light of the kindling fire—page after page, before they could be satisfied; but when they were—lucky truly! what an uproar there was, to be sure, of petty oaths! What a storm of Greek and Latin questions, having nothing in the world to do with the subject—any more than "Ame, amas, I loved a lass;" or, "perivring and hat-band, ah!" What followed, any one may guess.—Enough to say that the books were burned to ashes, together with all the scraps of Latin, Greek and English he had ever hoarded up for old age, and the ashes were scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

The clock struck "one." The students returned to the college, Jack overjoyed and beardless; and Harry exulting within himself, and whispering to his own heart, as he walked along in silence by the side of Jack, "There is nothing to fear now; she will certainly choose a professional man!"

So thought Harry, and so think more than half the world. "I'll get a profession, and then I am made!" Get a fiddlerick! Do they ever say to themselves, "Have I talents! have I genius that will rise of itself like a balloon above the common air, and keep aloft of itself; or must I always be turning a crank to keep the machinery in play!" Genius cannot be self-created, and while there are enough in the world of that divine temperament, why add another to the everlasting catalogue of drudges, and plodders, who are made for bowers of wood and drawers of water, and are good for nothing else but to make bricks without straw. Learn what you can, and all you can; but depend not upon your brains for a subsistence, when conscious that the mine is not worth working.

Neither of the two students had been blessed—shall I say *blessed*?—with more than ordinary abilities. Their fathers, with a false, but very common pride, wished them to become professional men; thinking it would give them a higher standing in society, than might be hoped from any mechanical pursuit, even though of itself much better suited to their talents. Harry yielded to his father's notions, and determined to become a lawyer. Harry's father, himself a respectable physician, had doomed his son to a membership among the faculty; and no opportunity was ever lost of impressing upon him a profound sense of the superiority which belongs to a profession, and the necessity of diligent and watchful attention to his studies. With great deal of sincerity, manliness and energy, he was nevertheless a dull scholar; and this he had the good sense to find out himself, early in his collegiate course. He soon tired of the bitterly tedious task of running over Greek and Latin words—words, words, and nothing but words—and after a severe reprimand from the professors, which only helped to strengthen his dislike to scholarship and a student's life, he came to the determination which you have already had an account of. He had made up his mind for the Sea, and a good share of the last term of his collegiate course, had been spent in building, and rigging, painting, and fitting from keel to truck and from stem to stern, the little ship which he had named the Ariadne—*ho! the Ariadne!*

At Commencement Jack appeared in the gallery with a check shirt, short jacket and tarpaulin hat; and in the estimation of himself and college shipmates, was already a first rate miniatro sailor. His father implored, threatened, stormed and wheedled, or rather, tried to wheedle, but all in vain. His mother wept, and his two beautiful sisters, whom he loved with all his heart and strength, clung to him like distracted creatures, beseeching him not to go to sea and leave them. But the boy was firm.—"I cannot earn the salt to my porridge, father," said he one day, "by fumbling over the dictionary—I should grow blind or starve ashore, I know I should—and what can I do better than to go to sea? Where is there a better chance for a fortune, if that is what people are after! and where a better field for distinction, if you come to that, father? I cannot earn a living by my books; I cannot be a doctor; I've no relish for an idle dependent's life, girls; and there's nothing ashore within my reach. So, here goes!—hurrah for the broad, blue sea!"

With thoughts as boundless, and with souls as free!"

CHAPTER III

Three years had now slipped away, and the two Students met again. They were in a stage coach bound to Brunswick—not much changed were they, though Harry was a little paler, and Jack somewhat larger; and as the latter sprang into the stage, at Portland; there was a look almost of recognition on the part of the other, but a smile betrayed the man, and a hearty shake of the hand followed.

"How are you, Harry?" "How are you Jack?" and "How you are altered!" "Where have you been, my boy?" &c. &c., and questions and answers followed one another by the score. "By the bye," whispered Jack, after a moment's pause, "how goes it with Alice, now?" "Really," was the reply—"really I have not seen her since you and I left college together. My studies have required such close attention, that I have had no time to devote to the ladies; but now that I have begun practice (with a somewhat peculiar emphasis on the word) I dare say we shall meet again," smiling with an air not to be misunderstood, as he concluded; throwing up his head, and literally looking down upon the flushed countenance of poor Jack—the second mate of a vessel no larger than the Ariadne. What, ho! the Ariadne!—for aught he knew.—Jack was silent for a moment; then putting his hand into his vest pocket he drew forth a bit of nicely folded paper, which he carefully unwrapped, and from it took a tress of soft shining hair, tied with a bit of blue ribbon, which he held up in the fresh wind till it rustled and glistened like something alive.

"That is her hair," said he, "I have had ample time to think of her while away, though you have not."

Harry looked a little surprised at first, and then angry; but the frown passed away, and a haughty smile rested upon his lips, as he replied, "Very well, but the princess will never be won by this."

"No, but by wooing!" said Jack with a look almost of fierceness—certainly of defiance.

"Try it, my lad, if you like. We're only two. One of us will win."

decidedly prevail; and I say Jack—suppose we go to see her together for the sake of old times. She will give us both a hearty welcome, and we may not the question if you say so, before we separate, and see which is the better man of the two—in her opinion."

"Done! my boy!—and there's my hand on it!"

Jack, from his first acquaintance with the dear gentle Alice, had really loved her; and his long absence at sea had only strengthened his attachment. He thought of her daily—nightly—almost hourly; and the little tress of hair he had stolen from her just before parting had been lying on his very heart ever since, and if the truth must be told, in a story like this, had been wet with tears, more than once, and ruffled with sighs and kisses times without number, when it was poor Jack's watch on the high sea, at dead of night, with all the stars looking down upon him, and winking at him by the hour; and he fell back into a corner of the carriage, and ettered not another syllable during the remainder of their ride. The cool confidence of Harry vexed him—and the more because the gentleman was a lawyer—and poor Jack nothing but a sailor.

It is not my purpose to write a love story; or I might go on with the courtship through all its windings and turnings, dwell upon this and that scene, till I had made a book of it, of nobody knows how many chapters. But I forbear, and shall content myself with giving a brief sketch of the character, and career of these two individuals. It may be enough here to say that Harry left Brunswick in the evening—and by a back door. There being little or no love in the matter, however, he bore it like a man; and so far from being discouraged, he consoled himself with the idea that he should be gloriously revenged—not only upon her, but upon himself, for stooping so low—inasmuch as she was about to become a sailor's wife. Poor thing!

But never was there a happier heart than Jack's when he had won her away from the blushing, trembling Alice. He had a character far superior to that of Harry, and a warmer and more thankful heart; and though the latter was, in sober truth a young lawyer—a live squire—he had the good sense to prefer the man to the lawyer for a husband.

After a month spent in loitering about among the scenes of their college days, and visiting friends, Jack went away to sea on board a large ship bound to the East Indies, and Harry returned to his father at Agnew—a down east village of no ordinary pretensions—having three lawyers, four doctors, five parsons—no school house—two grog shops—and a blacksmith.

One bright sunny afternoon in September, just four years after the meeting between the students, a well dressed and good looking man, with a gentlemanly air, entered a large book-store in New York, and while making a purchase of some new and valuable scientific works, another person entered with what may be called a shabby genteel air, pale and haggard, with a threadbare coat, and otherwise meanly attired. He stopped doubtfully to the nearest counter without looking up, drew forth a large roll of manuscript, and after some whispering, and two or three timid excuses, offered it for sale to the chief clerk. The chief clerk referred him to his principal—and the principal after bestowing a glance upon the title, and running his eye over a paragraph or two—shook his head, and returned it to the owner with a very low bow—very—and a few phrases of encouragement, like the following.

"The work would be of little value to me,—books of this sort, I am sorry to say, are not in demand now. The people won't read anything but newspapers—not even pay for them. Very sorry, sir"—another bow—"but couldn't possibly hope for sale enough to pay for the paper. You'll excuse me, my dear sir—but we are overtop with gentlemen of literature just now. Pity they don't bestow themselves to the book-woods—fame field there, sir!" The poor man took up the manuscript with a sigh, and was moving slowly toward the door, when something occurred to him. He stopped, drew his hand across his eyes, and said in a faltering voice—"I had hoped—but no—this is the third unsuccessful attempt I have made to sell it, and I shall never make a fourth;" and he turned to leave the shop. At this instant, the stranger who had first entered, caught a view of his face,—a smile of recognition lighted up his fine, manly countenance, and he stepped forward and grasped the arm or the other, just as he had with his foot upon the pavement.

"Why, Harry Woodside! it is you!" The pale cheek of Harry flushed at the salutation of his friend. He had been seen—how, and by whom—of all men living! Really it was too much!—and he felt a strange sort of angry confusion, mingled with something of self-reproach,

and something, too, of dislike, as he turned to the handsome, graceful, and well-dressed gentleman before him, and acknowledged his friendly greeting—"Yes, Mr. Belford—"

"Hang it, Harry, call me Jack!"

"Well, then, Jack—yes, Jack—it is I; and if I may judge by your good looks and happy face, the world must have gone well with you since we parted."

Jack smiled good-naturedly, and patting Harry on the back, answered, "So, so!—I am now commander-in-chief and part owner of the good ship *Ariadne*. What, do the *Ariadne*? The locker is well stored. I see you have not forgotten the model I made for you at college."

"For me!"

"Even so—for you to fling your dictionaries at, my boy."

"No, nor the cold bath either," said Harry—"I have not forgotten that, I promise you;" and he got up a very decent laugh for the occasion.

"Well, well, Harry, that's all over now; forget and forgive, my boy!—How fares it with you? How runs the locker? You must let me know how you are getting along in the world."

"Rather poorly just now, Jack—but I hope to make something by and by, when I am a little more known. I have got a wife and one child to begin the world with; but since I came here I acknowledge my expenses have weighed rather heavily upon me."

"A wife, Harry! you married!—you don't say so!—An angel, of course? You must let me see her. Anything to compare, between ourselves, Harry, with your old sweetheart, Alice—hey?"

"Altogether superior, Jack."

"Hum!—Alice and I took it into our heads to be married just one month ago, this blessed day"—fetching him a slap on the back—"what do you say to that, now—hey? The honeymoon is over, you see. Had her a month on trial, and wouldn't swap her for yours, Harry—with a big shop and a house to boot. So!"

"Well, well, Jack, I don't blame you, she was a lovely girl—but I do think mine is at least her equal, in everything heart can desire,—of a very good family too,—and if you like I'll introduce you to her. Here—down this street, if you please. We don't live in much style, just now, but hope to make a show one of these days," continued he, as he led his friend through alley after alley, as narrow as furnace flues, and at length stopped before an old, shabby-looking house, and at the further end of a wretched lane. Harry would certainly have avoided this, if possible, but knowing the character of his friend, he determined to put the best side out, and lead him at once, and without flinching, into the very presence of his wife. Through a crazy door, and a long entry, and up two pair of stairs, they went, almost in the dark, and at last arrived at a tolerably furnished sitting-room, in one corner of which the young wife sat lolloping and languishing on a sofa, with hair uncombed, shoes down at the heel, handkerchief away, and near her a new novel fluttering in the draft from a back window. An infant, not yet tidily dressed, lay at her feet upon a somewhat questionable rug, tearing a ruffle to pieces.

"Emma, my love, here is the friend you have heard me mention so often—Captain Belford. The title of *Captain*, did not seem to strike the lady's ear very agreeably,—she nodded, and whispered something, a word or two, and that was all,—neither lifting her eyes, nor even trying to get up. Harry blushed scarlet, for his views had somewhat changed with poverty; but the dear little woman, betog of such a good family, was merely thinking to herself, "Very pretty, to be sure!—a lawyer's wife on visiting terms with a Sea-Captain—we shall have Mrs. Captain Belford next, I dare say!" Harry tried to engage her in a conversation with his friend, but it was all to no purpose,—she merely turned her eyes off the page for a moment, smiled graciously and somewhat encouragingly, and returned to her book, tilting her foot for the baby, with her shoe half off, and occasionally snuffing a little at her scented handkerchief, as though the story she was upon were "beautiful exceedingly." Emma, too, might have been beautiful, but for her languishing, and the extreme negligence of her attire, which had anything but an agreeable effect upon the mind of Captain Belford. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that he took his leave, determined never again to darken the door of her ladyship, whatever lingering recollections there might be of boyish friendship for her husband.

Harry was very poor, and the little business he had succeeded in obtaining was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. He had married the daughter of a lawyer; and being himself a lawyer, "So rarely,"

thought he, "I may hold up my head with the proudest of them." But two years had brought him to reason; and when the little property which came by his wife had all disappeared, and he was no longer able to purchase her fine dresses, nor to parade her in Broadway, as in a drawing-room; and when it was necessary that the genteel house which they had occupied for a while should be given up, and another and a very wretched one secured for shelter, they found their acquaintances—their dear friends, indeed, all dropping off, one after another; and even those who had formerly met them with a cordial shake of the hand, now were satisfied with stopping on the other side of the street, and either not seeing them at all, or acknowledging the acquaintance only by a distant nod. The temper of his wife, soured and spoiled by such reverses, became very trying. She grew negligent and fretful, and poor Harry was indeed a miserable man. But he kept up his spirits; and still persevering in the belief that his talents were of no ordinary kind, he borrowed for the present, sunshine from the future, and said continually, "Never mind, my dear, we shall do something yet." Such was the situation of Harry Woodside seven years after the end of his collegiate life. He had married a distinguished woman, of a distinguished family, and what else could he expect?

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed on, and ten more years had poured out their sands on the shores of oblivion. It was a sweet, clear sunset of June, such as we look for in New England, and nowhere else—nor even there as a season to be depended on. Two persons, male and female, who were neither old nor young, nor even middle-aged, although they had passed the first flush of their youth, stood hand in hand within the shade of a large summer-house, covered with luxuriant vines, in a neat and flourishing village of Massachusetts. They were watching the movements of a rosy, romping little girl, some six or seven years old, who sat upon the turf weaving a garland of wild roses and honeysuckles. A beautiful creature was that child, and as she finished her wreath, and held it up, saying,

"Look, mother, look! isn't it pretty?" the mother's eyes filled with tears, and stopping down, she clasped her daughter to her heart; and the father dropped upon one knee (there being nobody near) and gathered mother and child both to his heart.

"My wife! my child!" he whispered, kissing first one, and then the other, as if he had been out of practice for a twelvemonth; my dear wife! are we not happy?" The wife, lifting her eyes, and smiling through her tears, answered, "Happy!—oh yes—happier ten thousand times over than I ever hoped to be—than I ever deserved to be."

What could she mean?

"And all," she continued—"all because of the good ship *Ariadne*—that I had such a horror of!"

"Even so, my dear Alice," replied the husband, as he drew her up to his heart. "Even so, my brave girl; for had it not been for her, I might never have won you, nor ever have been the father of that dear child. Why, what the plague are you blushing and pouting for? what have I said, hey?"

"Flattered her scarlet lip—a rose-leaf of a storm."

"Do you remember the pretty little miniature car, as you called it, as it glided so lightly and gracefully into the smooth water; and the launch at the river away down East? And have you forgotten—look me in the eyes, will you?—have you already forgotten—yes I see you have—the little tress of glittering hair, that I cut away with a pair of pocket scissors I had bought for the very purpose, while you were stooping over to land in the slack of the towline of my little ship? Alice!—that lock of hair bound me to you, for ever, and for ever. For three long years it was lashed a towline for me, ten thousand times stronger than a hempen cable. There! and he kissed her again, and she wiped her eyes, and the child looked up, and whispered, "naughty papa to make poor mamma cry;" and then the little thing clapped her hands, and laughed as if she would die—and the summer-house rang as with the music of half a hundred Canary-birds, more or less.

Yes—they were a happy pair, and wall they might be happy. Sure of each other's love, with one dear child, good health, a pleasant country-house, enough for all the reasonable wants of life, and with thankful hearts—how could they be otherwise than happy?

For three whole years after his marriage, Captain Belford contin-

ed in the command of his vessel; but finding himself more and more attached to home, and growing rich, or at least rich enough to satisfy a reasonable man in such a country as this, he left the sea—the boundless, blue, and flashing sea, and went home to his wife, like a good fellow as he was, and set himself down upon a farm, the use of which he had not altogether forgotten while ploughing the ocean; and had the good sense to gather about him a great variety of books, to say nothing of newspapers—consisting of historical, scientific, and philosophical works, with a plenty of Brother Jonathan to keep him awake o' nights. He had a bit of a study, too—a little snug room, where he passed a large part of his time—with his wife and child, too, if you will believe me, under pretence of studying flowers, and teaching the little one all sorts of navigation by the stars, till she has learnt to find the way to the baby-house the darkest night you ever saw, and knows where any shall in her father's cabinet came from, better than anybody else in the world—except the doll and the baby.

But as for Harry, poor Harry! he is still there—just there—a little thinner perhaps—and much more wrinkled and care worn—looking forty years older, at least—with a wife he would like to get rid of, but cannot, even on a visit to her father; for she is sure to come back by the next coach, though he may have been writing, and managing for a whole month, and crumpling the table, and even the babies to pay her stage-fare, and fix her for the season—but her father is the elder head of the two, and the older lawyer.

There! I have given a true picture of common life. I hope it is not overcharged. The farmer's son, the mechanic's best, and brightest rushes to the bar, the pulpit, and the shop—or betakes himself to the cast-off wrapper of some poor country physician, who after a long life of toil, dies over head and ears in debt—and is buried perhaps at the charge of the parish. The learned professions, and the lazy ones, are all crowded to death; and many a young man who, if he stuck to the business of his forefathers, might live "healthy and wealthy and wise," and die of a good old age, owing no man a cent—is willing to slave on, and on, all his life long, for the sake of a *title*, with a certainty of dying early—and what is worse, if there are children to bring up—of dying poor. Of course there must be professions, and therefore professional men. But why must we have so many of them? Why must every body look to that, either for himself or for the cleverest of his children? I have heard a close observer declare—in language—what I am not afraid to repeat, even though it may appear somewhat heartless—that not one professional man out of five in this country ever cuts his own fadder. Oh! if our young men would but be Men, indeed! If they would but dare—to go forth and do the work appointed to them as Men! How different would be their situation and that of the rest of the world. Farmers would be looked up to them—Mechanics revered as they ought to be—and Women no longer ashamed of being altogether Women.

K. S. P.

THE REEFSTEAK CLUB.—The Duke of Norfolk, the chairman of the Beefsteak Club, ate as long as he could see; but when the fatal moment of oblivion arrived, his confidential servant wheeled his master's arm-chair into the next room, and put him to bed. The Duke frequently dined alone in the coffee-room. He ate and drank enormously; and though the landlords (Messrs. Hodson and Gien) charged as much as they reasonably could, it is said they lost money by him. His mess and vulgar appearance gave rise to various ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion he desired a new waiter, to whom his mess was not familiar, to bring him a cucumber. The order not being immediately attended to, he called to the waiter, who respectfully intimated that, perhaps, he was not aware cucumbers were then very expensive.

"What are they?" said the Duke.

"A guinea a piece, sir."

"Bring me two," was the reply.

The waiter went in dismay to the bar: "That shabby old man in the corner wants two cucumbers."

"Take him a hundred, if he asks for them," said Mr. Hogson.

The Duke of Norfolk, being a great lover of the drama, was in the habit, after this privately dining, of walking into Covent-garden Theatre. He took his seat in the dress boxes, and immediately fell asleep. At the close of the performance he rose much edified and amused, was assisted by the box-keeper in putting on his great-coat, and to his carriage by his servants, waiting in the lobby.

A REMITTANCE WHEREBY "HAROLD A TAIL."—The Louisville Journal says: "We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a fine horse from 19 new subscribers at Bowling Green, Illinois, in payment of their first year's subscription."

EVA ST. CLAIR.

A TALE, BY G. F. R. JAMES,
[AUTHOR OF "POOR DAVE, THE LOST HEIR, &c. &c."]

CHAPTER I.

"Twas a bright day in the autumn, the brown leaves were still upon the trees, the moss was springing up rich and green round the old roots and upon the sloping banks, and the sun, peeping in wherever the hand of time had cast down their verdant garments from the earlier shrubs, cheered the ground every here and there with warm gleams of yellow light, which, while the wind moved the branches gently above, waved slowly backward, and forwards, as if well pleased at the velvet cushion on which it rested.

The scene was as still and solitary as it was possible to conceive, for those were days in which civil wars and angry strife had diminished by one half the population of merry England. No forester took his way through the wood, no guard of the king's chase,—no baron's huntsman watched to see whether some churl or yeoman was not aiming the shaft at the royal deer, or entangling the roebuck in a concealed snare. Stephen, pressed on all sides, had been forced to abandon rights for the sake of popularity, and many a wide track, deserted by its lord, and destitute of inhabitants, remained open to any one that chose to hunt within its precincts.

A low wind sighed through the tops of the trees, and made the dry leaves whisper, as if telling each other some solemn tale. The sun shone, as I have said; but with great silence, and in the midst of solitude, there is something solemn even in the sunshine. At length a woodpecker came down upon the green moss, ran up a neighbouring tree, knocked it with his bill where it seemed hollow, and then either darted back again to the ground, or flew on to another tree, with the wild, melancholy sort of laugh to which that bird gives utterance while upon the wing.

He had gone on in this way for nearly an hour, confining his excursions to the limits of a few hundred yards, when suddenly he started up from a soft cushion of moss on which he had settled for a moment, and flew away from the open part where the trees stood far apart into the depths of the thicker wood beyond.

What was it that startled the wild bird from the turf? It was a step that fell lightly, and scarcely left a print behind it, but it was quick and hurried, and the small foot that made it was somewhat weary with the length of the way it had come.

In a moment after, in the midst of the tall trees where the woodpecker had been disappearing himself, there stood the form of a girl of some sixteen or twenty years of age. Over her other clothes she wore a dark brown cloak, such as those days were very commonly worn by women of the lowest orders; and the hood, which formed a principal part of the garment, was brought far over the head.

This mantle, rude and rough in itself, seemed also somewhat too large for the person that bore it, but, nevertheless, it could not conceal entirely the grace of the form it covered, nor the free movement of each well-turned limb.

The lady—for no one who saw her could doubt that such she was—passed as she came up to the spot we have mentioned, and gazed round about her somewhat inquiringly, as if she expected to find something there which she did not behold.

"It is strange," she said at length, in a sweet melodious voice, like the musical murmuring of a stream—"it is very strange that the old woman is not here—perhaps I am before the time; I will wait and see;" and seating herself on the mossy bank in the sunshine she bent down her head upon her hand, and soon fell into a deep fit of meditation. The expression of her countenance grew somewhat more than thoughtful—she grew even melancholy; and so busy did she become with her own reveries, that her tongue betrayed from time to time the ideas which were passing within.

"It is very long," she said—"very long since I heard from him. Old Maude has forgot such feelings, or she would not keep me waiting for the letter. I wonder if ever I shall forget them too?—Oh, I hope not!" and again she fell into her thoughts, which her eyes traced upon the green stems of the moss, which carpeted the ground beneath her feet.

A minute or two after, however, borne upon the light wind, came the sound of a distant bell, and looking up and listening with a smile, she again murmured, "I was too soon! there is the bell of the convent sounding the Angelus."

Scarcely had the last tones died away, when another sound met her ear, the tones of a full, clear voice, singing a gay country ditty—one of the many for which old England has been famous in all ages. The words were in the old Saxon tongue, but they may very easily be rendered as follows in the English of our own day:—

♪ SONG.

Shut the window, close the door,
See the sun leaves sower the floor,
Chilling winds are in the sky,
Autumn's gone and spring is nigh,
But water lies between!

[Oh! the brown leaf, oh! the brown,
Beneath them for field or town,
It outlives the good-bye of the green.

Mark the Cuckoo, hide the fire,
Let our flames rise like a spire,
But leave enough of smoke bright
To see my Maude's eyes by the light

That the grey embers lead!

Oh! the grey night's sober grey,
Cold and hies away the day,
But grey falls on all in the end.

The lady started up at the very first tones, and looked in the direction whence they came with some degree of apprehension. As she listened, however, she said, with a more assured countenance,—

"She has met her soo, the good woodman, yet that does not sound like his voice either. I will creep behind these bushes and watch—yet it must be so."

Silently crawling back, and keeping the tree still between her and the path by which the singer seemed to be approaching, she placed herself amidst some bushes, at the distance of some thirty or forty yards from the spot where she had been seated. As she stood there, the person whose voice she had heard came forward from the thicker part of the wood, treading his eyes, as he advanced, towards the westward, which it must be remarked, was the quarter from which the lady herself had appeared. He slackened his pace too as he came up, so that the fancied there could be but little doubt that it was for her he looked.

His dress also reassured her, for it consisted of the yellow, stained leather coat of the woodman, which, from the greenish, spongy earth that was employed to clean it, received a tint very much like that of the young leaves of the trees. It was not, indeed, in the very best condition, being a good deal worn and somewhat ragged; at the spot where the heavy axe, thrust through the broad belt, had chafed the thick leather for many a day. There was a large gap, too, and a patch upon the right arm, and the fair girl, as she marked, while advancing toward him, his tattered armor, mentally promised, with a kindly heart expanding at the thought of those she loved, that she would give the good woodman whosoever to renew his leathers coat as a reward for bearing her the letter she expected.

The peasant, unconscious of her presence, was looking the other way; but though her step was light his ear soon caught it, and he turned quickly towards her as she came forward.

There might be seen, the instant that his face was visible, a sudden change in his look. She stopped and gazed at him with an expression of astonishment, and then uttering a cry of surprise and joy, sprang forward to his arms. In her exuberance the hood and mantle fell off, disclosing the graceful person, the lovely face, and the rich apparel below; and it was a strange sight certainly to see so fair and delicate a creature, habituated as might become the daughter of a prince, clasped in the arms of one clothed in such rude attire.

It wanted, however, but one glance at his countenance to show that he, upon whose bosom the lady hung so fondly, was not what he at first appeared; and every movement spoke of long training to graceful exercises and to courtly demeanor, though his limbs were well fitted to wield the heavy sword or couch the tough spear. He was tall and powerfully made, but his face was mild and kind; and his eyes, it rested upon the fair girl whom he now held to his breast, were full of tenderness and affection as well as of joy—joy rising out of grief, and not yet entirely freed from some portion thereof, like a flower opening after a shower, but with his head still bent down, and his leaves encumbered with the drops that had fallen heavily upon it.

All that the young gentleman said for some time was, "Eva, my beloved Eva!" and all that the lady replied was, "Oh, Richard, how long it is since we have met!"

Then succeeded words of joy, and tenderness, and love; but upon these we will not dwell; for to pause and fix our eyes upon moments of such happiness is like gazing upon the sun, which for long after prevents us from seeing clearly other things less bright. They had much to say, however, that was not joyful; they had much to tell that was painful to hear; for though Eva St. Clair assured him again and again that she would never love any one but him,—that sooner than wed any other she would take that fatal vow by which many a young, kind, and affectionate heart bound itself in those days to cold solitude for ever, she had yet to tell him that she saw no prospect of her father, the well-known Hubert St. Clair, chasing in any degree his determination of refusing him her hand. He had once indeed been permitted to expect it as a certain treasure, and with him all her early years had been passed, to him all her young affection had been given. But dissension between their parents had been permitted, as was so often the case in these days, to break through the happiness of their children; and this enmity seemed, she said, of a character rather to be aggravated than diminished by time, at least the mind of her father, who, though generous to all, and especially kind to her, would not yield a point where he conceived his honour was concerned.

He, too, had to tell much that was painful; he had to inform her that his father was more than ever attached to the cause of the usurper Stephen, and that he, his son, was still bound to fight upon a side where his heart told him that the cause was unjust, and where his own observation showed him that wrong was upheld by tyranny—aside in defence of which his arm was weak and his sword fell powerless, where he felt that he could never win renown, because his heart was deprived of all those enthusiasms which led on to high destinies, in whatever cause they are enlisted.

Still, however, while they communicated to each other all these sad tidings, the joy of thus meeting again mingled with the sorrow; and many a look of love, and many a fond caress were added, which softened their grief, and made the anticipated evils seem far off, while hope was born of joy.

Though their meeting, even in the wild chase of the Lords of St. Clair,

was a rash and dangerous act, yet they promised to meet again; and still they talked, and still they lingered; nor would they probably have separated for many a moment longer had not the sound of a horn, echoing through the glades of the wood, told them that some one was rapidly approaching.

"Fly, Richard! fly!" exclaimed the fair girl; "it is my father, most likely it is my father! and, oh! if he were to find you here, how terrible might be the result!"

Richard de Lucy pressed her once more to his heart, once more kissed the sweet lips of her who loved him, and then plunged into the deepest part of the wood; while Eva, snatching up the dark mantle she had dropped, gathered it closely round her, and with a quick step, bent her way homeward.

CHAPTER II.

We must now change the scene for a time, for in so brief a history as this the reader's imagination must aid the writer and supply all those links in the chain which would occupy much time to detail.

On the top of a high-wooded hill in the county of Buckingham, which was in those days covered with great forests of beech trees, rose heavily from amidst the green boughs the square keep of an old Norman castle. This was all that could be seen of the dwelling of the Lords of St. Clair from the lower country which it commanded; but upon approaching through the chase, vast ranges of walls and towers and outbuildings became apparent, moats and ditches covering a great extent of ground, with the surmounted gate and battlements thrown forward in the front. There no artillery in those days looked down from the battlements with mouths ready to pour forth fire and destruction upon those who might attack them, yet the aspect of the walls was so less imposing; and bold must have been the man, who, without an overwhelming force, would have marched to the assault of the castle of St. Clair.

Such was not likely to be the case on the day of which we speak.—But, nevertheless, there was an imposing display of strength upon the walls—archers, and slingers, and men-at-arms; and though the gates were thrown open, and the draw-bridge was down, yet the archway was lined with soldiers, and the great court was half filled with men in complete arms.

Often did it happen in those days that the appearance of reverence covered preparations for defence or resistance; and while Hubert St. Clair stood a few steps beyond the gateway of his own castle, clad in the long and flowing robes, which were then much affected in times of peace and security by the Norman nobles, he looked around upon the iron-clad forms and bristling spears of his soldiers with pride and pleasure, while he watched the advance of a small train of horsemen who came slowly up the long road cut round the edge of the wooded hill.

The person who appeared at the head of that party was Stephen, king of England; and ever and anon as he rode up the ascent, he rolled his eyes over the well-manned walls as they approached, and murmured some words to himself in a tone of displeasure, perhaps of scorn. When he encountered St. Clair, indeed, his face assumed a sly aspect, and he tried hard to smooth his tone and manner as he returned the salutation of the baron. The effort was very unsuccessful, however, and a heavy frown still sat upon his brow as he dismounted from his horse and entered the hall, where every thing had been prepared to receive him with distinction, as far as the shortness of the notice he had given would permit.

"Well, my good lord, well," he said, while he advanced into the hall, still glancing his eye, as he spoke, over every object that the place contained; "I have come all this way from my army to see if I cannot persuade you to give your fair daughter to the son of my noble friend, De Lucy."

The baron heard him with a calm, cold countenance, but replied nothing directly, merely saying, "Let me beseech you, my liege, to taste some refreshment, such as my poor place can afford. Had I known of your coming sooner, I would have been better provided."

"But give me no answer, give me an answer, my good lord," cried the king; "and a fair answer too, I beseech you."

"I seek not to marry my daughter, sire," replied the baron, in the same cold tone; "perhaps before I do she may be a ward of the crown."

Stephen hid his lip, but smothered every inclination to make a sharp reply, saying in a jesting tone, "But where is the fair lady, where is your daughter, my lord? Let us have her to counsel; let her voice surely will have some weight in the matter."

"Not knowing of your coming, my liege," replied the baron, "she is gone forth, I understand, either to visit the good nuns of Grace Dieu, or to see her foster mother, Maud, who lives near the small town on the other side of the Chase. But where is your noble son, my liege? Your messengers informed me he came with you."

"He follows hard after," answered the king, "perhaps he may have gone to strike a hunt in your forest, Sir Hubert. You will not grudge the king's son a head of venison?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the baron; "but there seems some disturbance without there, as if they were bringing in some one who is hurt.—Heaven forbid that your son, my liege, should have met any of my rough foresters!"

Stephen looked instantly towards the court, but seeing his son, Prince Estacoe, on horseback, and apparently safe, he turned again towards the baron, whose attention had been called in another direction.

During the brief time the king's eyes had been examining the court,

some other persons had been added to the group in the hall; but ere we proceed to say what brought them thither, we must consider what takes the wings of imagination and fly back to the glades of the forest, and to the scenes which had taken place under their green canopy.

Eva, as we have said, had hastened rapidly homeward; and though the hunting horns had sounded blither and blither at no great distance from her, the path she pursued was for some way quite solitary. At length, secure from being found in the midst of the wild chase while Richard de Lucy, she slackened her pace and walked more slowly, stopping at last entirely to take breath and gaze around her, at a spot where the road, rounding an angle of the hill, exposed a deep wooded valley below, with a wide sloping upland on the other side rising gradually towards her father's castle, the tall keep of which was discernible above the woody scene before her eyes.

Along the side of the opposite hill the hunt was sweeping merrily along; horsemen and hounds were seen from time to time bursting forth for an instant and then plunging again among the bushes, and still the cheerful echo of the horns and eager cry of the dogs told which way the chase went, as the quarry led them through a long narrow course amidst its native woods.

Eva gazed and saw them take their way in a direction opposite to that in which her own steps were bent; but the moment after she started with surprise and a faint cry, as two gallily dressed horsemen dashed forth from the wood close beside her, and one of them springing from his horse, caught the edge of her mantle with rude familiarity.

"His! 'twere thy undoing," he cried, "we have been hunting the hart and caught the hind, ha! Back with your hood! We free foresters let no deer escape us. On my soul, Estacoe, this is no plaudit prize! Thank my lucky stars which gave you the first choice and the miller's maiden, and threw this pretty creature as the prize of the second chance."

The person who addressed her was a young man of some sixteen or twenty years of age, rather effeminate than otherwise in his appearance, and with a great quantity of long black hair, beautifully curled and parted in front. As he spoke he pulled back violently the hood from Eva's face, and at the same moment, ere his arm round her slender waist. She struggled to free herself, entranced, threatened her father's wrath, but he heard not or heeded not. Those were days of nobilitated license, when enthusiasm and monstrosities did not give security, and the walls of the castle were woman's only place of safety against insult and brutal violence. Terror took possession of the daughter of St. Clair, and she screamed loudly again and again.

Ere the second cry had issued from her lips, however, some one darted from the wood, and in a moment another followed him. Both were dressed in armor; and again Eva screamed loudly, holding forth her arms towards the one who first appeared.

"Get thee back, churl!" cried the man who held her, still detaining her with his left arm, while he drew his sword with his right. "Get thee back, or, by Heaven, I will send thy soul to the place appointed for serfs in the other world," and he laughed loud at his own jest.

His laughter was soon over, however; "we have struck the man of the hill in armor with a broad axe drawn from his belt and glittering in his hand. The proud noble struck at him with his blade, but, to his surprise, the axe met the blow and parried it as a weapon in the hand of a skilful swordsman. With a bitter curse he let go his hold of Eva, and rushed forward upon his adversary; but he had scarcely time to make another blow, when his opponent, turning the back of the axe, struck him first on the shoulder a stroke that brought him on his knee, and then another on the forehead, which, though lighter than the first, laid him stunned and bleeding on the earth.

"Lie there, Earl of Northampton," said his adversary, and then giving one glance towards Eva, who had fled to some distance, he turned upon the second cavalier who had drawn him to the rescue, with furious and blasphemous invectives, was pressing fiercely upon the last of the two who had come to the lady's rescue. The other horseman was even younger than the first, but pride and violence were written in every feature, and vice had furrowed early marks of its effect upon his countenance.

"Walter, Walter," cried the voice of him who had so soon terminated the contest with the Earl of Northampton, addressing the peasant who had followed him; "leave him, Walter—it is the king's son!—The lady is safe—leave him, I say."

"He shall not leave me till I have left his skull," cried the prince. "Richard de Lucy, I know you, and you dare to interfere! I will treat you as I would a hound!" and as he spoke he spurred forward his horse upon the chieftain Walter, aiming a furious blow at his head.

But Richard de Lucy thrust himself between, turned aside the stroke, and catching the bridle of Prince Estacoe's horse, rolled it sharply back upon its haunches, till it slipped and fell right along the side of the hill.

"Fie, sir, for shame," said De Lucy, "some day such acts will cost you a crown! You can do no more mischief here, however.—Get some of your attendants to carry away the carrion of your vile parrotter of your youth."

"Hark ye, De Lucy, hark ye," cried the prince, bending over his saddle bow, and dropping the point of his sword:—"Hark ye, De Lucy!" and as the young baron approached nearer to hear, the prince struck him a blow with his clenched fist in the face, saying, "Take that, hound! and learn your duty!"

De Lucy suddenly raised high the axe in his hand, but instantly suffered it to fall again without doing the deed he had meditated.

"The time for answering this will come," he said; "it shall not be

told of me that I killed a king's son in a wood, with no one by, or broke the neck of a scripping who deserves but the rod of a pedagogue."

Thus saying, he cast from the rein, and making the woodman go before him he followed Eva on her way. He overtook her soon for though fright carried her strength soon failed; and taking a small path, which all of them well knew, through the depth of the wood, he led her to one of the posterns of the castle and there left her in safety. When he had done so, he went back to the woodman's cottage, cast off the dress under which he had concealed his rank, and mounted the horse which was waiting there for his return.

At the neighboring tower a splendid train had been ordered to remain till he came back; but Richard de Lucy waited only for those who were ready to spring into the saddle; and spurring onward, without the loss of an hour, he reached his father's castle on the following morning, just as high mass was over.

The old Lord was still in the chapel speaking with true friends and affectionate retainers ere he returned to the hall; but Richard advanced at once upon the late, and to the astonishment of his father, addressed a pause to the high altar, on which, after kissing the cross on the altar, he layed down his sheathed sword, saying, "That sword shall never be drawn again in the service of an usurper, or for the race of one who has dared to strike the son of Reginald de Lucy!"

The old man frowned upon him but made no reply.

CHAPTER III.

There were busy and eager movements seen through the lauds of Hubert St. Clair—horsemen galloping hither and thither, the yeoman catching up his bow, the man at arms buckling on hauberk and helmet, and troops flocking to the castle from every part of the domain. These signs and symptoms of some sudden change in the views and prospects of the Lord of St. Clair, were followed by the marching of forces towards Oxford; and, in the midst of one of the strongest bands, was seen a fair lady, with a train of matrons and damsels attending upon her, and several old squires and grooms who had beld her grow up amongst them from infancy to womanhood.

In the great town of Oxford there stood at that time, a large palace and a strong castle, both of which have long been swept away, if not entirely, yet so far as to leave scarcely a trace of the original form behind. At the gates of the palace Eva St. Clair dismounted from her horse, and was led on by some attendants who met her at the entrance, into a chamber, where sat a lady of tall commanding person and imposing aspect.

Eva advanced, somewhat agitated but still gracefully, and knelt at the feet of the Empress Matilda, for she was the High Dame into whose presence she now came.

The empress smiled for her knell, gazing on her as she did so with a look of some surprise and some admiration; but at length seeming suddenly to recollect her, she exclaimed, "Ah, the daughter of St. Clair! He has indeed kept his word with me, and sooner than he promised; and bending down her head, she kissed the fair brow that was raised towards her, and asked what she had to bring her."

"I bring you, madam," said Eva, "a small band of three hundred chosen men, odd tidings from my father, that with the same number he has gone to join your Majesty's brother, the noble Earl of Gloucester. Besides this, he holds three castles strongly garrisoned for your Majesty's service, and he hopes ere long to come to you with the earl, and such a force as will make your enemies tremble."

Such tidings were very consolatory to the empress queen; and the aid she so suddenly received was indeed most needful, for her party had been reduced to little better than a name. Stephen's power was every day increasing; her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, had gone to seek assistance in Normandy and Anjou, and she was left with a very scanty force to keep alive the struggle till her return.

That return, however, was delayed much longer than any one expected, by the hesitation and uncertainty of her own husband, who left her to fight for the crown which was hers by hereditary right, with scarcely an effort to assist or support her. Taking advantage of the great Earl of Gloucester's absence, Stephen now exerted every energy to crush the cause of his rival, while the hand of adversity was upon her. The last troops which fought her way into Oxford were those which accompanied Eva St. Clair; and although for ten days more the army of Stephen did not appear beneath the walls of the city, the supply of provisions which had been eagerly demanded from the country round, in order to enable the place to support a long siege, came in more and more scantily every day. At length appeared the armies of the enemy—one body led by Stephen in person; one by the murderous and bloody William of Ipres; and another Prince Eustace, in whose cause was the young Earl of Northampton, slowly recovering from the severe injuries he had lately received.

At first nothing was seen but the tents and pavilions of the enemy, crowning every distant eminence, while dark bodies of horse and foot, the numbers of which could scarcely be distinguished, were perceived moving about over the low hills, and through the meadows around. Day by day, however, the besieging force drew closer and closer around the city, the numbers of the horse could be counted, the arms which they wore could be discovered, the groups of leaders could be told, the very shouts and the commands could be heard, and at length many a face could be recognized, and every banner plainly seen from the beleaguered walls.

Eva's heart sick when she gazed forth and saw nothing but the iron rain of the enemy surrounding her on every side; it seemed as if deliverance could never come and hope were at an end.

Still, however, the gallant defenders of the place knew no fear and relaxed no effort. By many a sally and feat of arms they proved their prowess upon the assailants, and not one tower or outwork was lost.—Still the earlship thought the good Earl of Gloucester must soon be there. Still they saved from the highest turret to see if they could discover the lances of their drivellers coming through the distant woods.

No aid, however, appeared; the provisions in the place became scanty; autumn gave way to winter; and intense cold was added to their evils. Regulations were made in regard to the quantity of food and firing to be allowed to each person, and the table of the empress and her attendants was by no means richer than the first that was reduced to such which could scarcely supply the necessities that nature required. In the town the scarcity was of course felt more than in the castle, for there were many poor and many imprudent there who had not been able, or had not thought fit, to lay in sufficient stores against the hour of need; and after the siege had lasted about two months, one could not walk through the streets without seeing pale and haggard faces every where, and eyes turned eagerly towards the countenance of each human being they met, as if asking, "Is there any hope of relief?"

No relief appeared; and those who watched the distant country saw the low winter sun slowly rise and early set, without one sign of coming deliverance. At length a heavy fog fell over the whole land, and lasted for nearly a week, so dense that nothing could be seen at the distance of twenty yards, during the first and second day, upon one of the towers the besieging force attempted in various parts to force its way into the town; but it was in vain that they did so, and, repelled at every point, again reduced their efforts to a strict blockade.

After this busy period was over, the garrison had nothing more to occupy them than hope or fear. The stores were often examined and found to have dwindled down to a mere tithe of what they once were; though they heard distant trumpets and shouts from a spot far beyond the lines of the besiegers. Every one argued that the Earl of Gloucester was coming up, and that as soon as the mist cleared away he would attack the army of the enemy.

At length, however, after one night of more bitter frost than ever, the fog rose like a curtain from the scene, and half-familied prison ran up to the highest towers, alas! but to see their hopes blasted. There was the country beyond all bright and glittering in the frost-work, but neither spear, nor pennon, nor banner, nor hauberk, but those in the camp of the enemy. All hearts fell; and although they endeavored out to suffer despair to show itself in their looks, Matilda, wherever she turned her eyes, found nothing but as echo to the apprehensions that were in her own heart.

The only one who tried to console her was Eva St. Clair, who, and by this time become very dear to the empress; and though when the siege had first begun, the fair girl's heart, unaccustomed to such scenes, had entertained none of the proud confidence which had animated others she now displayed more fortitude than all, and in the midst of sorrow spoke of better days.

She was sitting at the feet of Matilda, trying to cheer her, when the governor of the castle entered the chamber where they were alone, without other witnesses, and approaching the empress with a calm but sad countenance, "I have come, madam," he said, "to bring your Majesty very sad news. On examining the stores this day, I find that there is but food left of any kind for three days. By killing all the horses that we can spare, we may indeed make it last out a fourth day, but that is all; and, moreover, I grieve to say that a pestilential distemper has broken out in the town for the want of provisions. A hundred and ten souls, I find, took flight last night between midnight and matins."

Matilda clasped her hands, and looked up towards Heaven; but instantly resumed her native energy, also said, "Something, I am sure, my lord—something must be done; have you any thing to propose?"

"Were your Majesty not here," he replied, "we could obtain easy terms enough; but the usurper has sworn that you shall yield to him without conditions. As that cannot be, however, all that I have to propose is this:—Wallingford is full of your friends, strong and well provided with all things. 'Tis but a short distance: we are still here more than six hundred able men-at-arms; and though we have but thirty horses left, that number may well do all that is needed. Let your Majesty, and such knights as can find horses, mount a little before daybreak to-morrow morning; let us take one good meal before we set out, and then, throwing open the gate towards Wallingford, all issue forth suddenly together, horse and foot, and cut our way through. The moment you and your guard have passed I will form those that are on foot across the road, which is between steep banks, you know, and all will majorly lead to maintain it for nearly half an hour against all they can bring against me. I will take them as long to go forward by either of the other roads, so that you can get to Wallingford in safety."

"And you, my good friends, and you," said the empress—"you and all the brave men who are with you—you will remain but to die in my defence. Well, well, say no more, I will think of it till midnight, and then give your answer. I will answer with my fair countenance here."

The baron shook his head, as if in disapproving of such counsel; but before he bent towards Eva, saying, "May God make thee resolve! There is but one way to save thy sovereign!"

When he was gone, the empress, who had hitherto suffered no emotion to appear, bent down her head upon her hands, and the tears rolled down her eyes. Eva stood by in silence, for she knew that as yet it was in vain to speak; and then the sun went down leaving the chamber in the grey shadow of the twilight.

At length there was the sound of a footstep in the ante-room, and in a moment after the door opened, showing the tall dark form of a monk in a long grey gown and cowl.

The empress started up, exclaiming, "Who are you? who is it you seek?"

"Peace be with you, my daughter," replied the monk, "is it you I seek, and I bear you some tidings of moment. Listen you to this, I tell you!"

The empress, I find, my daughter," said the monk. "Since I made my way to here I see that your state would be hopeless if you could not escape."

"Escape?" exclaimed the empress; "would that I could escape!—But how came you hither yourself? How found you your way through the enemy's lines?"

"By a path that is open to you, too, daughter," replied the monk, "if you will be contented to trust to my guidance, and to take but a few persons with you."

"But who are you, that I should trust?" demanded the empress.—"What is your name? How shall I know that you are faithful?"

"Did I not bring that letter?" said the monk. "But, if you want farther proof, let me but speak a word to this lady in your tender chamber, and she shall be my guaranty."

He took Eva's hand in his and led her towards the ante-room, and as he did so that fair hand trembled, and her whole frame thrilled. They were absent some minutes, but when they returned, Eva cast herself at the empress's feet, exclaiming, "Oh, trust him, madam, trust him, I will pledge my life and soul for his faith."

CHAPTER IV.

The moon was bright and high, but a thin mist had come back upon the earth, and lay lightly over all the slopes and lower parts of the ground in the neighborhood of Oxford, when a train which might have scared the peasant or the school boy, had his beheld it—so like was it to what imagination has pictured a train of ghosts—took its way down a small turret staircase in the east of Oxford. That train consisted of three ladies and two men; and all, with the exception of one, who wore a monk's grey gown, were covered from head to foot in white.

When they had descended to the bottom of the stairs, the empress turned to the monk, demanding, "Through the vaults, say you? How came you to discover the way?"

"I discovered it," replied the monk, "when I was a mere boy, and studied sciences under a cave of this place."

The empress looked down as if apprehensive and doubtful, but still followed on; and, leading the way, the monk opened the door which gave them entrance into some vaults below the castle, and thence down another narrow flight of steps, which seemed to Mailland as if it were the descent into a well.

"Lord Brian," she said in a low voice, to her other man attendant, "if you find that he deceives us, cleave him down with your battle-axe."

"Fear not, lady," replied the gentleman to whom she spoke, "I know him, although he does not recollect me, and you may trust to him in all faith."

Again they proceeded in silence; and at the bottom of the steps they found another door which led them into a long vaulted passage. At first it was cased with masonry, and a pavement was beneath their feet. But at the end of twenty or thirty yards the masonry ceased, and the torch carried by Lord Brian Fitzwalter showed that they were passing under the arch of a sort of rude cave occasionally supported by brickwork, but not sufficiently so to prevent large masses of the earth and stones from falling down and obstructing the way.

At the end of near two hundred yards more, the monk turned towards the baron, saying, "Here you must put out the light, but lend her Majesty gently forward, for the road is rough and dangerous."

Lord Brian obeyed at once, and extinguished the torch against the wall of the vault, if wall it could indeed be called. He then led the empress forward by the hand, while the monk went on before, directing them upon their way; and presently after the faint blue light of the moon beams was seen glimmering at some distance before them.

"Now be as silent as death," said the monk, "for where we issue forth from this place, we are within a hundred yard of the tent of William of Ipsa. When we are amongst the bushes at the mouth, stop, and let me go on first. You will see exactly the path I take, and if I am not seen in this grey gown, you covered entirely in white, may well escape."

A few steps more brought the whole party to a spot where a number of dry hawthorn bushes had gathered themselves into a hollow. In the ground, completely concealing the mouth of the cavern or vault by which they had issued forth from the castle of Oxford. That hollow had been part of an ancient Saxon, or perhaps Roman camp, and it extended some way in the form of a narrow ravine. The ditch indeed, except where the hawthorn trees grew, was not profound; but it still afforded some shelter from the eyes of any of the enemy's soldiers who might have been near. Nor was some shelter unnecessary, for at that moment the empress and her attendants had already passed the outer guards of Stephen's army, and were in fact in the midst of his camp.

Gliding through the bushes, the monk advanced calmly on his way,

and, too impatient to wait long, the empress, with the head of Eva St. Clair clasped in hers, followed at the distance of some twenty or thirty paces. After a few minutes of silent the whole scene around burst upon them, and fearful it must have been to persons in their situation. The camp of Stephen was before and around them, not indeed close, for that was a spot of open ground which served as a sort of division between the quarters of the different leaders, and a space of about two hundred yards lay between the tent and tent.

That unopposed scene indeed was usually well watched by sentinels, but the night was intensely cold the wind was high, and the moon glowed got behind the shelter of the tents, or warmed themselves by the blazing watchfires.

On the right, as the empress and her party then stood, there was a large pavilion with torches burning before it, while a light could be seen through the canvas walls, and the voice of merriment and merriment made themselves heard upon the calm air of the tent. Between that tent and those on the left, the monk took his straightforward course, and the rest followed with silent tongues, but with beating hearts. There was no one opposed them, however; they passed that tent, and another and another; they crossed over the slight defences which had been cast up to protect the rear of the army; and they saw before them a long row of ovens, forming a sort of hedge, which looked black amidst the white of the wintry scene around. Towards it the monk bent his steps, but paused when he reached it; and the rest of the party found him waiting at the angle of a little lane.

"This lane leads down to the Thames. The river is firmly frozen over, and you can pass across direct to Wallingford."

"We are safe, thank God we are safe!" cried Eva. But at that moment there was a blast of a trumpet behind them, and galloping horses were seen coming down with furious speed.

"Look to the ladies, Brian," cried the monk, in a voice of command, "lead them on quick across the stream!" Once on the other side, you are safe, for the horses dare not follow you. Give me your battle-axe!—On my life I will detain these horsemen here till you are safe—they cannot pass me here. Fly, fly, fly, for they are coming fast!" and snatching the battle-axe from Lord Brian's hand, he cast himself into the middle of the crowd.

Mailland would have spoken, but all voices cried, "Fly, lady, fly!" and she was hurried onward, while the pursuers came down like lightning.

There was one considerably ahead of the rest, the captain of the guard for the night; and seeing himself opposed by one man in the middle of the lane, he couched his lance at the monk and spurred eagerly upon him. A stroke of the battle-axe, however, parried the lance, and shivered it to atoms; and, mounting on, the monk caught the rein of the horse and prepared to dash the rider from his seat.

But the captain of the guard, an experienced soldier, wheeled his horse with his heel to keep himself from the foe, while he drew his heavy sword, and then with a thrust which was difficult for an axe to parry, he lunged straight at the breast of his opponent. At the same time that he did so, he shouted his old accustomed cry, "A Lady! a Lady! Reginald to the rescue! a Lady!"

The axe dropped from the monk's hand before the blade came near him; the thrust of old Reginald de Lucy was true and strong; his adversary fell, dyeing the snow with his gore; and the baron, spurring his horse over the body, led his followers forward in pursuit of Mailland.

When he reached the bank of the Thames, however, he could see nothing but some moving objects on the other side, and, eager in the cause he had undertaken, he urged his horse vehemently upon its foe. The animal felt that shade beneath him, trembled, reared, fell; the whole mass gave way, and man and horse, with their heavy armor, were plunged to the bottom of the stream.

It was in vain that the followers of old Reginald de Lucy endeavored to extricate him from the water before life was extinct; near two hours elapsed before they could recover his body, and then they bore it up by another path to his tent. They spent the rest of the night in lamenting their lord, and it was not till morning that one of them thought to tell a priest, whom Stephen had sent to offer prayers for the soul of De Lucy, that a few minutes before his death, old Reginald with the red hand had killed some one like a monk, who had attempted to stop his progress.

The priest took others with him, and they instantly set out for the place the soldiers described; but there they found a sight which made even the hearts of men accustomed to seek voluntarily every scene of human suffering, ache for the fate that was now past recall.

There lay the fair and powerful form of one in the earliest years of manhood, with the grey gown of a monk indeed cast over his shoulders, but beneath it the rich garments of a Norman noble, dyed with the flood of gore which had streamed from a death wound in his breast. There lay Richard de Lucy, slain by the hand of his own father!

But he was not alone in death; for cast upon his bosom, with her rich brown hair dishevelled and unbound, with her garments too drenched in the blood that flowed from the heart of him she loved, was found the sister, cold, but still beautiful form of Eva de St. Clair. None could tell how she died—whether the intense cold of the night had aided, or whether grief had been alone enough to extinguish the warm spark of life within her bosom. All that was ever known was the fact that, when the empress reached the bank of the river, Eva was not with her, and the fierceness of the pursuit compelled the rest of the party to go on, without seeking the unhappy daughter of St. Clair.

DE LAMARTINE.

When first I saw the kind-hearted and gentlemanly M. Lamartine, he had returned from his travels in the East, oppressed by grief, and weighed down with domestic calamity. He had lost his only daughter. Far away from the scenes of her infancy and childhood, from her father's own beautiful dwelling, from the trees and the moss, the vineyards and the fields, she loved so well; beneath another sky, and surrounded with many faces unfamiliar to her heart, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her parents in the Holy Land, and her soul winged its happy flight to the bosom of her Saviour and her God. At the Château de St. Point, near Mâcon, in the centre of France, she had received her earliest and dearest impressions; and its solitary and romantic scenery was not forgotten by her, even when her light foot pressed the sward of holier and lovelier land. "La terre natale" was beautifully sung by her father, in one of his delicious "harmonies"; and her young heart expanded under the gentle influence of the kindly and noble sentiments which he possessed. With a passion for that which was beautiful, good, just and wise, that father had imprinted her character; and she was the reflected image of himself. But Julia died! She had traversed with him the regions of the East. She had betheld his fine heart bound with joy at the pious traditions of the scenes of our salvation. She had visited the shores of Malta, the coasts of Greece, the ruins of Athens, the plains and the mountains of Syria, and that Palestine dear to the heart of every Christian. But Gehenna met us as dolefully hallooed to his soul for death snatched from him the being in whose existence and happiness the dearest hopes of himself and his wife were centered.

M. De Lamartine had returned to Paris, but his travels had preceded him. His grief had excited the love and sympathy of multitudes of beings in all the quarters of the globe. His tale of woe had been told, if not in every cottage, at least in many a drawing-room, as well as in the halls of the rich; and the fact that he was a royalist, and opposed to the new order of things established in France, was wholly lost sight of, and he was regarded as the traveller Thane, and the Christian poet. His fine, active mind had been subdued by the loss he had sustained, to a degree of humility and submission which was truly sublime; and those who are not well acquainted with the power of a cultivated and moral nature to throw off its grief, and to gird itself with strength and decision, would have imagined that De Lamartine could never again sing of beauty, of nature, and of love, but would become in principle a recluse. His wife, an English lady of good family, of benevolent and gentle disposition, and of well-informed and highly cultivated mind, had shared with him in the East all his sorrows, as well as all his enjoyments, and had returned to Paris bereft of the idol of their hearts' affections.

It is undoubtedly true that the grief of De Lamartine was excessive, whilst the vulgar and the worldly-minded stigmatised it as affected. But its friends only feared that its sincerity and intensity might have such an effect on his future efforts, as to render his poetry morbid or fearful, his character repining and discontented, and thus to withdraw him from those busy scenes of daily life where the force of his eloquence, the strength of his judgment, and the excellence of his example, might improve and benefit his fellow-men.

The publication of the *Travels of De Lamartine in the East* was a sort of Epoch in French modern Literature. It seemed like the restoration of Christianity after years of reproach, calumny, and persecution. For the revolution of 1830 proclaimed "war against the priests;" and that also meant "war against the altar" at which they ministered. The palace of the archbishop had been pillaged; the treasures of centuries was thrown into the waters of the Seine as too bad to be preserved, because it was the literature of the church; multitudes of priests had been attacked, insulted, and beaten. The remnant of the old republican party of the last century now hoped to wreak its vengeance on the men and the clergy of the restoration. And, in one word, the goddess of Reason was again spoken of by the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau. But the book of De Lamartine breathed as it were the spirit of the fresh waters rushing to an arid desert; like the overflowing of the Nile like flowers on graves; and beauty, fertility, and verdure, where rankness, poison, and death had prevailed. Some read his book from a love for the wonderful, some for its poetry, others for its apparent romance, and multitudes became enamoured once more with a religion which with them was connected the glowing recollections of the Holy Land.

I know it will be replied that there was not the stern and strong characteristics of a truly religious state of public mind and feeling, and that there was much of poetry and imagination bound up with these emotions. This I grant very readily; but it was surely something to give a new direction to minds which were unoccupied with good, and which were busy set on doing evil. It was surely something to assist in checking the blind and mad fury of many for attacking churches, for destroying the ornaments and painting inside the cathedral, for raising to the ground all that remained of pious recollections of past ages. I feel certain that all the dragons of Louis Philippe, and all the national guards of Lafayette, and all the active police force of Castimir Perier or M. Thiers, and all the reproaches of enlightened foreigners against the rioting and pillaging propensities of the modern plunderers of the Romish churches in France, would never even combinally have stirred so much of restraining and beneficial feeling as did the work of De Lamartine on the East. The clergy once more showed themselves in the streets. The churches were reopened, many of which had been closed; the Christian temples were, as it were, re-adorned and re-consecrated; and every one said, "Why, we also are believers in this same Jesus, and we know and love these scenes of Bethany and Jerusalem."

The success of the work of De Lamartine in France may be partly ascribed to his previous reputation as a poet, to his noble and generous nature, to his ardent and imaginative spirit, and to the depth and intensity of his sorrows. All this I am prepared to admit; but it was an act of courage as well as of virtue, and of patriotism as well as of religion, to come forth with a book full of prayer and praise, of Christianity and of piety, when those to whom he addressed it were either joining the Abbe de Mennais in his republican Romanist system, or the Père Enfantin and Michel Chevalier in their restoration of St. Simonism; or were rushing to the "Egérie Française," where French was substituted for Latin, and where orations were delivered on all descriptions of subjects, similar to those which now form the subject of debate at Fox's Finbury chapel, London. The voice of the poet, the traveller, the historian, was at this time apparently too musical, too soft, too gentle to be heard. Oh, no! it penetrated the hearts of the obdurate; it descended like gentle dew; it fructified, vivified, subdued; and a rebellion of mind followed, which ended not, indeed, in such a religious movement as we who are of the Church of England could have desired, but in one of freedom from hostility to Christianity, of respect for its authorised teachers, and of toleration to all who professed it.

It has been objected to these travels of De Lamartine that they entered into the minute details of an individual life, which could only be interesting to the immediate circle of the author's friends and acquaintances. But in this I do not concur. It was not his friends and acquaintances only who, day by day, and week after week, carried off edition after edition, until almost every library in Europe, as well as every cottage library in France, was supplied with a copy. I was present at the period. I witnessed the effect it produced—pure, calming, holy; and how it, at least for a time, changed the politically biased character of all private society, and gave a wholly new impulse for conversation and action. The subject of mankind takes deep interest in the personal adventures of an individual, in his private thoughts, feelings, and attachments,—in his diet, his walks, his thoughts, his family, his associations, than some men are willing to concede; and the reason for this is obvious. There are but few minds capable of comprehending the vast, the mysterious, the awful, whilst all can sympathise with the every-day scenery of ordinary being. This is the great secret of the success of Miss Milford in her delineations of the various every-day occupations and doings of a work-a-day world. And, indeed, the happiest efforts of our greatest writers are not those which describe a tyrant, a despot, a slave, a conqueror, or a reformer, but those which depict man as he is in his mingled character of good and evil, as we meet him at our own doors, and by our own firesides.

That which is personal, individual, and minute, is always more interesting to the mass of mankind than ideal personages, heroes, and goddesses; and the rapid sale of some of the earliest efforts of Charles Dickens also confirms the accuracy of my statement.

But De Lamartine was a DEPUTY! A small though fortified town named BERGUES, quite in the north of France, had, during his absence in the Holy Land, elected him their representative. It was at the palace that all men were made in France respecting what was called "ELECTIONAL CAPACITY." Talent, not property; mind, not wealth, rank, or influence, were to take the lead in the new Chamber of Deputies; and actors, physicians, poets, historians, newspaper editors, and "Peuillotonists," too, were in contribute of their intellectual riches to the repository of national talent, and of popular declamation. The electors of Bergues were determined not to be outdone; and, ignorant that though De Lamartine was a poet and an author, he was also a landed proprietor and a wine-grower, they were determined that they would not be outstripped on the score of "intellectual capacity" in their representative.

The next time I saw De Lamartine he had received from his own native town an invitation to represent it in the new parliament. This indeed was flattering; but that the electors of Mâcon were more enlightened, or royalist, or patriotic than those of Bergues, but as it is true that generally speaking a prophet hath no honour among his own people, it was complimentary to him that those who knew him best were most anxious to be represented by him. The family of De Lamartine, indeed, is one of noble and honourable antiquity. In the *memoir* of the states of Burgundy his family was registered. The old château and ruins of Monseaux have descended from generation to generation. At that very Mâcon which now De Lamartine represents, his relations were imposed for their faithful adherence to the cause of Louis XVI.; and the mother of the subject of this sketch hired a house near the prison that she might, from a window which looked over its gate, shew daily to his father their beloved child Alphonse, through the bars of the goal. Faithful to the old Bourbon race, the Lamartines would have all suffered for that fidelity at the close of the last century had not Alphonse expired. How true it is that time is the great revealer of mysteries, the mighty magician which reconciles all contradictions, clears up all doubts, and removes all obstacles; for here is De Lamartine, once the pining infant smiling at its imprisoned father through the prison gates of Mâcon goal, now representing, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the very same principles for which his father was incarcerated, and returned by the electors that self-named Mâcon.

When, for the second time, the little old town of Bergues, so cold and so uninteresting, entreated De Lamartine to represent it in the Chamber of Deputies, he caused not only its electors, but the whole of France to revise attention, because the very same line of conduct he therein con-

demonstrated so much of truth and eloquence, he has unhappily pursued himself; and has, of late, attacked with vehemence the government of M. Guizot, not with distinct and precise charges, but with vague and most uncertain insinuations.

De Lamarine is one of the most zealous supporters of *La Société de la Morale Chrétienne* at Paris. It professes to amend the condition of the human species by the influence of Christian morals; and to reduce the number and character of the crimes which spring out of the present condition of human society. This institution is one of the glories of France, and has contributed more to her moral regeneration than all other associations combined. To its energetic and patriotic efforts France is indebted for the abolition of lotteries.

But De Lamarine addressed the powers of his mind and the energies of his heart to the removal of another evil—it was to the overthrow of *l'ancien régime*—it is impossible for any one who has not witnessed in all the length and breadth of its hideousness the demoralising character of this national evil, to judge of the immense—nay, even incomprehensible good effected by De Lamarine and his friends, when they likewise procured the closing of the Paris gambling-houses.

The position which De Lamarine first took on his entrance into public life, he has not been able to maintain. He set out with a resolution not to become a party man, i. e., in the ordinary acceptance of the word 'party'; and to be the chief of those who looked to the social evils of France, and sought to remedy them. Education, the condition of the poor, 'agriculture' and its influence on society, the founding asylums, illegitimate children, the condition of unfortunate females; these and a variety of other subjects, together with the penal code, slavery, and the slave-trade, were his time and labour his energies. But this is the case no longer. I do not find fault with the change which has taken place, because in France it is really very difficult, if not impossible, to steer clear of party politics and of political partisanship. But yet the fact is the same. De Lamarine has become in his turn a colleague of Berryer, a supporter of Guizot, an approver of Count Moit's politics, and, finally ("I tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon"), the most forward, bold, decisive opponent of the Conservative policy which himself and his party pronounced to be the only one compatible with peace, on the one hand, and with the honour and happiness of France, on the other. Is De Lamarine no longer satisfied that England and France may be good allies, and yet honourable and enlightened rivals? Or has he also joined the "ultra" faction, which seeks in Great Britain an immense obstacle to French aggrandisement, and to French power? I fear the latter is the case; and that he is now pledged to oppose all governments which are not constructed on the basis of "ultra French politics and views." Now, what is meant by this expression is this:—that France shall refuse the right of search; that France shall claim to take precedence in the East, at all times, the affairs in the East; that France shall exercise authority in the affairs of Spain; that France shall extend her frontiers to the limits claimed by the republican party of the last century; that France shall be permitted to dictate to the rest of Europe on the fate of smaller states; that France shall become the most formidable military and naval power in the west of Europe; that France shall extend her colonies in the north of Africa, establish settlements in the continent of America, especially of South America, and form colonies and governments in the Pacific Ocean. And I regret to state that the Legitimist party in France will lend itself to these demands, not because it regards them as politically sound or wise, but in order to extend the influence of the Romish church throughout the nations of the earth. This is the policy of *Alte de Genouève*, the able and eloquent proprietor and editor of the *Gazette de France*. This is the policy of all who are under the influence of the Court of Rome, and none are more so than De Lamarine. It is Protestantism they oppose. It is Protestantism they abhor. I have watched with attention their proceedings with reference to Poland; and I know that they are more anxious to expel from those islands the *Protestant missionaries* of Great Britain, Germany, and America, than they are to convert the heathen to the Christian faith. Alas! alas! they believe, and they act on that belief, that it would be better, spiritually speaking, for the pagans to remain so, than to be converted to Christianity by Protestant missionaries, and to remain Protestant.

De Lamarine as a poet is the boast and admiration of his country; and he most successfully merits all the praise and popularity he enjoys. But his poetic attributes render him a fluctuating and indeliberate statesman. To-day he pleads the cause of Poland with fire and energy;—tomorrow he proclaims at the tribune the advantages of a close alliance between France and Russia. To-day he pleads for the abolition of slavery, and, as the magical words drop from his lips, he rivets the attention and secures the suffrages of even an unwilling audience;—tomorrow he indignantly rejects the right of search, and sells the best, and most honest minister France has known for a century, "You are on fire to govern. You are repugnant to the glory, intestine, and nationality of France!" And why? Because that minister, M. Guizot, will not violate the treaties which were deliberately signed with Great Britain for putting an end to that very slavery of which he complains. He would arrive at the end of the making use of the means. He would put down the slave-trade by visiting other vessels, and by seizing the lawless pirates; but he would not allow of similar searches being made on board French vessels.

Again: to-day he pleads with incomparable eloquence on the subject of the affairs of the East, and places before you "Turkey," a mere corpse, a body without a soul, a form without animation. He tells you that this

as it ought to be, that prophecy requires it, that the march of events will have it so, that Mohammedanism must be supported by Christianity, and the Crescent by the Cross; and then, in his own poetic strain, he presents before you that cross, triumphing over all prejudices, and subduing eventually all things to itself. But to-morrow he pleads for French influence in Turkey,—for French influence at Constantinople,—and talks of the advantages of the Turkish alliance, and the revival of order times; and is angry with England for causing her to be the one not content to be outwitted by the French ambassador, and the corpse of yesterday has been suddenly transformed into a valuable, living, acting, formidable ally.

Louis Philippe said, some few months ago, when De Lamarine still remained faithful to the moderate Conservative party of the new dynasty, and when threatened by the chiefs of the Anglo-phobia factions, with a coalition of all the parties of the government, "I suppose, then, he is compelled to apply to M. De Lamarine to become my minister; and I may reckon myself very fortunate to have so honest and able a man to apply to." But Louis Philippe can say this no longer. After the late harangue of the poet in the Chamber of Deputies, he can no longer be regarded as a Conservative, but as one of the chiefs of a systematic opposition. Louis Philippe cannot condole in such a man. He might do well enough to run in the same political vehicle, neck by neck, alongside of M. Thiers, and they might together build the national car with themselves over some fearful precipice; but De Lamarine has demonstrated that he is no statesman and that he is without a clear, distinct, and accomplished political system. He either knows not, or does not feel, that politics cannot be made a matter of imagination and feeling, but that the interests of a great nation must be treated without passion, prejudice, or poetry. Louis Philippe has very naturally some sentiments of affection for De Lamarine. Mademoiselle des Roys was the mother of the poet, and she was as good as she was charming. Her mother was governess to the royal princess, and brought up her daughter with the now King of the French, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. The King of the French never forgets the associates of his earliest years, and the family of De Lamarine, at least on the maternal side, is regarded by him with respect and interest. Yet De Lamarine can never now become his minister.

Whoever desires to see this extraordinary man to advantage, should make a journey to Meaux with a letter of introduction. There, in the neighbourhood of *Château de St. Poul*, the author of the *Harmonies*, the *Mediations*, and the *Sovereigns*, will be seen as the man who has never made a personal enemy and never lost a friend. Gentle, noble, pure, serene, generous, kind, he will welcome the stranger to his interesting and antique dwelling, and amuse, delight, and improve him. His visitor will find him a glorious host, and an unimitable companion. His large intellect is kind to all who are entitled to esteem and admiration, and he is ever ready to sympathise with human suffering, and to seek to provide a remedy for every woe. As a man and a friend he cannot be surpassed; as a poet he is unrivalled in France; as a statesman and politician he is most defective. Some would style him a "piqueur."

And thus it is with the best of men! They mistake so often their own qualifications, and are in the habit of undervaluing themselves. For only admire and love De Lamarine, and within his years of happiness and a life of delight, for his happiness is virtue, and his delight is to do good, and render others joyful.

OREGON.—The Liberty (Mo.) Banner of the 19th ult. says:—"We are informed that the expedition to Oregon, now rendezvoused at Westport, in Jackson county, will take up its line of march on the 20th of this month. The company consists of some four or five hundred emigrants, some with their families. They will probably have about one hundred and fifty wagons, drawn by oxen, together with horses for nearly every individual, and some milch cows. They will, we suppose, take as much provision with them as they can conveniently carry, together with a few of the necessary implements of husbandry. There are in the expedition a number of citizens of independent value to some community—men of intelligence and vigorous and intrepid character; admirably calculated to lay the firm foundations of a future empire."

YASKEE ENTERPRISE.—Two schooners belonging to Yarmouth, Cape Cod, came into our port yesterday, both deeply laden with anchors, chain cables, &c. which they had recovered by dragging on various bars on the Southern coast. On Ocracoke, Wilmington, Charleston and Tybee Bars, they have succeeded in dragging up 30 anchors, some of these of the largest size. They have been out on the right moment on this expedition, and are now about to return home. They inform us that they were successful in dragging up, some time since, at Sandy Hook, an anchor weighing 7000 pounds—it was supposed to belong to some frigate.—*Bathurst Republicans*.

COURT D'ORSA.—A London paper says—"This distinguished nobleman has disappeared from society. It was at first given out that he had gone on a visit to a noble friend in Durham, but it has been ascertained that he had actually left Liverpool in a packet ship for New York."

The Belgian ex-general, Vander Smisen, who escaped some time since from prison at Antwerp, through the instrumentality of his wife, and which caused such a sensation, has since been residing at Frankfurt and is now at Baden.

New-York:

SATURDAY, JUNE 10. 1844.

EDITED BY JAMES NEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

OUR NATIONAL SINS.

"That mercy they to others show—that mercy show to them!"

As a people, we are charged with an inordinate love of money. Now the love of money, as everybody says, though nobody appears to believe it, is the root of all evil. If so, no wonder we are what we are, as a people. But is it so? Love of money the root of all evil! Pshaw! It were much nearer the truth to say that a love of money is the root of all good. But for the love of money, where would be the proudest nations of the earth? where Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, the Arts—or Mankind? Now, we are somewhat disposed to maintain and seriously too, that a love of money is not only the distinguishing feature, but the very best measure of civilization. Savages are without this love, and therefore are they savages. "Barbaric pearl and gold," ingots and burning gems, where plentifully showered upon a people, may do much—but a burning love of money will do more, toward lifting them up, and finding a place for them among the nations. Mexico and Peru, in the great sisterhood of barbarous empires that impoverished the earth, were ahead of all, but three hundred years ago. And why? Because they coveted, if not money, money's worth; and labored for it diligently and faithfully all their lives long—building cities, and palaces and temples; weaving cloth—turning up the earth—and opening sluice-ways like rivers; and thorough-fares, like the mightiest of imperial Rome. But they were conquered, and overwhelmed. And by whom?—and wherefore? By a nation that loved money, and were willing to work for it. By a people who loved gold and silver more, and knew the value of it better; and for that reason labored more steadfastly, and patiently to gather it up. And so it has ever been—so will it ever be, so long as money is a legal tender for comfort, or the natural sign of power.

The root of all evil! Compare the love of money, with that other and loftier love—ambition—that "vice of noble minds"; the love of power; the love of fame; the love of approbation; or any other earthly love indeed, and then say which is the safer, which the more useful, which the more advantageous for Mankind? Any love that gets entire possession of the human heart, overmastering our principles and our reason; darkening the light within us—the social light—and blinding us to the consequences of what we do, whether it be the love of money or power—the love of woman—the love of God, or the love of Man—is the root of all evil. See what a mistaken love of God has done among the inhabitants of the earth; when allowed to overpower the understanding—that angel with the flaming sword, which God himself has planted in the doorway of every human heart—everywhere and always at strife, blasting the consciences of men, wasting the nations as it with whirlwind and fire. See what the mistaken love of Man has done with every people, kindred and tongue, ever since the foundations of the earth were laid, wherever it was allowed to obtain a mastery of the understanding, as with the Jesuits, who went about the world, professing, and often believing, that for mankind, the only way to heaven, was through mortification, suffering and martyrdom, or worse; and who dealt with men accordingly; tormenting their bodies—yea roasting them before a slow fire, out of regard for their souls. And so with every other all-devouring passion. The love of money ought to be encouraged and made honorable, instead of being put to open

shame as we find it in the following pamphlet, by one of our best writers.

"*The Social Principle: the true source of national Permanence*," by W. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina.

We don't like the title of this oration—and for that reason, are more than half inclined to blow it up. But we do like the oration itself—as a whole—and therefore, we won't. "*Permanence!*" what a word for a fine, free-spirited writer of English to make use of on the very title page of an essay upon the social principle. What the plague have we to do with *permanence*, or any other outlandish word in our talk? Why not say stability, or steadfastness, or strength, or unchangeableness—or anything indeed, but "*permanence*."

But the oration itself—as a whole—mark that—as a whole—is worthy of more than a passing notice; though parts and passages are enough to put you out of temper for the day. Take a few words in proof.

"Money is the sign among us, unhappily, of the highest social power—and the possessor of it, soon learns to exercise it as a means of authority." And so it is, and must be, everywhere else upon earth, Mr. Simms. And why not? Allow what you may for good luck, or happy blundering, is it not true, as a general thing, that it requires just about as much labor, and toil, and watching, and contrivance, and self denial, and foresight and wisdom and talent—*ay*, talent—to become rich, as to become renowned? And if so, why should not riches be a sign of power? And why should not the wealthy man be felt? And why should not he speak, as one having authority? If a lawyer may, or a statesman? a soldier, a poet, an orator, a preacher, a lawgiver—or an editor? Depend upon it, Mr. Simms, we are all wrong in our complaints about the influence of wealth. We have listened so long to the insolent sarcasms of British travellers—to their shocking misrepresentations of our social habits, and social language—that we have come to believe, or rather to say, though we know better, and if we would but stop to think, would be ashamed of ourselves for pretending to entertain such a belief—that money is the God of our people; that they think of nothing else, and talk of nothing else, and that in a mixed company, if you stop to listen, the whole sum and substance of all the conversation about you, will turn out to be money—money—money—always money, and nothing but money; that we have no standard of worth, but money; that we have no idea of distinction or power; of right or wrong, unconnected with money; that, in a word, we are a people of dollars and cents—whereby we are distinguished from our brethren over sea, who are a people of pounds, shillings and pence. What Napoleon said of the British, the British say of us; and we in our miserable habits of imitation, and self-forgetfulness, repeat the charge. To him—a soldier—an adventurer—and a robber of Kings, they were but a nation of shopkeepers. To them—a tyrannous and arrogant people, rich with the accumulated spoil of ages; so rich, that multitudes know not what to do with their wealth, while the millions about them are starving—we are a nation of hawkers and pedlars, and '*tumble riggers*,' to borrow a parliamentary phrase, lately come into fashion there—while they, at the worst, are only a '*nation of shopkeepers*.' And if they were—what then? whose business is it, if they are diligent, honest and faithful shopkeepers? Time was when a British merchant—a shopkeeper, and no more, if you come to that—was not ashamed of his calling; and if not the companion of princes, was their creditor, and therefore their master.

But again. Who are these rude, insolent men that go about the world calling others to account, for their love of money? What do they come here for, but for money? What do they write for—lie for—labour for—steal for, but money? And

if among their countrymen there are those who care little for money, who are they?—are they not men who have always had more money than they knew what to do with?—men whose money was beyond their own reach? or men who have no need of looking about them for the morrow?—men whose families are provided for to the remotest generation, by entails? or men whose children are educated, and portioned off at the public charge? And because, forsooth, such men talk rather of their horses and their hounds,—of their gambling-debts and their debaucheries,—of their privileges and their hopes, rather than of *traffic* or commerce—of wealth or money—is it to be cast up to us for a reproach, that we do not copy their manners and their language? In the first place, we cannot afford to do either. In the next, we should starve and perish if we did. The great business of their lives is to spend money:—the great business of ours must be to *make* it. And why?—because, without money we can do little or nothing in this great commonwealth of nations. Nor could they—the lordliest of them all—in that great commonwealth of empires, where they flourish so bravely. If money be the sinews of war—it is the life-blood, the very heart and soul of peace. Away, then, with all this bewildering nonsense about our love of money. Were it all as they say it is,—were it indeed and in truth our overwhelming passion,—that which, like Aaron's rod, hath swallowed all the rest,—still, with our charities, our enterprise, our public monuments, and our mighty undertakings, it would be evident to all that we loved money, not as the *end*, but as the *means* of life: not as *happiness*, of itself—for, if we did, we should never part with it so freely as we do—and our extravagance and our wastefulness would not be a proverb, as it is over all the earth—but as the *means* of happiness,—of happiness to ourselves and others.

But continues Mr. Simms—"it is a new doctrine certainly, in our country—but not the less true for that—to teach, that the longer a boy is kept from *earning* money for himself, the better for himself—for his real manhood—for his morals—his own and the happiness of those who love him."

A new doctrine certainly—and what is more, a very dangerous doctrine. How shall he ever know the value of money till he has earned it? Are all boys born rich—and helpless? Are all to be provided for, and feel no obligation for what they receive? Would you make spendthrifts, for a dead certainty, of all who are born to wealth?—and something worse than beggars, if you turn them adrift upon the world, of those who, born poor, have never learned to get their own living? Such is the inevitable destiny of both classes in a country where wealth is not secured by family settlement, if they are not allowed to *earn* something for themselves.

No—our plan would be, never to allow a boy or a girl, after the age of ten, to have a dollar without *earning* it—earning it in some way, it matters little how—by diligence, by good behaviour—by self-denial, by study, or by downright work in the house, the field, or the garden. There need be no over estimate of money, nor of money's worth; no postponement of duty for the sake of a reward; no fear of children mistaking the purpose of their father or mother—provided only that they have a thimbleful of common sense. To be good for the sake of so much money, may be very bad—very bad—but is it any worse than not being good at all? The first reward may be the father's and the mother's love,—the second a weekly allowance, to stop when their good behaviour stops.

"Unhappily," continues Mr. S.—"unhappily, the infatuated parent beholds with delight the exercise of this capacity, though it might not be difficult at the same time to shew that with this exercise comes *presumption, insubordination, and insolence*—(by our plan this could not happen, you see; the moment such

VICES appeared, the supplies would be stopped)—looseness of principle, recklessness of conduct, levity of manners, excess in indulgence, brutality in habit, drunkenness and debauchery, beastliness the most loathsome, and frequently crimes the most atrocious." Mercy on us! and all this comes of *earning* money! Now, we have a notion that it comes, not of *earning* money, but of having money *without earning* it. Would he bring up a boy without money? Of course not. Well, then, he must be so brought up as either to know the value of money before he spend it, and *therefore* the value of character, of honesty, of industry, of diligence and faithfulness for without these, how can he hope to get money?—or—to spend money without knowing its value. Which were the safer, think you? We appeal to you, ye fathers and mothers of the land!

Notwithstanding these faults of opinion—and very serious faults they are, too, in a man of acknowledged talents and influence, like Mr. Simms. There is a great deal to be praised and much to be weighed in the pamphlet he has brought forth; and we beg leave therefore to urge upon him a still deeper investigation of the subject.

All human reward appears to be compounded of three or four elements at most. Money, fame, power, and health—or tranquillity of mind, if you please—may be regarded as their least questionable representatives. Now, in the Providence of God, it so happens, and therefore we may suppose it was *intended* to happen, that he who gets more of one, gets less of another to his share. The soldier and the poet, for example, are satisfied with fame—and with nothing else. With all such, fame is power. Hence are poets and soldiers poor to a proverb. Another labours for money—gathers about him vast possessions—heaps up gold and silver; cares nothing for fame, and, dying, leaves behind him nothing but a will for his heirs to quarrel with, and a tablet in a churchyard, with a foolish motto and a name misspelt, for his children to begin the world with, when they set up for themselves. All these men sacrifice their health, and shipwreck their peace of mind. Another class, the labourer, the husbandman, the mechanic, preserve their health, live to a good old age, and die at last neither famous nor rich: otherwise, if they become either famous or rich, they are neither so happy nor so long-lived.

Another and a smaller, but a more diligent and watchful class—like heartless and faithless, ambitious and unappeasable—are ever on the look-out for another kind of pay—*power*. Where "thrift follows fawning," there are they. And what is their reward? Wasted health,—poverty,—a shipwrecked mind, a broken heart, and an early grave. Look at the history of Warwick and Wolsey,—of Chatham and Pitt,—of Burke,—of Percival,—of Canning,—and half a thousand more, the "king-makers" of their day, who have died of disappointment and vexation, eating their own hearts away at home, or falling, with Caesar, in the midst of the senate-chamber, by the blows of a more terrible avenger than Brutus.

Why not encourage the love of money therefore? at the worst it is no more dangerous—no more wasting—no more trying to the peace of the individual, or the welfare of society, than other and much nobler loves. Like the lust of power, the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, the lust of money carrieth the spoiler upon its back for ever and ever, as Sinbad the Sailor carried the Old Man of the sea—till they were sundered by death.

At any rate, let us endure the reproach no longer of being utterly and hopelessly given over to the base love of money, as the end of what we are striving for; and let us, at least, reverence ourselves enough to deny the slanderous impeachment, instead of pleading guilty, and throwing ourselves upon the mercy of them that have no mercy.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

Charles Young.—Feb. 2, 1824.—Went to see Young, the last of the Kemble type, in Laer; even so—the very last of that royal family—Charles being but a far-off and shadowy reflection of his great brother, and still greater sister. John Kemble was a giant. His declamation, notwithstanding his unhappy voice, and the stately huskiness of his intonation, was magnificent. In Cato, Coriolanus, or Penruddock, he stood alone.—But Sarah Siddons was something more than a giantess—she was a gigantic woman; with little tenderness, to be sure, and very little of blandishment; wholly unlike Miss O'Neil, for example, in the more touching manifestations of womanhood; but altogether a woman, where Shakespeare meant to shadow forth a majestic type of the sex, carried away by unhallowed passions: In Lady Macbeth for instance—even there she was a woman still; not a woman of tears and trembling, like Belvidera, but a woman of queenly presence, wearing the robes—the looks—the countenance—and talking the language of another world. Archangels ruined—she could play and did play—as they were meant, by the Wizard of the Drama, who conjured them up, as it were, from the depths of the very bottomless pit, as if to show what Woman, led astray by evil passions, might become, not only to others, but to herself. Even to the last however, womanhood is like sunshine, "Though turned away, 'tis sunshine still." She could not kill her father's image. She would have slain the good king sleeping, had he not so resembled her father. Yet she was the woman, ay, and the mother, who tells her husband, that if he had but sworn as he had, she would have kept her oath—come what might; and to satisfy him that she is in earnest, and means all that language ever meant or could mean—she says:

"I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would—while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dashed it to the wall, out, had I sworn as you
Have done to this."

No woman could have done this perhaps, not even Lady Macbeth—still none but a woman could have said it.

Charles Kemble, though he does Hamlet—or rather does the audience in Hamlet, and even flies at Falstaff and Macbeth, is feeble and showy, unoriginal, and altogether counterfeit.—Young—Charles Young—though of the same school, and rather pompous and much too self-possessed for the more impassioned of Shakespeare's men, is always a bold, clear and satisfactory embodiment of the character, he ventures upon; and in parts and passages, unequalled. The man evidently thinks for himself, and in making points, always points at Shakespeare, "true as the needle to its kindred pole"—"nay, more," turns at the touch of joy or woe—and turning, trembles too: "not much to be sure, but enough, considering the character he plays.

In the passage—

"Do you not mark how this becomes the house:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary:—on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food."

he appears touched with a "noble anger;" he turns away from his daughter and appeals to the bystanders—wrestling with himself—subdued and patient for a while, though inwardly burning. His waked wrath is tempered with kingly sorrow. Generally his conceptions are neither striking nor showy; but they are strong and safe. More and more anxious every day to distinguish this school from the school of Kean (that alarming and most astonishing innovator, who, profiting by the transitions, and business, and pauses, and familiarities of George Frederick Cooke, a large borrower at usury of Macklin) the followers of Kemble grow colder and colder, and staid and staid,

and more and more classical every day. The simpletons! If they presume, they will run themselves dead ashore within a twelvemonth; and the very absurdities and extravagancies of Kean will pass for outbreaks of genius!

With Young there is no violent transition—no starting—no judery: it is all straight-forward, up-hill work; true as death—and just about as passionless, except in here and there a brief outbreak—a flash of tempestuous brightness. There are no hazardous intonations neither—which are always counterfeited with ease, and easily imitated, because they are unnatural. Nature is never easily imitated. Nature caricatured is. Hence three-fourths of the stage intonation now in use. They may all be traced back, year by year, to the original, who depended upon exaggeration for effect: and so with stage-humour and stage faces. Both are banded from player to player, till they have become a part of the regular properties of the profession—as much so as their tinsel-ropes, their paper-snow, and their "damnable face-making."

The finest passages in Young's Laer, though few, are wonderful. As when he hears of the hot duke—

"Fiery! the fiery duke?—Tell the hot dnke that —no, but not yet: maybe he is not well." Nothing could be finer. And so, where he tells the story to Goneril of Regan's heartless bearing—he is transcendent. And there was one touch, where he turns to pose Edgar, with a question originally put into the fool's mouth, but afterwards by the play-wrights, who pretend to reverence Shakespeare, set down to Laer—"Prythee, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman—be a gentleman, or a yeoman"—which I never saw equalled. I have heard thunder-claps on the stage, but here was a flash of lightning. The whole landscape of the human heart opened and shut, as it were, in that single flash. The look of Laer, who stands playing with a straw, is full of piteous anxiety, and yet there is a shadow of kindness in his port; and while he stands listening to Tom's rhapsody, shaking his head with a patient smile, as if to encourage the poor fellow, and when he gets through, answering with a look that says right—right—rightly resolved, poor simpleton—he is unspeakably natural and affecting.

Charles Kemble is not so good as Woods of the Philadelphia theatre. Nor do I much like the house. The iron pillars are gilt, and there is a profusion of gilding everywhere—drop-curtain superb. Scores of well-dressed and well behaved women in the pit—greedy to the amazement of my American friends. Gallery gold and yellow, with crimson hangings, about half-way round the house.

Laer followed by a pantomime—"House that Jack built." Splendid nonsense, but very attractive to the better part of the audience;—like Punch and Judy, Bartlemy Fair and the chimney-sweepers. Joe Grimaldi there in full feather. People round were engaged in a very amusing altercation about his anatomy. Some have been told "by them as ought to know," that he is double-jointed: others, that he has no joints at all, nor so much as one single bone like other people in his body—being all cartilage or gristle: others, that he is put together all over upon the principle of ball and socket—a sort of universal joint, for ever in play. I have made up my mind to all three of these opinions—and wish there were more.

Perkins—Went to see his wonderful steam-guns, by particular desire. In feeling after these improvements, he has lighted upon some others, quite sure to enrich him, if he can be persuaded to stop anywhere. But he never will. Make what he may by his labor and toil, he must die a poor man; and but for things he never intended, a useless one. He is now multiplying copper-plates for calicoes. But while he has been trying to save one third in the weight of his engines, one fifth in the room they require; ninety-nine hundredths of the water

one fourth of the fuel, and one half at least, of the original cost, the whole world is hurrying by him; and he will be superseded, and forgotten. Still Perkins is an extraordinary man. A little better knowledge of his own business to start with, a very little more familiarity with leading principles; and he would leave a name behind him, no way inferior to that of Brindley or Arkwright, Dary or Watt. Strong-minded, and obstinate, and persevering; with ample resources, in that square-looking head of his, for anything and everything, he wants but little, to take the lead among the *useful men*, of our day. But that little he will never have, because he will never take the trouble to look for it. Like our painters, who begin with painting, instead of drawing; and are never to be coaxed, wheedled or driven back to their alphabet. Perkins will go on forever, manufacturing *wholes*, without understanding the *parts*.

The Royal Exchange.—They are now *chipping* it all over, inch after inch, by way of renovation, a clumsy ill-contrived affair. Pity they do not use a better material. These freestones are so unsightly, after a few years, and so perishable! But then, what can you do with public buildings, in a city where the finest marble, and the richest granite would be thoroughly coated with lampblack in a few years. Lately, in passing Saint Paul's, after a heavy rain, mixed with hail, the lower story was so black, and all the upper region so white, that a stranger would have supposed them built of two different materials. I never saw such a contrast before; no—not in a thunder-shower—nor by moonlight—nor hardly in the exaggerations of lamplight, you see in the shop-windows for sale, when transparencies are the rage. I cannot bring myself to endure these renewals of the Past. Henry the Seventh's Chapel, for instance, or Westminster Abbey—why restore the fillagree-work and beautiful tracery at such a prodigious cost, only to have the same thing to do over again, at the end of a half century, at furthest? Why employ such a worthless material? Or why, having employed it, and being averse to mending by patchwork, or interpolation, why not offer Sir Humphrey Davy, or somebody else, a good round sum for a preparation that would stop such untimely decay. Are ships' bottoms more precious than the National Sanctuaries? Are the mighty DEAD less worthy of protection, than the living LITTLE?—the giants and glories of Westminster Abbey; her sceptered kings, and stout warriors, her prophets, and her sages, bards, and martyrs—are they less to be cared for, than the laborers in her columbines. Can there be no safety-lamp contrived for the Past, as well as for the Present? If you may stop the wasting of human flesh with balms and spices, or pyroligneous acid; if you may bring back health from putrescency, by charcoal; or stay the dry-rot in timbers; or prevent the human hair from falling off, and human teeth from falling out—can you not stop the decay of your churches? or stay the dry-rot in your cathedrals? Cleanse the 'foul bosoms' of your monuments, and your sepulchres; your temples, and your palaces, "of the perilous stuff," that wasteth, like the pestilence at noon day? will you never be satisfied till their roof-trees have tumbled in—or the bones of Gog and Magog tumbled out?—Are you to go on forever and ever, repainting, revarnishing and rescratching, under pretence of restoring them, till they come down about your ears in dust and ashes, instead of thunder and earthquake? Your National monuments may be preserved; you have nothing to fear but the weather, and if they are outwardly protected from that—the changes of moisture, and the changes of temperature—even to a reasonable degree—they will last forever.

Chester.—All our countrymen come to England by the way of Liverpool. Most of them come to order. The first walked

**Lately destroyed, as our readers will remember.—Ed.*

city they ever see therefore is Chester. Of course, their impressions are all of a piece—they get to be stereotyped. They begin with being struck all of a heap—just because they are not struck all of a heap on approaching a Roman station, and riding into a walled city with her doojin-keeps and bastions—her mounds, towers, pondrous draw-bridges and massive gates, which a clever engineer would blow up with a single cask of powder, or batter down with half a dozen pieces of horse-artillery. He is disappointed—he acknowledges it with such a look—and yet he wonders that he does not feel more disappointed, on finding that he isn't afraid to speak above his breath, on carrying a place with a coach and pair which had been beleaguered nobody knows how many times by nobody knows whom—legions of stout yeomanry and bold archers, led on by peers and princes—the flowers of England's strength.

From Chester they find their way to Birmingham or Manchester,—to Kenelworth, Warwick Castle, and Stratford-upon-Avon—taking Blenheim by the way of Cambridge, and, following the footprints of Washington Irving, step by step, without winking or flinching, till they find themselves in Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, where they generally offer to put up with his landlady, if she will put up with them—poor soul!

The ramparts or walls of Chester are in fine preservation, affording many a pleasant change of landscape, and a walk of nearly too miles along the top. Had an opportunity of seeing a Roman vapor-bath, two or three, indeed, under a tavern. Judging by what is left of them, they appear to have been so contrived as to combine the advantages of a hot bath (*Therma*) with those of the *Hypocaustum*, or stove. St. John's Church they show for pure Saxon, built in 658,—cathedral no great things. Here is another of Cromwell's skulls—in other words, another of the many towers built by Julius Cæsar. You find them everywhere—showing that Julius Cæsar outlived a great variety of changes in military architecture. I set him down as having died—if he ever died at all—just after he had reached the age of Methuselah. The evidence now before me is not only overwhelming, but conclusive. Ask that antiquarian over the way. There is no denying that this tower was built by the Romans. If by the Romans, then by Julius Cæsar;—and if by Julius Cæsar, say I, then Julius Cæsar toughed it out full five hundred years after they stabbed him in the senate-chamber! Q. E. D. The tower itself is newly cased,—white-washed over with a coat of antiquity, just about as good as new. By the next generation, if the stucco doesn't peel off, and show the flints underneath, somebody may rise up, learned in the mysteries of Egypt or Assyria,—of Babylon or Thebes,—of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies,—and prove, should it be worth the while of another tavern-keeper over the way, that the bricks were written all over with the Babylonian character; the fragments may be lithographed or set in brooches and finger-rings, and Julius Cæsar give place to Nebuchadnezzar, or the first builder of the pyramids. O, these antiquarians!—these antiquarians!—how much they *must* have to answer for, whenever they "presume to be ambitious." By the way, though, this reminds me of a celebrated passage in Robert Walsh's letter to Mr. Madison, where he speaks of him as the weakest man that ever *presumed to be ambitious*. Walsh got famous upon the strength of that one phrase, added to another he borrowed without leave from Edmund Burke—about "*insane alacrity and distempered vigour*." They are both found in the same paper, without a word of acknowledgment, or a sign to show their authorship. Now, it so happens that Bolingbroke, in his Dissertation on Parties, happens to say, "He might have dishonoured her abroad, and impoverished and oppressed her at home, though he had been the weakest prince on earth, and his ministers the most odious and contemptible men that ever pre-

sumed to be ambitious." But then—who ever heard of Bolingbroke in this country?

There are thirty thousand stand of arms in the arsenal—and equipments for an army of that number, at least. On my way along the walls, met with a blind Welsh harper. To my amazement and consternation, after all I had been told of them, I found this one playing on a harp of fifty strings. "Strange that a harp of fifty strings should keep in tune so long!" He played "*Scots wela ha' wa' Wallace bled*," after a fashion of his own, but grandly. Upon the tower is the following inscription—"King Charles stood on this tower Sept. 24, 1625, and saw his army defeated at Marston Moor."

Went over to take a peep at Eaton Hall, seat of the Earl of Grosvenor. Heir just dead, a young child, no admittance for strangers therefore. A princely dwelling, but of yesterday. "Look out for men-traps and spring-guns!" laded! while the deer go bounding this way and that, in all directions, unharmed of course—for the gamekeeper would not be willing to destroy his lordship's park, or play the mischief with his preserves. Of course, I gave no heed to the warning, but wandered at "my own sweet will," whithersoever I thought it worth my while, or safe. Grosvenor!—and the men-at-arms and the herald's court, putting their faith in people's credulity, rather than in their common sense, will have it that his lordship's family name is derived from the old Norman French, signifying a great huntsman. Poh!—the first of the family was a pos-belled gentleman, like Wouter Von Twiller, and they called him a *gros-ventre*. So much for warning one off, and not allowing me to see the pictures! I should not have cared so much, hadn't I been pestered into going by his lordship's innkeeper (where I put up), notwithstanding the death of the child.

N. B. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I find now that the true reason why I was not admitted was not the death of the heir, but simply because of late his lordship has undertaken to patronise another innkeeper, who furnishes tickets for nothing to every decent person that puts up with him. I paid for mine—and was packed off with a flea in my ear. Yes, yes—henceforth and for ever the family name shall be to me and mine, *Gros-ventre*, instead of Grosvenor.

Wrexham Church. Cannot escape seeing this. We are now in the heart of Wales—the principality of Wales. My eyes! I have entered the church, and the first thing I see, is a cherub puffing away at a trumpet of white marble, through an atmosphere of black marble. There's for you? At home now, that would be called—barbarism; and we should be raked fore an aft, for our silliness and vulgar pretension; and every British traveller—with brains enough to be taken up on the point of a tooth-pick, would read us a lecture upon our doltishness and preposterousness. But stay! On referring to my guide-book, I find this very thing, to be one of the Seven Wonders of Wales, Roobillac's last judgement; for there is a woman *getting up*, just underneath the cherub. Well, well—there's no accounting for tastes; and they, who are capable of enjoying such judgements, are people you must never interfere with—nor reason with. And so, much good may it do them; only, if I should ever be monumented, I trust it may be, by no believer in, or follower of Roobillac.—I would rather a lighted thunderbolt should fall upon the spot, and blast it forever, than be remembered by such a pitiable outrage upon the sanctities of the imagination. Were Michael Angelo, the sculptor—or Faselli, the painter; one might bear the wrong with some sort of patience, but to be *chizzled* in this way, by one who mistakes the sheerest melo-drama, for the thunderings of Sinai, were quite too much. No, no.—Bury me in the deep sea, "deeper than plummet ever sounded;" give me the maw of the kite, or the she-wolf, or the blind worm for a sepulchre, with no turf blots-

soming over my head—neither sky, nor tree—not even the song of birds, nor the prattling of little children, to stir the air, the heavy and lonesome air, and I would try to rest quietly; but with such a monument—I would not, if I could help it, though my struggles were to shake the land, or upheave a city from her deepest foundation! To be forgotten, I could bear. To be remembered in that way, I could not—and would not.

So much for the first wonder of Wales. The second—price two pence—are the bells sounding over the water. The churchyard at Overton goes for the third, with its girdle of yew trees, planted so close together, you may walk all round the church upon their tops—or branches—or might have done so once.—They are cut away now, so you would find some difficulty in walking round it upon their shadows, after night-fall. Never mind though. It is one of the seven wonders we all go to see—price sixpence. Out of the tower of the church, a fine sample of the Gothic, and somewhat in the style of Westminster, grows a large yew tree—just now in full feather—I forget the rest.

Lord Hill—Shrewsbury.—His monument—well worth going a day's journey out of your way—to find fault with. The four lions at the base, rather bulldogish, but fine: The pillar imposing, and the statue upon the top, well imagined and badly executed. The Talbot inn, a sponging-house: Abbey small, but fine: castle very ancient—dark with the hoar of ages. Windows of the abbey by an artist of the town, colors very brilliant—purple and yellow, a match for other days: design far superior to those of the past; drawings and flesh-tints very good in his last works. He wrought for Littlefield Cathedral. The scarples are poor, pale and spiritless—muddy—and altogether inferior to the old fiery red of a by-gone age. No conveyance from Chester—a town of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, where two of the greatest fairs of the county are held every year, for the sale of Yorkshire cloths, Irish linens and Manchester cottons—to Birmingham—the "Irish shop of Europe"—with a population of a hundred thousand souls or so! What should we think in the United States if a stranger could not go from Philadelphia to Lancaster, without going round by Baltimore!

To the editors of the *Brother Jonathan*, a darn'd great newspaper down in York.

Dear Gentlemen Sara.—My Par is gitting proper anxious to have me come down to York and see the President of these 'ers United States when he comes to town, and you needn't be scared nor nothing if a chap about my size should come a streaking it into your printing office as large as life and as easy as an old shoe, about the first of next week. Par sez that this President halnt got a great chance of friends and is kinder hankering arter some new ones, so I'd better be on hand and if the old chap should take a shine to me mabey he'll give me an invite to sleep with him last of this termal Mr. Boots and that will save all expense for I can get my victuals aboard the sloop any time o'day.

But it ain't of no use my coming down, if you don't git out a picter to put over my letters, nobody will think its me, if my profile ain't a starring 'em right in the eyes; and between you and I, and the post, wouldn't it be a prime idee, to picter out the President tu, he and I would make a purty good team, and a horse to let, on the first page of your newspaper.

Now, you jist make up your mind to go the hull shot, or I want come, nor jech to.

Yours to command.

JONATHAN SLICK.

[Jonathan may come on without fear. His picture shall be put over the letters, and Capt. Tyler's too, if that will satisfy him; so our readers may look out for a new arrival before long.]—E.D.

The bill grounded on Mrs. Miller's application for a divorce has passed the Connecticut House of Representatives.

LITERARY.

MYSTERIES PHILOSOPHICALLY EXPLAINED.—By George S. Doyle and S. Albert Whitney. Here, in a pamphlet of thirty pages—all told—we have "Newton's theory of attraction *confuted*! *Animal magnetism, the Magnetic Needle and Gravitation*, demonstrably accounted for upon *Philosophical Principles*," with the following motto—a most appropriate one, everybody will see, who buys the pamphlet.

"He who the truth from error would discern
Must first dislodge the mind—and all unlearn."

Of course therefore, the authors' themselves began with "unlearning *all*"—either *very* or *everything*. When they propose to themselves to begin at the other end, and learn back, they do not say *it*; but judging by their off-hand style of serving up Newton—poor Isaac!—one might be led to suppose, that, inasmuch as they have shown *it* to be good to begin with unlearning, there ought to be no good reason for not continuing for ever in the same course.

There! thus much have we written with a view to the appetite of our people for what is called *Reviewing*. But our conscience will not allow us to go further—nor even to let the above go to press without a qualification. Strange as it may appear, this little pamphlet is clever, and with all its unequalled presumption, worthy of being *studied* by philosophers.

WILD SCENES IN THE FOREST AND PRAIRIES. By C. F. Hoffman.—Pity that a book of so much honesty and heartiness, and so *American* within, should not be set forth in a shape that would entitle it to a place in every handsome, well-appointed library. Decently got up, and nothing more, it is hardly worth *funding* for household use hereafter. So much for the present fashion. The newspaper books are over-spreading the whole country, as with a snow-storm of whitey-brown paper—here in drifts and whills—and there upon a dead level—to-day with poetry, to-morrow with romance, and the day after, we hope with some thing better than either; a great blessing to be sure, and, rightly managed, one of the greatest in the world for such a people as we are. Give us but a sincere relish for reading! make reading *necessary* for our comfort, and there is no reason on earth, why the very best books may not be published in the same way, after a few years, so that *Family Libraries* may be had for the asking. Far be it from us therefore, to speak irreverently of these cheap publications. The spirited men who led the way, and those who followed fast in the generous undertaking, all deserve our heartiest thanks. Thousand, and tens of thousands of volumes have been sold for a shilling a piece (12 1-2 cents) and delivered at the doors of our farm-houses—yea into the laps of our farmers' wives, all over the land, which, ten years ago, were not to be had of our largest and most liberal publishing houses for less than a dollar and a-half, or two dollars—and even then, how was the western settler, to get them? or the back-woodman, or the green mountain boy? the far off husbandman, or trapper, the poor sailor, the solitary student, or the loquacious child, or anybody else indeed—who happened next to live within bow-shot of a publishing office, or a circulating library? For a quarter of a century, the regular price of a novel, the two volumes, by Carey & Son, Carey & Lea, Cummings and Hilliard, Lilly, Wait, & Co.—and the Harpers—has been about two dollars, with a discount to the trade, varying from twenty-five to forty per cent. And these novels, mark you, could never be sent by the post. Now, instead of cooting the furthest back-woodman, or trapper, some three dollars or so, they are brought to him, and tumbled into his lap, for a quarter of a dollar at most, carriage and postage included: the very books, too, which in England, where they first appear, cannot be for less than a guinea and a half, or eight dollars including exchange!

The only objection we can think of to this magnificent undertaking; which beats every other scheme of the age, all hollow, is that the books are *too cheap*. Counting so little, they are not worth taking care of. Most of them are spoiled by rough handling, or spotted with grease, or fingered to death, before the first week is over; whereas, if they were made to cost a trifle more; if they were in a different shape; if they carried the outward appearance of a book, or were finished with a *cover of colored paper*, they would be petted by everybody, and put aside after reading, for the comfort of another generation.

But our subject is running away with us, and therefore "back again" if you please, gentle reader.

Mr. Hoffman is what may be called a fresh and wholesome writer. His

pictures are truthful; and thus far, we have met with little or no downright exaggeration—the besetting sin of our day, where people wander into the humorous, or the pathetic, the strange, or the mysterious. We have not read the whole book; nor can we; but we have dipped into it, here and there, and occasionally have gone through a tale loosely and without flinching. And the upshot of the whole is, that we look upon Mr. Hoffman as one of our finest, and best writers, doing whatever he does at all, healthfully and naturally, and clearly without much labor; and the book itself as a very pleasant, and we hope, a very *profitable* book, for all concerned.

By the way though, is the author aware of a striking resemblance between his story of Rosalie Clare (by no means the best of the book) and *Leslie's Mingen*? There, as here, a young woman, disguised in male attire, wins the affections of a young warm-hearted zealous girl, without wishing to do so, however, and some of the incidents are amazingly alike.

THE LOST SHIP, by the author of **CATENBUSH**, and **THE FALSE HUSBAND** by G. P. R. James, have been issued in the cheap shape, at Nos. 16 and 19, of Harper's Library of select novels. James' best novels have been those, the scenes of which were laid in France, and this is equal to his best. Neale the author of the "Lost Ship" although no very much question the good taste of the subject to have selected, (the loss of the steamship President) has yet worked up a very interesting tale.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.—The Harpers' have published No. 7, of their cheap edition, containing Anthony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, Titus Andronicus, Pericles, Lear, and Romeo and Juliet.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE. D. Newell, N. Y.—This is a very ably conducted periodical, and we wish it much success. It is embellished by an excellent portrait of the late Patroon, and a colored plate of the Honey Suckle and Humming Bird.

THE POLITICIANS.—A Comedy.—This comedy forms No. 3, of the complete works of Cornelius Matthews, now being published at the Sun office. Mr. Matthews deserves great praise for his endeavors to establish an national literature. This comedy however, contains too much bold caricature, to give any claim to be characteristic of our nation. We think Mr. Matthews has written some things much superior to the Politicians.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLES OF PAUL THE APOSTLE.—Part the third of these celebrated lectures, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Edinburgh, has been sent us by Robert Carter, Canal street.

THE ROVER.—This weekly we are pleased to hear is meeting with much encouragement. The selections are made with judgment, and the typographical execution is excellent. Each number is embellished with a steel engraving, and the last is illustrated by a beautiful poem from the pen of J. Augustus Shea.

PETER SIMPLE AND JACOB FAITHFUL.—These highly popular works of Captain Murrat, have been issued by Messrs. Greely and McElrath. They are both too well known to need any notice of their merits. They will bear reading at least once a year.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE, New York.—J. S. Redfield. The second number of the "Pictorial Bible" just issued, is equal in every respect to the first number. The engravings are of the same valuable and authentic character, elucidating the obscure portions of the text, throwing light upon those parts which are understood with difficulty, by those not well acquainted with the habits, manners, and customs of the people, described in the boldest of books.

We are glad that the enterprise has proved a successful one, and that the publishers will be repaid for their large outlay of money, and the pains they have taken to get it up well. Considering the size of the type, the excellence of the paper, and the numerous engravings, the price, twenty-five cents each part is certainly low.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—J. Winchester, N. Y. Another and the best of Ainsworth's romance. Without the objectionable features of "Jack Sheppard," it is written with equal ability. In addition to a personal story of great interest, it contains much historical and antiquarian information.—Hence, the Hunter, figures in the progress of the work.

We have received the May number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. It contains two or three well written tales, but is not equal to the previous issues. We perceive by an advertisement on the cover that the Messenger is to be sold at auction on the 29th inst. by the administrator of Mr. White.

For the Brother Jonathan.

PEDESTRIANA.

NUMBER TWO.

Leaving the supposed Bronx, I started across the country for Kingsbridge. Passing by a house near West Farms, I stopped to asked for a drink. A young woman washing in the door-yard, got a tumbler, and, though her face was very plain in its outline, handed me the water with quite a pleasant expression of countenance. How many associations cluster around that simple act of giving a traveller a drink! Rebecca, the "damsel that was very fair to look upon," "hastily" to give drink to Abraham's servant, (a subject so finely handled by Allston!) our Saviour and the woman of Samaria at the well, &c. &c.

Further on, as I was going along a quiet cross-road with a single wagon-track, the green grass coming up to the very edge of the beaten road, I saw a hovel on the right hand, and a girl on the other side busy picking up sticks. I walked slowly so that the might cross the road by the time I got to the house, expecting to see some stout, round-limbed, blooming country girl. As I approached, her figure seemed good, but her gait was bad. She turned, and presented a well-shaped oval face, with regular features, but really startling from its utter want of expression. She looked as if no fragment of an idea, beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, had ever entered her head. It was the dull, dead look of utter vacancy.

What a wonderful thing by-the-by, is this expression. Care ploughs its furrows, deep thought stamps its impress on the countenance, intelligence lights up the eye, gentle and noble feelings seem almost to shape the features. The workings of the spirit within, unconsciously pilot the disposition and habits on the face, so that often, he that runs may read. Peevishness and vice of all kinds, cast their dark shadows over some, while to others, cheerfulness and good humor diffuse their genial warmth. The best part of a beautiful face, is undoubtedly its expression, and the cultivation of good, and lofty, and ennobling thoughts, cannot fail to give some beauty to the plainest features. Socrates is said to have regarded a fine person as the mark of a mind highly gifted, and, therefore, sought the company of such, that he might cultivate their gifts for the advantage of the state. This may be the reason, why we are all, more or less, attracted at first sight, by the beauty of the exterior, i. e., that from the constitution of our minds, we recognise the impress of the inner qualities. But, if these qualities be not cultivated, the common man, when cultivated, is almost as far above the finely formed, as the lowest of the human race, is above the highest of the brute. Still more is this the case, if those talents be perverted, for the most beautiful face, corrupted by vice, becomes the most horrible. This is, perhaps, still more apparent in the fine arts. One person may produce a statue with regular limbs, and well-proportioned, but it will be insipid, and tame. Another gives a rough and careless outline, yet in this your heart recognises the bold conception struggling to get free. You turn from the smooth and polished nonentity, and gaze upon the rough, half-wrought block in wonder, and in awe.

Passing on I came to Kingsbridge. There I was told there was no road along the North River shore, and, as a rain-storm was coming on, I crossed to Harlem and went down in the cars. Still I had not been around the island. So I started again, determined to take the west side, and scramble along shore, if there was no other way. Setting out in the afternoon, I soon got out of town, and struck a footpath along the river. The day was beautiful. Everything was laughing in the sunshine, and life itself was pleasure. It seemed as if there could not be care or sorrow in a world, so bright and beautiful. Just above Bornham's, I stopped on a hill, and sitting down in a little hollow, under a rock facing the river, let my delighted eye, so long accustomed to brick walls, roam over the green grass, and the tall trees, and the bright river, to the distant shore and the blue sky hanging over all, whence the golden sun was sending down his joyous flood of light. Soon afterwards I reached Striker's Bay, and had the pleasure of seeing a gondola. It was of a sombre color, as I believe they still are in Venice, owing to old sumptuary laws. The shape is of course very graceful, and the seats are so low, that to be at all easy, you must half recline. An excursion in a gondola, with a pleasant party, must be a very pleasant affair. I soon reached Manhattanville, got supper and walked out to the river. Improvement was going on with rapid strides, and they were fast filling in the cove. On

one side, was still left a little creek. Above this, a lofty hill rose steeply, its summit and half its side covered with trees. Below these was a long line of fence, and a house or two with cultivated land coming nearly down to the creek, where

— "The leaves
With a soft cheek upon the falling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds, and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaved in graceful attitudes to rest."

The frogs lying both banks croaked lustily away in grand chorus, and if, as naturalists say, these songs are calls to their ladyloves, they are certainly a gallant race. They are a race too not undistinguished in literature and song. If what I written is true, they are in many respects, creatures having the same feelings as ourselves. Hath not Homer sung "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice!"

"How mice against the frogs a warring went
The deeds of earth-born Giants mimicking."

Keep too, the homely fabulist, how many wise lessons has he read to us, drawn from the sad experience of frogs. "Look before you leap," was the legacy of wisdom left by one unfortunate. We hear of another that strove to equal the ox, and burst in the effort. The most interesting remnant of their history to us, however, is that which relates to the changes of their government. "Once upon a time, the frogs prayed to Jupiter for a king." Observe, dear reader, not for another king, or a new king, but simply for a king, leaving it to be fairly inferred, that they were before unacquainted with the article. They were not content with republican simplicity; they wished to exchange their quiet and solid happiness, for the external pomp, and glitter of a court. So are there restless spirits amongst us, that banker after titles and privileges of the Old World, and shut their eyes to the misery of the million. Would that they might take a lesson from the frogs. Kings that have power, have, with scarcely an exception, proved king logs, or king storks, and these that have not power, are expensive puppets, whose subjects are bowed down with taxes, that these delicate creatures may be clothed in purple, and fed from gold. Aristophanes also, that old joker, has named one of his comedies, "The Frogs," and has given us a specimen of "frog talk" in the olden time, which bears a decided resemblance to the soporific notes of "natgees" here. I give it for the purpose of comparison.

O—op, op; O—op, op
Brekekekex, koax, koax
Brekekekex, koax, koax.

The fountain's marshy offering.
Harmonious let us sing.
Our song with loud declaim
Our sweetly sounding strain.

Koax, koax.

Modern poetry too has paid its tribute to this time honored race, as my readers well know—for I trust there is not one of them who has not read, with tearful pleasure, that heart-rending lament, penned by the late immortal Mrs. Lee Hunter.

"Can I view these pasting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved, see thee dying.
(On a log
Expiring frog."

I have spoken only of the literary claims of frogs; their names are written also in the annals of science. Had not the frog been slaughtered to make frog-soup for Madame Guvian, galvanism might not have been discovered for a hundred years; and since that event, how many frogs have become martyrs to science, and kicked most lustily, for the amusement of learned audiences.

But the latest intelligence I have from them, is quite conclusive as to the tenderness of their feelings. While staying on the northern shore of Long Island, a short time since, a fishing boat came to the point, and I stroked down to get some oysters. An "ancient fisherman" opened them for me, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Oysters, I believe are the only animal we eat raw?" "Well, y-e-e—yes, I guess they are, well now I never th'ot of that." "And a frog, is the only animal, besides man, that has got a calf to its leg?"

"Well, y-e-e, I guess it is so. Talkin' of frogs, there's somethin' very curious about their critters. I know when I was a boy, and up to all sorts of diviltry, I used to catch a frog, and fasten a string to one of his

forelegs, and then git a blade o' timothy. You've seen timothy grass, aint you?" "Yes."

"Well, you get a blade o' that, and tie a frog by his leg, and whip him over the shoulders with it, and you'll hear him beg and cry, just like a young child. He'll shrug his shoulders, and cry, and the tears 'll run down his cheeks, and he'll act for all the world like a young one, that's a-gittin' flogged, and the thing can't hurt him aither!"

As I have not yet had the opportunity of trying the experiment, I cannot vouch for the truth of this account. Leaving the frogs to seek themselves to sleep, I went back to the tavern. The next morning I was up, and out by sunrise. The day proved the twin brother of the preceding one, equally bright and beautiful. Wending my way along the shore, sometimes in a footpath, and sometimes over the shelving rocks, I wound around one headland after another, until, I reached the most projecting one, (near the site of Fort Washington, I believe,) and sat down to enjoy the scene. The view stretched far down the river, the Narrows being faintly traced near the horizon. The headlands I had passed, were on one side, the land running out and in, with delightful variety. On the other, were the Palisades, and below them, the Bergen hills, with Staten Island still farther off, "in the blue distance." Many white sails were in sight, some near, others gleaming far up the river, and far down, passing to and fro, with graceful, gliding, ever-restless movement. Scrambling onwards I reached the mouth of Spuyten-devil creek, and, having now completed the tour of the Island, I spent some two or three hours in wandering about the hilly promontory, amusing myself with the birds and the turtles, and shoals of little fish. Part of the time too, I lay on the rocks under the shade of trees, admiring the view up and down the river. Besides its beauty, the scene was not devoid of romance. Before me rose:

—The Palisade's lofty brows,
Where dark Omann waged the war of hell,
Till, waked to wrath, the mighty spirit rose,
And pest the demons in their prison cell;
Full on their head the aproved mountain fell,
Enclosing all within its horrid womb,
Straight from the teeming earth, the waters swell,
And pillared rocks arise in cheerless gloom,
Around the drear abode—their last eternal tomb!

There too was Spuyten Devil creek, deriving its name from the renowned Anthony Van Corlaer, the great trumpeter of New Amsterdam. As all your readers, may not recollect the tragical fate of the Dutch hero, I venture to transcribe it.

"It was a dark and stormy night, when the good Anthony arrived at the famous creek, (sagely denominated *Hoeilem river*), which separates the Island of Manna-hata, from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found, to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time, he vapoured like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then beholding himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across, *en esprit den duysel*, and daringly, plunged into the stream. Luckless Anthony! Scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters—instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast—sunk forever to the bottom.

"The poetical clangour of his trumpet, like the ivory horns of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncevalles, rung far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief)—that he saw the duysel, in the shape of a huge moss-banker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontory, which projects into the Hudson, has been called *esprit den duysel*, or *Spiking Devil*, ever since. The restless ghost of the unfortunate Anthony, still haunts the surrounding solitude, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbors, of a stormy night, mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever attempts to swim over the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been built, to guard against such melancholy accidents in future; and as to moss-bankers, they are held in such abhorrence, that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table, who loves good fish, and hates the devil." No.

THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON AT WATERLOO.

[This gallant veteran, who was slain at the head of his men, in a charge which repulsed one of the most formidable attacks of the French, was struck on the head by a musket-ball, and fell dead, but was shortly afterwards placed with his back against a tree by his Aide-de-Camp, where his relics remained until the victory was decided.]

Loud thunders crashed, the clouds were riven,
The shock the firmament of heaven,
The bivouac flames to-night have given
A doomsday's awful scenery.

The sleep from many a lid has fled,
Whose slumbers soon shall be the dead,
Turf their pillow and earth their bed,
The sky their only canopy.

The morn was wet, the dark day frowned,
When deadliest foes led Chiefs renowned,
And quaked the iron-furrowed ground,
Sodden'd, blood-stained and slippery.

Blazed red-mouth'd war's continued roar,
While bursting shells death-slows pour,
And thousands welter in their gore
Of England's stubborn Infantry.

Now raged the battle fierce and long
Round Gaul's proud eagles legions throng,
Then forms its column close and strong,
'Vive L'Empereur' shouts valiantly.

Steady its march through fire and smoke,
Nor shot nor shell that column broke,
Bright victories won its memory woke,
And glory spoke its gallantry.

But Picton saw the threaten'd storm,
His columns close a phalanx form,
Ne'er glewed a knightly heart more warm,
In days of older chivalry.

With fire and steel, heart, soul and might,
Charged England's sons the thickest fight,
The van led on the gallant Knight,
That dreadful shock triumphantly.

On Waterloo the sun is set,
Life's crimson has the green grave wet,
The bravest of the brave have met,
Died on Fame's death-bed valiently.

Propt by a tree, his comrades gone,
A silent warrior rests alone,
His sightless eyes seem gazing on
The field of glory vacantly.

Sits he; as if to catch the sound
Of distant gun or bugle would find
'Twas Death's pale statue, Fame had crowned
Picton the Knight of chivalry.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT SALE.—The fame of this illustrious soldier has become so dazzling that one naturally is curious about his past career. In Massey's "Diary of a Blaze," is the following passage about him, when Major of the 13th during the Burmese War:—

"The wind was now down the river, and we were two or three days before we arrived at Baseline, during which we tired and warped how we could, while Major Sale grumbled. If the reader wishes to know why Major Sale grumbled, I will tell him—it was because there was no fighting. He grumbled when we passed the stockades at the entrance of the river, because they were not manned; and he grumbled at every distasteful stockade that we passed. But there was no pleasing Sale; if he was in hard action and not wounded, he grumbled; if he received a slight wound, he grumbled because it was not a severe one; if a severe one, he grumbled because he was not able to fight the next day. He had been nearly cut to pieces in many actions, but he was not content. Like the man under punishment, the drummer might strike high or low, there was no pleasing Sale; nothing but the *coup de grace* will satisfy him."

Such was Sale when a Major. Jellalabad can tell what he is as Commander-in-Chief.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

There is little to be said about the English theatres at present. Covent Garden remains closed; and nothing new (nothing, at least, worth mentioning) has appeared at Drury Lane or the Haymarket. Sheridan Knowles's play, *The Secretary*, seems to be laid aside, or to have been withdrawn. The only novelties talked of are musical ones.

It has been said that Mr. Macready leaves Drury Lane, which is very likely to be true; but it is asserted, with, we think, less probability, that he is about to re-enter on the management of Covent Garden. Another rumor, for the accuracy of which we cannot vouch, is, that Mr. Gregory, the editor of the "Sailist," who has lately come into a considerable legacy, has taken, or is to take, for Covent Garden.

The Colosseum was brought to the hammer a short time since. The bidding commenced at £10,000, and it was ultimately knocked down to a Mr. Giraud, of Furnival's Inn, for 23,000 guineas.

A new tragedy, entitled *Aiketivold*, written by Mr. Wm. Smith, is about to be produced at Drury Lane.

At the Haymarket a new musical drama, called *The Little Devil*, has been produced. The piece is adapted from an operatic drama by Scille, the music consisting of a variety of pleasing melodies by Auber.

A new farce by Mark Lemon is also announced. The title is *The Yellow Husband*, and Mr. Buckstone will play the character of the hero, who must be a very amusing personage, if the design of the author is properly carried out.

Mr. Charles Kean is now fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, and will appear at the Haymarket in the course of a few days. Mr. J. V. Brooks is, we have been given to understand, engaged at this theatre.

An English company of comedians, under especial patronage, and, it is said, with the express permission of the Emperor of Russia, are likely to proceed to St. Petersburg early this summer. The speculation is stated to be under the management of a leading comedian.

Mrs. Shaw, Miss S. Novello, Miss Poole, Giubeli and Maesers have been playing at Dublin in the *Lady of the Lake*, *Semiramide*, and the *Secret Marriage*. Temptation and Madame Garcia have been trying to make arrangements for a provincial tour; and Miss Romer, Harrison and Leffler will go to the Surrey as soon as the closing of Drury Lane, which is expected about the 23d of this month, which places the *prima donna* at liberty.

Balfé is expected over in about a fortnight from Paris, where he remains for the purpose of superintending the publication of his new opera. A translation of it will perhaps be brought out at the Princess's Theatre.

Bononcini's opera, which was underlined at Covent Garden, seems to stand no chance at present of being brought out; and Schiera's work, so long advertised at the Princess's, is in the same predicament. There is very little prospect just now for active composers, and though something was said about building a national opera house, the ground on which it was to have been erected is not only perfectly blank, but there is a board up for the purpose of letting it. This is a melancholy result, particularly as prospectuses had been issued and shares taken, upon some of which a few shillings had been actually paid as a deposit.

The debut of Dreybach, the pianoforte player, has been very successful; but this opinion of the profession seems to be, that he does nothing which has not already been at least equalled, if not surpassed, by Thalberg. His performance is calculated rather to excite astonishment than pleasure, and the former feeling is lessened by the recollection of what has been done by one or two who have preceded him.

The criticisms on Balfé's opera, recently brought out in Paris, are very contradictory. Some assert that it is a work of genius, others admit it shows talent, while in other quarters it is declared to be destitute of either. The friends of the composer insist that the music has not had justice done to it by the vocalists; and it is said, on the other hand, that the singers had not scope afforded them for the full display of their abilities. From private sources, we have ascertained that the music has the usual merits and the ordinary defects of all Balfé's works. It is full of light and sparkling melody, but the usual complaint is made of want of originality.

The pecuniary success which has attended Mr. Wilson's entertainments prompted Mr. Templeton to relinquish his theatrical engagements, in view of occupying himself in the same manner as his fellow vo-

calist. He has, however, we believe, abandoned the scheme, and has been endeavoring to make arrangements for a provincial tour with Madame Eugénia Garcia, who, having succeeded from the Princess's, where her place is now supplied by Albertazzi, has been, by the closing of Covent Garden, shut out from any London theatre, at least for the present.

It is rumored that Bunc may re-open Covent Garden with Dapies, the first tenor in Europe.

The Russian family Kantowitz, from St. Petersburg, consisting of the father and six sons, have appeared in London. We find the following notice of their performances in one of the journals:—The performances of these gentlemen were more novel than pleasing, and more ludicrous than surprising. They were dressed, according to the play bills, in "their native costume as Cossacks," and were introduced to a "British public" as distinguished singers of Polish national melodies. The chief merit of these artists consists in their power of imitating the sounds of different musical instruments. The effect is singular, but not so startling as that produced by the Russian performers who appeared in London some years ago. With reference to the "imitations," which form the main attraction of their performances, one feels disposed to recall the words of the Roman emperor, who, on being invited to hear a sound resembling the voice of the nightingale, exclaimed, "I have heard the nightingale."

It is reported that the celebrated actress, Mademoiselle Rachel is about to be married to the Polish Count Walewski, a natural son of Napoleon. During the Thiers Administration the Count filled a diplomatic mission in the East.

Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" has been produced at the Theatre San Benedetto, Venice, and was highly successful.

At Rome, for the ensuing season, not less than five new operas, expressly written for the theatres there are to be produced.

Iranoff is singing with much success at Palermo.

A new violinist, named M. Cosman, has made his appearance at Paris. His performance is of the highest order. He is an excellent musician, and a most brilliant soloist. Although young, his performance is in the style of the old school; his tone strong, full and pure; and he plays on the four strings, which, although not the fashion, is none the worse.

Rossini is daily expected to arrive in Paris.

Bellini's "Norma" has been adapted for the French stage, and performed at Dijon with great effect.

A new opera comique is in preparation at Paris, the music by the well-known composer Adrien Boieldieu.

A new symphony by Spohr has been produced at Vicoen. The title is "The Terrestrial Elements and the Divine Elements in Human Life"—It is divided into three parts—childhood, the age of passion, and triumph of the divine element.

Madame Viardot Garcia has obtained one of the most decided triumphs not only in the "Barbire" but in the "Cerecita," the finale of which, it is said, had never been sung so brilliantly at Vienna.

Mons. St. Leon, the new dancer at the Queen's Theatre, London, came out there as a violinist, and with great success.

Fancy Elster returns to the opera in July. Cerito is the remaining star. Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" will be the next novelty there.

Mrs. Davenport, an excellent actress, died a short time since at the advanced age of eighty-four; forty-four years of which she was a member of the theatrical profession, thirty-eight of which she passed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, during the brightest days of the drama, under the management of the late Mr. Harris, and associated with such names as John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Holman, Lewis, Fawcett, &c.

THE ASCENDING CONCERTS.—At the last of these concerts, which was under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. Mad. Caradori Allan and Miss Birch had quite a vocal duel in Marcello's duet, "Qual amante."

The last time we heard this composition, says the "Critic," was at the Manchester Festival, in 1836, by Clara Novello and Malibran. The latter was already struck with the illness that brought her, within a few days, to the grave; but the duet went splendidly. Clara Novello was a favorite with Malibran, and their voices blended beautifully, because the latter made no effort to outstep her young colleague. Poor Malibran! The last duet, and the last time she ever sang, was with Caradori Allan, at the concert at the theatre the following day. She was dreadfully ill,

but was resolved to go through the task. It was a duet in which the singers had each an *ad libitum* cadence; and Caradori, relying, perhaps on Malibran's indolence, did her utmost in exercising *resistance*. The latter turned round to Sir G. Smart, who was conducting, with a significant smile, as if to express her intention of annihilating all rival pretensions; and then she burst forth into one of the most magnificent improvisations ever heard. Difficultly after difficulty did she vanquish, until she reached her grand climax of a prolonged shake on the B flat in *alt*. It was a tremendous effort. The band itself was electrified, and Dragonetti and Lindley hung over their instruments with awe expressed in their countenances at the superhuman daring of the vocalist. The house came down with a round of enthusiastic cheering, the pit rising in a mass, and waving hats, handkerchiefs, &c., with a frenzied violence; but, alas! for the poor singer, she had sung her last note. It was the final lurid glare of an expiring lamp, and then the light is out. She tottered off the stage, and, at the side scenes, she sank exhausted by the side of Lablache. The hand of death had stricken her, and Malibran in a few days had ceased to exist.

MUSICAL.

W. V. WALLACE.—The appearance of this gentleman in America, may be set down as a particular era in our musical world, for he is beyond all question the greatest musician that has yet visited us—great in the extent and depth of his knowledge of the science, and in the wonderful efforts he is enabled to produce, by the practical application of that knowledge, to the capabilities of the instruments upon which he excels. Mr. Wallace must have undergone a course of severe practice to have attained his present perfection—he has had the advantage too of improving his style under the best masters, and his taste has been regulated in the purest schools. We learn too, that he has been a musician from his childhood, and that, at the early age of fourteen, he was the second leader of an orchestra.

It is rarely that we meet with a performer who excels upon different instruments, or rather who becomes truly wonderful upon more than one—in this instance, however, it is conceded by pianists and violinists that the performance upon both instruments very far transcends any thing yet heard in this country. We do not altogether coincide in this opinion, inasmuch as we had a pianist some two years ago, (Miss Sloman), whose brilliant and startling execution was the wonder and admiration of the *dilettanti*, and in some points we think she was fully equal to Mr. Wallace; how far she may compare with him as a pianist generally, we do not know, though we are inclined to believe he has the advantage; indeed, some portions of his playing were unlike any thing we ever heard in our experience, and we have listened to pianists of high celebrity.

As a violinist we consider Mr. Wallace ranks among the first of the age—the facility with which he overcomes passages, it would seem almost of insurmountable difficulty, is surprising. Nor does he depend alone upon these startling effects for success; the instrument does not possess a tone that he has not discovered, and he knows well how to bring it out. He is evidently of the Paganini school; indeed, when executing one of his pieces, he brings back the recollection of that extraordinary player with a vividness which almost induces the belief that he is again before us. It is said by some that this style is not legitimate; whether it be so or not, we think when an instrument is made to do all things but speak, the illegitimacy of the act may be forgiven. We are willing to admit that Mr. Wallace's tone is not so remarkable as his execution, nor is his style perhaps so pure as De Beriot's and others, but take him altogether as a violinist and pianist, and we doubt if he has his equal in the world.

Having said this much of the man, we may remark that his concert on Tuesday evening was, notwithstanding the state of the thermometer, very fully attended. The vocalists were Madame Sutton, Brown, and Mous. Salomoniski. Messrs. Hill, Kyle and Timm also lent their valuable assistance.

Mr. Wallace created quite an excitement by his first performance on the piano forte, which increased throughout the evening, and at the close of the last piece, the *Andante Pastorale* and fantastic variations on the themes, the *Carnival of Venice*, and the *Witches' dance*, a la Paganini, the audience were in a complete *furore*, and insisted

upon recalling the gentleman to receive the tribute of their applause.

We venture to predict for Mr. Wallace's next concert, on Tuesday evening; a complete jam, and it deserves to be.

MR. AUSTIN PHILLIPS gave a concert on Monday evening at Concert Hall, Broadway, which we regret to say was not well attended. We think he was unfortunate in selecting this room—the particular uses to which Concert Hall has lately been appropriated, have not tended to make it popular with that class of persons which Mr. Phillips had a right to expect at his Concert. We have no doubt that to this cause may be attributed the scantiness of the audience, as he is held in high esteem by a large circle of acquaintance, and he had provided a bill of fare possessing attractions of no ordinary kind, as the array of names will prove—Miss Taylor, Mrs. Hardwick, Rosier, Massett, Marks, Timm, Alpers, and Geo. Loder; besides these, an amateur friend gave his valuable aid, and sang several pieces (not in the programme) with excellent taste; indeed, we almost regretted that he was not a professional, for such a voice should not be kept from the public.

In consequence of the absence of Miss Taylor, who was suddenly affected by a rush of blood to the head, the order of the programme was sadly disarranged, and considerable confusion was the consequence; notwithstanding this, the several performers exerted themselves to the utmost with complete success, and afforded the audience a delightful evening's entertainment. We would refer particularly to Miss Hardwick, a young lady said to be three years old, who sang several songs and duets, in a manner truly astonishing for one so young. Although we cannot endorse the opinion, that she is "the most extraordinary genius that has ever appeared in this or any other age," we are willing to admit that she is an extraordinary child, and fully justifies the expectation of future greatness in the musical profession.

Messrs. Timm and Alpers, on the piano, and Mr. Marks on the violin, by their efforts, added greatly to the *clat* of the Concert, which we regret was not better attended.

Mr. Marks gives his Concert at the Apollo rooms on Monday night, when he will be assisted by Messrs. Loder, Timm, Alpers, and indeed all the available talent in the city. We learn further, that the President has been invited to attend, and will in all probability be there. We have frequently had occasion to speak of Mr. Marks' performances on the violin, and his ability as a leader is well known to the visitors of the Olympic; we cannot doubt that his friends and admirers will rally round him on this occasion, and give him such a benefit as his merits entitle him to expect.

The Rainers are at present in the city; they gave a Concert on Wednesday night, and return to their native land this day.

Mr. Russell returned from Philadelphia on Tuesday, after giving two Concerts there. The Masonic Hall was crowded to excess on both occasions. He gave a Concert at Boston last night.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Signior Da Bagnia gave a concert on the 7th inst. at Boston, and sung his scena from *Il Fanatico Per La Musica*.

The new American Theatre at New Orleans closed for the season on the 16th ult. Max Bohrer and Mr. Rakemann were giving concerts at St. Louis, and were very successful. Henry Russell has given two or three concerts in Philadelphia.

The opera of Norma has been produced for the first time at Baltimore, by the Segnins, at Cincinnati. Latham and Miss Melton were playing at Miro's Garden, a concern like Niblo's, with a difference.

Miss Ince, the danseuse, was at the National, which is under the management of Chippendale. Tom Plaid is also at the National. The Bonauds concerts at Philadelphia, under the management of Miss Maywood, are doing well. The Misses Cumming are engaged.

Mrs. C. H. Eaton, tragedian, had his arm fractured and his head severely injured by a fall at Pittsburgh on Tuesday night. It was feared he would die of concussion of the brain.

"THE OCEGRASS."—A sequel to "The Road," will be issued at this office on Tuesday next. For particulars, see advertisement on another page.

From the Lady's World.

THE SUMMER TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

This is the first day of the season that reminds us of which the Germans call, so lovingly, "the summer time."

It is the day of fair flowers. Yesterday it dabbled among the orange groves, and to-day, lo! it is here, going by the clock as if the wing of an angel rustled nigh, and stealing over the senses to infuse a delicious languor into every nerve. Last night beheld the brightest moon of the year, and this morning the sky was still intensely blue, but a thin mist is stealing over it as the day advances, white and transparent, but gradually getting creamy toward the south. Yes, it will rain to-morrow. And to-morrow may be before we have another day like this, intoxicating us, here under these April skies, with visions of the summer time.

Who does not love the summer time? Autumn, with its golden fruitage, waving fields, and gentle airs—its corn huskers singing to the harvest, and its children napping in the woods—its forests of variegated hues, its brown hill sides regally clothed in purple, and its still waters slumbering in the drowsy sunshine of the afternoons is beautiful—ay! beautiful exceedingly, even as that Paradise the way-worn pilgrim, Christian, saw the glimpses of, *off* over from the Delectable land. There is a grandeur in winter, stern and wild it may be, but a grandeur which speaks to the soul. Its aspect and associations carve their names deep in the memory. When the snow spins in the tempest, and the naked trees moan, tossing their branches to and fro—when dark clouds lower almost to the earth, and the hail rattles down like the voice of an Alpine torrent—when the stars twinkle clear in the frosty atmosphere, and the keen northwest moans down the hill side like a losty spirit—when you sit by your crackling fire and hear the merry jingle of approaching bells, then is winter, stern old gray-beard, to be remembered. Spring has a beauty of its own. There is something in the bursting grass, the returning birds, the fragrant earth, the full waters of early spring, which wakes the emotion of poetry even in the breasts seared by crime, soured by misfortune, or frozen by age. There is something in the leafing of the trees, in the opening of the blossoms, and in the fragrance of early wild flowers which has always made spring peculiarly intoxicating to us. We can echo Keat's rapturous desire, "for a beaker full of the warm South." The first mild day in March, we do not remember it. The soft April rains, ah! what can equal them. And then the melody of running waters combined with the earliest songs of the blue bird, bobolink, and a dozen other favorites. Spring is loosed lovely—a maiden in her innocence and truth, blushing, smiling, and anon even tearful, and dally seeming to your fond eyes more beautiful. But if spring is a virgin in her youthful, summer is a matron in her womanly love. The one, delicate and ethereal; but the other, womanly, warm, trusting and all your own. Oh! the summer time for us.

Now, if we were a German, how, at that word, we would straightway begin to think of long stiff rows of lindens shading the dusty roads that lead to gardens out in the country, where we might eat our curds with all the town, and afterward drink coffee and smoke meumum in the shady idleness, vacillating between sleeping and waking, and building castles in the air all through the long drowsy summer afternoon. If we were well to do in the world we should be going off to our vineyard or *lust-haus* to regale ourselves and friends; for a German, mild yet, must be eating, even over the finest landscape in the world. Or we would gather together a troop of our acquaintances and trundle ourselves, in clumsy, rickety wagons, off to some ruin or mountain side, where, sitting on rude benches between trees, we would open our hampers and dine, drinking sour wines and contemplating the scenery wherever we could snatch a moment from the cold cut on our plate. Having dined, we would light our pipes, and set the country boys scrambling for kreutzers, or we would play at blindman's buff, laughing all the time like children loosed from school; and, toward evening, the one, delicate and ethereal, would rumble off home alone a road that roams at large through unfenced corn-fields and garden plots, as if it had got astray, an idea corroborated by the starling wonder of the little plump, old-womanish girls, who, with their hair hanging in tails down their backs, stand agape as we pass. To tell the truth there is a deal of cant about your German's love for the summer time. The secret of his going into raptures over it is that he has then out in the open air. Unless he could go off to some quiet farmhouse, or old orchard, or moss grown rampart, or romantic mountain side to devour a dinner, lying on the grass, and drink wine or coffee, with coast off, under the trees, he would not care a snap for the summer time. He admires nature, it is true, but admires her for the same reason an alderman admires a town hall, because it is associated with recollections of good eating. Ask him to walk out into the country and he will acquire what kind of rictus you intend to take. Pause at a fine landscape and his raptures will be heightened by the sandwich he is munching. He likes a breezy sky and rustling trees because they make an excellent place for an ordinary, and his admiration of nature, rising and falling with the state of the larder, dies out with the last cut of cold chicken.—Oh! the German love the summer time, but after a way of their own, forcibly expressed in their famous national song.

"The summer comes once mo'."

To berry, berry, to berry."

But thank heaven! it is not a German. We love the summer for its breezy uplands, rustling woods, cool valleys and running waters. We love it for the mysterious melodies like the sound of unseen bells at sea.

We love it for its varied aspects, for its sweet associations, for its voluptuous idleness. It is then we leave the house of town for the delicious coolness of the country. No longer do we sit beside our easement, through which the panting breeze, sick and faint with its toilsome way over the burning house-tops, creeps in to die; but, up with the early dawn, we are off through the fields, brushing the dew drops from the grass, pausing to hear the full, liquid carols of the birds, or throwing ourselves on some breezy knoll to bathe our brows in the fresh morning gale. Oh! the summer time, the summer time, there is nothing like the summer time. "Oe out into the country then, and wherever you go, in simple hut or lordly hall, in co-tages shut in with embowering vines or old mansions stately among patriarchal trees, you will see the beauty of the summer time.—You cannot pose in your walk without having your ears filled with music. The rustling of the leaves, from the light murmur caused by a wind sepy to the sudden rattle of the rising gale, gives forth melodies which no composer can rival. And, at night, when the laying of a dog across the hills has something musical. Then there is the laughing voice of the brook playing among stones; the low, fond whisper of a rivulet caressing the long grass; the merry song of the tiny waterfall; the deep, quiet murmur of happiness coming from the full boomed stream; and a thousand other of the tones of moving water, which endear to us the summer time, and make our hearts leap now at the thought that it is coming.—We do not wonder that the oldest song in our language was written to commemorate the approach of this intoxicating time.

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing the cuckoo!
Springing seed,
And bloweth mead,
And groweth the weed new?"

Oh! the summer time, the summer time—with that draught of the soft south air, we are full of visions of the summer time. In the fancy we smell the new mown hay or scent the wild rose, sweet briar and honeysuckle. We hear the birds, at early morning in the woods, making the air around us drunk with melody. We go along abeltered oaks, at the foot of rocks or under the high banks of streams, hunting for columbines or forget-me-nots. We are up with the sun to see the mowers moving, like animated music, in their long and graceful line; and we lie with them dosing in the shade at noon day, or watching the summer meteors in the sultry south-west. We stroll down to the cool spring house, after a hot walk across the fields, and drink the limpid water that gushes from the stone basin in the corner, or we throw ourselves, panting and exhausted, beside the mill-race, and listen to the whirr of the mossy wheel, dreamily regarding the bright, silver drops that, flung from its buckets, play sparkling in the sunshine. We sit beneath a motionless elm, in the still, drowsy afternoon, like a stunted, old hum of a bee, and watch the stars penitence to the ear, lulling us to indolent repose. And, toward evening, we stroll down some shady lane, between wood-covered hills, until we reach a stream in the valley, where a rustic bridge is found, with willows fringing the road for a hundred yards on either side. Around is untold music.—The low sigh of the wind in the branches, the twitter of the birds in the brake, and the purring sound of the stream touch mysterious chords in our heart, until by and bye the moral aspect of the stars penitence, and the soul is "lapt in Elysium." Here, in the cool twilight we will sit and think, calling back our childish days when we built mimic water-wheels in just such another spot, and used to lie awake at night—for the house was high enough for this—to hear the low whirr of our playing, rising and falling on the ear, with the fulfil wind, that now rustled gently in the trees-top, and now died away into ever-inspiring silence. We then believed in fairies for there were often strange, though, exquisitely musical sounds, at that hour of the night, and ignorant of their origin, or not caring to require into it, we were wont to fancy that these little creatures had come out to play around our mill, and that it was their low voices and merry laughter that we heard so strangely. The dream had long faded, but we were, even now, across such a spot in our walks, without having that childish fancy brought back to us, and almost believing for the moment, that there are fairies, and that in just such spots as these they gambol, dancing on the smooth silvery sward at moonlight to the music of murmuring leaves, or it may be, a tiny mill wheel like our own. And nothing, in our after years, has given us such unsolicited delight as this fanciful belief of our childhood. What would we give now to see such a midnight and think we listened to the fairies. Words cannot tell the pleasure of the trembling eagerness with which, now and then, we would rise from bed and holding our breath, steal to the window, to catch a glimpse of these tiny revelers as they repaired to the trysting spot, according to the fanciful description of Drake.

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees.
Where they swing in their colorful banners high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum' birds' doxy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pilloved on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour:
Some had lain in the scorp of the rock,
With glittering isopetals inland;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade,

And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minims forms array'd
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!"

Thank God for the summer time! It visits us like an angel sent from heaven to remind us of a brighter existence. What would become of the inhabitants of our cities if there was no suitor August to lure them away into our country, where, forgetting the cares and heartlessness of the town, they recall the purity of childhood, and incessantly grow better men? Tell us not of the wild dissipation at our watering places. Al! do not go thither; and there is something in the influence of nature, in the humble habits of the country, in the quiet churches where you go to worship on the Sabbath, which distills better feelings, like gentle dew on the heart, and widens our sympathies with nature and our fellow men. He who spends a month in the country during summer, and comes back with his heart unsoftened has lost for ever the brightest heritage of his nature. Yes! we thank God for the summer time! Who does not look forward in the long dreary winter months, or when harassed by the cares of business, to the hour, in July or August, which shall release him, for a time from his slavery, and send him out into the country with a breast comparatively lightened of trouble, and an eye and ear for everything beautiful in nature, whether it be a forest glade or a simple flower, the roar of Niagara or the carol of a bird. And oh! how delightful is it for those who were born in the country to go back to the old homestead and spend a week or two with their parents! There is something holy in this custom. It keeps alive one of the best emotions of our nature, for he who continues to reverence his parents, but especially his mother, will rarely commit any great crime. Think of the glad hearts of the parents as they elasp their sons to their bosoms and note, with honest pride, the improvement a year has made in his appearance. Everything around him, the clinging around the newly returned brother, of the killing of the fatted calf to welcome his coming, and of the eagerness with which the whole family gathers around him to hear what he has to tell. On the next day he visits every spot he knew in childhood!—the old school house, the play ground, the spring in the woods, and a score of places besides. He calls, too, on old friends, and all is hilarity. Everything around him is quiet and unimpassioned, contrasts with the false glare and turmoil of the town, and he goes to bed at night with better, because gentler feelings than he has experienced for months, and, dreaming, perhaps, that he has grown rich and returned to settle in his native valley, wakes to resolve on it in earnest if ever he should acquire a competence. They have more of this home-feeling in New England than here, and they are the better for it. We have never forgot a comely clad youth whom we once met on the great western route, who dressed thus plainly and even meanly that he might be able to come east and see his parents. He had travelled all the way from Iowa, and was bound to Maine, and the joyousness with which he looked forward to the meeting also seemed oddish. But it told how he loved his old parents in their poverty and withdrew his heart to him. We have never heard of him since, but the image of that youth, deying himself for months that he might gladden his parents' hearts with a sight of him again before they died, often recurs to us admonishingly when we would think ill of our fellow man.

Oh! the summer time, the summer time, blessings on the golden summer time! All through the land—in humble dwelling or princely pile—there is rejoicing at its approach, for it comes breathing happiness on every one alike. With the song of the birds and the blooming of roses it comes, dancing along the mead like a Bacchante crowned with grapes. The poor wood no longer weeps as she beholds her hungry children shivering over a scanty fire, for the summer time she knows that food will be plenty, and that the blue vault of heaven will be spread smilingly over them. From miserable alleys and dark cellars, where once would think a human being could scarcely exist, sick and emaciated wretches creep out to see the glad sunshine and drink the invigorating air, in hopes to regain the health they have struggled vainly to recover, in their wet and noxious dens, during the dreary winter months. Go out into the suburbs and you will see the honest laborer, after his hard day's work, sitting, in the cool of the evening, with his family, enjoying the soft, cooling air, which at the glowing reveals into the town, among all the flowers it has dallied with on the hill-side all day long; and, in the country, at the same hour, you will find the farmer in his porch, resting after the toils of the day, while the twitter of retiring birds from the hedges and the tinkling bells of the returning kine, soothe him with melodies in unison with his thoughts. But words cannot describe the charm of the summer time! It may be felt but not told. With its green meadows, its thickly growing clover, its fields of glowing grain—the cool evenings which are the more delightful for the heats of noonday—its starry nights and cloudless moonlit skies—its birds and flowers and limpid waters—and its refreshing rains that come down on wood and lake with a sound like the playing of fairy music, there is no season so bewitching as the summer time. From the first day of June, when the peonies trees, with their delicately tinted blossoms, remind you of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the coming in of September with its glowing fruits, yellowing corn, and glorious skies, it is one continued dream of fairy land.

We once knew a beautiful girl, a high-souled, impulsive creature, full of poetry to overflowing, who, at the age of eighteen, was brought to death's door by consumption. She had always had a passionate love for the summer time. Her childhood had been spent in the country, in one of the most pleasant valleys of the Susquehanna, amid primeval forests and romantic mountains. From her earliest years she had been ac-

customed to the fresh air of the hills, the murmur of trees and waters, and the magnificence of nature, so that, at last, these things became as it were, a part of her being, and she pined for them, when absent, as the divided heart pines for its other half. When she grew to her twentieth year, her parents removed to the city, but, annually, as the leading of the trees, she was accustomed to go to her birth-place, where she remained, on the cool evenings of autumn drove the family again to town. Everything, therefore, that was beautiful in nature came to be associated, in her mind, with the notion of the summer time. The first breath of reviving spring with its warm, south, summerly feel, brought to her visions of wild roses blooming on the cliffs, and all the delights of her romantic country life; for she would climb the hill side like a young chamelo, and row about all unaccompanied, the whole day on some lonely mountain lake. But one summer she was in Europe, and could not visit her native valley. She came back with a severe cold, which soon settled on her vitals. She was not at first considered dangerous, and she whiled away the tedious hours by anticipations of her delight when summer should come around, and she should return to her native hills again; for it seemed, she said, as if she had been absent from them for years. And, as her disease advanced, this feeling settled into a devouring passion. She could think or talk of nothing else. "When will summer return?" was her constant question. In her dreams she fancied herself back again in her loved valley, and often woke her sister at midnight by her tears of disappointment. Every morning her first inquiry was about the weather. When the snow whirled down the deserted streets she dropped her head and wept. On those mold days, that often appear in the dead of winter, she was like a bird just come back to his native grove, and made all hearts in the household lighter with her gaiety. As the season grew on, her spirits rose to an unbought height, and when March, at last, returned, her joy could scarcely be restrained. But then came a reverse. Suddenly she grew weaker, and once or twice, it was thought that she was dying. But she revived, still to dream of the summer, longing for it "as the hart pants for the water brooks." She knew that she had not now time to live; and though, to one so young and beautiful, it might have been thought that death would come an unwelcome visitor, she repined little, and seemed only to wish to survive until the summer time. Over the wreck of her early hopes, over the loss of her cherished friends, over the separation from brothers, sisters, and parents she shed no tears; they were dead to her, and she parted from them with pain; but the all engrossing passion of her heart was to see her native hills again bathed in the golden sunlight of the summer time. It was her prayer that they would bear her thither; and after many misgivings at the effect of the fatigue on her weak frame, the journey was undertaken.

They who have travelled the Susquehanna know the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. As the dying girl recognized each familiar object her eye lighted, and the glow of enthusiasm came to her cheek. But it was only for an hour or two at noonday that she could be carried out from the close cabin of the boat to gaze on the landscape, for the weather, with the fickleness peculiar to our climate, had suddenly grown chilly, and she was obliged to return to her cabin. On the morning there was a white frost on the deck, and the cool air from the hills drove all within the cabin. How the sufferer's hopes fell! She counted the few sands yet to run from her hour, and felt that not many hours more would be allowed to her on earth. Should she never again behold her darling summer time!

She grew delirious. Her talk was incoherent and melancholy, but through the tissue of dark thoughts ran a golden thread—it was wild dream that she should see the summer time. Her friends feared that she would not hold out until the end of the journey, and hastened on. Before they reached their destination she had sunk into a state of stupor, from which they vainly tried to arouse her. The fatigue of travelling, joined to the agonies of her spirit, had totally exhausted her, leaving her family no hope that she would revive even for a moment, before she died. In tears they bore her to the home of her infancy, and laid her down in her own quiet chamber.

It was evening. There had been another sudden change in the weather, and the air was now balmy and from the south; it was just such a day as this on which we are writing. They opened the casement, for they knew how she loved the pure air. It was a Sabbath, and the bell of the little church suddenly began to ring for evening service. The sound had been familiar to the sufferer from infancy, and as it came stealing on her ear, an expression of pleased surprise dawned on her face, which had lately been so vacant. She stirred, held up her finger, and listened, like a child when it hears sweet music; then as choral strains of her favorite hymns vibrated in the tower, she burst into an enthusiastic burst of joy across her face, and, rising unsupported in bed, she gazed enrapturedly around. One familiar object after another met her eye, and a smile of ineffable joy irradiated her face. She looked to her mother and murmured, though like one talking in a bewildered dream.

"Is not this home? Surely, it is home, mother."

Her mother, on the bed supporting her, but was unable to reply her emotion. The dying girl saw it not, for her attention had been drawn to the window, through which the soft, south wind, laden with fragrance from the early blooming garden trees, stole gently, filling the room with balmy odors, and playing caressingly with the hot bow and dark tresses of the sufferer. The bells had now ceased, but sounds as strangely sweet still met her ear. She heard the low murmur of the neighboring stream, the rustle of leaves, the hum of early bees, the other deep and familiar tones. Far away she saw her native hills bathed in the mellow glow of the evening sunshine. Her passionate desire seemed ful-

filled. Brighter and more glorious grew the look of rapture on her face; she raised her hands, and spreading them out toward the landscape, said,

"It is summer. Did I not say I should live till summer?"

She looked triumphantly around her face, glowing with ecstatic joy, with its shade of an angel's; and then, for a full minute, she stood gazing from face to face. Oh! who would break, even if they could, her glorious illusion? What though the tears of the spectators fell like rain! She saw them not, for the all absorbing thought of her mind was that the summer time had come. And when she sank back exhausted on the pillows, that look of high enthusiasm still glowed on her face; and when they put their ears down to her moving lips to catch the almost unintelligible words, they found that the same idea still ran through her mind. She was talking of heaven, where, she said, it was always summer time. And so, murmuring, she died.

We have not the heart to write more.

IMPORTANT FROM CAMPECHE.—By the *New Orleans Pic.*, of the 37th, we learn that an engagement took place on the 16th ult., between the squadron under the command of Com. Moore, and the two Mexican steamers, *Guadalupe* and *Montezuma*. The action lasted 4 hours. At no time were the combatants nearer each other than one and three quarter miles. The engagement was terminated by Com. Moore, running into Campeche, having received a shot between wind and water causing the brig to leak badly. The Texans had 3 killed and 22 wounded. The Mexicans are supposed to have had sixty killed, and forty to fifty wounded. The Commodore promises to give a good account of them yet, if he can but get a wind to carry him up to them, but we suspect that he has found them rather more difficult customers than he anticipated. On land the fighting continues, but no decided advantage appears to have been gained by either party.

LATER FROM CANTON.—By the arrival of the fast sailing ship *Natchez*, Capt. Washburn, in the brief passage of 92 days from Canton, we have advice to the 1st March. The Chinese fund, or Hong tariff, has been abolished. The Chinese are bristling engaged in re-building their forts, and rumors of active preparations for war by the Emperor, are rife. Rumors of another attack on the foreign warehouses, or factories, were also in circulation.

Eighty of the "Rebels" at Manila have been shot.

Sir Henry Pottinger, in a correspondence with Elepeo, the Chinese Commissioner, takes occasion to express his high respecting opinion which imply the superiority of the Chinese over other nations. "The Queen of England," he says, "acknowledges no superior or governor but God." Sir Henry in a further communication to the interpreter near Elepeo, tells him to inform Elepeo, such a tone is incompatible with exalting circumstances; and adds, that if Elepeo is disinclined to transmit the remonstrance to the government at Peking, he (Sir Henry) will, as he should feel that he failed equally in his duty to his own sovereign and the Emperor, if he allowed the matter to pass unnoticed.

Passengers in the ship *Natchez*—Rev. Wm. J. Boone, M. D. missionary, from Kiang-nan; Padre Mariarte Borlado, Maelia; Padre Thomas Fernandez, do; W. S. Russell, New York; R. Oliver Cost, New York. Left at Whampoa, Feb. 27th, all well. U. S. ship *Consellation*.

ARCHBISHOP SLAVE INSURRECTION.—Late and Important from Havana.—The steamer *Alabama*, Capt. Windle, arrived at N. Orleans 27th of May, from Havana.

On the day previous to the sailing of the *Alabama*, Monday, an express arrived at Havana, bringing the intelligence of another insurrection among the negroes on the South side of the Island, in the immediate vicinity of St. Jago de Cuba. The plot appears to have been much more extensive than the outbreak some time since, as a large number of planters, with their overseers and families, were the hopeless victims of the infuriated blacks; considerable property was also destroyed.

The Admiral of the Port, Gen. Ulloa, immediately despatched a man-of-war steamer to the scene of riot, and orders were also given for a frigate, two brigs of war, and another steamer to follow with troops, without delay. Gen. Ulloa going in command of the expedition.

The English steamer *Tay* had arrived at Havana, from St. Thomas. Passengers by her state that it was generally believed that on the occasion of the recent loss of the unfortunate *Salway*, the man at the helm was drunk, and the officer of the watch asleep when the vessel struck.

The yellow fever was prevailing, but as yet it has not caused any particular concern with the people. The rainy season was just setting in.

LATE FROM TEXAS.—The *Gilchrist* papers publish letters from Commodore Moore and Mr. Morgan the Texas Commissioners, written at Campeche on the 10th, and justifying the conduct of the former. Mr. Morgan assumes all the responsibility, declaring that the Commodore had his entire sanction for all that he did. Commodore Moore writes that the conduct of the Yucatecos to him is perfectly satisfactory; that the Yucateco gun-boats are under his exclusive command.

A large and highly respectable meeting of the citizens of *Gilchrist* was held on the 20th ult., at which resolutions of approval were adopted of the course of Com. Moore and Col. Morgan, and deploring the un-

fortunate misconception of facts which prompted the issue of the proclamation of President Houston.

LATE FROM FLORIDA.—By a passenger who arrived in the Cincinnati yesterday, we learn that Indiana have been heard from in the vicinity of Major Taylor's settlement, near Moore. It appears that some negroes working in a field, went in and reported that they had heard Indians talking in a hammock hard by. An examination was made, and some muscadin tracks found, as also those of a posy. Major Taylor sent a message to Gen. Warh, apprising him of the fact, and asking for troops.

Answer was returned, that as the Indians had decamped without doing harm, and as they probably would do none, it was not advisable to send troops. The settlers at this spot thereupon set forth on their own account in pursuit of the Indians. This very injudicious move will exasperate them, if they are attacked, and they will probably revenge themselves by falling upon other settlements. —*Savannah Republican*.

FIRE AT OSWEGO.—One of the largest fires which ever occurred at Oswego took place there on Thursday afternoon. During the fire the wind blew very hard from the west, blowing firebrands and live coals over the most dense part of the village. The burning mill of Messrs. R. C. & S. N. Kenyon, the store house and store of Messrs. Wolcott & Coats, the store of Messrs. Dutton & Livingston, the store of Messrs. Tucker & Gardner, the brick block of G. F. Falley, the post office, Fulton House, the saw mill of Jonathan Cave, the Universalist Church, and 15 or 20 other buildings were all on fire at the same time.

We regret to learn that a small boy, named M. Q. Root, was run over by the engine, and very badly hurt. He is not, we believe, considered dangerous.

FIRE IN TALAHASSEE.—The greatest part of Talahassee, Florida, was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. The fire was first discovered in the back building of the Washington Hall, which was burnt. The fire extended on both sides of Main street, to the Court House. Every store in the city was destroyed. Of the three printing offices one was saved—those of the Star, the Sentinel, and the Floridian were burned. It is supposed that there were at least two hundred and fifty buildings with most of their contents destroyed. It was impossible to save many of the goods in the stores, the fire made such rapid progress, and those that were saved were mostly in a damaged state. Several buildings were blown up, and two or three negroes lost their lives. The loss is estimated at about \$300,000.

FIRE AT BUFFALO.—A fire broke out on Thursday last in the boiler shop of Mr. J. Newman at Buffalo, which soon enveloped the whole building and destroyed several adjoining houses and swept away a large amount of property.

Columbus, Ohio, was visited by a destructive fire a few days since. It broke out in the warehouse of Col. J. Hunter, which it destroyed, together with the books and papers of the Canal Collector's office, and almost valuable property. The loss is estimated by the statesman at about \$20,000, upon none of which was there any insurance.

J. L. SCHOONER GRAMPER.—For the information of the relatives and friends of all on board, we are requested to state that no official intelligence of any kind has reached the Department from the *Gramper* since she sailed from the Chesapeake, on or about the 20th February last. Her cruising ground was along the coast between Cape Hatteras and the St. John's, in Florida; and her orders were to return to Norfolk for supplies as soon as her stores began to run short. —*Madisonian*.

THE FINANCE OF THE ISLE OF PINES.—We find in the *New Orleans Tropic*, an article in relation to the financial vessel seen so often of late in the vicinity of the Isle of Pines, that gives additional weight to the opinion already very general, that this vessel is the *Tesam* was schooner San Antonio. Capt. Seeger, her commander, who is spoken of in the *Tropic* as a brave officer and as irreproachable gentleman, has, in the opinion of his relations, fallen a victim to a preconcerted plan of mutiny.

The Governor of Maryland has commuted the punishment of Frederick Frits, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Eleanor Davis, at the Point of Roche, and sentenced to be hung, to confinement in the penitentiary for life. Deaths are entailed as to the sanity of Frits at the time of the commission of the murder.

One of the passengers who came over in the *Acadia* returned in the *Catcedon*, which sailed about an hour after the arrival of the *A. H.* He will probably have come to America, transacted his business, and returned to England, all within the space of 25 days! Such are the triumphs of steam.

Within the last few weeks, we have seen several fine shad taken from the Ohio river. The Hartford Courier thinks that the shad must be "crazy" in come to the Ohio through such a muddy stream as the Mississippi. Those that we saw did not seem to be particularly crazy, though they were certainly in error. —*Lawrence Journal*.

The captain of a canal-boat, who had caught the small pox, was put out on the tow-path, at Fairport, by his crew, on Wednesday last, and left there to such fare as might happen, while they went on their way.

THE DRAMA.

Our remarks upon this subject must of necessity be brief this week, nothing having occurred to require an extended notice. **THE PARK** continues the even tenor of its way, and with much the same success. A star engagement has been effected with Mr. and Mrs. Brougham and D. Marble, but they have failed to produce any favourable change in the number of the audience—why? Is not for us to say, we only know the fact, and regret that it should be so. One of the best houses they have had lately was on the occasion of Mr. Williams's benefit, last Friday night, when a strong rally of that gentleman's friends took place. We were much pleased with his personation of Tyke, in Morton's comedy of "The School of Reform." It was an excellent piece of acting throughout, and many portions of it were given with a pathos and feeling alike creditable to the head and heart of the actor. We regret that the piece was not repeated, for it was much better played than is now usual at this house.

It affords us much pleasure to hear that Madame Castellan and the Italian opera company will probably appear at the Park shortly. This *caza-critica* has acquired an extraordinary reputation at the south, as well for her acting as for her singing. Indeed, the critics there assert that we have heard nothing like her since the days of Malibran. We shall be delighted should this prove true—we want something to arouse us from our present apathy, and if this lady be all they say, she will do it most effectually, and we promise her glorious success.

The Chatham, with Yankee Hill as a star, has been doing a fair business.

At the Bowery, Mrs. Shaw, whose occasional visits never fail to prove attractive, has been playing during the last fortnight to excellent houses, and the manager has doubtless realised something over and above the expenses, a rare occurrence with managers in these times. The new tragedy of Evadne has been highly successful, and Mrs. Shaw, by her personation of the leading character, has added another in her list of triumphs.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have late dates from Smyrna, but there is nothing new accepting the mats in which they are packed.

From Aleppo our advices state that the Temperance cause was on the advance, although there were still to be seen a great many blue Nutgalls. The Ex-Dey of Algiers, it is said, is about to establish an order of Knights. Nothing could be more proper.

Our letters from London notice the arrival of a vessel from India, with some guns, but we do not get the particulars.

It is expected that His Excellency JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, accompanied by the Hon John C. Spencer, Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. James Madison Porter, Secretary of War, the Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of the Navy, and the Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, Postmaster General, will arrive in this city, by the way of Ambey, New Jersey, at or about the hour of 2 P. M. on Monday, the 12th instant, on their way to attend the anniversary of the battle of Bunker-Hill, on the 17th inst. They will be received with the usual civil and military ceremonies.

FLOWERS.—We know of no pleasanter stroll of a morning, than through Dunlap's Conservatory at Nthls'. The bright flowers, the green leaves, the singing birds, the gold fish and miniature fountain have the power of the enchanted carpet in the Eastern tale, and transport one out of this brick and stone prison house, to the flower enamelled valleys and breezy uplands of the country. Ya sleggids—young men and maidens—make Dunlap a visit early in the morning, and then to breakfast with what appetite you may.

MURDER IN COURT.—A dreadful outrage occurred in a Court of Justice at Canton, Miss., on the 20th May. A lawyer named T. C. Tupper, being attacked by the opposing client, named Jeremiah Ellington, stabbed the latter with a sword-cane, so that he died almost instantly. The Lawyer having in the opinion of the Judge, acted in self defence, he was not molested. This same Mr. Tupper killed a man in self defence a year or two ago.

BREASTING JUBILEE.—We understand that measures are on foot among the natives of the Berkshire county, Mass., residing in this city, to invite their brethren in different parts of the country, to return to the land of their birth at a given period in August, and hold a Jubilee.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE JOYS OF EARTH.

BY AUGUSTUS SRODGRASS.

The joys of earth,—the beautiful,
The lovely and the fair,
Which glow within the kindling heart,
And, star-like, tremble there,
Like earthly flowers, alas! too soon
In faded sadness perish;
But then, the holy and the pure,
We ever fondly cherish.

The swelling tones of long-lost ones,
The words so sweetly spoken,—
The moonlight vow,—the music-voice,
And love's last, fondest token;
The kindly smile,—the pitying eye,—
The tear that glistens o'er us,
They come and haunt our mortal souls,
And smile or weep before us.

Those faded joys—the beautiful,
The lovely and the fair!
O may they ever be as now,—
Like stars in evening air,
Their gentle memories be mine,
And pleasures that they bring;
They are the flowers that never die,—
The charms that have no wing!

Norwich, N. Y.

A destructive fire at Fulham, Oswego Co., on Thursday, consumed \$2500 worth of property.

MARRIED.

On the 1st instant by the Rev. Mr. Pissal, James W. Pinckney to Fannie E. Greaser, all of this city.

At St. Luke's Church, on Thursday evening Jane lat, by Rev. John Forbes, Charles H. Smith to Loretta C. daughter of Isaac Spencer, all of this city May 31, at Cold Spring, N. Y. by the Rev. J. F. Clark, Rev. Wm. Maceo, of Harwich, Sumner county, N. Y. to Miss Anna C. Clark, daughter of Rev. John F. Clark.

On the 20, ult, by Rev. H. A. Boardman, Rev. Tyson Edwards, of Rochester, N. Y., to Catherine Brown, daughter of David Hughes, of Bagineta, Md.

At Brooklyn, June 1, by Rev. Mr. Duffield, Nicholas Carpenter to Mary Helena Schreier.

At Brooklyn, on 31 ult, by Rev. Mr. Goddard, John E. Moore, Esq., of Greensboro, Alabama, to Letitia B. daughter of the late Matthew Watson, of Virginia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Latham C. Cheney, William E. Smith, Jr., Martha Ann, daughter of Charles Con, Esq., all of this city.

On the 1st inst, by the Rev. John Pissal, John Edward Yamrath, of France, to Miss Rosanna Kayser, daughter of the late Banker Kayser, Esq., of Berns, Switzerland.

On the 1st inst, by the Rev. J. C. Green, William Hester to Miss Rebecca Hall, all of this city.

On the 7th instant by the Hon. Caleb S. Woodhall, Job W. Cook to Miss Dinah, daughter of the late Charles Cook.

On the 5th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Jan. Gallard, Jr. to Maria Louisa, daughter of Basil Aymer, Esq. all of this city.

On the 6th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, James A. Aspinwall, of this city, to Miss Margaret Maxwell, of Danversville, Scotland.

On the 6th inst, by the Rev. Thomas Briggs, Thomas Truslow, Jr. to Jane Ann, daughter of Mr. John Haggard, all of this city.

DIED.

On the 5th instant, Mr. John Hetchins, aged 45 years.

On the 6th inst. after a long and severe illness, John L. Bingham, aged 32.

On the 6th inst. John M. Noyes, aged 7 years.

On the 5th, Mrs. Sarah C. Ludlow, relict of the late Daniel Ludlow.

At Hudson, N. Y. on the 3d inst. Levi A. Coffin, aged 44.

On the 4th inst. James Chapman, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Frances Ammer, daughter of George and Sophie Ralph, aged 3 years and 2 days.

On Sunday morning Mary Esther Fitch, daughter of the late Peter Fitch, in the 8th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. Timothy Kees, aged 56 years.

At Brooklyn, on Saturday, the 3d inst. Ellen McFarland aged 16 years and 5 months.

On the 4th inst. on board U. S. ship Independence, William Storms, aged 16.

On the 4th inst. Horatio N. Griffin aged 41 years.

On the 3d instant Sarah Jane Averard, aged 2 years.

On the 3d instant Henekiah W. Boush, late Alderman of the 17th Ward aged 41 years and 9 months.

On the 4th instant, Heaster Running, in the 71st year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Effie Croghan, aged 22 years.

On the 7th inst. George Warren Thomas, aged 5 years.

On the 7th inst. Ann, widow of the late John Wilson, of Middletown, Conn. aged 25.

On the 6th inst. Sarah Barker, in the 61st year of her age.

On the 6th, Maria D. wife of William How-yall.

A Latin monk, L. I. on the 6th instant, Miscellaneous wife of Gilbert Stewart, aged 67.

At Albany, on the 6th inst. David P. Winsor, aged 65 years.

At Bellevue, N. J. on the 4th inst. Forthman Murray, only son of Rev. J. Lewis.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Bonnets are worn in very light shades of green, trimmed with Spanish lilacs and roses, or pale lilacs and blues, the former trimmed with Persian lilacs and roses, and the latter with branches of jessamine and chamædia. White pointed *soie*, having a light embroidery of lilac or straw colour, is considered very elegant; fringed embroidered ribbons are very much used for trimming the *chapeau de Paille*. Among the numerous fancy straws, the *chapeau Céleste* will continue untroubled.

There are numerous novelties in caps. For full dress, silver gauze trimmed with pale blue flowers is worn, and there is also a very pretty style of *crêpe tulle* made with a crown and decorated with *châle* and fringe, and having tassels of white bugles. Another variety is a front of pink satin edged with a *ruche* of satin, and ornamented with a long white feather placed upon the front of the head-dress, and falling in graceful twists low upon the shoulder.

Walking dresses are chiefly worn in Pekin or Moudé silks of various shades of grey and dove colour. The corsage is high, sitting close to the figure, and trimmed with silk gimp of the same shade as the dress, and a row of silk buttons with a small hanging tassel. A pelorine is also frequently worn, trimmed with gimp like the dress, which has a double skirt, the upper one having three or four buttons similar to those used for the corsage, placed as though looping up each side. Buttons of glass, agate, and *aracathrine*, with a good point in the centre, will be certainly much worn. For dresses of lighter texture, such as bureges and organdies, the strict and severe style is in vogue.

A fashionable wedding dress is of white tulle; the corsage not pointed, having a rosette and sash of white satin, and trimmed with a double fall of rich lace. The sleeves tight, and surrounded with rows of lace. The hair arranged in bandeau, plaited to form a crown, and ornamented with sprigs of orange blossom and such lace scarf.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Several new animals have lately been received at this place. Among them are five giraffs, all in good health, thus affording an opportunity of perpetuating the breed in this country, is an event of much interest to the naturalist, while its *outré* form and strange gestures, its commanding height unapproached by any other creature of its gentle manners, beautifully spotted skin, and the soft radiance of its large lustrous eyes, must always cause this singular creature to be regarded with pleasure by the most doubtful spectator, apart from any considerations of its rarity, or of the doubt in which its history was involved for so many centuries. They have been procured by an experienced emissary of the establishment from the wild regions on the shores of the White Nile, and were brought by railway from Southampton, where they have been staying to recruit their strength since their disembarkation from the "Oriental" steamer. The scene on their arrival at the temiscus at Nine Elms was a most amusing one. The animals were their long necks or their small heads, and the way in which they were confused, seemed to excite much curiosity as to the means of their normal mode of progression; while the loiterers about the railway, equally curious to have a peep at the foreign passengers, made the strangest speculations as to their ability to eat a man whole, or whether the spots could be washed out. They are all remarkably fine specimens, in the highest health and condition, and when first introduced to the spacious house and paddock prepared for them, expressed their enjoyment of their recovered liberty by the wildest gambols. The two Arabs who accompany them appear to regard them with much affection, addressing them in their native language by the most endearing names, as "My sweet maiden," "Gentle damsel," "Fountain of the desert," "Apple of my eye." These attendants are an interesting addition to the group; their swarthy features and Oriental costume giving a wild and appropriate character to the whole scene that was carefully in effect.

Besides the giraffes, the collection includes some scarce antelopes, several jerboas, and monkeys.

The jerboas, are most singular looking animals, approaching something in form to the Kangaroos, although very different in other particulars. They were formerly supposed to walk only on the hind feet, but subsequent observation has proved this to be incorrect. They usually walk on all-fours, but when alarmed endeavour to escape by prodigious leaps, springing from their hind feet by the assistance of the tail, their fore feet being pressed close to their breast on these occasions. They are rather handsome creatures, the fur being of a bright fawn colour above and white beneath, and having a large full black eye. Being closely allied to the mouse in organisation and habits, they are very destructive to all kinds of grain. The present species (*Dipus gerboe* of Desm.) is very rare in any part of the world. A very rare and interesting bird, of the gallinaceous order, has just been brought alive to this country by Mr. Lundström, an enterprising Swedish naturalist, and been purchased for the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is known to the continental naturalists as the *Tetrao Medius*, although much doubt still exists as to whether it ought to be considered as a distinct species or as a hybrid, between the bearded and the black grouse. It is a male, about two thirds the size of the capercaillie, or cock of the wood, to which it has a strong similarity, except in its forked tail, which resembles that of the blackcock. Its colour is a beautifully rich black, relieved by brown reflections. This is the first living specimen that has been seen in Britain.

Hon. Levi Woodbury is to deliver the anniversary oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth college, at the next commencement.

The following marvellous story is told in the Boston Transcript:—

A young lawyer of this city, possessing talent in his profession, but little pecuniary ability to start him swimmingly into life, by one of those singular coincidences which are as rare as they are fortunate, has suddenly, as we learn, become the possessor of a large estate, the attainment of which is indeed remarkable. The gentleman is well known in the community and especially in the meridian of Court street. Two years since, this same individual was indebted to the liberal generosity of one whose munificence is well known to the public, for the means of entering upon his professional career, without which he probably would never have realised the following lucky turn of fortune. Of course, his name was established in a comfortable office, by the aid of his wealthy benefactor, and gradually attaining a degree of notoriety, he soon began to number his clients with no little satisfaction. One day, which seems to have been marked in his calendar as especially propitious and smiling, a laboring Irishman entered his office to consult with him upon particular business, for which he had been refused the advice of other professional gentlemen. Pursuing the necessary details, he drew from his pocket sundry documents unconnected with the original matter in reference, which, exciting the attention of the lawyer, proved to be certificates of deposit for a large sum of money in the Bank of Dublin, the value of which was previously unknown to his client.

This appearance of things, naturally enough attracting professional observation, an examination was subsequently instituted, which resulted in the fact of the identity to the amount of £39,000, and the lawyer, to the credit of the hitherto poor laborer in the bank, and of establishing his title also to a large landed estate in Ohio, which was valued at \$1,700,000, and bequeathed to the Irishman by the will of a wealthy but unknown relative. The gratitude and generosity of the Hibernian nation is well-known; but, with a liberality which is not generally manifested, except in cases of sudden and unexpected accession to fortune, the now wealthy client insisted upon relinquishing all claim to the landed property of which he had become possessed in favor of his lawyer, reserving to himself only the personal estate—in itself a fortune. The money has in part been withdrawn from the bank of Dublin, and we understand that £15,000 came out to this country in one of the late steamers, the "removal of the deposits" probably being in favor of some one of our American banks. It is stated that this matter will be required so forthrightly, has been in process of settlement for several months, the lawyer himself having journeyed to the El Dorado of the West in prosecution of the special business of his generous client, and having returned with a portion of the incomes derived from the large property there held in possession.

CHewing THE CUD.—Can it be true that the beautiful ladies of that beautiful town, Portland, are addicted to the disgusting habit mentioned below? The extract is from the Portland Bulletin. It must be a libel.

Of all the loathsome habits that have obtained votaries among respectable people, that of *chewing* is decidedly the most disgusting. There is reason in the ox chewing the cud—such is the will of the Creator—it is consistent for the hog to keep his jaws always on the maw—Nature so intended; but for a human being—more especially a lady—to be forever crunching her jaws together and smacking her lips, is alike contrary to nature and to every rule of politeness and good breeding.

We were told by an apothecary, the other day, that a principal item of the profits in his business arose from the sale of apricot gum, burgundy pitch, gum mastic, and other articles, which were formerly manufactured into plasters, but which are now bought for chewing. Perhaps he spoke hyperbolically, but in reality there seems to be a mania for "chewing the cud" among the females of late. Old and young are addicted to the vile habit.

Aside from the vulgarity of this practice, it is very weakening to the lungs and stomach; and, if persisted in, will tend to give a fedid odor to the breath.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.—The Army.—The Isle of Skye has within the last forty years furnished for the Public Service 31 lieutenant-generals and major-generals; 45 lieutenant-colonels; 600 majors, captains, lieutenants and subalterns; 10,000 foot soldiers; 120 pipers; 4 governors of colonies; 1 governor-general; 1 adjutant-general; 1 chief baron of England; and one judge of the supreme court of Scotland. The generals may be classed thus:—3 Macdonalds, 6 Macleods, 9 Macmillans; 2 McCaskills; 1 McKinnon; 1 McQueen; and one Elder. The Isle of Skye is 60 miles long, and 20 miles broad. Truly the inhabitants are a wonderful people. It may be mentioned that this island is the birth-place of Cuthullin, the celebrated hero mentioned in Ossian's poems.

WESTERN NEW YORK IN 1790.—In 1790 there were 1081 white persons West of Seneca Lake. The whole of that territory was then called Ontario county. There are now fourteen counties within this region, and 648,315 souls! The Ontario Repository says Mr. Barlow, who sowed the first field of wheat ever cultivated west of Utica, is still living. This important event occurred 57 years ago, and Mr. B. is now in the full enjoyment of health at 91. The first stage (a two-horse wagon) between Canandaigua and Albany was started in 1864, by Levi Stover, and made the journey, "with regularity and despatch," in four days.

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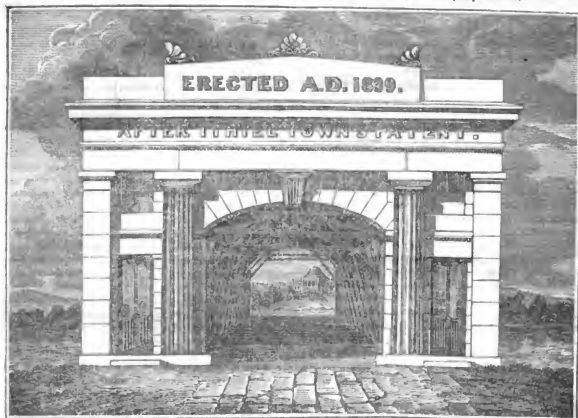
WHOLE NO- 205.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

In no country are *bridges* more needed than in this, and in no country are there greater facilities for making them. There are numerous wide rivers to be crossed, and it fortunately happens that in most cases their banks are shaded by the primitive forest, in which all the material needed in a good bridge can be found. We will readily admit that a stone bridge is better than one of wood, and that a palace may possess more desirable qualities than a hut; but when the expense cannot be incurred for the more costly structure, the cheaper must be substituted. In this

country there are few who can build palaces; and it is rare indeed that the expense of an arched stone bridge can be incurred, even by the corporation of a city; hence it becomes necessary to find that substitute for the more durable material which will be cheapest and best. In the invention of *Blind Town* we think we have that desideratum. A front view of one at Alexandria is given.

To establish a general mode of constructing bridges of wood as well as iron, which shall be the most simple, permanent, and economical, both



in erecting and repairing, has been for a long time a desideratum of great importance to a country so extensive, and interspersed with so many wild and majestic rivers. It has been too much the custom for architects and builders to plin together materials, each according to his own ideas of the principles and practice of bridge-building, and the result has been that nearly as many modes of construction have been adopted as there have been bridges built—and, consequently, that many have answered no purpose at all, and others but very indifferently, and

for a short time, while most of the better ones have cost a sum which deters many of those interested in ferries from substituting bridges which would obviate many dangers and delays incident to them. That architects and builders adhere to their own ideas in the construction of not only bridges, but of buildings, is almost universally true; they are obstinately opposed to the adoption of any other mode than their own; consequently it is seen throughout the country that in very few instances, either in erecting bridges or buildings, there is any model either uniform

or very good. Not in bridges and public buildings, it would seem, something better might be expected, if men scientifically and practically acquainted with such subjects would come forward in a disinterested and independent manner, and determine between principles which are philosophical and those which are not, and between modes of execution which are founded in practice and experience, and those which are founded in ignorance and inexperience; and in matters of taste if they would determine in favour of classic and well established taste, instead of that which is the offspring of unimproved minds and whimsical fancies, which are ever upon the rack to establish new things that are the creation of their own brains, and therefore so much endeared to them by this strong alliance as to be wholly past their power of abandoning.

It may also be observed, with too much truth, that individuals, committees, and commissioners for deciding upon designs for bridges and other important works, both public and private, and for carrying them into execution, are many of them much more anxious to introduce and adhere to some favorite project of fancy of their own, or that of some very knowing or ingenious friend, than to be guided by a disinterested, honorable and intelligent disposition to arrive, in the most direct and sure manner, at the most safe and judicious conclusions, which should result and can only result, from that clear, disinterested view, and patient as well as intelligent examination of the whole subject, in all its bearings, considered in reference to present circumstances, to a reasonable extent, but more particularly an enlarged prospective view, and consideration of the future. It is only by such comprehensive views of subjects in regard to the future, as well as the present, with that intelligence and experience which every one should either possess of his own, or be able by a careful and practical discrimination to draw from other well qualified persons, that the true public or private interests of any community can be truly perceived, guided, or carried into successful accomplishment and continued operation of combined permanence and profit.

The great and increasing demand for wooden bridges in all parts of this extensive country, is certainly such, and has become a matter so vast in importance, in point of the amount of capital expended, and still more so, in consequence of their important daily use in all public and private business, that little apology is necessary for introducing any proposed improvement upon the attention of the public.

The improvement here alluded to was introduced by the Patentee, much the same in its principles, many years ago, and to a certain extent is similar in practical execution; but the late improvement made and put into practice is so different in the combination and arrangement of the principle in its mechanical construction, as to produce in substance an entirely different bridge—one in which the materials are so arranged as to produce far greater strength, rigidity, and permanence, in proportion to the quantity of materials, and to be far more secure against its trusses twisting, leaning sideways, or curving in the direction of their length. This greater security in these respects arises from the increased thickness of the trusses, by the double series of the lattice-braces introduced, and its extra string-piece. This new arrangement not only obviates those difficulties which were in the original mode so formidable to the practical builder of them, but it gives a power to the engineer to increase the strength to almost any required extent; and, therefore, much wider spans may be made with perfect safety, if the distribution of materials is so made and proportioned as to accord with what is required, with sufficient judgment and experience in this department of Mechanic.

The fact that so many modes in the construction of bridges are now in practice, even by engineers eminent in particular branches of the profession—some of which modes are considered by some engineers who are of undoubted skill in this particular department, both in the science and mechanical execution, as entirely inferior and insufficient for the important purposes for which they are erected, and as radically defective either in the science or practical execution, or both,—this fact, under these circumstances, undoubtedly serves to show that good engineers in the departments in which they have had proper instruction and experience, may yet be uninformed to a sufficient degree in the subject of bridges, which, in truth, is one of the most difficult to be understood in a proper and sufficient manner; and is at the same time that impudent kind of structure which, when not ably managed in its formation, finds out its own defects, and speaks freely of them to the public ear, in a manner so loud and so audibly as always to be heard and understood, still less

always so civil as to give that timely notice which would save many lives and much property.

The truth is, in short, that it is nothing less than madness for any man or company to entrust so important, so costly, and so really difficult a work as the planning and construction of an important bridge, to any engineer, or other person, without unequivocal knowledge that such person has science and practical experience to an amply sufficient extent, in this particular branch of engineering, to enable him to succeed—and that, too, free from all interests arising from favourites and other friends, who may have any interest, directly or indirectly, to serve. It is by no means sufficient or proper for an engineer to take upon himself to judge whether such a mode as his friend wishes introduced will probably answer such particular place or purpose, or anything relating to the matter, without the thorough science and practical experience above stated, as to making him competent—without which he should by no means advise or dictate on so important a subject.

The great destruction of bridges which takes place every three or four years in many parts of the country, is the most satisfactory evidence that much want of science and practical experience is evinced in the planning and building of them; for, most assuredly, bridges may at this time of mechanical experience, be so constructed and executed, if proper persons are employed, as to be almost perfectly safe. An immense amount of capital is every year sacrificed in this country, in the construction of bridges only, either on bad principles, or on good principles badly executed; and in both these particulars how easy it is, at a little expense, to procure that information and experience which would effectually guard against such sacrifices of capital! Nor would the public travel be so frequently interrupted, were a more cautious course pursued in the investment of capital in this most useful expenditure for public convenience.

It has ever been our opinion, even from the first, that this mode of combining materials, when properly perfected by practical experience, was such as not only to possess all the advantages that science could render, in its mathematical principles, but also to have the immense advantages of the application, in its mechanical execution, the use of materials which may be procured in any part of the country, with the greatest ease, despatch, and economy.

It is also found, in a long practice of this particular principle, that the advantages in the mechanical execution, by using light timber, combined of sawed planks, and by a distribution, therefore, of the strain or weight to be overcome, into such an almost innumerable number of nearly equal parts, that the strength of any material, even the softest pine, becomes sufficient to sustain its portion of such strain; and the mode, also, of securing each and every part of the construction, without the aid of iron, becomes practicable—so amply sufficient as to assure strength, rigidity, and durability, to a degree, most certainly not to be even very nearly approached by any other system of combination and mechanical execution in practice. The great and equal distribution of the material, in the sides or trusses of the bridge; the immense number of intersections or crossings of the timber, in each truss, which are, each and all of them, thoroughly secured by four, three, or two Aard wood tree-nails, of two inches in diameter, according as each particular intersection may require in the importance of its situation for the purpose of bearing its part of the strain; and, lastly, and by no means the least important, the advantage gained in this mode, which has never been accomplished or claimed for any other arrangement, viz., of having all the strain or weight, of every description, which the bridge can be made to receive or sustain, whether it be its own weight, which is generally the greatest, or any other such as droves of cattle, or trains of cars, with locomotives, &c., so distributed, that in all cases such strain or weight is sustained, in due proportion, by every piece of plank composing the sides or trusses, in a direct end-grain strain, viz. either a tension or pulling strain, or a thrust or pushing strain. In both instances, of course, therefore, the strain is exactly in the direction of the length of the pieces. The great advantages of this one particular point, in the construction of bridges, is very important; and in wide spans, this importance is increased to a degree that can only be duly appreciated by the most experienced and sound practical engineers.

The whole of the Royal Yacht Club's purpose to attend her Majesty in her progress across St. George's Channel, on her visit to Ireland, in July.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY JOHN REAL, AT THE TABERNACLE.

Whether the women of this country are *slaves*, or not, depends upon the definition of slavery.

That they are not *free*—free, in the sense that Men are *free*, according to any definition of liberty, acknowledged among ourselves, is undeniably true.

What then is Freedom, or Liberty—that Freedom or Liberty, which all the Nations are struggling for! that which is held to be, not the shadow only, nor the sunshine, but the very substance of Christianity! that which all human beings endowed with reason, are fitted to enjoy, and if our faith be sound, 'created' to enjoy! that, of which "we, the People," claim to be the only true interpreters, the only faithful expounders on earth! Is it of two sorts? Are there two kinds of Liberty—one for Man, and another for Woman, throughout the world? Are the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the rudest barbarians of all the earth, *right* to their doctrines and practices, with regard to women?

Have women no political rights? Are their legal and social rights everywhere, only just what men may choose to concede to them? In other words are their best privileges and highest prerogatives, matters of right, or matters of favor? If they are only matters of favor, wholly dependant upon the opinions and habits of Man—observe the question, we beseech you, and weigh it well—have Women, either in this country, or in England, or throughout Christendom, properly speaking, any *rights* at all?

Everywhere, among Barbarians as well as Christians, they are admitted to a sort of qualified companionship—everywhere, they are allowed to enjoy just what Man may happen to think will best promote his comfort—and nothing more. In countries, where they are believed to have no soul, just as in countries where they are supposed to have no understanding, and are classed by the lawyers and the law, with infants, lunatics, and people beyond sea, they are brought up to believe that they enjoy all the liberty they are capable of enjoying. And we to the man, who shall attempt to undeceive them!

Among the Hindoos, it is the *privilege* of women to burn themselves alive—on the death of their husbands. Among the Chinese, the better sort are made eunuchs from their birth—it is their *privilege*, and one of which they are exceedingly jealous and watchful; the lower orders being satisfied with another and much humbler privilege—that of plowing while the husband sows. In one part of the world, it is the woman's *privilege* to dig and plant, and carry her children upon her back, till the boys are old enough to beat her, while her husband lolls about in the shadow, and amuses himself with hunting and fishing. In another, she is not permitted to sit down in the presence of her lord and master—not even to eat with him, her husband, and the father of her children; it is her chief privilege, her highest prerogative, to stand before him barefoot, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her eyes fixed upon the earth—and *Arise* him eat: while in another, where the men treat the women with the greatest possible tenderness—taking care that the very "winds of Heaven shall not visit their faces too roughly!" where "they toll not, neither do they spin, though Solomon in all his glory was notched like one of these!" where the highest prices are paid for them, and they are literally worshipped for a season—they are not allowed to speak to a stranger; to go to the door under any pretence, nor to look out of a window, with uncovered eyes, under pain of death. But these are all barbarisms. And while our men ply trade, and labor to convince them of their short-sighted folly, sending Missionaries among them for the purpose; and while our women are smothered at the dreadful ignorance and blindness that prevail in such lands—looking upon the meanest down-right savages, and wondering at the patience of the women—there is another country, and another people, much nearer home, with whose habits and customs they are much better acquainted—whom they never think of pitying, and with whom they never dream of intermeddling, though there is a greater difference between the privileges of the men and the privileges of the women—the rights of the Men, and the rights of the Women—there than in any other country, or among any other people upon the face of the earth: all the Men being free—and all the Women slaves at birth, and miserably incapable of becoming free, by any change of circumstances. In that country, women are under a perpetual guardian-

ship, they are never mentioned but in the language of poetry, with uplifted hands, or a gentler intonation of the voice; they are flattered and flattered, if we may believe what we hear, from the cradle to the grave. There, instead of being what she is in the lands of barbarian pomp, a slave, a plaything, or a toy, she is the companion of man—his friend, his equal, and his pleasant counsellor, sharing his proud sovereignty and qualified for everlasting companionship—if we may believe the Men themselves, or even the Women. There, it is their *privilege* to be spoken to in a subdued voice—never to be contradicted—never to be reasoned with—and to grow up with a belief, that men are their slaves, and that women always have their own way at last, whether married or unmarried. There too, it is the privilege of woman to be excluded from all participation in business—in the professions—in government—in power; to be excluded from all offices, whether of trust, profit, or honor, however well suited she may be, for the discharge of their duties, and however much she may need their help and comfort—huge, able bodied men, being preferred to her in every case, even for the sorting of letters, or the mending of pens—to labor all her life long, for a price, varying from a fifth to a fiftieth part of what a man is paid for the same labor; to make shirts for slippers a day—to cry her eyes out, under pretence of being courted—take in washing, or to marry—and be satisfied for the rest of her life "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

In that country, it is their *privilege* to be taxed without their own consent; to be governed by laws, made not by themselves, nor by their representatives, but by people, whose interests instead of being identical with theirs, is directly opposed to theirs. In every important question of self-government, as they prove by their whole course of legislation, and by their unwillingness to share what they call *liberty* with the very persons whose interest they say is identical with theirs, and who amount to one half of the whole population of the country.

There too, up to the time of her marriage, and after the death of her husband, a woman is nobody. Her property is taxed without her own consent—and she is allowed to share in no one of the three great powers of self-government; neither in the making of laws, the administration of the laws, nor in the execution of the laws. No voice can she give—no office can she hold. After marriage, it is the same, with these additional disqualifications: all her personal property goes to her husband, or to her husband's creditors; the use of all her real property during the marriage; and, if they have a child born alive, up to the time of her husband's death; all her rents and profits, all she may acquire during marriage, by gift, or devise, (with a few exceptions, not worth mentioning). Add to this, that while no part of the husband's earnings belong to the wife, all her earnings belong to him; that she is bound to personal service during marriage, and may be treated by him, like a servant, a child, or an apprentice, and actually beaten, if beaten moderately and with a wholesome regard to her amendment, if she falters in her allegiance. Lo! the privileges of women in the country we have in our eye! And who taught them that these were indeed their privileges? The same being who taught the Egyptian woman that to bury herself alive with her husband was a privilege. The same being who persuaded the poor Indian, that to cast herself headlong into the fire, was a privilege. The same being, who persuaded the Chinese woman to cripple herself, and the North American savage to stand still and be beaten by her lord and master, in the shape of a man-child, carried in her arms till they dropped with fatigue; and the beautiful women of Turkey, and Circassia, that to be the plaything of a hoary lecher is a privilege. And who was that being? Was it God? No. It was man; the tyrant man. Having usurped all power—and being entitled to it, by the right of the strongest, according to the avowed opinions of Ex-President Adams, and others equally distinguished—do what he may, and say what he may, it is high treason, say, and blasphemy, for women to question his supremacy.

It is in vain that she proposes to argue the question. She is only laughed at, for her pains. If she quotes his own language against him, and convicts him out of his own mouth of the most egregious folly, or falsehood, the answer is a rude laugh, a sneer, a sarcasm, or an appeal to the newspapers.

But we are not to be so easily silenced. And if argument is wanted, argument they shall have—these mighty logicians and mightier states men, who have undertaken to justify the everlasting disfranchisement of one half of the whole human race, with a sneer.

To the point then. What is freedom? Ask our fathers of the Revolutionary War. People are free said they—and they fought a battle of eight years with the most powerful nation of all the earth, pouring out their blood like water, to establish the proposition—people are free, only just so far as they are allowed to govern themselves: in other words, to make their own laws, to expound their own laws, and to carry their own laws into execution. Were they right, or were they wrong? Let us see.

All government is made up of three elements, or powers, differently combined: the power of making, the power of interpreting, and the power of administering laws: in other words, all government, whether a Despotism, a Monarchy, an Oligarchy, an Aristocracy, a Republic, or a Democracy, may be resolved into the legislative, the judiciary, and the executive powers. Men are agreed upon this, without going to Aristotle, to Montesquieu, to John Locke, or to the authors of the Federalist.

Where these three powers are united in one person, as in the Czar of Russia, the government is a Despotism. Where they are enjoyed by and confined to a privileged class, independent of, and separated from the people, it is either an Aristocracy, or an Oligarchy. Where the People are allowed to share in the government, along with the privileged class, or hereditary lawgivers, and a king by right of birth, as in Great Britain: it is a limited Monarchy—though Sir Francis Burdett calls it a Republic, and others, pleasantly enough it must be acknowledged, a Constitutional Monarchy. Where the people govern themselves, directly, as in Athens, it is a Democracy: where they govern themselves indirectly, by representation, as in the United States, it is a Republic—so far as least as the men are concerned.

Now—under which of these different forms of government, do the women of this country live?

Where people do not govern themselves, either directly or indirectly by representation, they are slaves. Qualify it as we may, disguise the unpalatable truth as we may, they have no rights and all their *privileges* are at the mercy of the governing power. Steadfast as Death—steady as the everlasting Ocean, in their encroachments, Men have obtained the mastery over Women, not by superior virtue, nor by superior understanding, but by the original accident of superior strength; and after monopolizing all power, have extinguished her ambition, dwarfed her faculties, and brought her up to believe—the simper—that she was created, only for the pleasure of man.

But what is meant by governing themselves? Ask our Revolutionary Fathers. Lo! their answer, as with the voice of congregated armies—Having agreed upon a confession of faith—having sent it abroad over all the earth—publishing it everywhere by the sound of trumpet—among all nations, and kindreds and tongues: we appeal to *them*, and to *that*.

To be free—such is their doctrine—*To be free, Men must be allowed to govern themselves.* But if Men, why not Women? We shall see, before we get through. In other words, they must be allowed to make their own laws, either in person, or by delegates chosen for the purpose: they must be allowed to explain, or interpret these laws after they are made, either in person, or by delegates chosen for the purpose; and they must be allowed to carry these laws into execution, either by themselves in person, or by delegates chosen for the purpose. Be chosen by whom?—by themselves, or by another and a different class? Proposed that question to our Fathers, if you dare.

In other words, to be free, people must be allowed to vote as they like—to choose—they must not only be electors, but eligible to office.—We need not stop to qualify the doctrine by saying that we mean what our Father's meant, where majorities govern, with proper qualifications, fairly ascertained. Nobody will understand us to maintain that all have the right to govern themselves, according to their own good pleasure, without reference to others—but only that all have a right to share in the government, under which they live—to share and share alike, if our noble Fathers were right—if they were not rebels and traitors, alike unjust, unprincipled, and shameless.

Abridge a people of these rights; deny to them free exercise of any, the least of the whole, under any pretence (where they have not been forfeited by crime,) and you abridge them of their liberty; you wrong them of their birthright; you spoil them of their natural heritage. So say our Fathers, and they were "honorable men."

And now to apply this. Are Women people—or a part of the people?

When our Fathers say, that all Men are created equal—that they have "certain inalienable rights," &c., &c., &c., do they mean Women or not? If not, how much better are they, than the Turks, who deny that Women have souls? And what confidence can Women have in their pretended reverence and affection? And with what face, can they, the mothers in Israel, venture to become the teachers of our youth, or to justify the course of our Revolutionary Fathers?

Women constitute one half of our whole population. They amount now, in round numbers, excluding those held in bondage at the South, to eight millions, or thereabouts. Have these women souls or not? Have they understandings or not? Have they any *rights*—have they anything indeed but what they enjoy by the favor and courtesy of Men? are they capable of governing our households; capable of bearing men, and of educating them, capable of assisting in our churches, and managing our elections—and yet incapable of governing themselves, or even of sharing in the government of themselves? Let the spirit of eternal truth and justice answer. Men will not, and women cannot, in their present stified condition, either feel, or see the truth. As well might we ask the Hindoo woman to see why she has been taught to destroy herself at the tomb of her cruel, selfish, unrelenting husband; or hope to persuade the Chinese woman to understand why she is crippled for life; as the English woman to see her own hopeless, dependent, and pitiable condition, among rational beings, claiming to be free, or the American woman, her.

But still we do not despair. We have faith in Woman—much more than we have in Man, if the truth must be told. And it shall be no fault of ours, if she does not hear the truth, and feel it too, before she goes into her grave, and we into ours.

To return therefore, we mean to be understood. For these eight millions of human beings—free white women—who make the laws? Men. Who expound the laws? Men. Who carry the laws into execution? Men. Who occupy all the professions? all the places of trust, profit and power? and who have charge of all the resources of the country? of all the scientific and literary institutions? of the army and navy, and the entire wealth of the nation? Men, always men. Just reverse the condition of the two sexes: give to Women all the power now enjoyed by the Men—and would they not be able to keep it, think you? What a clamor there would be then, about *equal rights*, about a *privileged class*, about being *taxed without their own consent*, about *virtual representation*, and all that! And yet—mark our words—that is the true way of putting the question. In any given case, we have only to ask ourselves how we should bear such laws from women as they are called upon to bear from us—and not only to bear, but to be thankful for! But we are Men—and they are Women; only Women. Behold the answer, urged by the husbands, and fathers and sons of the land, against their wives and mothers and daughters, eight millions strong!

And now to the second, and last branch of our subject. Some people must have authority—even for believing that two and two make four. Be it so—they shall be satisfied.

In a certain paper called a *Declaration of Rights*, published to the world in 1774, by a body called the American Congress, we find the following passage.

"Resolved, That the *Inhabitants* of the English Colonies in North America, by the immutable laws of nature, the principles of the English constitution, &c., &c., have the following rights:—and then follows a brief enumeration of these rights: after which it is *Resolved*,

"That the foundation of English liberty, and of all free government, is a right in the people to participate in their legislative council: and as the English colonists are not represented, and from their local and other circumstances, cannot properly be represented in the British parliament, they are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation, in their several provincial legislatures." &c., &c.

Among the grievances complained of, with profound seriousness, as involving the dearest rights of Freemen, was that of taxation without representation, or that of being taxed without their own consent. As early as 1765, when the first Provincial Congress met, this was regarded as the principal grievance; and from that hour, up to the Declaration of Independence; that was the abominable thing chiefly complained of. The Stamp Act, and the Repeal of the Stamp Act, the emptying of a cargo of tea into Boston harbor, the battle of Lexington, and the battle of Bunker Hill—in fact the whole war of Independence, if we may believe our fa-

there, grew out of a *tax on tea*: in other words, out of the pretensions of the mother country to tax our people without their own consent.

And now two questions arise here. First. Were the women of these English colonies of North America, *inhabitant*? If they were, then did our Fathers decide the whole question; that they have all the rights we contend for, by the *immutable laws of Nature*. By the constitution of New Jersey, all the *inhabitants*, having received a certain time within the State, and being worth fifty pounds proclamation money, are entitled to vote. Under this provision, the women of New Jersey, have occasionally voted, up to the time, when finding they could neither be shamed out of their privilege, nor laughed out of it, the Legislature undertook to settle the constitutional question, by declaring that the word "*inhabitants*," meant *free white males*:! So much for contemporaneous interpretation. Secondly. Are Woman a part of the people? If they are, then by the solemn adjudication of our Fathers, they are entitled to participate in their legislative council: and not being represented, have a right to legislate for themselves.

On the other hand, if women are neither *inhabitants*, nor *people*—they are not *persons*. They have no right to assemble together for any purpose, even to petition for the redress of grievances, that privilege being confined to the people; they are incapable of riots—incapable of crime—they are not moral agents—and cannot be justly punished for anything. The conclusion is inevitable.

Now let us see where we are. The builders up of our political Faith, went to war with their own Fathers and brothers, and quarrelled for eight long years, pouring out rivers of blood, and millions of treasure, and counted the cost nothing, because they would not consent to be taxed without their own consent; nor to be governed by laws to which they had never agreed; nor to be virtually represented.

Having triumphed; having established the great Truth for which they were so ready to lay down their lives, and with it their independence, what do they next? Why they turn round to one half of their whole population—their wives and sisters and daughters—and beloved ones, and say: "We hold those truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Nonsense, at best, but nonsense well calculated to show their temper and meaning; and and just of a piece with the behavior of the Puritans, who having fled from persecution at home, were no sooner established here, than they fell to persecuting others with unrelenting bitterness. They swear to England, as the Lord liveth, *we will not be taxed without our own consent*! and then turning to one half of their whole number, they say, as the Lord liveth, *you shall*. They say to England, *we will not be governed by laws, to which we have not given our assent*: and then turning to those among them, whom they profess to love and venerate, beyond any thing on earth, they say—*You shall*. They declare to their fathers and brothers, that *they will not endure virtual representation*, and turning round to their mothers and sisters, declare that *they shall*!

But, perhaps, the framers of that constitution, when they declared, that all Men were created equal, meant Women? Let us see. We may allow them to speak for themselves; to be their own interpreters. They class women with infants, idiots and lunatics. They hold her to perpetual service,—allow her no share in governing herself—permit her to enjoy no office, though we have twenty thousand offices much better fitted for women, than for able-bodied men—and do not even permit her to choose her own master, by a vote. Before marriage, a woman is taxed without her own consent. After marriage, it is the same. During marriage, all her personal property belongs to her husband, all her acquisitions, all her earnings, all her rents, and profits, and she is bound to *personal service*, until set free by death or divorce. There are a few exceptions to be sure, as where property is secured to her by the intervention of trustees, or by chancery, or by declaring that it shall not be subject to the control, nor liable for the debts of her husband—but these are only exceptions: the rule is just what we have stated. While under coverture as it is called, that is, during marriage, the wife can neither acquire, nor bestow anything, as of right. She can neither educate nor portion her children off. She can neither provide for old age, nor help her husband, however much he may need help—all her property belonging to his creditors; and at his death, she may be left entirely destitute at the pleasure of that husband, if he happen to have nothing but personal property, or has been cunning enough to obtain her relinquishment of

power; and this, although they may have begun the world together—both poor—or he poor, and she rich; and although she may have been his partner for life, laborious, diligent, faithful and frugal; and, a drunken spendthrift—so that by the common laws of partnership, she would be entitled to at least one half of all their joint-saving and acquisitions. Oh! but we could tell such things, if this were the time, or place! But it is not, and we leave them for another.

Again that we may understand our *rights* and our *duties* when wrongfully dealt with, let us take another passage from the declaration of independence. In it, our Fathers declare that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers just from the consent of the governed: that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, &c. &c. But that," when a long train of abuses and usurpations, having invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and provide new guards, for their future security." If all this be true,—and who will venture to question its truth? What is the right of Woman, what her duty towards her oppressor man? what say the authorities? We leave them to answer the question!

And now—what say you? Tried it by what standard you please: adopt what definition of liberty you will—are not the woman of this country *slaves*? Do they not enjoy all they enjoy at all, by suffrage, rather than by right? Are they not wholly dependent upon men? Are they allowed any share whatever in the government of the country; any participation in what men call *liberty*? Are they not as much bondswomen as any you ever read of? Is not their situation as deplorable, all things considered, as that of the woman of Egypt, or Hindostan, or China, so far as a just equality, a true compassion is concerned? Tell us not that christianity has done everything for women—it has done little more for woman than for the heathen that perish. It has not narrowed by one hairs breadth, the difference between the sexes—the great gulf added no jot nor tittle to her acknowledged rights. Everywhere—throughout Christendom, as throughout all the rest of the world, woman is kept, only in the best possible working condition for the comfort of man.

[We did intend to give the other side of the question, to give it fairly. But our time and patience are both exhausted. A lady distinguished in the literary world has assumed the task, and therefore we leave it to her. Her article will appear next week.]

THE LOCUST.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, who has watched the movements of these insects, states that, when they last appeared, he found they emerged from the earth, near or after sunset, in the grub form, covered with a horny and transparent coat of mail, well calculated to facilitate their passage through the ground. After they had freed themselves from the ground, they immediately fixed themselves securely, by their sharp claws, to the fence or the body of a tree, patiently to await their deliverance from their under ground garment, which was effected during the night.

The coat of mail would, during the night, split longitudinally on the back, and the insect would gradually extricate itself from its confinement, and sit perched on its former prison during the night, while its wings would expand, and the whole body would become hardened and strengthened to endure the scorching sun of the next day, and perform the functions of its new mode of life. Some poor grubs made a sad mistake, for instead of coming out of the ground in the evening, they made their appearance in the morning, and the consequence was that though they escaped from their horny coat, yet the hot sun dried their wings before they could expand, and rendered them useless, and the locust died a lingering death, not being able to provide for itself. These solitary misdeeds exhibited strongly the wise arrangements of Providence, in causing a little insect, born under ground, to know the proper time for it to emerge.

He could not learn that the locusts took any nourishment while above ground, and is inclined to the opinion that their sole business in our world is to propagate their species, and die.

DR. WEBSTER.—We are gratified to learn that among the valuable papers left by the late Dr. Webster, in possession of his son, are an autobiographical memoir, embracing the prominent incidents in his most eventful life; and also a "Synopsis of Words in Twenty Languages," to which he devoted nearly ten of the best years of his long life, arranging the most important words in each language "under the same radical letters, with a translation of the significations, and references from one to another when the senses are similar, by which he was enabled to discover the affinities between different languages, and the primary physical idea of an original word, from which the secondary senses have branched forth."—*New-Haven Courier*.

For the Brother Jonathan.

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY LOUISA SEXTON.

So much has been said and written, within the last few years, of the Far West,—the scene of so many highly wrought pictures, the foundation of so many air-built castles, and dissipated fortunes; the country has been so often portrayed, and the inhabitants so often described, that the glimpses of western life which have come under my personal observation, will I fear, have little either of novelty or interest. How shall I attempt to describe my first impressions of it? Before setting out for that country, my ideas of its beauty, its varied enjoyments, and its bright scenes, had been too vividly represented, through the poetical eyes of a young and enthusiastic lover. How then shall I portray the sad and heart-sick emotions of a young and giddy girl, assuming the responsible duties of a wife, while scarce more than a child—brought up in the lap of luxury, and knowing nothing of privation or hardship, save to name, when first travelling over the *corduroy roads*, (*rail roads*, as they will may be termed,) of Michigan, and the untwined, unending prairies of Illinois, covered with the ice and snows of February? Alas, the bright dreams faded! The over-wrought anticipations as rapidly sank.

We had after a long and fatiguing journey of several weeks, arrived at the small town of I—, in Illinois, where we determined upon waiting a few days to recruit our exhausted strength, before completing the sixty miles of land journey, which yet intervened between us and our destined home. But the spring rains commencing, warned us of the necessity of hastening our movements; for in Illinois, the detentions occasioned by the great rise of the rivers, the depth of western mud, and *laughs of depend*, are by no means imaginary or trifling. Our preparations having been completed, we sat huddled and clucked, during a long morning, waiting the arrival of the stage, which should have appeared early in the day. At length, it came, with as sorry and dismal a set of passengers, as could well be imagined; bringing direful accounts of the state of the roads, and, although our forebodings of ill rapidly increased still we persevered in our determination, of hastening our journey as rapidly as possible.

For a short time after setting out, I had but little opportunity of observing my fellow passengers; at length, my attention being drawn to them, I found myself completely wedged in between two females, one of them, a perfect moving mountain,—her face, I could not see, but, beside the immensity of her person, with its superabundant clothing, she was enveloped in a bear-skin cape of the largest dimensions. Upon the other side, sat a girl of about 20, who appeared to be under the chaperonage of the Madame Falstaff upon my right, and whose attempt at dress, in spite of the apparent ill provision of her purse, showed her to be some poor, though proud, country farmer's daughter. Just returning from her visit to the city. Each of these persons carried, of course, a large basket and band-box, filled with fiery, between all of which, I had scarce room to breathe. None of our other passengers attracted much of my attention, save two young men, who in their plain pepper-and-salt costume, had to my elderly eyes, an exceedingly common appearance, with their long boots reaching above their knees, but all whose singularity in dress, after a short time in the west, soon became quite tolerable, and whose long boots lost much of their disagreeable appearance, upon a more intimate acquaintance with the wearers; for, alas! for my high notions, I soon discovered that the most aristocratic gentlemen could not wade the sloughs of Illinois without them, and as my own husband soon came out in the same outlandish costume, I was of necessity compelled to consider the *tall boots*, as quite endurable. On, on, we toiled, the rain pouring in torrents. Every small stream we reached we found swollen, most frightfully—much succeeding rain, still more so. In doleful silence we journeyed on. I was, for a great wonder, and of course most necessarily, perfectly taciturn, for I was so slightly acquainted with my two very agreeable neighbors, that the power of speech was entirely gone. Of neither of their faces could I catch the slightest glimpse. Oh how bitterly I rued the moment, when I did. At length, the lady of the bear-skin cape, turned her head, and revealed a countenance, which after a lapse of five years, is still vividly before me. Such a mingled expression of decision of character, (in use a gentle term,) of luculence, of high-temper, I never before witnessed. Such sharp and piercing eyes, and penetrating looks, I never hope to see again. Alas! in your poor husband, thought I, he must possess in an eminent de-

gree, that *subdued domestic smile*, which is, as all old bachelors assert, the grand distinguishing trait of married men. She addressed me, in what she probably intended to be a most winning manner, but which caused my heart to sink with fear. She lamented the confinement of my position, and with what I (poor mis-judging I) thought an extremely kind offer, insisted upon changing seats with me. This to the great risk of our necks, we succeeded in accomplishing; but, it was not long, before I discovered that her desire of making me more comfortable, originated in the wise idea, that a shower-bath through the night, would improve my health—for the rain was pouring down in torrents. Then I was, doomed to this drenching, during the night, while her great ladyship quietly dozed in her great bear cape. I certainly believe, if any article of dress ever bore a strong affinity to *character*, her bear-skin cape, and her still more bearish manners, most amazingly coincided. Alas, thought I, if this is a specimen of the people among whom I am to dwell, my lot will be miserable indeed!

The night, like all other weary nights, passed away, and at break of day we arrived at Fox River. There we were met by the unpleasant intelligence, that the prospect of preceding father, was quite uncertain. At length, after several hours it was deemed possible, that, with some risk, we might cross upon the ice, which it was feared, would soon be broken up. We all preferred attempting it, and our most worthy host, with all the zeal and ardour, which so eminently characterize all Americans, insisted upon conveying the ladies to the bank of the river, in the only vehicle which he possessed, which proved to be an old *sled*, used for drawing wood. Upon it we, with our baggage, were placed, and drawn through the mud to the river. After some little difficulty, we succeeded in reaching the other side, where a new obstacle presented itself. The bank upon this shore was perfectly perpendicular, and we were compelled to clamber up a ladder. I was determined not to risk myself at the same time with my fleshy companion, and therefore, fortunately mounted first. She attempting to follow, shaking to relate, broke one of the rounds, and fell heavily upon the ice, which was not strong, consequently, she went through. She was fortunately rescued, with no other injuries than very wet feet which, I must acknowledge, afforded me a malicious pleasure, as being some compensation, for the shower-bath to which, she had so unceremoniously doomed me during the previous night. After landing we were again met by the unpleasant information, that those who intended proceeding, must either wait the subsiding of the freshet, (which had been unusually high, covering the road completely, and removing all the bridges,) or proceed in a circuitous route, on the prairies in an open wagon.

The latter alternative was adopted, and after some exertion, succeeded in procuring a conveyance to our new home. No sooner, I thought, had we made all our arrangements, than the Lady Falstaff, with her humble companion, politely invited us to see them home. Their request, of course, being gratified, we started again upon our eventful journey.—Then were then but sixteen miles before us, and we foolishly imagined that we would reach our new homes in time for dinner,—but, alas! how woefully were we again doomed to disappointment—so on we plodded, for three or four hours; each hour the trace of a road becoming more indistinct, until finally our divergently acknowledged we had lost himself. This was no trifling matter, as any one is aware that has ever travelled over the extensive prairies of Illinois—there was no help for us, so upon mature deliberation we endeavored to proceed in as direct a line as possible for our destination, by three means: hoping again to discover the road. After a long and weary attempt, we finally succeeded in finding the road, discerning to our infinite amazement, that we had been travelling in a circle, and had returned to the spot where we had deviated from our route. The shadows of evening were very long when we reached the home of our bear skin lady, which was simply a small log cabin in the prairie—hungry, tired, cold and dispirited—yet no friendly voice offered us admittance—no friendly hand was extended to aid us, and no hospitalities proffered. Eight miles still intervened between us and our homes, with two streams to ford which we very much feared would be impassable, and there was no house near where we could hope for hospitality. Even to this hour do I not retain a recollection of the sadness and misery which I felt when I turned from that inhospitable door, again to venture on the bleak and desolate prairies, and the idea of *bear skin capes*—or, indeed, of any fur coat, is now inseparably connected—in my

mind, with churlish manners. The only recourse for us now was to hasten on as rapidly as possible towards a more cheerful home. In due time we reached the first of the streams which we were to cross, but only found that it was so swollen as to be utterly impassable. No recourse was left but to make our way back to the nearest dwelling and there entreat a shelter for the night. The sun was just setting as we drove up to the Dutchman's. Here, it is true, we were kindly received—but how shall I describe the scene which presented itself upon my entrance within the dwelling. The house was of logs, about thirty feet in length, with a door and window at one end, the window consisted of three panes of glass, which had probably never been washed. The other end of the cabin was in utter darkness. The beds were all arranged in rows at that end of the building. A table, a few rickety chairs and a closet were the only articles of furniture contained in the building; but to describe the filthy appearance of the place, and the total want of comfort, would be utterly impossible. A large fire burning in the chimney of sticks, only served to reveal more distinctly the dirt which surrounded me. A more cheerless and comfortless abode I never saw except those belonging to the very poor, and yet the owner of this house was a farmer in very prosperous circumstances. My heart nearly sank at the prospect of life in the West before me, and I found myself involuntarily contrasting the bright and sunny home filled with warm and affectionate hearts which I had just left, with the blackened walls, filthy floor, and darkened cabin. But the but itself was more cleanly in appearance than its inhabitants, which consisted of the old Dutchman, his wife (whose grey locks seeming as if they had never seen a comb, hanging long and dishevelled about the face,) several grown up daughters and children, and one or two sons. The old woman quite won my heart, in spite of her want of cleanliness, by her warm welcome, and her kind efforts to make me comfortable—hastening with great alacrity to prepare us some tea after our long and fatiguing ride. But hungry as I was, I could not eat, for the children who had been amusing themselves by dipping their naked little feet in the puddles of water at the door, finished their sport by drying them directly over the cakes which had been prepared for me. My appetite fled—and as soon as possible I entreated to be shown to my bed. Imagine my surprise upon being told that my preparations for bed must be made at the other end of the room, and before about twenty, who, delayed like ourselves, had been gradually filling the cabin. The beds were ranged in rows, and appeared, with nothing to separate them, very much like one large extended couch. The sheets I durst not examine;—one glance satisfied me that another would not make them more desirable, and as there was no alternative, I slid with as much dexterity as possible beneath the clothes, trusting to the politeness of the *Hostess* to look in some other direction. From my great fatigue I soon fell asleep, to be aroused early next morning, and discover that my neighbor of the adjoining bed had encroached upon, and was inadvertently rolling into mine. Oh how joyfully I hailed the morning light, and how gladly I heard the welcome news that the water had fallen, and we might risk the crossing. This we accomplished with some danger, and soon found ourselves in the great city of It—, which has flourished extensively on paper, and so far on the ground, that a hotel of immense dimensions had been projected and the frame raised, with a small addition at one end, which was the only part of the building made habitable. It probably remains to this day in the same condition, a monument of the folly of western speculators.—The only motive I could assign for erecting such a building there was as a *hospital*, as scarce any inhabitants remain—the few that escaped the fever with their lives, having long since been wise enough to remove.—We had still another detention here, for the river, which during the summer months could be stepped across, was now a raging torrent of some three hundred feet in width, and could only be crossed in a boat, and that with some difficulty and danger. Here we waited until late in the day, while a boat was prepared to take us over. On the other side a conveyance provided by some of our friends, who had heard of our arrival, was in waiting to take us to our new home, and other friends met us on the way, rejoicing in the completion of our journey, and amused with the narrative of our adventures by "bold and flow," and when seated by the bright fire and cheerful hearth of our kind friends we felt truly that:

"The gleamings day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave bath bright from near it—
And twinkles through the darkest night,
Some solitary star to cheer it."

CURIOSITY:

A POEM.

DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE,

BEFORE THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

AUGUST 27, 1829.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

It came from Heaven—its power archangels knew,
When this fair globe first counted to their view;
When the young sun revealed the glorious scene
Where oceans gathered and where lands grew green;
When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarmed,
And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warmed:
It reigned in Eden—when that man first woke,
Its kindling influence from his eye-balls spoke;
No roving childhood, no exploring youth
Led him along, till wonder chilled to truth;
Full-formed at once, his subject world he trod,
And gazed upon the labors of his God;
On all by turns his chartered ground was cast,
While each pleased bent as each appeared the last;
When Eve came, in nature's blemished pride,
Boss of his bone, his heart, and animated side,
All manner objects faded from his sight,
And sense turned giddy with the new delight;
Those charmed his eye, but this enraptured his soul,
Another self, queen-wonder of the whole!
Rapt at the view, in ecstacy he stood,
And, like his Maker, saw that all was good.

It reigned in Eden—in that heavy hour
When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,
His thrilling charm her yielding heart assailed,
And even o'er dread Jehovah's word prevailed.
There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew,
And hung its mystic apples to her view:
"Eat," breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise,
"Ye shall know all things, gather, and be wise!"
Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole,
And roused the Ruling Intelligence of her soul.
"Ye shall become like God"—transcendent fate!
That God's command forgot, she plucked and ate;
Ate, and her partner lurd to share the crime,
Whose wo, the legend saith, must live through time.
For this they shrink before the Avenger's face,
For this He drove them from the sacred place;
For this came down the universal flood,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

It came from heaven—it reigned in Eden's shade—
It roves on earth—and every walk invades:
Childhood and age alike its influence own,
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hange a'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low it turns,
With terror curdles and with rapture burns;
Now feels a serpent's throb, now, less than man's,
A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jays,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

'Tis CURIOSITY—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar kneel!
In the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills his white hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange horn,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum,
Each gilded toy, that dazing love bestows,
He hugs to break and every spring exposes.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you and of that to ask;
And, when the waning hour to bed-ward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his side,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more.

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
Takes him between your knees, peruses his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tells him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens and spread the rolling earth,

Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run,
Who filled the air, the forest and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort or for food;
Tell him they spring at God's errand nod—
He stops you short with, "Father, who made God?"

Thus through life's stages may we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour.
It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and frozen seas to roam;
By air-blown bubbles lured he bids him rise,
And hang, as atoms in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels and communers with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he gains to love,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.

Turn to the world—its curious dwellers view,
Like Paul's Abominosa, seeking Something New.
Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth bog,
A murder, or a muster, 'tis the same,
Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame.
Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air,
How the roused multitude comes round to stare;
Sport drops his ball, Toil throws his hammer by,
Thrill breaks a bargain off, to please his eye;
Up fly the windows, even fair mistress cook,
Through dinner burn, to see the new look.
In the thronged court the tuling passion read,
Where Story dooms, where Wirt and Webster plead;
Yet kindred minds alone their flights shall trace,
The herd press on to see a cut-throat's face.
Around the gallows' foot behold them draw,
When the lost villain answers to the law;
Soft souls, how anxiously they gaze to gloat,
When the vile crowd shall tighten round his throat!
And ah! each hard-bought stand to quit how grieved,
As the sad rumor runs—"The man's reprieved!"
See to the church the pious myriads pour,
Squeeze through the lanes and jostle round the door;
Does Langdon preach of hell, his quiet name,
Who serves his God and cannot stoop to fame?
No, 'tis some reverend mime, the latest rage,
Who thumps the deak that should have bled the stage;
Cant's voracious rancor crams a house if new,
When Paul himself, oft heard, would hardly fill a pew.

Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded Stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age;
There, where to raise the drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne,
There, where grown children gather round, to praise
The new-ramped legends of their nursery days;
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to shame,
Than ten of Channing's lectures can reclaim;
There, where in idiot rapture we adore
The herded vagabonds of every shore;
Women unsexed, who, lost to woman's pride,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride;
Pert laughing girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;
Neat-jointed mimmers, mocking nature's shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;
Villagers, who, rightly served at home, perchance
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,
Where sin holds carnival and wit keeps lent;
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,
One sex to laugh and one to try to blush,
When miming Revient sports tight pantalottes,
And turns fops' heads while taring piquettes;
There, at each ribald rally, where we hear
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer,
While from the intellectual gallery first
Rolls the base plaudits, loudest at the worst.

Gods! who can grace yon desecrated dome,
When he may turn his Shakespeare o'er at home?
Who there can group the pure ones of his race,
To see and hear what bids him veil his face?
Ask ye who can't why I and you and you;
No matter what the nonsense, if 'tis new,
To Doctor Logie's wit our sons give ear,
They have no time for Hamlet, or for Lear;
Our daughters turn from gentle Juliet's wo,
To count the twirls of Almásy's toe.

Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat,
But ours, who through the board and grossly eat:
We laud, indeed, the virtue-kindling Stage,
And prate of Shakespeare and his deathless page;
But go, announce his beat, on Cooper call;
Cooper, "the noblest Roman of them all!"
Where are the crowds so wont to choke the door?
'Tis an old thing, they've seen it all before.

Pray Heaven, if yet indeed the Sage must stand,
With guiltless mirth it may delight the land;
Far better else each scenic temple fall,
And one approving silence curtain all,
Despots to shame may yield their riling youth,
But freedom dwells with purity and truth;
Then make the effort, ye who rule the Stage,
With novel decency surprise the age;
Even wit, so long forgot, may play its part,
And nature yet have power to melt the heart;
Perchance the listeners, to their instinct true,
May fancy common sense—"t were surely Something New.

Turn to the Press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and wrecks,
Harangues and hall-storms, brawls and broken necks;
Where half-dressed bards on feeble plumes seek
An immortality of near a week;
Where cruel eulogists the dead restore,
In madman praise to martyr them once more;
Where ruffian slanderers wreak their coward spite,
And need no venomed dagger while they write:
There, (with a quill, so noisy and so vain,
We almost hear the goose it clothed complain,)
Where each back scribe, as he writes inest burns,
Toad or loud-water, stains the page by turns;
Ereasts virtue, usurps the critic's chair,
Lauds a mock Guido, or a mouthing player;
Viceroy's it o'er the realms of prose and rhyme,
Now puffs out "Pelham," now "The Course of Time!"
And though ere Christmas both may be forgot,
Vows this brain Milton, and that Walter Scott;
With Samson's vigour feels his nerves expand,
To overthrow the nobles of the land;
Sells the green garlands that for Odis bloom,
And plants a briar even on Cabot's tomb;
As turn the party copiers, heads or tails,
And now this faction and now that prevail,
Applauds to-day what yesterday he cursed,
Lampoons the wisest and extols the worst;
While hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
Which sullies most, the slander or the praise.

Yet, sweet or bitter, hence what fountains burst,
While still the more we drink the more we thirst:
Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the page has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needs by,
And reads her schoolmaster's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old cronny gone;
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town:
Lively or sad, life's meanness, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings;
Nought comes amiss, we take the sauciest stuff,
Vergil or oil, a libel or a puff.

'Tis this sustains that coarse, licentious tribe
Of south-pastry typesetters, paying for a bribe;
That rapscallion race, with all that's good at strife,
Who trail their slime through every walk of life;
Stain the white tablet where a great man's name
Stands proudly circled by the hand of fame,
Nor round the sacred freeds dare to crawl,
But drop their venom there, and poison all.

'Tis Curiosity—though in its round,
Not one poor dupe the calumny has found,
Still shall it live, and still new slanders breed;
What though we no'er believe, we buy and read:
Like Scotland's war-cross, thrown from hand to hand,
To rouse the angry passions of the land, j
So the black falsehood flies from ear to ear,
While goodness grieves, but, grieving, still must bear.

All are not such? O no, there are, thank Heaven,
A nobler troop to whom this truth is given:
Who, all unbribed, on freedom's ramparts stand,
Faithful and firm, bright warders of the land.
By them still lifts the Press its arm abroad,
To guide all-curious man along life's road:

To cheer young genius, pity's tear to start,
In truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart;
O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,
And scourge the unsexed thing that scorns her God;
To hunt corruption from his secret den,
And show the monster up, the gaze of wondering men.

How swells my theme! how vain my power I find,
To track the windings of the curious mind;
Let ought be hid, though useless, nothing boots,
Straightway it must be plucked up by the roots.
How oft we lay the volume down to ask
Of him, the victim in the Iton Mask;
The trusted medal rub with painful care,
To spill the legend out—that is not there;
With dubious gaze o'er mossgrown tombstones bend,
To find a name—the herald never penned;
Dig through the lava-dug city's breast,
Learn all we can, and wisely guess the rest:
Ancient or modern, sacred or profane,
All must be known and all obscure made plain;
If 't was a pippin tempted Eve to sin,
If glorious Byrroo drugged his muse with gin;
If Troy n'er stood, if Shakespeare stole a deer,
If Iarna's missing crimes found refuge here:
If like a villain Catesby lied,
If like a martyr Captain Morgan died.

In aim oft idle, lovely in its end,
We turn to look, then linger to bemoan;
The maid of Egypt thus was led to save
A nation's future leader from the wave:
Now things to hear when erst the Gentiles ran,
Truth closed what Curiosity began:
How many a noble art, now widely known,
Owes its young impulse to this power alone:
Even in its slightest working we may trace
A deed that changed the fortunes of a race:
Bruce, banished and hunted on his native soil,
With curious eye surveyed a spider's toil;
Six times the little climber strove and failed;
Six times the chief before his foe had quailed:
"Once more," he cried, "or I thin my doom I read,
Once more I dare the fight, if thou succeed!"
"I was done—the insect's fate he made his own,
Once more the battle waged, and gained a throne.

Behold the sick man in his easy chair;
Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,
How every passing trifle proves its power
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour.
As down the pane the rival raine drops chase,
Curious he 'll watch the one which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight
He 'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.
So with each newborn oathing rolls the day,
Till some kind neighbor, stumbling in his way,
Draws up his chair the sufferer to amuse,
And makes him happy while he tells—The News.

The News! o'er morning, noon, and evening cry;
Day unto day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some confided friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?" then lay him in the ground;
To this the breakfast sips his sweetest zest,
For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unrested.

What gives each tale of scandal to the street,
The kitchen's wonder and the parlor's treat!
See the pert housemaid to the keyhole fly,
When husband's stories, wife's frets, or lovers sigh;
See Tom your pockets ransack for each note,
And read your secrets while he cleans your coat;
See, yes, to listen even Madam doze,
When the smug sempstress pours her ready strain.
This wings the lie that malice breeds in fear,
No tongue so vile but finds a kindred ear;
Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly,
Caught by Paul Fry and carried home to Polly;
On this each fop calculator leans,
And nods and blinks as if the story means;
Full well he knows that latent wildfire lies
In the close whisper and the dark surmise;
A muffled word, a wordless wink has woke
A warmer throb than if a Dexter spoke;
And he, o'er Everett's periods who would nod,
To track a secret half the town has trod.

O Thou, from whose rank breath no art can save,
Nor sacred virtue nor the powerless grave,
Felon unwhipped! than whom in yonder collie,
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,
Blush—if of honest blood a drop remains,
To steel its lonely way along thy veins;
Blush—if the brown, long harden'd on thy cheek,
Has left a spot where the poor drop can speak;
Blush to be branded with the Slanderer's name,
And though thou dread at no sin, at least dread shame.
We hear indeed, but shudder while we hear
The insidious falchion and the heartless jeer;
For each dark label that thou lick'st in to shape,
Thou may'st at from law, but not from scorn escape;
The pointed finger, cold, avenged eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

The churl, who holds it heresy to think,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets first of fools,
Who never found what good from science grow,
Save the grand truth, that oos and one are two,
And marvels Bowditch e'er a book should pore,
Unless to make those two turn into four;
Who, placed where Catkill's fowlsched greets the sky,
Grieves that such quaries all upbown should lie;
Or, gazing where Niagara's torrens thrill,
Exclaims, "A monstrous stream—to turn a mill!"
Who loves to feel the blessed winds of heaven,
But as his freighted barks are portward driven;
Eveo be, across whose brain scarer darts to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep;
Who o'er learned life's real bliss to know—
With Curiosity even he can grow.

Go, seek him out on yon dear Gotham's walk,
Where traffic's ventures meet to trade and talk;
Where Mammon's votaries bend, of each degree,
The hard-eyed lender, and the pale loanee;
Where rogues insolvent strut in whitewashed pride,
And above the dupes who trusted them aside.
How through the buzzing crowd he threads his way,
To catch the flying rumour of the day;
To learn of changing stocks, of bargains crossed,
Of breaking merchants, and of cargoes lost;
The thousand life that traffic's wake invades,
And give the heart-ache to the sons of trade.
How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries—"I told you so!"
The thriftless fellow lingers beyond his means,
To guess the wealth he loves his careless heir;
What career he for the knave, the knave's sad wife,
The blighted prospects of an anxious life?
The kindly throbs that other men control,
No'er melt the ice of the miser's soul;
Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incensation of fat dividends;
But when to death he sinks, unrieved, unused,
Booied by the blessing of no mortal tongue;
No worth rewarded and no want redressed,
To rector fragrance round his place of rest,
What shall that hallowed epitaph supply—
The universal we when good men die!
Cold Curiosity shall linger there,
To guess the wealth he loves his careless heir;
Perchance to wonder what must be his doom,
In the far land that lies beyond the tomb;
Alas! for him, if, in his awful plan,
Heaven deal with him as he hath dealt with man.

Child of romance, these work-day scenes you spurn,
For loftier things your finer pulses burn;
Through nature's walks your curious way you take,
Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,
Her spring's first cheerful glow, her autumn's last,
Born in the bosom, or dying in the blast;
You climb the mountain's everlasting wall,
You linger where the thunder-waters fall,
You love to wander by old ocean's side,
And hold communion with its sullen tide;
Washed to your foot some fragment of a wreck,
Fancy shall build again the crowded deck
That trod the waves, till mid the tempest's frown,
The sepulchre of living men went down.
Yet fancy, for her milder, tenderer glow,
But dreams what Curiosity would know;
Ye would stand listening, as the booming gun
Proclaimed the work of agony half done;
There would ye drink each drowning seaman's cry,
As wild to Heaven he cast his frantic eye;

Though rain all aid, though pity's blood ran cold,
The mortal havoc you would dare behold !
Still Curiosity would wait and weep,
Till all sank down to slumber in the deep.

Nor yet apposed the spirit's restless glow,
He would explore the gloomy waste below,
There, where the joyful ocean's waves never fell,
Where ocean's uncorrupted monsters dwell ;
Where sleep earth's precious things,—her rifted gold,—
Bones bleached by ages,—bodies hardly cold,
Of those who bowed to fate in every form,
By battle-strife,—by pliate, or by storm :
The sailor chief, who for ocean's waves died,
Wrapped in the sacred flag for which he died ;
The wretch thrown over to the midnight foam,
Stabbed in his blessed dreams of love and home ;
The mother, with her fleshless arms still clasped
Round the scared infant that to death she grasped :
On these, and sights like these, ye long to gaze,
The mournful trophies of uncounted days !
All that the miser dead has brooded o'er,
Since its first billow rolled to find a shore.

Once more, the Press—not that which daily flings
Its fleeting ray across life's fleeting things—
See tomes on tomes of fancy and of power,
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his boldest hour.
Now fiction's groves we tread, where young romance
Laps the glad senses in her sweetest dream ;
Nave through earth's cold, unperfumed realms we range,
And mark each rolling century's awful change,—
Torn back the tide of ages to its head,
And board the wisdom of the honoured dead.

'Twas Heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,
And read new novels through a rainy day ;
Add but the Spanish weed, the bard was right ;
'Tis heaven, the opiate heaven of calm delight ;
The world forgot, to all our senses dead,
While round one's head the smoky perfumes wind,
Firm in one band the ivory folder clasped,
Scott's uncut latest by the other grasped,
'Tis heaven the ruling graphic page to turn,
And feel within the ruling passion burn ;
Now through the dimness of the storm is up in power,
And now through lands that wear a sunnier smile,
To follow Him, that all-creative One,
Who never found a "brother near his throne."

Look now, directed by your candle's blaze,
Where the false shutter fall its trust betrays—
Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
Its curtains round her polished shoulders spread ;
Dark midnight reigns,—the storm is up in power ;
What keeps her waking in that dreary hour ?
See where the volume on her pillow lies—
Claims Radcliffe or Chaptone those frequent sighs ?
'Tis some wild legend—now her kind eye fills,
And now cold terror every fibre chills ;
Still she reads on—no fiction's labyrinth lost,
Of fragrant fables, and of true love crossed ;
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffined bones,
Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dogwood door ;—
Still she reads on—even though she read the fears,
And in each keyhole, moan strange voices hear,
While every shadow that withdraws her look,
Glazes in her face, the gobble of her book ;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast,
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last ;
Counts what remain, now sights there are no more,
And now even those half-tampered to skip o'er ;
At length, the bed all killed, the good all pleased,
Her thirsting Curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

Her bright, her bloody records to unroll,
See history come, and wake the inquiring soul ;
How bounds the bosom at each wondrous deed
Of those who founded empires of those who freed ;
The good, the valiant of our own lov'd clime,
Whose names shall brighten through the clouds of time.
How rapt we linger o'er the volumed lore
That tracks the glories of each distant shore ;
In all their grandeur and in all their gloom,
The throned, the thralled, the dimly from the tomb ;
Chiefs, sages, bards, the giants of their race,
Earth's mountr men, her greatness and her grace ;
Warmed as we read, the poet's page we spurs,
And to each ear, each far arena turn ;

Here, where the Pilgrim's altar first was built,
Here, where the patriot's life-blood first was split ;
There, where new empires spread along each spot
Where old ones flourished, but to be forgot,
Or, dire judgment, spared to fill a page,
And with their errors warn an after age.

And where is he upon that Rock can stand,
Nor with their firmness feel his heart expand,
Who a new empire planted where they trod,
And gave it to their children and their God ?
Who yon immortal mountains—hine bath pressed,
With saintlier relics stored than priest's or blessed,
But felt each grateful pulse more warmly glow,
In voiceless reverence for the dead below ?
Who, too, by Curiosity led on,
To tread the shores of kingdoms come and gone,
Where faith her martyrs to the faint led,
Where freedom's champion on the scaffold bled,—
Where ancient power, though stripped of ancient fame,
Curbed, but not crushed, still lives for guilt and shame,
But prouder, happier, turns on home to gaze,
And thanks his God who gave him better days ?

Undraw yon curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendour, yet where all is gloom ;
Why weeps that mother ? why, in positive mood,
Group noiseless round that little, lively brood ?
The battlescore is still,—laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its customary nook.
Who hath done this ? what cold, supplanting foe
Hath made this house the dwelling place of woe ?
'T is he, the husband, father, lost in care,
O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there ;
The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand,
Bears him to-morrow from his native land.
Why tures he, half unwilling, from his home,
To tempt the ocean and the earth to roam ?
Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush ;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honored and so blessed, what bids him go ?
His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead ;
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime ;
The pagan's temple and the churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain and wisdom's greenest bower ;
All that his wonder woke in school-boy tomes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams :
Where Socrates once taught he thrives clay,
Where Homer poured his everlasting lay,
From Virgil's tomb he longs to pluck one flower,
By Acon's stream to live one moonlight hour ;
To pause where Egead "garners up" her great,
And drop a patriot's tear to Milton's fate ;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old ;
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of man ;—
For these he goes, self-banished from his hearth,
And wings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

Yet say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When group round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return ?
Return, alas ! he shall return no more.
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore.
Look once again—cold in his cabin cot,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow ;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, their sacred way to weep ;
Kind woman's place rough murmur supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing who he died.
Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear ;
Even there the spirit that is true,
The crew look on with sad, but curious view ;
The settling sun flings round his face rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays ;
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath-hour ;
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid ;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace ;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, behead no more ;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

"Alps rise on Alps"—in vain my muse essays

To lay the spirit that the daisies raise :
What spreading scenes of splendour and of woe,
With rose and cypress lure me as I go.
In every question and in every glance,
In folly's wonder and in wisdom's trance,
In all of life, nor yet of life alone,
In all beyond, this mighty power we owe,
We would unduly by the mystic book of fate,
And trace the pulse of all we love and hate ;
The father's heart would learn his children's doom,
Even when that heart is crumbling in the tomb ;
If they must sink in guilt, or soar to fame,
And leave a hated, or a hallowed name,
By hope elated, or depressed by doubt,
Even in the death-pang he would find it out.

What boots it to your dust, your son was born
An empire's idol or a rabbin's scorn ?
Think ye the franchised spirit shall return,
To share his triumph, his disgrace to mourn ?
Ah ! Curiosity, by thee inspired,
This truth to know how oft has man inquired !
And is it fancy all that can reason say
Earth's loves most mouldier with earth's mouldering clay ?
That death can chill the father's sacred glow,
And hush the throbs that none but mothers know ?
Must we believe those tones of dear delight,
The morning welcome and the sweet good-night,
The kind monition and the well earned praise,
That was and warned us in our earlier days,
Turned, as they fell, to cold and common air ?—
Speak, proud philosophy, the truth declare.

Yet no, the fond delusion, if no more,
We would not yield for wisdom's cheerless lore ;
A tender creed they hold, who dare believe
The dead return, with them to joy or grieve,
How sweet, while lingering slow on shore or hill,
When all the pleasant sounds of earth are still,
When the round moon rolls through the unpillared skies,
And stars look down as they were angels' eyes,
How sweet to deem our lost, adored ones nigh,
And hear their voices in the night-wind's sigh,
Full many an idle dream that hope had broke,
And the awed heart to holy goodness woke ;
Full many a felon's guilt to thought had died,
Fearing be his father's spirit by his side ;—
That let that fear, that hope control the mind,
Still let us question, still no answer find ;
Let Curiosity of Heaven inquire,
Nor earth's cold dogmas quench the eternal fire.

Nor ever to life, nor death, nor time confined—
The dead hereafter fill the exploring mind ;
We burst the grave, profane the coffin's lid,
Unwisely ask of all so wisely hid ;
Eternity's dark record we would read,
Mysteries, unravelled yet by mortal creed ;
Of life to come, unending joy and woe,
And all that holy wranglers dream below ;
To find their jarring dogmas out we long,
Or which is right, or whether all be wrong ;
Things of an hour, we would invade His throne,
And find out Him, the Everlasting One !
Faith we may boast, unshaken by a doubt,
We thirst to find each a wful secret out ;
Hope may sustain, and Innocence impart
Her sweet specific to the fearless heart,
The inquiring spirit will not be controlled,
We would make certain all, and all behold.

Unfathomed web-head of the boundless soul !
Whose living waters lure us as they roll,
From thy pure wave one thoughtless hope we draw—
Man, man, at least shall spurn proud nature's law.
All that have breath, but, ah, lie down content,
Life's purpose served, indeed, when life is spent ;
All as in Paradise the same are found ;
The beast, whose footstep shakes the solid ground,
The insect, whose plain court the sunbeam's fire ;
The bird, whose whistled notes the rainbow's fire ;
In lair and nest, in way and want, the same
As when their sire sought Adam for a name :
Their be all and their end-all here below,
They nothing need beyond, nor need to know ;
Earth and her boards their every want supply,
They revel, rest, their life, their lifeless die.
But Man, his Maker's likeness, lord of earth,
Who owes to nature little but his birth,
Shakes down her puny chains, her wants and woes,
One world subdues, and for another glows.

See him, the feeblest, in his cradle laid ;
See him, the mightiest, in his mid arrayed !
How wide the gulf be clear, how bold the flight
That bears him upward to the realms of light !
By restless Curiosity inspired,
Through all his subject world he roves untired ;
Looks back and scans the infant days of yore,
O'er to the time when time shall be no more ;
Even to life's parting throbs its spirit burns,
And shut from earth to heaven more warmly turns.

Shall he alone, of mortal dwellers here,
Thus soar aloft, to sink in mid career ?
Less favoured than a worm, shall his stern doom
Lock up these scrapp longings in the tomb ?—
O Thor, whose fingers raised us from the dust,
Till there we sleep again, be this our trust :
This sacred hunger marks the immortal mind,
By Thee 'twas given, for Thee, for Heaven designed ;
There the rapt spirit, from earth's grossness freed,
Shall see, and know, and be like Thee indeed.

Here let me pause—no further I rehearse
What claims a loftier soul, a nobler verse
Than the mountain's foot I have but loitered round,
Ner dared to peer its highest, holiest ground ;
But ventured on the prickly slope to stray,
While the broad ocean all before me lay ;—
How bright the boundless prospect there on high ;
How rich the pearls that have all hidden lie ;
But not for me—to life's coarse service sold,
Whence thought lies barren, and naught breeds but gold—
Thou, ye favoured ones, all whose command,
From the cold world I ventured, here to stand :
Ye who are lapped in wisdom's murmuring bowers,
Who still to bright improvement yield your hours ;
To you the privilege and the power belong
To give my theme the grace of living song ;
Yours be the flapping of the eagle's wing,
To dare the loftiest crag and heavenward spring ;
Mine the light task to hop from spray to spray,
Blessed if I claim one golden hour away.

One summer hour—its summer hands have run,
And the poor labour of the bard is done—
Yet, ere I fling aside my humble lyre,
Let one fond wish its trembling strings inspire ;
Fancy the task to Feeling shall resign,
And the heart prompt the warm, untortured line.
Praise to this ancient spot! here, as of old,
May learning dwell and all her stores unfold ;
Still may her priests around these altars stand,
And train to truth the children of the land ;
Bright be their paths, within these shades who rest,
Those brother-bards—beneath his guidance blessed
Who with their fathers have turned wisdom's page,
Who comes to them the Statesman and the Sage.
Praise be his portion in his labours here,
The praise that cheered a Kilkland's mild career ;
The love that finds in every breath a shrine,
When zeal and gentleness with wisdom join.
Here may he sit, while race succeeding race
Go proudly forth his parson care to grace ;
In head and heart by him prepared to rise,
To take their stations with the good and wise ;
This crowning recompense to him be given,
To see them guard on earth and guide to heaven ;
Thus in their talents, in their virtues blessed,
O be his ripest years his happiest and his best.

A HERMIT.—There is living upon Staten Island, an old man who has devoted himself to the rigid and solitary life of the hermit. He has out stretched a rude hut in the middle of a forest belonging to Ald. Coburn, who he passes both day and night refusing to hold communication with his fellow men, and living wholly upon cold water. He was formerly a sailor; and the only reason he can give for his hermitic delusion, is, that he was very wild and wicked in his youth, and that God in order to punish him, has now commanded him to live upon water for the space of forty days—Forty days of these days of penance have already passed, yet he persists in adhering to his simple diet. He is somewhat pale and emaciated, and we are told, but quite vigorous and active. During the last summer he took the same notion into his head, but after eleven days fasting, found out that his punishment was remitted for a time. It is said that upon him, and he thinks he will be able to endure to the end.—N. Y. Post.

LITTLE'S POEMS.—Thomas Moore, who in early life published some poetry under a feigned name whose distinguished characteristics was essentially, is said in his more mature years, to have frequently expressed his sorrow at having written them. A friend once asked, "When did you first regret having written these poems, Mr. Moore?" "When I had a daughter old enough to read them," was the emphatic reply.

EXTRACT FROM "TITIAN."
A ROMANCE OF VENICE, BY R. SHELTON PACKENKIE.

THE CHILDHOOD OF A GREAT PAINTER.

"To other days, Signore, when hope was young, and Fancy freely ranged, unfettered by the cares and struggles of life, I loved to imagine some resemblance between the fortunes of Giovanni Cimabue, and my own. I speak of Cimabue, the Florentine, who awoke for our Italy, the lovely Genius of Painting, which had been entranced during long, long centuries. Like him, my love of art had been early and vividly manifested; like him I had applied my very soul to its prosecution; like him I was of noble blood, and waiving all assumption on that account, dreamed that, like him, it might be mine to achieve a fame which would make my name brighter than of yore, and make art gain for it a loftier and more enduring lustre than my ancestors had won by arms. It was a wild hope, but I long found it a sustaining one. I have become wiser and sadder now, for the wings of fancy are clipped, and her spirit broken.

"Long before Cadore, to the Friuli, was conquered for Venice, my fathers had high rank to that province; it is scarcely two centuries since one of them was elected its Governor. The family of the Vercelli have continued to hold office under the Signorials, and, even now, my grandfather is Podesta of the Pieve del Cadore.

"My father, Gregorio Vercelli, was very fortunate in marriage with the Signora Lucia da Udine, the marriage, were a daughter and two sons, of whom I am the youngest. In the course of years the fortunes of my house had gradually declined, and with a pride which (because they did not understand it) may have condemned, the Vercelli have ceased to bear the distinguishing title of nobility conferred upon one of our houses for his services to the perilous war of Chioggia. His name is written in the *Libro d'Oro* of Venice, as one of the *Nobili della Guerra di Genova*, and should there ever dawn the day of a more auspicious fortune, we may claim and resume the title we have voluntarily laid aside. We might, it is true, have retained a rank which is a mockery where there is no wealth to support its dignity; like the degraded Barnabois, we might have debased ourselves by dancing attendance upon more wealthy nobles, the ministers and tools of their ambition, glad to accept a daily dole as the price of the debasement; we might have sued the Senate for a license to beg, have assumed the garb and humility of the Vergognosi, and suppliantly held out a *cartoccio*, for casual alms—but we thought it nobler to be men than mendicants, and to lay aside a profuse dignity which our means could not support, rather than degrade it by unworthiness.

"My mother involuntarily cherished many of the superstitions of her native land, as is the case very frequently, with those who pass their lives in the country, where such belief is rarely challenged. A few weeks before my birth, she had a strange dream or vision, which made a great impression upon her mind, and may have somewhat influenced my own fate. She dreamed that from our dwelling sprang a tree which, advancing to maturity by slow but steadily growing steps, shot up into an immense size, and spread extensively, until, at last, its mighty canopy of leaves and branches overshadowed the land, while the rich perfume from its blossoms filled the air, and, at the same time, its golden fruitage surpassed any that had ever before been seen. There were not wanting those who declared that they knew how to interpret the mystery of dream, and one of these—an aged man whose head was hoary with the snows of an hundred years—read this vision, and declared that the child, which would speedily be born, would obtain such fame as one day was to fill the earth! To his word, Signore, that fond mother has a firm belief in the truth of this prediction;—as you, there seems scanty chance of its fulfilment.

"St. Titian, Bishop of Udine, was one of our ancestors, and as my birth took place upon the day destined to him, his name was given to me—in the hope, perhaps, that the compliment might propitiate his sanctity. Hitherto he has been culpably inattentive to the fortunes of his namesake!

"When I was scarcely seven years old, Giovanni Egnazio visited Cadore. He was a ripe scholar, and, above all men whom I have ever known, possessed the faculty of communicating knowledge, by exciting a desire for its attainment. Not from books alone did he give his lessons. The ample page of Nature lay before him, and he drew instructions from the objects around us. He loved, also, to dwell upon bright achievements in the world of thought, and what he related sank so deeply into my mind that I speedily outstripped my brother, Franciano, in the study of letters.

"Whether governed by the patriarchs of Grado, the princes of Tyrol, the lords of Cambrino, or the Signorials of Venice, the province of Cadore has always preserved its own laws, magistracies and institutions.—One of the last provides for the appointment of masters, by whom letters may be taught to all destined for a liberal profession, without their being compelled to leave their birth-place. Hence, Signore, arises that love of home which distinguishes us of Cadore above all other Italians. My father succeeded in this, and Egnazio appointed one of the public teachers at Cadore, and Franciano and myself were educated by him.—To follow the eagle to his fanciful haunts—to chase the ibex on the hills—to fly his falcon—to send the arrow break to the centre of the mark—to exert with the sword—to break the wild steed which none else dare back—to seek danger and to face it were my brother's peculiar delight, and, dearly as he loved me, there was as much shown as pity to his look and speech for the child (for I was four years his junior), who re-

turned to pore over the pages of romance and poetry, and whose chief happiness was to dream away the hours in wild uncertain aspirations for future fame. You smile, Signore, but it was ever thus with me; although then little more than eight years old, I had day dreams of glory—bright visions of renown! I, too, can almost smile now at the almost unbelief of a boy, the premature fancies of childhood. But the precepts and the lore of Egnazio, (reduced by his kindness to my youthful comprehension), had made a vivid impression upon my mind, and so thoroughly was it given up to these imaginings, that I was wont to frame a continuous romance of which I was the chief actor; to body forth, in this vision of my fancy, persons and scenes, and to imagine noble adventures in which mine would be a striking part. And this habit of building castles in the air became so habitual and so ardent, that when my musings were interrupted I could instantly suspend them, having the power of readily renewing the broken thread of thought when I pleased, and of throwing my mind into abstraction and invention, with as much ease as if I were but resuming the pursuit of a narrative I had laid down only an hour before.

"My kind teacher, Egnazio, did not discourage such fancies. It was as if, he said, that high deeds would be born of coming days, and that seldom was man eminent in after-life whose thoughts had not thus become the searchers of his heart in youth. Ever anxious was he to excite the ambition of his pupils—to such of them, at least, as he believed to possess higher faculties than the rest. I know not how it chanced, but he perceived in me a strange aptitude. He used often to invite me to a ramble with him among the hills that sheltered our home, and then he would speak to me of men whose daring had changed their words into sceptres, and their steel morions into jewelled crowns—of statesmen, whose wisdom had been the shield and salvation of their country. The beautiful fictions of mythology, hallowed by time and tradition into yet deeper beauty, sometimes furnished him matter for discourse. To Egnazio was as if everything was truth—child though I was, I delighted, with excited and instructed spirit, in the lore he taught me.

"Nor was it solely of the events, recorded by history and moralized upon by a far-looking philosophy, that I thus gained the knowledge, in these walks, the memory of which is grateful to me yet. My instructor also told me of Song and Art, and these subjects soon won my interest. He spoke of Homer, an aged and sightless man, wandering through the land whose language his genius made immortal, and leaving a fame growing on with growing time. I heard how the world's ruler, Alexander, treasured his songs beside his pillow by night, and daily read them amid the perils of war, the cares of empire, and the distractions of pleasure. And, as I heard, my young heart panted with the desire to understand the poet's spirit, and poetry, and to conquer, as Alexander or a dream of Ambition, and, through long ages, shed the halo of renown upon an old man, else so obscure that the place of his birth is unknown.

"Thus, Egnazio—the schoolmate and friend of Cardinal da Medici—constantly stirred up the ambition of a child, even from its very depths, by informing me what the minds of famous men had achieved, with lesser and greater knowledge than, in those days, could be gained by us. Nor did he limit his instruction to the examples drawn from the great and gifted of distant days and climes. He read for me—sparing neither sagacious comment nor wise interpretation—from the sublime revelations of Dante, the passionate heart-strains of Petrarca, the sportive yet often pathetic fictions of Boccaccio, the truthful stories of Sacchetti, the characteristic liveliness of Pecorone, the delicate harmonies of Conti, the quick satire of Poggio Bracciolini, and the chivalrous gale of Folio and Boiardo. If, thus early, I could not appreciate the beauty of these compositions nor comprehend the fullness of their meaning, yet the music of such poetry sank into my heart, and I scatched something for meditation from its sweetness and its power. I learned, too, from the varied story of their lives, as well as from their works, that Genius has a spell to conquer Time—that while princes often leave but a fleeting memory, it is for the gifted who had dug into the mine of intellect and brought forth the treasures of thought and fancy, to bequeath the Fame that outlives Empire. Egnazio had turned my thoughts to this subject, because, having seen some verse which I had attempted, his partiality, conquering his judgment, made him think that they showed something of promise.—But if there was poetry in my mind, it was not in the form of words that its development was to take place.

"Much as I loved the Poetry with which Egnazio made me familiar, my attention was more earnest where he spoke of its fair rival, Painting, which he told me, although glorious once, had been nearly forgotten until these latter days, when once more it had become a world's wonder.—When he spoke of other subjects, I was wont to question him much, for he delighted to reply to such inquiries; but when he spoke of Painting, he was unwilling, by interruption, to lose one thought of the lore he was pouring into my mind. Oh! with what rapt attention did I listen, while he told me how, in early Greece, Art was the graceful hand-maid of Religion; how there, beneath serene skies, and amid lovely scenes, its first essays were to represent the Divinities which imagination, elevated into faith, dreamed of as the habitation of the lofty mountains, the winding stream, the solemn grove, the flower-wreathed hill, the sun-bright sky. I was raised to the ideal, elevating the human to the divine. Art spread abroad a deep and refining glow of the Beautiful, touching thoughts and thoughts of common life with gentlest hues from heaven. He said that thus Art became poetry embodied in more palpable form than language, combining grace and beauty, sublimity and simplicity, to represent the divinities and heroes of the antique time, and to give to the cold marble, and to the recumbent stone the pencilled lives. He moralized, too,

upon the historical certainty that the Arts had always flourished best under theegis of Liberty, for that it was the attribute of political freedom to elevate and expand the mind. Egnazio stood me, also, how Gælius alone could not have wrought the high achievements that he named—that if the inspiration of Art soared beyond the earth, it was on the patient wings of Application—if the intellectual beauty of the heroic form, the sublimating grace of Western civilization, and the grandeur and softness of Nature's countless charms were admirably represented by chisel or pencil, Industry was the aid of Gælius in such wonders. He loved to narrate how, even in the full triumph of success, the great Apelles laid down the rule, which has become a proverb, that no day should pass without the exercise of his art—for Application is one of the secrets of Perfection—and upon my mind it was constantly impressed the truth that Art must combine Nature as well as Imagination; not alone the power to conceive and the skill to represent, but the judgement which corrects and improves, by imitating the fair creation with the hues, the aspect, and the language of Life.

"Deeply versed in the lore of Antiquity—that which has come down to us from the poets and the orators, the historians and the sages of Greece and Rome—Egnazio was wont to illustrate his conversations by frequent reference to them. And thus, Signore, at an age when others had scarcely entered the vestibule of knowledge, I had learned much of what History records of the early artists, and was familiar with the traditional recovers of their works. And then, while he told me that of most of what these men had done, little was left, except an uncertain memory, while their fame shined enduringly for all time, he instructed me how, for more than twelve hundred years the eloquent and truthful Arts they had made so perfect, had become torpid—now, when Freedom had from Greece, these arts which she had fostered and perfected had a sudden and long decline—how, two centuries ago, they had shone forth among the morning stars in the dawn of that recovered Liberty which dispensed, for our fair Italy, the cloud that long had overcast her—how when Letters were restored to our land, it was the noble ambition of Cimabue, (himself a scholar), to awake Painting from its trance and breathe the life of Poetry into her veins—and how the impulse thus given to Art thrilled through the mighty heart of Europe. He traced the onward course of Painting through Giotto and Masaccio, Antonio da Messina, and Domenico Veneziano, Andrea del Castagno and Uffiziandino, Mantegna and Luca Signorelli, down to that living master, the great Da Vinci, whom, if his colouring equalled his expression, composition and drawing, none may hope to surpass. And then, while my young spirit thrilled with emotion as I listened to such a theme, a voice within spoke to my heart: *I too shall be a Painter.*

"Just at this time, while these impressions were most vivid, there came an artist from the north—the Recipient of the Madonnae in Heaven, which now is the chief embellishment of the little church of the *Pièrre da Cadore*. He was the *Signore Antonio Rosi*, an able painter, but poor. My father invited him to reside with us while his occupation detained him at Cadore, and it became my daily delight to attend in the room which he used as his studio—to watch how the picture arose into beauty and reality; to see how the artist's hand disposed the lights and the shadows; how skillfully he made a harmony of tone by the contrast as well as the blending of the hues. From observing, I soon felt the ambitious desire to imitate him. It was a secret ambition, and the execution was secret, also.

"Nor was it easy to attempt what I had in view. Without principles, or the opportunity of procuring them, and afraid to discuss my design by asking *Signore Rosi* for the use of his—which, indeed, I could scarcely expect him to grant—I used the juices of flowers, and thus, rudely enough, made a small copy of his painting. For some days, I hoarded it up, as if it were a sin to have dreamed of such presumption, but, at last, my sister *Ursula*, (who alone was privy to the attempt), placed it before *Signore Rosi*, who was pleased to doubt whether a child, such as I was at the time, could have executed such a thing. Of this he speedily became satisfied, and protested that Nature had thus plainly indicated the profession I ought to follow. My kind teacher, Egnazio, applauded what I had done—my mother, mindful of that dream which had been interpreted to pre-figure my future eminence, insisted that I should become a Painter—and my father, whose authority extended to every house in *Cadine* (his own) was obliged to yield to her will and abandon his design of bringing me up for the Church. From that day, *Signore Rosi* began to instruct me in the principles of his art.

"Four months after I had thus given indication of a taste for painting, it was determined that I should proceed to Venice, for a full course of instruction, and there with my uncle, Antonio Vecelli, a counsellor of the law. He was my maternal uncle, and a proud man; for he had married *Signora Vicia*, only daughter of *Giacomo Coltroni*, of Brescia, Engineer to the Republic. I arrived in Venice before I had reached my tenth year, and lost no time in applying myself to the study of the art I loved so well. I had not been quite a year in Venice, when *Sebastiano Zuccati*, the Trevisan, (who had been specially brought to repair the mosaic roof of the Basilica of St. Mark), happened to visit at *Master Coltroni's* with whom my uncle resided, and there we came of my drawings. He was pleased to profess himself so much satisfied with them, that he frankly offered his aid to give me instruction. He is the most perfect master of mosaic whom Italy has ever produced, and his ability as a Painter would be scarcely less acknowledged, if he had sufficiently exercised it; but, excelling in the art of Mosaic, he was in such full and profitable employment, that he could have leisure to pursue the more lofty but less lucrative branch of Painting.

"In one point—which may have been taught him by the necessarily minute details of his daily practice in mosaic—*Sebastiano Zuccati* is distinguished beyond almost every painter whom we have yet seen in Venice. In accuracy of design—hitherto so much neglected here—his excellence is unsurpassed. The necessity of attending to correct drawing, he constantly impressed upon me during the four years I was his pupil, and from his precepts and example I have derived the desire of faithfully, because accurately, drawing from Nature.

"I had just passed my fourteenth year, when the excellent *Zuccati*, assisted by my old master *Rosi*, made interest to have me received as a pupil by *Giorgio Bellini*, who, with his brother *Giovanni*, was then painting in the Great Council Chamber of the Ducal Palace. The advantage of this was considerable, for the *Bellini* had long been eminent in Venice. But I remained only a short time with *Giorgio*, for he had just proposed to say what I thought of a painting of his brother's, I confessed that I preferred it to one upon the same subject, from his own pencil. Upon this unfortunate exercise of candour, which a craftier pupil would not have made, it pleased *Giorgio Bellini* to tell me, angrily, that as I thought so meanly of his performance, it was impossible that he was competent to instruct to me and difficult a critic. He requested me to remove from his dwelling with all convenient speed, and added, for my consolation, that my execution was so rapid, and my manner such a deviation from his own, that, unless I changed both, I would never be a painter! So much, *Signore*, for speaking the truth to an artist. Truly we are a capacious race—avaricious of criticism, yet sensitive of each other's faults, and ready to find a fault in our neighbour's work.

"But seeming evil is often the parent of real good, and as it was in this instance, *Giovanni Bellini*, hearing of what had occurred, immediately invited me to become his pupil, saying that it would be unfair to allow truth to be punished. And thus I profited by the exchange—*Giovanni* being a better painter than his brother.

"At this time, *Giorgio Barbanti*, of Castel Franco—better known to you, perhaps, as *Giorgione*—was also a pupil under the same master. He was three years my senior in age, and infinitely my superior in Art—I had been his fellow pupil for about two years, when, at the summons of a rich relative, whose heir he was, he visited Florence. There he saw the works of *Leonardo da Vinci*, and was immediately struck with the contrast between the hard and laboured manner of the *Bellini*, and the expressive grand which breathes life into the paintings of the Florentine. There, where *Cimabue* had revived the art, *Da Vinci* had reached perfection in it. Throwing off the too prevalent custom of imitating the antique rather than nature, in which the antique found its noblest models, he produced new and brilliant effects. He had the boldness, too, to deviate into a vigorous arrangement and employment of colour, and the boldness of a new and combining method of design, to adopt a correctness in drawing, which inferior artists can more readily vary than equal. Above all, happy in the possession of varied and extensive knowledge—for he is skilled in letters, music, mechanics, poetry, medicine, architecture, and mathematics—he culled a flower from every art to form the to adorning wreath with which he has crowned the brow of his Painting. He has the principles of his various sciences, and from anatomy he learned the correctness of the human form; from letters he gleaned the historic truth which gives reality in his works; from poetry he sought the expression of the loftiest thought; and from quick observation he saw that Nature was his best example. From works executed on such principles, *Giorgione* speedily perceived how cold and lifeless were the mere efforts of art which he had been wont to see at Venice, and, on his return from Florence, wholly forsaking the *Bellini*, busied himself with experiments upon the effects of light and shade. He made new combinations of tints—he studied greater accuracy of drawing—until, making a happy union of extreme vigour with great elevation of style, and rich loveliness of coloring, he formed a peculiar and successful manner, the novelty of which immediately drew public attention, while the brilliant execution showed that the innovator was an artist with ability equal to his boldness.

"About the same time that *Giorgione* struck into this bolder and freer style, I, also, had observed the defects of our Venetian painters. The *Signore Antonio Barbieri*, nephew to the late *Doge*, had brought some paintings from Florence, which I was, permitted to copy, and it was impossible to examine them without feeling that while *Da Vinci* had represented Nature, we of Venice had deviated from her. The error of *Bellini* was that they copied pictures rather than the realities which the pictures represented, until, at length, their test of excellence was the resemblance to the painted models, rather than the breathing form and the natural beauty.

"*Giovanni Bellini* had taught me how to design—but it was to design without grace and imagination. He looked upon the freedom of *Da Vinci's* manner as an unpardonable innovation, and when he found *Giorgione* succeeding in his adoption of that manner, his dislike to it was increased. I, also, lost favor in his eyes when he saw that I was infected with the same heresy. *Vesalius*, who is the best anatomist in Venice, had honored me with his friendship, and, at the time, contented to leave him for the purpose of my art, the construction of the human body—I, hence, *Signore*, any success of mine in the delineation of the human form. This knowledge, also, *Bellini* considered a breach of all precedent—because he had not studied anatomy—and his increasing dissatisfaction at my abandonment of his own former manner, as well as the gradual souring of his temper from the advance of age, made me anxious to leave him. —*Giorgione* had previously done. I did so, when I was not quite eighteen—nine weary years ago.

"I was all hope, for I had now reached the starting point—I was a Painter! Yet a painter who depends upon his pencil for his bread, may possess the powers of an Apelles, and never find an opportunity of having them acknowledged. But this was a thought of after-years. Now that I was an artist, I was too proud to demand assistance from the pencil of my uncle or the poetry of my father. I was young and ardent, and, above all, had that strong faith in my own powers which so much sustains all enterprise.

"It seemed, at first, as if success would have been immediate. The Signor Barberigo, who had accidentally made my acquaintance when I was Bellino's pupil, did me the honor to visit my humble studio shortly after I had produced the Art upon my own account. He gave me praise for the copies I had made of Da Vinci's paintings; he purchased two of them at a price that frugally supported me for the first year of my adventure, and—what was better still—at the end of that time, he employed me to paint his portrait. Nay more, so pleased was he with it, that he used his influence with some leading members of the Senate and (although some said that it was a task for one of the Bellini, while others declared that Giorgione alone could do it justice), obtained for me the distinction of taking the likeness of Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, to be hung in the Ducal Palace. I proceeded to Asolo, in the Trevisan mountains, which Venice had allotted as a residence for the unqueened Sovereign, and there had the fortune to produce a portrait which Signor Barberigo assured me most fully justified his high commendation of me to the Senate, and which five months after my arrival in Venice, for I have painted several copies of it, some of which have gone beyond the Alps.

"It was after I returned with this portrait, that Giorgione, who had sometimes availed himself of my assistance in his excursions and my dearth of employment, told me that he could dispense with it in future. Scanty consolation was it to think that thus, jealous of his rising fame, Domenico Ghislandi had, a little before, dismissed his pupil, Michel Angelo Buonarroti, from the same feeling of jealousy!

"It was natural to expect, after the general approval of my portrait of Queen Catarina, that I should now have success—but it did not reach me. Still, I kept up my hopes, for a long time. I visited my home at Cadore—the child who had left it years before, came back an eager, ardent man. My brother, Francesco Vecelli, who had frequently visited Venice while I was yet a youth, and had even for a time studied with me under Giovanni Bellini, had quitted our home. Better than pencil and palette, did he then love spear and sword. He had joined the army which Venice had raised, in league with Sforza and other princes, to drive King Charles of France out of Italy, and for his valor at our battle of Taro, which freed our soil from the invader, received (though little more than a strippling) the special thanks of Melchior Trivissino, who was one of the Venetian Provveditori in the campaign which that victory gloriously closed. He still remained in the Venetian service, advanced to the command of a squadron of the *Stradiotti*. Without him home was dull—I was impatient to resume my pencil, and speedily returned to Venice.

"There I found but occasional success. It was alleged that my style was but an imitation of the Giorgione—and some, who pretended to be connoisseurs of Art, openly affirmed, when Signor Barberigo showed them his portrait which I had taken, that it was from Giorgione's pencil, and certainly one of his finest pieces. When they were shown my name, which I had fortunately written to the dark corner of the picture, they were somewhat astonished; but the detection of their want of judgment made them yet more my enemies, and they every where repeated the accusation that I was nothing but a copyist of my rival. Now, my earliest pictures, which I painted for Giovanni Danna, of Viadara, before I had quitted Bellino, shew that, even then, I had abandoned the labored and hard manner of that master. Except what I painted for the Signori Danna and Barberigo, and a few which my uncle Antonio purchased, I sold few of my productions during the first six months of my probation. Yet still was true to my art. I knew but too well the jealous misers, and my vigils, my studies, my labours were all for her.

"Oh, the misery of unrequited labours!—the agony of heart, the self-humiliation, the heavy pressure of necessity which, during long years, I have endured. The lowest wants contending with the loftiest aims: sometimes needing the common necessities of life—living, as I have lived, for three days on six acorns—too sensitive not to feel and too proud to complain!—do you wonder that I have often envied the careless gondolier who pilots upon the Lagoon, for he had food and was without the elegant tastes which make a man enjoy competence, but doubly embitter war.

"It was not my own failure that most afflicted me!—no, nor the success of Giorgione, because I feel that he has amply deserved it. It was the constant iteration of one style—that I had merely copied my rival's style—for I certainly had invented, as soon as he had, that manner which mingles the coloring of the Bellini with the graceful freedom of Da Vinci. None but those who have felt it can tell how bitter and thankless it is to labor on with scarcely a hope that what he does will be appreciated by the world, or with fear that all claim to originality of conception may be whispered away. Give me, as a more hopeful doom, to weave a cable out of dry reeds, and then to see them break.

My rival, Giorgione, had many things to recommend him besides undoubted ability. He is wealthy—and the world cheerfully patronizes him who does not depend upon its favor. His wealth gives him admission into circles where, as a mere artist, he would be but coldly received—for they have not yet learned in Venice to estimate a man for what he

is, not what he has. His skill in music is great—so that, on this account, as well as because he is rich, his company is much sought. But his advantage over me as an artist is this—he had complete knowledge of fresco-painting, long before I had ever applied one color to the plaster, and when I have purchased a house in the Campo San Silvestro, he pointed its facade to an admirable style of design and coloring, the result was that he had more applications to embellish other houses in like manner than he could execute. From what he had done, I taught myself to paint in fresco, and to this—certainly an inferior degree of the art—I have for some time used the chief means of support.

"Yet, though in the higher branch of painting, I have not met with the slightest encouragement, I never desisted. I hope I will recently, I kept myself prepared for the brighter day that was to come, and, to be equal to what it would demand, my skill must be sustained by constant practice, my mind kept from rust by constant study. There was monotony in this routine of painting and reading, so, I taught myself to engrave upon wood and copper. To ridicule those who cannot draw a figure, without a statue before as a model, I designed and engraved a group of monkeys imitating the subtleties of the Laocoon; and having my attention drawn to it by Albert Durer, who was recently here, I am now executing a series of designs, upon wood, which I call the Triumph of Faith.

"The Signor Barberigo is so seldom in Venice (public business often taking him to foreign courts), that he does not know how low my fortunes are. Whenever he does come, his friendship is most active in my behalf. This year, through his influence, I painted the sculptural piece of the Angel and Tobias, for the church of St. Martial, and the Presentation at the Temple for La Carità. But he has been absent now for many months—with the exception of a short visit, to his country residence on the banks of the Brenta, where I lately went to see him;—and, with the desire, and I would fain believe, with the power, to accomplish something the world would one day value, I am doomed to languish in obscurity; and this glorious art—for it is glorious, though many should as I should fail to win a name by it—must desert in despair.

"Such," said Titian, "is my story. It is one of common life—a struggle for distinction, society, failure. I scarcely care new what may happen next. The dream is ended, and it matters little to the baffled, in what shape evil may next avail him, to whom it has already done its worst."

From *Alcator's* Magazine.

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

The fundamental change that took place in the tone and habits of society at the time of the Restoration was in no particular more remarkable than in the transition from the quiet ordinary to the uproarious tavern. The substitution by the cavaliers of a *monstrous* wig, flowing down below the waist, for the cropped hair of the Round-heads, was not more striking or conspicuous. Nothing like the tavern, as it flourished in the days of Charles the Second, was known at any former period. And this was frequently the case with all its usages and customs, beyond all other things, the most characteristic of the real spirit of the age; it expressed, without reserve, and with appropriate irony, the vehement self-will and delicious love of pleasure, which, descending from the court to the kennel, inspired even the coarser of the Strand, where the lower classes used to drink drugged cider and play cards like their betters, with a new style of manners, and new forms of depravity. Charles the Second, with the rest of the blessings he conferred upon the country, brought hot drinks and late hours into fashion. In the vicinity of Covent Garden and the theatres, the inhabitants were kept awake half the night by the clatter of hackneys and the riots of fops and gallants, who went about screaming Bacchanalian songs, picking quarrels, and breaking windows. This was the aristocratic quarrel for midnight misdeeds. But the cavaliers had their own night-house and lusty brawls in remote parts of the town, such as Smithfield and Wapping, where the grosser resorts were frequently visited by such men as Rochester and Sedley, when the finer taste of the Piazza had begun to pall upon their jaded appetites. The tavern embraced all the aspects of the living licentiousness: it was the garish temple of the unbridled passions; and, except at the great house at Whitehall, it was unparalleled throughout the world for the scenes of vice and infamy transacted under its privileged roof. Let us look back for a moment for the sake of the contrast, upon the quiet, tranquil ordinary, which three open its brave humors and harmless vanities to all comers in the golden days before the Restoration. It is like turning from the pent-up alleys of the city, dense with sickly and contagious vapors, to the open country, over whose smiling surface the free winds are coursing, loaded with sweet and healthy perfume.

The ordinary was an eating-house, with a dinner laid out, at a certain hour, for who ever came, at a fixed price per head, after the manner of a *table d'hôte*. In some instances the customers contracted for their entertainment by the month or quarter; and in all cases, the quality or rank of the house was determined by its charge. The prices at the fashionable establishments were very high, and the exclusiveness of their guests. The middle-class ordinary was what was called a *decent* or *decent* ordinary; but there were some that descended as low as threepence. The threepenny ordinary appears to have been the cheapest of all, and frequented only by poets, brokers, and gentlemen out at elbows.

The total disuse of the old custom of dining at a common table in public is one of the many signs of the movement that has taken place

within the last two hundred years in English society. It is not to be attributed, however, to the growth of any wider or more marked distinctions amongst the classes of the people, but rather to that refinement of taste which ensues upon the progress of civilisation, raising the individual out of the miscellaneous mass, and making him more choicely and select in his personal associations. Something, also, is no doubt to be traced to the increase of the population, which drives men back into their own nooks and retreats, to grow and work as they can for sustenance, leaving them rather time or means for much indulgence abroad; and something to that out-of-door life which was a sort of practical corollary from early hours and abstemious habits.

Decker, the dramatic writer, gives us a very curious account of these ordinaries. The tract containing the description is so rare as to tempt us to enrich our pages with a passage or two in his own words. After instructing the gallants how to "behave themselves" in play-houses and elsewhere, he devotes a chapter to the purpose of showing "how a Young Gallant should behave himself in an ordinary." Of course, a good deal of this is broad satire, but we get glimpses through the veil of the actual state of affairs in the interior of the ordinary.

He opens by advising the gallant to select the most expensive house, and then gives us a picture, no doubt drawn from life, of his progress through the streets: "The first-rate houses, it seems, did not dine till half-past eleven o'clock! "First having diligently inquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning," says our author, "where most of your country gallants do resort, let it be your own to repair thither, some half hour after eleven, for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the room, waiting for meat: tithether your galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift, ambling pace, in your hose and doublet (gilt rapier and poniard bestow'd in their places), and your French lackey carrying your cloak, and running before you, or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the besetting eyes of your creditors, and out-run a whole kennel of bitter-mouth'd serjeants."

Deposited safely in the room, he advises him not to salute any but his own acquaintance; to walk up and down past the others as scornfully and disdainfully as a gentleman-cabber; to select an ill-dressed friend to promenade with him, by way of a foil; and to talk nastily, no matter to what purpose, provided only he laugh loudly, and look as if he were ready to quarrel. He then runs over the various topics suitable to various occupations, all of which have too local and remote an application to be of much interest now.

Just before dinner, of all things he recommends him to make a great show of his gauds, and that article being then accounted a great luxury, and, with its various implements, a somewhat costly appendage to a man of fashion. "Before the meat come smoking to the board, our Gallant must take out his tobacco-box, the lidall for the cold snuff into the nostrill, the tongs and priming-iron; all of which artillery must be of gold or silver, (if he can reach the price of it); it will be a reasonable safe-guard at all times when the current of his money falls out to run low." From a subsequent passage, it appears that tobacco was then sold by the apothecaries, and shortly afterwards, when it became an article of more general consumption, was retailed at the public taverns.

At last dinner is upon the table, and here we have a bawling, good-humoured feast, where everybody helps himself to the summit of his appetite. "When you sit down to dinner," continues our lively guide, "you must eat as importunately as can be, for that's most gentlemanly; when your Kolb is upon his steamed mutton, be you presently (though you be not a Captain) in the bosom of your goose; and when your Justice of Peace is knuckle deepe in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a Lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks."

The breaking up plainly indicates that the custom of sitting after dinner did not prevail in that age. "After dinner," says Decker, "every man, as business leads him, some to dice, some to drahs, some to play, some to take up friends in the Court, some to take up money in the City, some to lead tenors in Powles, others to borrow crowns from the Exchange; and thus, as the people is said to be a beast of many heads (yet all those heads like Hydreas), ever growing as various as their horns as wondrous in their windings; so in an Ordinary you shall find the variety of a whole kingdom in a few ages of the king-dome." If they did not remain to carouse, however, they had their small sin notwithstanding; and many of those worthies supplied the excitement of wine by primero and hazard.

The three-penny ordinary was the most turbulent of all, as might be expected. Decker describes it as the resort of usurers, stale bachelors, and thifty attorneys. "In the evening," he says, "the rooms are as full of company as a jail, and indeed divided into several wards, like the lodgings of an hospital. The complement between them is not much, their words few; for the appetite hath no eeres, every man's sin here is open; the other man's trencher to note whether his fellow lurch him or no; if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but statutes, bonds, recognisances, fines, recoveries, and its rents, subsidies, surtises, inclosures, liveries, indentments, courtines, forfeitures, judgements, commissions, bankruptcies, and of such scribbled matters, which, like a Life-guard, must die in the next room, but thinks verily the men are conjuring." No man of his age was better acquainted with such scenes than Decker. He was the great slang author of the day; and several of his tracts may be referred to as complete expositors of the cant language and thieves' customs of the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of seventeenth century.

Such were the ordinaries, the principal places of public resort, in the time of Elizabeth, and even still nearer to the Restoration. Taverns there were also, of which we shall speak presently, but the ordinary was the general scene of the wit, diffusions, and the play-going people. The most objectionable point about them was the excessive stretch of tobacco. This evil, to be sure, grew worse in the days of the Restoration, when every corner steamed with smoke, and when the nuisance became such a mark of distillation that you could always detect a fashionable spark by the cloud from his pipe. But in the time of Elizabeth, it was carried, in one direction at least, to a still greater excess,—for it was then customary to smoke even in the theatre, a barbarous usage, which appears to have gone out with the return of the Stuarts. A writer of that older age assails the practice in what he calls a "satirical epigram" on the "wanton and excessive use of Tobacco;" and from the opening lines it is evident the sober part of the audience must have been grievously annoyed by the "smoky ayre" and "Indiandy breath" of the gallants in the pit:—

"It chann'd megering at the Theatre,
To spite a Lock-Tobacco-Chamberlaine,
Clawding the leading ayre with foggie fume
Of Dock-Tobacco; friendly foe no rums.
I wish the Roman Law's severity;
Who smoke sellath, with smoke be done to dy."

No traces of this usage can be found after that period; although tobacco continued to be used, even to a greater extent than before, in coffee-houses and taverns. Dryden smoked his pipe regularly every evening in his arm-chair, at Wills; by the fire-side in winter, in summer in the balcony; and his snuff box lay upon the table by his side, tempting young aspirants after literary honors to solicit the glory of a pinch.

There is an old black letter poem of the reign of Elizabeth. In which we find a curious enumeration of the noted taverns of that time. The name of this strange catalogue is "News from Bartholomew fayre," and the following are amongst the principal signs it sets forth:—

"There hath been great sale and utterance of wine
Besides Beere, and Ale, and Ipcras hie."
In every country, region, and nation,
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation;
And the Bore's Head near London stone;
The Swan at Dowgate, a Tavern famous;
The Miter in Chapeau, and then the Bull Head;
And many like places that make noes red;
The Bore's Head in Old Fish Street; Three Crowns in the Vintry;
And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree;
The Windmill in Ludbory; the Ship at the Exchange;
And King and at New Fish end; and the Swan;
The Mermald in Cornhill; Red Lion in the Strand;
Three Trees in Newgate Market; Old Fish Street at the Rags;" etc.

Few of these houses retained their odor to the days of the Restoration; and, strangely enough, many of the signs still survive in their ancient localities. The original houses were nearly all swept away in the fire of 1666. There is an old broadside in the Museum, called "London's Ordinary; or, Every Man in his Honor," containing a similar catalogue; but it is of no historical value, being little better than a pious upon the names of signs, not one half of which, probably ever existed.

Taverns in the Elizabethan age, and downwards through the Commonwealth, were used merely for incidental enjoyment and occasional feasting. They were neither so popular or so riotous as they afterwards became. But in that subsequent madness of the nation, when the whole population, gentle and simple, glorified themselves upon their deliverance from the Puritans by rushing to the restoration of the opposite excesses, taverns occupied necessarily no unimportant place.

The dissolute tastes of the town were peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of tavern pleasures. Living in an atmosphere of frivolity, fecklessness, and false wit, it was not very surprising that the youthful blood of the fashionable section of society should become talated by the lowest vices, as well as the most egregious follies. It was the custom, all at once, rising up out of the domestic lethargy of the Commonwealth, to live in public. There was no more modesty, no more diffidence, no more creeping through the streets in cloaks, with stealthy steps and heavenward eyes. Private life such as we understand it to be, with its sacred ties and its instinctive charities, was at an end in those circles that imparted the predominant tone to national manners. Everybody went abroad, for enjoyment, and such and such special scenes of patronage, and acrimony, ladies of honor and sempstresses, alike frequented those haunts of idleness and profligacy, where all alike were relieved from the onerous obligations of duty and the necessity of keeping up appearances. Nor was this promiscuous intercourse confined, as we have already observed, to the well-known localities of St. James's, or the notorious parties of Covent Garden. The remotest and the meanest parts of the town had their open entertainments, and their special seasons of patronage, when they were frequented by all classes of people. Hoxton and Moorfields had their promenade, *al fresco*, and revels within doors, in imitation of the gallantries of Whitehall; and the cloisters of Smithfield were tramped indiscriminately by beaux and peddlers, visard-makers and hairdressers, who, in the words of a contemporary writer, "jostled each other like Nat Lee's gods, in *Edipus*!"

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EDITED BY JOHN REAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

OLD AND YOUNG.

When we look about us, we are alarmed at the changes which are taking place in society. While many are lauding the *spirit of the age* and holding up to our gaze the picture of forth-coming improvements—opening broad and charming vistas into the almost *present future* of mental and moral perfection, we cannot help casting a lingering look upon the past.—Time was when old age and infancy, manhood and youth, walked the path of life together; when the strength of young limbs aided the feebleness of the old, and the joyousness of youth enlivened the gravity of age. But the son has now left the father to totter on alone, and the daughter has outstripped the mother in the race. Beauty and strength have separated from decrepitude and weakness. The vine has uncloaked from its natural support, and the ivy has ceased to entwine the oak.

There is an increasing disposition on the part of the young and the old to classify their pleasures according to their age.—Those pastimes which used to be enjoyed by both together, are now separated. This is an evil of too serious a character to pass unfelt, unlamented or unrebuked. It is easy to refer back to days when parents were more happy with their children, and children more honorable and useful to parents than at present. It is not long since the old and the young were to be seen together in the blithe dance and the merry play. And why this change? Why do we find that, within a few years, the old have abandoned amusements to the young? Is it that they think their children can profit more by their amusements than if they were present? If this be the impression it is to be regretted. No course could they possibly adopt so injurious to the character of their children. For youth need the direction and the advice of age, and age requires the exhilaration and cheerfulness of youth. How many lonely evenings would be enlivened—how many dark visions of the future would be dissipated, and how many hours of gloom and dependency would be put to flight, if fathers would keep pace with their sons, and mothers with their daughters, in the innocent pleasures of life. Here, as it appears to me, is the grand secret of happiness for the young and the old. For the old, who are too apt to dwell on the glories of the past and to see nothing that is lovely in the present; and for the young, who throw too strong and gaudy a light upon the present and the future. Nature did not so intend it. So long as there is life, she intended we should innocently enjoy it. And the barrier which has, by some unaccountable mishap, been thrown between the young and the old is, therefore, greatly to be lamented. But how shall it be removed?—How shall we get back again to the good old times of the merry husking, the joyous dance, the happy commingling in the same company, of the priest and his deacon, the father and his child, the husband and his wife?

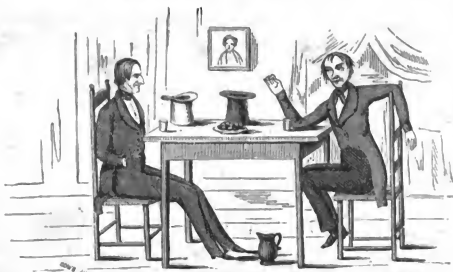
It would not be difficult to trace directly to the discontinuance of the practice of joining with the young in their amusements, the great increase of youthful dissipation of every description. By being removed from the advice, restraint and example of the old and experienced, they have, by degrees, fallen into usages which were almost unknown in years gone by. When accompanied by parents, the hours of pleasure were seasonable.—Daughters were under the inspection of mothers, and sons were guided by the wisdom of fathers. Homes were happier, the community more virtuous, and the world at large a gainer by such judicious customs. We now hear the complaint that sons have gone astray, that daughters have behaved indiscreetly,

and that families have been disgraced. But can there be a doubt, if the practice were general of accompanying our children in those pastimes in which they ought to be reasonably indulged, that many of these evils would be prevented? Here then must begin the reform. Complain not that your son is out late, if you might have been with him to bring him to your fire-side at a reasonable hour. Complain not that your daughter has formed an unsuitable or untimely connexion, if a mother's care might have prevented the evil. Youth will go astray without the protection of age. And it is a crying sin that these old fashioned moral restraints have been removed. What, weak, can be your object in thus leaving your children to their own direction? Do they love you better for it? Are their manners more agreeable—their conduct more respectful while at home? Is not rather the reverse of this the case? Do they not give you more trouble at home? Are they not every day incurring new and useless expenses in consequence of allowing them to legislate and plan for themselves? Rashness is the characteristic of youth. But allowing them to be capable of governing themselves, you are a great loser by drawing this strong division line between their pleasures and your own. Your own years are less in number and in happiness. Your children are dead to you, though alive to themselves. Your sympathies are not linked with theirs step by step in life; and thus, although surrounded by children, you go childless, unhappy and gloomy to the grave. Reform then, I say, reform at once. Annihilate this classification of junior and senior pleasures. Join with your children in the dance, the song and the play. Enjoy with them every harmless pleasure and sport of life. Encompass yourself as often as possible with the gay faces of the young. Teach them, by example, to be happy like rational beings, and to enjoy life without abusing it. Let the ripe fruit be seen with the green—the blossom with the bud—the green with the fading leaf and the vine with its natural support.

TOWN'S LIBRARY.—Every body has heard of this most valuable collection, which has now been accumulating for twenty years or more, and those accustomed to enjoy it, have learned with regret, that it is offered for sale by the owner. During Mr. Town's travels in Europe, he visited every library, and gallery of any note, and attended the sales of a large number of valuable collections, and always bought whatever was rare, curious, or intrinsically valuable, without regard to the expense. His aim was to have a library of great and extraordinary books, rather than one of great extent. He has accumulated upwards of eleven thousand volumes, probably more than half of them books of every size folio and quarto, including most, if not all, the great works extant, such as Napoleon's Egypt, P'ranesi's, the works of the Dilettanti Society, &c. But it is in his illustrated books and galleries, that his library is most remarkable. All the works, obtainable in Europe, which were embellished with fine engravings he sought for, and seldom gave over the search till he had found a large paper copy, with India proofs. Thus did he make up his library, and all virtuous entertained, was the fond hope that he would go on increasing it during his life, and at his death leave it as a rich legacy to posterity. But Providence had otherwise decreed. Fatality will still derive profit and pleasure from the collection, but those who cannot buy, will lament with us that it should be dispersed. His engravings too, many thousands of them, proofs of the masterpieces of the most celebrated artists, are being disposed of; they have been now for a considerable time selling at the auction rooms of Gurley and Hill, Broadway, every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

The works which he has catalogued for his first sale consist of about one thousand volumes, almost all of which are magnificently bound in calf, and full gilt. Among these is a large number of illustrated works, containing each many hundred proof plates from the first hands. It is much to be feared that these very rare and valuable books, selected by himself, (one of the first of connoisseurs,) for their intrinsic merit, without regard to cost, will be sold at a very great sacrifice.

This great sale commences in the latter part of this month, we believe it is on the 23d, at Gurley's Long Room.



JONATHAN ARRIVES IN NEW YORK—TRAVELS ON THE DEACON'S MARE—HAS TROUBLE WITH THE COLT—VISITS THE JONATHAN OFFICE—EMBARKS FROM PEER SLIP ON CAPT. DOOLITTLE'S SLOOP TO MEET THE PRESIDENT—HIS INTRODUCTION—JONATHAN'S IDEA OF THE COLD COLLATION—THE RECEPTION—LANDING AT CASTLE GARDEN—REVIEW OF THE TROOPS—THE PROCESSION, &c.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Esq. Deacon of the Church and Justice of the Peace over in Weatherfield, State of Connecticut.
DEAR PAR:

Here I am, safe and sound, but about the tidiest critter that you ever sot eyes on. Afore I got to Bridgeport, I begun to be kinder sorry that I didn't stand my chance and come on with Captin Doolittle in the sloop, for the first thing that I see arter I got in cousin Smith's in Bridgeport, was the old sloop a scooting down the sound like a four hoss team, with all sails sot, and loaded down to the water with garden sars. It seemed to me that I could amose see Capin Doolittle himself, a standing on the deck and a poking fun at me for coming down in the old mare. The poor colt tu, was eneamost tucked out, and I begun to feel sort a wamblecropped for fear something would happen tu one of the poor critters afore I got tu York; but my keepin' didn't cost nothing, and I got cousin Smith to put a good feed in one end of my saddlebags and give the colt a warm drink of milk afore we started in the morning, so we all three on us jogged on towards Stamford, in purty good condition, considerin'. Our cousin at Stamford warn't tu hum, so I had to put the old mare and colt up tu a tavern, and after lettin' into a few of marm's doughnuts, that lightened one end of my saddlebags quite a considerable, I turned in till mornin'. The barkeeper made me pay three York shillins for the hoss keepin'. My grit riz at it, for the old mare looked as lank as a shad, but I didn't want tu git into a scrape, so I shelled out, and rode along darnin' all the cousins to darnation. What are the varmint's good for, if they can't be tu hum when a feller travels their way?

It was purty well into the morning when I got down tu York, the old mare was eneamost tired out, and I begun to think she wouldn't cut much of a dash; but just as we were turning down the Bowery, she got a sight of one of them consarned great rail road cars, and seemed to take it for a stable tryin' tu run off; for she gin a snort, stuck her tail right straight out and her ears right up, and away she streaked it arter the cars, like a house afire and no engines to be had. The colt, it come a whin-nering arter, and if we didn't cut a figger, you never saw one in

the multiplication table. My coat tail was a streamin' out behind, and I held on to my bell crowned hat with one hand while I shook my bridle with tother, and stuboyed the old critter along, for I didn't want the people to think that I was a feared tu go as fast as anything in creation took a notion tu, if it was a steam engine loaded with fire and brimstone, instead of a handsome bay mare with a nussing colt.

Just as we got away down the Bowery, the cars stopped stock still, and the mare cum up and saw that it was only a box full of folks, she kicked up her heels till I was eneamost spilt into the street. The colt it come up and flourished its leetle spindle shanks agin the car, jest as its mother had afore, and away we went, cutting dirt down Chatham street like a streak of iled lightning, till I drew the mare up with a mort and a kick, that tapered off into a double shuffle right agin the Jonathan offic.

It is a smashing consarn, that are Brother Jonathan building, five stories high, and chuck full of winders to the ruff. When they heard me holler out, whoe to the old mare, a grist of heads come a popping out of every winder, and a hull swarm of news boys come a pouring out of the news paper offices all around, with ther mouths wide open, so that the hurraas that they gin me, should come out round and holl, like a clap of human thunder—one on 'em took hold of my bridle. I jumped off, and straked it into the office, and right up stairs, three steps at a time. I found one room running over with handsome gals a folding the paper; three more, chuck full of men hard to work; and turgits, I walked right into the editor's room, with my hand out, and sez I,

"How du you du?"

There was two or three chaps in the room, bright looking shotes, every one on 'em; they jumped right on end; a tallish chap, with lighthish kind of hair and blue eyes, that ketched fire every other word, like a loco-foco match, he jumped right up a suttle as a green walnut gad, and sez he,

"Mr. Slick, how are you? Glad to see you in town. We'd about givin' you up—sit down, take off your hat, and let the wind winnow your hair—beautiful trees those in the Park—glorious day, is n't it. That's right, just got a good view of the fountain, magnificent isn't it?—like a battallion of white war horses—winged horses, mounting to the sky, with manes streamin' in the breeze, and hoofs a tremblin' in the air—now watch it while it changes—there it goes, shooting up among the trees like a column of diamonds, branching off, and blossoming all over, with seed pearls, and—and,

"Hellow—hellow, I say, Mr. Neal—slack tackle a minnute, du now!" sez I: that's you all over.

"How du you du? As for that consarn out there, it looks about as much like a team of hosses, as I du like a nussing baby. Now, to my notion," sez I, a settling both hands in my trousers pocket, "tu my notion, it looks like a crazy snow drift, let loose among the trees, or an ambitious mill dam trying to run the wrong way; the trees are no great shakes neither, we have got things a darned nigh greener than them to hum."

"When your there, ha!" sez he, a larfing.

"Oh, you get out now," sez I.

Just then, a clock on the City-Hall steeple, struck. Mr. Neal, he jumped up, and sez he,

"We're in late, the boat is off. There's your ticket, Mr. Slick, but its of no use now."

I took the paper that he gave me, it was an invite tu meet the President, and the boat was off.

"Darn me, if I don't ketch up with him!" sez I, and ont I went, right ahead down stairs, without another word.

"Look a here," sez I, to the boy, that held the mare, "when the President comes in, you jest lead my hoss down to the landing, and I'll give you a four-pence-ha-penny, clear silver, won't you now?"

"I'll do it," sez the little chap.

"You'll be a man before your marm!" sez I, jest as I was a turning the corner, to go the shortest cut to Peck Slip.

Captin Doolittle, was just a hauling in, but I gin the old hell crown a swing, and sez I, "hold on you consarned old coot, hold on, and hist sail arter the President."

With that I jumpt aboard a boat, and afore I reached the sloop she had worked about and was ready for a chase. The wind was coming right up the East River—and the minit I jumped aboard Captin Doolittle, he and the black boy gin a hurra, and the way we cut water was a caution to small craft. We ploughed right ahead, full chisel, down the harbor, till hy am hy we saw two steam boats a coming towards us, hrim full, and a running over with people,—with banners a flying, and colors a streaming,—toot horns a blowing, and fifes a letting off yankee doodle—drums a rattling ont 'hail Columbia,' and the big paddles a playing the water up, till it seemed tu kinder ketch fire in the hot sun, and drop into the waves to get cool agin.

"Captin," sez I, "hist another flag."

The captin, he put his chaw of tobacco into tother cheek, and sez he, "I haint got none."

"I guess I have," sez the little nigger, a running down into the cabin.

In a minit he cum back with one of the captin's red woollen shirts, fastened to the eend of a bean pole, and he stuck it up on the stern of a sloop, jest as we cum bearing right down on the two steam boats.

A tall chap with a sort of a good natured face, but the darnedest fish-hawk nose that you ever sot eyes on, stood with a lot of fellows on the deck of the boat that had the most music in it—an old codger, with a blue coat lined and faced all over with yaller, and a cocked hat right on his head, with one eend curling up, jest over his nose, like a hen hawk ready to pick his eyes out, and with his two legs awallered up in a pair of black and yaller boots, stood close by the man with the nose.

"Captin Doolittle," sez I, "get ont the gun, there's the President."

"What, that old chap with the yaller legs and hreast," sez he, "that looks like an overgrown grasshopper a skipping out of the last century into this?"

"Jest so," sez I, "that's the President of the United States, I haint no doubt—so three cheers and then blaze away!"

The nigger, he went down and brought up the old gun—Captin Doolittle, he loaded her down purty right, pushed the charge hum with his ramrod, shook down the powder in the pan, and arter trying it tu his shoulder, sez he,

"Jonathan, go ahead."

"I took a squint at the little nigger to see if all was ready, and then I off with my old bell crowa, and sez I, "now,"—with that I gin it a flourish,—"Hurra!!!" I yelled out like the hurst of a cannon,—"Hurra!!!" sung ont Captin Doolittle on the taper eend of my yell,—"Hurra!" squeaked the little nigger. With that the old gun he banged away, and the tall man with the nose, he bowed and flourished his hand at us, and with that I saw Alderman Purdy, a chap that used tu cum to the Express office when I was there, and the minit he saw that it was me, the boat stopped all tu once, and begun tu sport and roll on the water like a sick porpoise, and some one sung ont, "cum aboard."

Captin Doolittle and the nigger, they let down the boat, and afore I knew it there I was, standing in the steam boat. The minit I stepped aboard, the swad of fellers on deck with toot horns and fifes and drums, let out a hull thunder storm of music. Captin Doolittle, he banged off the old gun agin; the little nigger, he got up an extra shirt and gin another little hurra; and Mr. Purdy, sez he,

"Mr. Slick, the President wants to see you."

"Wall," sez I, "I haint no objection, only give me time to slick up a mite."

With that I took ont my handkercher and kinder dusted off my new coat and trousers, and slicked down my hair a leetle, and I follered Mr. Purdy, right up tu where the President was a standing, in his yaller clothes and his cocked hat.

"Mr. Tyler, how du you du?" sez I, a taking one hand from my trousers pocket, and a holding it out.

The yaller chap, he stepped back a leetle, and the tall coon, with the nose, he gin my hand a tarml grip, and sez he,

"Mr. Slick, I'm glad to see you."

"Yon'er kinder got the advantage of me, I reckon," sez I, but that minit Alderman Purdy, whispered to me,

"Why, its the President" sez he.

"Ganly oppius!" sez I, "you don't say so."

"Mr. President, how du you du, and how are all the folks tu hum, about these times, all purty smart I spose?" With that I worked away at the old chap's hand, with both mine, as if I'd made up my mind tu pump an office out of him, afore I let go.

"Wall" sez I, "Captin, I hope you mean to stay in York, a spell, now you've got here; some consarned harnsome gals, about these diggings just now, rale sneezers in the way of beauty, you haint no idea of that sort, nor nothing have you!" sez I, a giving him a slantingdecular squint from one eye, and a leetle pinch in the ribs with the tip eend of my finger, "no you haint no now."

The Captin he larfed, and sez he, "oh no, I'm only making a little unremediated toot a—"

"Jest so," sez I, "an accidental vision."

The Captin gin me a squint across his noze, and then I made him a low bow, and sez I, "jist so, but the folks seem tu be rather tickled with sich accidents don't they?"

This seemed to kinder mollify the Captin, and jest as I was a spreading myself for a new speech, a feller cum up with a great red and green and white rosy, pinned on to his coat, and he whispered to the President, and the President looked round to me, and sez he,

"Mr. Slick, they tell me that the collation is ready—will you go with me into the ladies' cabin, and lead down one of my fair friends?"

I made him a prime bow—a rale darnsing school smasher—and, sez I,

"Wall now, I don't know what kind of horned cattle a collation is, but seeing as it's you I'll tackle in, if it's only to git acquainted with a downright genuine fair friend of yourn, Cap'n, for folks say that your friends are purty darned *unfair* in a general way."

"Folks don't dume justice," sez he, a turning red in the gills, "No man ever had better or more devoted friends on arth."

"What there is on em," sez I.

The Cap'n didn't seem to hear me, but he took out his chew of tobacco and pitched it over the side of the boat. I dug both hands into my trousers pockets, and sez I to the man with the silk rosey, sez I—

"Come, now, I spose it's about time for you and I and the President to be a movin. Where du you keep that critter of yourn?"

"What critter?" sez he.

"Why, the collation," sez I.

"Down in the cabin," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I hope the varmint is considerable tame; but come on, those afeared!"

With that, Cap'n Tyler and I and the old yaller chap, with a whole swad of fellers, some on 'em in training clothes, and some on 'em with cocked hats on, went into a leetle room fenced off from the deck, and there, jest as sartin as you live, were five or six wimmin folks, right in amongst all them men, like one clover top to a hull hive of honey bees, a lookin as contented as get out. Wall, think sez I, if they aint scared, I aint. The President seemed to know 'em, for he put his arm right under mine so arnest, that he eenamost lifted my right hand out of my pocket; and, sez he,—

"Ladies, Mr. Slick, of the New York Press."

With that, I took off old bell-crown with one hand, and I put out my right foot and gin a draw kinder softly into the holler of tother, and I bent down like a jack-knife; my eyes had to kinder roll up a leetle, to look into the gal's, and sez I,—

"Ladies, I hope you're purty well?"

One on 'em kinder got up half way, she was a proper purty woman, and looked as good natered and kind as a robin red breast in the spring time, and reached out that harsome white hand, and smiled sort a softly, and sez she,—

"Mr. Slick, we're happy tu see you."

Another harsome critter in a checkered frock, a rale genuine beauty, without paint or whitewash, she gin her leetle foot a twirl, and was a beginning to reel off a curtsy, so I jest stuck out my left stomper, and sot the hinge of my back a going for her; but jest as I was a gitting head's up agin and my arms a swinging back tu her place, I ketched her a looking at tother one, and a packering up them lips of hern, till they looked like two red rosberrys jest agoing to drop off from their bushes. I setted both hands back in my pockets agin, and stood right up perpendiclar, as a true born American ought to:

"Marm," sez I, "what du you think of the weather?" and with that, I jest curled my upper lip and gin her a genuine grin from one ear to tother, and sez I, "Look a here, marm, if you want tu do this kinder business up harsome, take a lesson from me; I ile the jints of my under jaw every morning. Then screw larfs aint good for the mouth, you may be sartin of that."

The critter, she colored all over, ill she looked as sweet as a pina, then a lot of fun bust right into them blue eyes of hern, and her pesky leetle mouth begun tu tremble and work itself about, like a red rozy a trying to fold itself up into a hud agin; and then she bust right out into a leetle sniffed haw, haw; and two leetle teeny gals, dressed out in black, they begun to titter like two pigeons on a gutter—pesky sweet leetle varmits—and a smasher of a woman, that was older than any of 'em, she jined in and larfed sort of easy and natral, as if she'd

fed on nothing but ripe muskmellons for a hull fortnight; and then the President he jined in, and we had a fust rate haw haw, right there in the cabin.

Jest then, a leetle chap, with an alfid swad of yaller hair a stickin out all round his head, cum in, and the good natered lady in the gray dress, she hitched on to the President, and a great tall chuckle-headed feller, dressed out in frock and trousers like a boy, with gold buttons a glittering all over his bosom, and a streak of gold a running across his shoulder, he made a dive at the harsome gal in the checkered frock, the consarned overgrown coot; but I jest then siddered right up with my elbow ready crooked, and sez I, a looking as perlite as all nater, sez I—

"Arter me is marners for you."

The feller looked mad enough to eat me hull, without vinegar or sars—but I didn't seem tu mind it. The harsome gal had clenched her white fingers over my coat sleeve, as loving as a young grape vine round a black elder bush; and when I git hitched on to a fust rate gal, all the fellers in creation may go to old Nick, for what care. The old sogers, they mixed in with us and the fellers with silk roses, and ont we went, on deck and down stairs. The music, it bust ont agin, and one of the fellers with a silk rose, he yelled ont, "Make room for the President!" so the free born Americans on deck, they crowded back and made a lane for us.

"Make room for the President and his sweet," the feller sung ont agin.

Think sez I that aint fair now; the gal with the President is a nice critter as ever lived; but darn me if mine aint sweeter than his'n, a pesky sight—so I sung ont, and sez I,

"Make room for Jonathan Slick and his sweet," with that I took a marching step and went down stairs heads up, and with the gal hanging on my arm, as independent as a cork screw. Gauri, but wasn't there a feed, considering it was nothing but a cold cut—sieh hunks of beef, and ham, and pork, and piles of bread, and bottles of 'the critter'; you never sot eyes on, without it was day arter thanksgiving. We all sot down at one end of the table, and afore we'd got a single bite the doors banged open, and down cum the free born citizens from on deck, helter skelter, higglety-pigglety, black coats, red coats, blue, green, every color on arth, and solgers, apatans, tailors, shoemakers—every sort of two-legged animals under em, eating away for dear life, and a drinking like so many house gutters, right before the face and eyes of the President and me, with all the harsome little sweets a setting round us,—I swan tu man, it eenamost sot me agin my vituals; and the harsome gal by my side, she looked kinder scared, as if she hadn't ought to be there.

"Try and take a bite, du now!" sez I, a piling some cold pork on her plate, "it aint a mite rusty, and makes me feel amost tu hum, it tastes so nat'ral."

She put the leastest mite between them temptin lips, but didn't seem to eat with a relish yet. "I swan" sez I, a bending down to take a squint at her face, "only wish I could get aboard the sloop, and bring you a prime bunch of young onions. Wait a minute and I'll try?"

"Oh, no, no," sez the sweet critter, "I'd rather not—don't leave me, Mr. Slick."

"Darn me, if I dn—onions or no onions," sez I, but I felt kinder disappointed though, for a bunch of white onions, tops and all would a been prime with the cold pork—housomever, I give in as a feller ought tu, when a gal is in the case; but I didn't feel a hit satisfied about the stomach. When the President got up tu go on deck agin, I looked into the gals' eyes, and tried not tu feel a hungry.

Oh, Par, I wish you'd a bin standing on the deck, with us, when we went up. It was a tarnation harsome sight; the

water was a blazing with the sun, and a shining around us, all checked over with boats, and sloops, and shipping of all sorts. Then right ahead was the hull city of York, steeples, houses, and wharves, piled together and heaped up with people a swarming down to the shore, a hanging over the water, and a climbing up the masts all along the East and North rivers, like bees in hiving time. Two alfred big ships sat on the water, right agin the Battery, with a hull regiment of men, all dressed out in white, a standing up in the rigging, to see the President and us cum in. The hills all around Brooklyn, was civered thick with folks a hurraing and a flinging their hats up—and a leetle island that lies close up to York, was chuck full, and a running over with human life stock.

When we got agin the big ships, the men in the rigging flurished their hats and gin us a thundering loud hurra. The President he took his hat off, and I and the old yaller chap hoisted him up onto a chair, that everybody might have a good squint at him. Mr. Curtis wanted to hold on to his coat tail, and make believe boost, but the old yaller chap and I—we shoved him off about the quickest.

"Git out," sez I, "git out!" if a President of the United States, can't stand without the help of a pack of office-holders, he'd better fall to once. Here's this old revolutionary sojir, and I—the army, and the people—if we can't keep him up, he'll have to go to grass that's all!"

But while we was a talking, the two ships blazed away with every darn'd gun in their sides, and the sailors hurrad agin, and afore we knew it a hull thunder cloud of hot smoke came a pouring over us all—tossma went the chair, and the President he pitched head first, right amongst the office-holders. The old yaller chap and I shook our heads, and hegun to feel a trifle streaked.

"I'm afear'd he's a gone shote," sez I, as the old feller put his cocked hat on agin.

"A unfortunate accident," sez a feller close by.

"Not so unfortunate as you think for," says Capin Tyler, a jumping up and a nussing his ooze with one hand: "I've had wuss falls than this, and riz agin arter all. Give us another boost, feller citizens—I stand ready for a second boost."

The office holders made believe he hit, but Lord a massy! they hadn't grit enough to hist a grasshopper out of a bog of swamp-grass; but I and the yaller general, though, we sot him up as good as new, afore half the smoke cleared off.

Just as I was put to rights agin, the brass cannon at the end of our boat let off a blast of young thunder. We gin the ship's fast rate hurra, and the minit we were a done, Capin Doolittle and the nigger they got up a small chance of a cheer, and let off the old gun agin right under our starn. Arter that, we made a curlicue round both the ships with our music a rolling out and our flags a flying, and Capin Doolittle he chased right arter with the red shirts a cutting capers from the bean-poles; and the little nigger, he stood on the bows a rolling his eyes and a blowing away at yankee doodle on a crooked fife like all nater. I swan to man, it was enough to set a feller's patriotism to working like a beer barrel. We gin the ship another hurra and cut for the battery, with Capin Doolittle and the sloop a streaking it right arter; the guns on the leetle island they bellowed away at us as we cut by, and the folks on the battery, they flung up their hats and hollered eanamost as loud as the guns that kept a roaring every minit, till by am by in we went ca-smash, right amongst the trees and a hull gineral training of sojers. The President and us, we walked ashore and went right into Castle Garden. It was chuck full of feller citizens and sojers, and the mayor was a waitin for us to cum up; he measured off a hull bilien of soft soap to the Capin, and then the Capin he stuck out his right arm and gin the mayor back as good as he sent, with a pint cup full over. Then we went out amongst the trees, the Capin he got on to a horse all finefied off with gold and shiny leather; and then the leetle boys that hung on the trees as thick as acorns in the fall, they gin us a cheer, and just then I see the newboy a leading my mare right towards me. I forked over the forepence hapeny and got onto the critter, tickled eanamost to death to git a chance to set down agin.

That mare is clear grit, par, and no mistake; the music and the guns and the shoutin, had sot her blood a bilin, and she darned about like a two year old colt just off grass. I rode through the trainers' full chisel arter the President, and the colt, he come a kickin up his heels amongst the wimin and children as crazy as a bed bug. I pushed in close up to the Capin, and he and I and the rest on 'em rode along afore the

sojers as crank as you please. But the mare, she didn't seem to like the way they panted them guns at her, and once in a while she'd kick up a leetle sarcy, and snort right in their faces like a tin toot horn about dinner time. When we'd got about half way through the sojers, and it seemed as if all creation had got into regimentals just then, the mare she got anxious about the colt, and sot up a whinner that almost shook me off from her back. I tried to make her git along, but she only bust out in a new spot, dug her huffs close to the ground and backed into the crowd till I got watty as all nater with her; but the more I paid the gad on, the wuss she got, till by am by she stood stock still, a shakin her head, a stompin with her fore foot and a yellin arter the colt like a lovesick gal.

The President he was a gutting a-head, and the darned coots all around, hegun to lart and poke fun at us, when the colt he came a scampering through the trees, and a scattering hull squads of women and boys, and babies, every jump till he ended off in a crazy caper, all around the mare and me. This pacified the critter, and arter whimpering over the colt a leetle, she jogged on as meek as a cossat lamb, and the colt he follered close to, till I came up with the Capin agin, and then he'd sot every once in a while, and face about, look right into the sojers eyes, so arnest, that they couldn't help but burst out a lartin, if the President and I, was a lookin at 'em.

It was about the greatest show that I ever sot eyes on. The Battery is one of the handsomest spots on Arthor, all covered with grass, and chuck full of trees, and a hull army of sojers, some in brown regimentals, some in green, with yaller feathers, and some in red, yaller, blue, and all sorts of colors, a wheelin round under the trees, was enough to make a feller proud of his country.

When we got to the gate, which opens at the end of Broadway, Capin Tyler he got into a carriage, and wanted me to get in to, but I was a fear'd to leave the mare, and so Robert Tyler, the chap with the yaller hair—we agreed to hitch tackle, and ride along with one another. A hull army of sojers with their drums a beating, and colors a flying went a head, Robert Tyler and I, and the colt, and a hull squad of their great men cum next, and then come on the President with his hat off, and a howin to all the winders and stoops as he went along. Wasn't them winders and ruffs and stoops a sight to behold! Every square of glass, and every railing, that a critter could hold on to was civerd with folk. In my hull life, I never see so many handsome gals. It seemed as if every man in York, had hung out a sample of his family, for the fellers to pick and chuse from. I swan to man, if it didn't seem to me as if all the gals in creation was a swarming round the President and I, like yaller butterflies round a mud hole, all on 'em anxious for a smile at one or to her on. It made the blood kinder tingle all over me to feel that hull battery of bright eyes a pouring fire down on us. I really don't see how the President stood it! He couldn't, if the crowds of free born citizens that swarmed every step of the way, layer on layer, hadn't kept him a shakin hands out of the carriage almost every step, 'till he was clear tucked out, and almost wilted down in the carriage, long afore we got up by the Jonathan office. When the news boys see me and the colt, they set up a hurra that outdid anything I'd heard since we came away from the Battery, all the purty folding gals waved their handkerchers out of the second story, and every winder was jamed full, and all on 'em a lookin straight at me and Bob Tyler and the colt. So I lifted my right hand kinder slow, and took off the old bell crown—I drew in the bridle so as to make the mare caper about right, and made six bows one arter tother, till my fored near about touched the old mare's neck.

They gin me three more cheers of the tallest kind, as they say in York, but when I looked round, there was Bob Tyler with his hat off, and a shakin that swad of yaller hair about, jest as if our news boys would cheer him, or any body else, when I was a gain by.

"That's right, Mr. Stick," sez he, when he see my bell crown off. "For the President must be almost tired to death, a bowin and a shakin hands so much, its quite proper, that you and I, should do a little on for him."

"Wall!" think sez I, "if you aint a self-conceited critter, I don't know who is," but the feller looked as innocent as a lamb, and I was afear'd he'd feel about as sheepish as if I let out on him—so I put my bell crown on agin, with a leetle knock at the top, for I had to settle the grit somehow, and sez I,

"Wall, Mr. Tyler—tu git on a new subject—how'll you swap horses?—say my mare and colt agin that handsome critter of yours, saddle and bridle thrown in?"

The feller kinder smiled, but didn't answer right off, so I just turned about and leaned one hand on the old mare's crooper, while I whistled the colt up to us, and pintoed out his harness and chist, and the clean notion that he has got of flingin out his legs.

"He's a smart critter I can tell you," sez I; "and as for the old mare here, she's worth her weight in silver dollars. Haint got but one fault on arth."

"And what's that?" sez Mr. Robert Tyler, sez he.

"Why, she's troubled with the *botta* a leetle, once in a while, but it aint nothin worth mentionin."

Mr. Robert Tyler he gave a start, and he turned as white as skim milk in the face. Sez he all in a twitter—sez he—"don't mention it, Mr. Slick. My Par, the President, wouldn't let a boss go into his stable that had ever gin symptoms of the *botta*. It's an awful disease. Don't mention it tu him, for he'd never git over it if you did!"

"Wal, then, I spose we can't trace," sez I. "Think on it agin. Mebby you'll change your mind to-morrow."

"Hello!" sez I agin. "What's that!—Captain Tyler's drove his carriage right out of the ranks, and is gone full split down Broom-street."

Mr. Robert Tyler he turned his hoes, and he and I and the colt took arter the President full chisel. We cum up with him as he was a ginnin out before the Howard Hotel. He was so beat out and tuckered down that I raly felt sorry for him—for arter all that folk say, I believe he's a good-hearted old chap, and wants to do the thing that's about right, if he could only be sartin what it was. He couldn't but jest hold up his head, and had got to go to the Theatre yet. As I was a lookin at him, a notion cum into my head, and, sez I—

"Captin, jest put on your hat a minute, and drive down to the sloop—I've got somethin there that'll make your nose tingle, and cherk you right up, till you'll be as chipper as a squirrel in the fall time."

Captin Tyler he got right up, and sez he—"I'll do anything on arth that'll make me feel better." "Mr. Robert," sez I, "tell the gals that we'll cum back right off"—so down we went. I helped the President into the carriage, and in less than no time we got out and went aboard the sloop.

"Captin Doolittle and gals ashore, and there wasn't nobody aboard but the leetle nigger. I sent him to the wharf for a pitcher of cold Croten water, and then I asked the President down into the cabin. It was cleared out, and swept as neat as a new pin. The table that stood in the middle of the cabin was scoured off as white as milk, and Captin Doolittle he'd hung up the checkered curtains that marm made for him right over the highest berth, till it looked as temptin as our spare bed. I give the captin a chair, and he sot his butt down on the table, close by old bell-crown, while I opened a locker and took out a hull dishfull of the dough nuts that marm bilid up for me afore I cum away. Just as I'd sot them on the table, the nigger cum with the cold water. I took it up to the locker, and filled in with vinegars and lasses enough to make it prime tickled, such as marm mixes up for the workin hands since you took the pledge, Par. When I stirred it up well, and took a swig, to see if it was the rale critter, I got a tumbler, and arter fillin one for the President, I sot down, and sez I—

"Now Captin make yourself at hum, and take hold."

He didn't need much urn, for the switchell was ginnine stuff, sweet, and yet sort of tart, and cool as a cucumber, and the dough nuts beat all natur.

The President had at eat more than half a dozen, and had his tumbler filled about as often afore he began to cherk up and look as good as new agin.

"Mr. Slick, sez he, this is what I call livin," but my mouth was half full of a middling sized dough nut, and I had to wash it down afore I could answer.

"Help yourself Captin; don't be afeard—there's enough more where these come from," sez I, as I swollered the last mouthful.

"Well I think I've done purty well," sez he a stretching himself up and puttin his hands in his pockets. "I raly begin to feel like myself agin; that's excellent drink of yours, ain't it Mr. Slick?"

"Cooin," sez I, "and rather toothsome; shall I mix another pitcher Captin?"

"No, not now," says he, "but I wish you'd write me out a receipt."

"I'll do it," sez I, "and glad of the chance, for darn me if I haint took a sort of a notion to you, Captin; my opinion is that you're a rale genuine feller, if them consarned politicians would

only let you be; all you want is a downright honest chap that'll tell you the truth right out, and that you can trust, he'd be worth a hull billion of Whigs, or Loco Focos either."

"But where is he to befound?" sez the Captin, sort of molancholy.

"Looks a here!" sez I, a flingin one arm over the chair and a leanin' other elbow on the table, "Look a here!"

The President he sot with both hands in his pockets a looking right in my face for ever so long, and ses he at last, ses he—

"Mr. Slick, will you go back with me to the hotel, and sleep with me to-night; I want to have some talk with you; of course you'll go with us to the Park Theatre?"

"With all the pleasure in nater," sez I. "and we'd better be a goin'; take another swig of the pitcher, Captin, and stow away some of the dough nuts in your pockets, they'll be prime at the theatre."

The President said he'd eat enough, so as I was a following up my own advice, he got up and was a puttin on his gloves when he see his own picter a hanging by Captin Doolittle's birth, and I could see that he was kinder tickled with it.

"The Captin aint much of a poetician," said I, "but he bought that picter because he parists that it proves you to be the most consistent President that ever lived, when you veto so many bills."

"How does my face prove that?" sez he, looking sort of puzzled.

"Why," sez I, "he sez that a man that runs so generally to nose can't be expected to say yes when he don't want to."

The President he burst right out a lardin, and with that I took old bell-crown and arter sending the nigger to put up the mare and colt I followed on to the hotel; but its gittin late and I can't write any more till next week; but maybe you'd hear from me then, for the President and I went to the theatre and slept together, and are as thick as three in a bed just now, and if he haint no objections I shall write all about it, but 'twill be just as it takes my notion whether I send it right on or print it in the Brother Jonathan.

I send you my picter and the Captin's tu, but it was engraved in a hurry, and aint nigh on so handsome as itter on us; by am by I'll set for another, and then you'll see a chap worth while a figguring in the Brother Jonathan.

Your dutifol son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—A late German paper gives the following as examples of conscientiousness on the part of a certain class of newspapers therabouts:

"We stated lately that an Englishman named Hodges had invented a new cement, by which pieces of iron could be joined together so as to be as strong as one solid piece. Our statement was not exactly correct; the inventor's name is Jeffrey, not Hodges, and the cement is not for iron, but joins wood so firmly that there is no necessity for nails."

Another case:

"We mentioned lately that the town of Messina, in Sicily, had been destroyed by an earthquake. We felt called upon to correct this account by stating, that the town is not in Sicily, but on the Danube, and is not called Messina, but Belgrade, and that it was not destroyed by an earthquake, but that a dreadful conflagration had occurred in it."

We remember a story which is a match for these:—A woman being about to become a mother, a servant was despatched in great haste for a midwife, named Schweizer, living in Frederick street. The servant was gone the whole day, and by the time he returned the affair was safely over.

"Well," said his master, "did you find the midwife at last?" "Oh! yes; but she does not live in Frederick street, but Yager street, and her name's not Schweizer, but Hausmann, and she's not a midwife either, but a police officer. The way it happened was this:—Mrs. Schweizer had moved from her lodgings, and the neighbors had directed the servant to another of the same profession, named Hausmann, living in Yager street, and he had there stumbled upon a police officer of the name.—*Penny Magazine*.

GOOD LUCK.—The recent discovery made, through the instrumentality of a deserving young lawyer, that an emigrant from the Emerald Isle was heir to an immense fortune, has been the subject of much conversation for several weeks. The lawyer to whom the Irishman so liberally gave the landed property at the West, estimated to be worth \$1,700,000, as a reward for his services, is Charles Grandison Thomas, Esq., who was graduated at Harvard University in the year 1838. He has hitherto been subjected to a series of deprivations incident to those who are in straightened circumstances and has sometimes been ready to despair of earning a living from his professional labors. He at one time thought of removing to the Western country, but by the timely assistance of friends, he has been enabled to obtain a comfortable support.—*Boston Herald*.

RUTH ELDER.

BY JOHN REAL.

"Woodman! spare that tree."

"It is too late, sir. I am not to be encouraged. I had some hope, sir, when I left New York—the idea of seeing the old homestead, of sitting under that large tree by the spring, and of feeling the cool water once more, seemed to put strength into me; but I have been there now—the dream is all over—and I am going home to die."

"You cannot be serious, my friend. It is the weather, your fatigue, perhaps, or some disappointment you have met with."

"You may well call it a disappointment, sir. I may be very weak—I dare say I am—and perhaps I feel now much more than I should in robust health; and it may be that I have grown whimsical, and that in no other way could I have been so thoroughly weaned from earth, as I have been by this last visit of mine to the old house. Upon my word, sir, I am half ashamed of myself; but if you had planted a tree with your own hands, as I have, and watched it, and tended it for thirty-five years, till it became the pride of the whole country round about, and seen it flourish for thirty years longer, under the guardianship of those to whom you had entrusted its welfare, I rather think you would feel it too, if you had seen what I saw on my last visit to Freeport. No, no—I have seen the old place for the last time."

"I hope not, sir. I hope you have many years to live yet."

"Perhaps I have; but if I should live in the age of Methuselah, I would never venture within sight of the place where the tree stood the last time I was there, nor ever try to taste of that spring again. It would be too much for me."

The speaker was a large, powerful man, with a strongly marked countenance, and a look of downright stacerity, which was not to be trifled with. He was evidently in the neighbourhood of threescore and ten, without an atom of what the world calls sensibility in his nature, and a man, take him altogether, who would never be suspected of any other than the homeliest feelings. Curious to understand what it was that had so troubled him, and set him thinking of death, at a time when, notwithstanding his age, he appeared younger than most men at fifty or fifty-five, I begged him to tell me what had happened at the last visit he spoke of.

"With all my heart," said he. "You must know that when I left Freeport, for good and all, I went round to take leave of everything that had grown up with me; it was just five and-thirty years ago last Wednesday. And I got along pretty comfortably with the old barn, and the old fences, and the pastures, and the strawberry-patches, and the little orchard, and with everything indeed, even the old house itself; perhaps, because it was not so much the work of my own hands, till I came to the old tree by the spring; you remember it, I dare say you've heard tell of it, haven't you? the big elm!"

"Ah! was that the tree! Many is the time I have heard of it, and once, in travelling that way, it was pointed out to me."

"Well, sir, that tree was planted with my own hands."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I'll tell you how it was. When I was a little fellow, not more than so high, (reaching his hand out of bed, and holding it some three feet from the floor,) one day, when my father was ploughing, and I following after him, he turned up a young elm in the furrow, not more than three years old at the most. I jumped to save it; and he said to me, 'Barney,' says he; 'you may have that for your own,' says he, 'if you'll take care of it; it looks thrifty, and the roots, I see, are all sound and hearty.' 'Where shall I set it out, father?' said I. 'Just where you like,' said the old man; and so, taking it up as tenderly as if it had felt as well as life, I carried it off to the spring I mentioned, and planted it there."

"Well, sir."

"Well, sir—it took—you'll excuse me—but I think I can see myself pawing in the soft earth, and setting it out with my little rough hands, just as I had seen my father set out his cabbage-plants, and when I had done, looking up, and growing very red about the gills, to find him standing over me—the good old man—looking as pleased as a child. 'Right, my boy—all right,' said the old man; 'you'll make a smart man, if you live; that was done after a real workmanlike fashion; couldn't a-doo it better myself. Take care of your tree, now, and there's no doubt it will live as long as you do—and perhaps longer.'"

Here the poor man at whose bedside I was sitting drew a long breath, and whopped over on his pillow; and it was a matter of ten minutes before I could bring him back to the subject again; and when I did, upon my word, there was a perceptible difference in the strength of his voice.

"Well, well," said he at last, "I see you mean to have it, and perhaps it may do me good to tell you the story. You have trees, don't you?"

"Love them! I reverence them."

"All the same. I knew you did. I could have sworn, the first time I ever heard you open your mouth about the country, that you would sooner tear down a house, than a tree. Give us your hand! Well—that tree I watched over, night and day, for thirty years—I mean what I say; watched over it, and tended it for thirty years, digging round the roots every spring, and fencing it from the cattle, and turning the waste water from the spring under it, until it threw—Lord, how it threw!—it was a larger and a handsomer tree at forty, than you could find within fifty miles, of double that age. And when I pulled up stakes, and left Freeport forever, and went round to say good-by to every thing I loved—the last thing I ventured to look at, if you'll believe me, was that very tree, and the beautiful spring of water underneath; the coolest and clearest water I ever met with in all my life—it may be an old man's whim—and it may be because I have been living so long in New York, but such is my deliberate opinion. Don't laugh at me."

"Laugh at you! Heaven forbid! I respect your feelings, and, what is more to the purpose, can assure you that I have heard of the water of that spring ever since I can remember; but don't let me interrupt you."

"Well, continued he, lifting himself up on one elbow, and propping his broad shoulders with a bolster, and two or three pillows. Well, sir—every year since I left Freeport, I have been in the habit of paying a visit, in the summer time, to that spring and that tree. The old house had gone into other hands; even the old barn had been sold for half its worth, and the avails employed in building another, of not more than half its size—which, when it was finished, cost more than the old one sold for, and was not half so good. You'll excuse me, but they desecrated it, and I told them so. Here the worthy man chuckled faintly, and then fell a coughing. Yes, sir—the house had gone, the fences, and even the old barn—though it was not so very old neither, and might have lasted a hundred years longer, with a little patching—and so, look where I would, there was nothing to remind me of old times; nothing to make me remember myself and my home, but the tree I had planted with my own hands, and the clear spring of water, running away from among its very roots. And every year I have gone there, and seated myself in the shade, and guzzled and guzzled—I dare not say how much of the water—but enough to spoil half a score of wine drinkers!—Yes sir—every year of my life, without a single failure since I left that part of the world, until last year, when I was prevented by sickness in my family. And every year I found that glorious old tree, grown larger and healthier, and more and more promising, so that, to tell you the truth, remembering the prophecy of my father, I found encouragement for myself in its amazing thriftiness and strength. It may seem strange to you, sir—unaccountable to every body—that a man of my age and of my habits, and you know what they are, should feel as if he had grown to a tree; as if it were, in a manner, a part of himself; yet so it was with me. And this year, being unable to bear the separation any longer, and not only unwilling, but unable, I determined to pay the old tree and the old spring another visit, and see how they were getting on—for the sake of my family—who were if possible, more anxious than I was, for my tree to once more; believing it would do me good; for my old wife will have it that I used to talk about that tree in my sleep—but I have done talking about it now, sir. Well, well; I left my home three weeks ago last Wednesday, and lost no time in finding my way to the old house. Every thing looked natural enough, except the barn, and that I said nothing about; though I confess it rather stuck in my crop; and I was at very sorry, when the stupid fellow told what a mis-do he had made of it. So, having looked about me, I stole out of the back door and hurried away towards the spring; but when I came to the little orchard, and was just going to clamber over the fence—I stopped and stared—and looked about me, as if I had been dropped into a strange place. Not a sign of the old tree was to be seen! For a moment I felt bewildered;

completely stupefied with surprise. What could have become of the tree! Could I be mistaken—or were my senses leaving me? Surely there was the orchard; there the pasture, and there the little spring. I hurried toward it; and, you may judge of my feelings, when I tell you that all there was left of that wonderful old tree, was a stump not higher than I was when I planted it; and the spring itself was literally choked with leaves and chips and rubbish. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I felt as if a judgement had fallen upon my father's house; indeed I can hardly tell you how I felt, or what I said, or what I did. I only know that, instead of staying all night, as I intended, I left the place forever; only stopping to kiss a dear child that had followed me down to the spring, and stood watching me, with her eyes brimful—God bless her—while her brute of a father was trying to explain why he had felled the tree. And what d'ye think was the man's excuse?"

"Can't imagine, for the life of me."

"No, that you would not, I dare say, if you were to guess a hundred times. Why, sir, in the first place, he said there were a plenty of trees round there—and trees were no rarity in that part of the world—only fit for burning. And when I reminded him that the elm was good for nothing as fire-wood, his answer was, 'True enough, old gentleman, but then, you see, the gals and boys used to come and sit under that ere tree in strawberry time, and tumble about in the grass, making believe they'd only come there to get a drink o' water; and so I concluded to cut it down, and see if that wouldnt make 'em skane.'"

"The wretch!" whispered I.

"Yes!" groaned the poor sufferer. "You may well call him a wretch. But, notwithstanding all that, he has got a family worth seeing; and there's one dear little child—Ruth, I believe her name is—worth going fifty miles to see. I've got a keepsake for her somewhere, and if you can manage to send it by some trusty person, or to take it yourself—now couldst'nt you?—you'll oblige me more than I choose to say. That girl felt the loss of that tree; and though she never opened her mouth when she heard her father talking, and saw me going away pale with rage and mortification, she stole up to me, and slipping her little soft hand into mine, whispered to me not to cry, for she would plant another tree for me, and scoop out the spring, and set it thick with strawberry-blossoms, against next summer, if I would only promise to come again, and not take it so much to heart, nor be angry with her father. What could I say? I felt as if I should knock her father down; but instead of that, I kissed the forehead of the dear child, got into my gig, and set off on my return to New York; having no wish ever to see that place again, and believing in my heart, as I now tell you seriously, that I had received my death-blow."

"My friend—" said I, reproachfully.

"I tell you I am serious; I do not expect to see New York again. Just reach me that paper you see lying there."

I handed the paper to him. He opened it, and taking out a brooch with a large tree enamelled upon it, entreated me to give it to the child he spoke of, with my own hands.

I promised; and I kept my promise, and so did he; for he died on his return to New York.

Beware!

It was a whole year before I had an opportunity of seeing the child whose behavior to the old man had fixed her in my heart forever. Again and again, I had pictured her to myself as a little timid thing, with a strange earnestness of look, the deepest sensibility, and a childish warmth about her, which would be sure to repay me for a visit to her father's, even though I were not the bearer of such a beautiful keepsake. But, somehow or other, although I thought of her a thousand times at least in the course of the twelvemonth that followed, and half reproached myself more than once for not going on purpose to see her, instead of waiting till business or pleasure might happen to take me that way, still it never occurred to me to send her the brooch, instead of keeping it, until I could be the bearer of it myself. And why? There was my promise in the way; my pledge to the old man—almost literally a death-bed promise, for he did not live a month after he put the keepsake in my hand, praying me to deliver it myself.

At last, however, one still summer afternoon, a whole year after the old man and I had parted—he to pass over the threshold of another world, I to busy myself yet a little longer in this—I found myself at North Yarmouth, on the way through to Freeport. Strange! that I

should have so utterly forgotten the neighborhood; but so it was. I had jumped into my gig, and was leaning forward to take the reins from the landlord, when, happening to look up, I saw the word *Freeport* upon a sign-board just before me; and on making the proper inquiries, had the pleasure of learning that it would not be more than a mile or two out of my way to visit the old house, and judge for myself touching all that Mr. Roberts had told me—Barabas Roberts: I haven't mentioned his name before, I believe.

A fine rattling shower had just passed off. The dust was laid—the wind was rising; there was a perfect hurricane of brightness among the damp leaves; and the smell of newly-mown hay and trampled clover-blossoms was enough to set anybody dreaming. I felt young—by—no matter how many years. Other days were about me, the blue of another sky, the smell of another kind of blossoming air; rich and wanton, and lustrous with orange flowers and myrtle, and all alive with the voices of happy children, and the eyes of happy women. Of course, I didn't suffer the grass to grow under the wheels of my carriage. Crack! went the whip, and away we rattled—the horse and I; for, between ourselves, my dear, there was nobody with me, else I might have had something else to think of, or been elbowing into another road or by-path, perhaps,—with a flea in my ear!

"Fray," said I, as I came in sight of an old-fashioned, weather-beaten house, that stood rather aloof, I thought, from everything else in the neighborhood; bleak, dreary, and altogether too unsocial for "my yase"—"pray, my dear," addressing myself to a young woman, just the other side of a stone-wall, over which I had seen her jump, at a single bound, as I topped the hill—"pray, my dear, can you direct me to Mr. Elder's?"—Jotham Elder, I believe his name is."

The young woman stopped, and shaking back a prodigious quantity of hair from a face that startled me, answered with a slight blush, the slightest in the world, barely enough to temper a sweet, childish voice—"You are in the right path now, sir. My father's name is Jotham, and he lives in that ere house you see yonder."

"Ah!" said I, reining up short, and trying to get another peep, without being too particular—"Ah, and so you are a daughter of his, my dear, I was going to say; but just then she happened to lift her eyes, and, for the life of me, I couldn't tell whether they were the eyes of a woman, or of a child. So I changed the phrase, looked a little sheepish, I am afraid, for a man of my age, and begged to know if her father was at home, with a courtesious of manner at which I have laughed many a time since.

"I believe not, sir; but mother is to home, and father'll be back afore sunset. He's only gone to Portland, sir. If you'll just ride over to the house, they'll be very glad to see you. There's Nathaniel, I declare! he'll put up your horse, and you'll be sure to see father at supper. I'm a-goin' arter the cows now, or I would just run over with you and show you the way; but you can't miss the path. And if you step all night, as I hope you may, why then I shall see you again, afore we go to bed." And saying this, away she scampered, with one shoulder bare, a ragged sun-bonnet falling off, and her uncombed tresses glittering and streaming behind her, like a meteor.

Having looked after her, I believe in my heart, for a good five minutes, wondering what on earth to make of her, and not a little aroused at her wab to see me again! afore we went to bed," I drove slowly along toward the old house, entered upon the widest path I could see, and found it "green to the very door." A magnificent-looking old woman was seated in a rocking-chair, just inside the entry, and two or three children were romping with the house-dog upon the broad stone step. I didn't count them, being determined to find out which was the one I wanted, before I opened my mouth. But the longer I waited, the more I was puzzled; and having seated myself, at the desire of the old lady, and asked all the questions I could think of, about the best method of drying apples, and ripening cucumbers for seed, both of which pleasant household occupations were going on before me, at every window of the house; and having found out how to bleach night-caps, that is to say, by putting them into a wooden dish, with a pall of soap-suds, and leaving them to steep for three days in the hot sunshine—I was just on the point of giving up the search for a bad job, when the largest of the children jumped up, and screamed out, "I told you 'twas Trotty's Rigger, and there she is now; and I'll ask her, you see I don't, ole Josh Elder!"

Whereupon "ole Josh Elder," as she called him, a little chubby-

faced wretch, as thick as he was long, and about five years old, I should think, threw himself upon the floor, and began to fling his legs about and scream like all-possessed.

"But who the plague was *Totty*? And what on earth could be the meaning of *Totty's jigger*? And what did they mean by singing out, 'There she is now!' I looked all round, but I could see nobody; and there was nothing in sight, so far as I could perceive, at all resembling a jigger. In the midst of my perplexity, and just as I had begun to think of asking for Miss Ruth, for I couldn't bring myself to believe that, by any possibility, she could be one of these little dirty savages, the grandmother appeared to wake up all at once, and stooping forward, began adjusting her spectacles, with the air of a judge about to administer an oath, and settle the question for ever; and then reaching underneath Master Josh, as he lay kicking and squalling upon the floor, and getting hold of a little strange-looking wooden instrument, some fourteen inches long or thereabouts, and perhaps two inches wide, very thin and very much warped—the little monster clinging to it with both hands all the while, and trying to hide it—she fetched him a slap with it just where it fitted closest and was likely to do him most good, which brought him to his senses at once, and cleared up the mystery about *Totty's jigger*, in much less time than I have taken to tell it. I understood in a moment what it was good for, and made up my mind, if I ever got married, to have one always at my front door—and, if possible, with a grandmother to manage it. Since then, to be sure, I have heard the same sort of article denominated a *corset bone*, or *busk*—I forget which. But perhaps they all mean the same thing.

"There comes *Totty* now!" shouted another and a somewhat larger girl, thrusting her head in at the door, and vanishing instantly at the sight of a stranger, as if she'd been shot. Up started all the rest of the children, followed by the house-dog, in full cry; and I was left alone with the grandmother. Meanwhile I had begun to think of my errand—to fumble about for the brooch; the young, beautiful face I had just seen, though rather dirty, being, I had no sort of doubt, the face of the child I was after.

"Madam," said I, "as your son is late, I think it will be hardly worth my while to stay longer; and therefore"—

"Why, dear heart!" cried the old woman, "you musn't think of going away to-night."

"Indeed, madam, but I must. I had no idea of staying all night, even if I saw Mr. Elder."

"Wal, wal, yer can't go till arter supper. There's a plenty o' time, if you want to gitt'er Brunswick or Bath to-night, or anywhere else on a'right; and then, too, your horse he'n't got through his feed yet, and we shall have supper in a few minutes. Laddy-tiddy! if Ruth was only here now; but it's always jess so—always out o' the way when she's wanted, the poor little half-witted thing!"

"Ruth!" said I. "Oh, ho! and who's Ruth?" One of the little folks I saw, as I turned up the path, perhaps I? I began to have my misgivings. "Or was it the funny-looking little girl that peeped into the door just now, and then ran off as hard as she could streak it, with the dog after her?"

"I rather guess it was, fried—what may I call your name?"

"Page, ma'am, at your service."

"Page! What Page? Not one o' the down-east Pages, hey? Wal, I declare!" clapping on her spectacles, and falling to "a personal" of my face, with the clearest intention in the world of becoming well acquainted with my whole family—"no relation of Zoroabel Page, air ye? or Timothy Page, or Silas Page, or any o' the Hallowell Pages? Why, dear heart! my grandmother was a sort of a Page herself; her first husband married into old Si Page's family."

Here followed a somewhat lengthy account of his family, from the landing of the "old folks" at Plymouth, as she called them, which continued until, by some accident, I happened to mention the girl I saw going after the cows.

"Arter the cows, indeed! Well, if ever! She go arter the cows! Why, if she gets into the woods arter the sun's an hour high, we shall have to send for her; she'll never find her way home while she breathes the breath o' life. Arter the cows! Why, man alive! the cows would be more likely to find her, than she would them, at this season o' the year. Holy-tully! Here, Jake!—here, Joe! Run down to the spring, Liddy, and see if she ain't asleep there, with one o' them're plaguy

story-books to her hand! Shoo, there! shoo! Wharr's Watch? Why don't ye answer? Where all ye all! Poor Ruthy! If I wasn't so old, I'd go after her myself; or I'd know the reason why."

Ruthy! Ruth! God bless me! could it be that the young woman I had spoken with at the wall, was the child, the dear child, I had been so long yearning to see? She a child, with her strangely bright eyes, and womanly mouth!

While these thoughts were hurrying through my mind, a noise from afar of reached me, and half-bewildered, I knew not why, with a mixture of terror and hope, as I heard the shouting of the children and the barking of a dog, I started up and offered to go after poor Ruthy myself.

"Well, Mr. Page, I must say that's very neighbourly in you; but you look tired, and you don't know the cow-paths, and maybe you might have to wander about for miles before you found her, and be lost in the woods."

"But I might find my way to the spring, perhaps."

"Perhaps you might. Well, well, you may run over there, if you like; and if you find Ruthy there, just tell her to come home about the quickest—will ye? And if you don't, why, Lord-a-massy on me! what shall I do?—her father out o' the way, and nobody on earth come home to help raise the neighbours!"

"Ah! is the poor thing such a simpleton that she cannot find her way home after nightfall?"

"Simpleton! Ruth Elder a simpleton! I guess you don't know much about the family, Mr. Page. No, no; the girl's only a little strange, and out o' the way; a little too fond o' readin' and writin', that's all; and that makes her forgetful when she's abroad in warm weather, or running about the woods near nightfall.—Ah, here she comes!"

And as the grandmother spoke, the young woman I had met came stealing sideways into the room, pale as death, and trembling from head to foot. A young woman! Pah—she was but a child, a mere child after all; though large enough to look womanly, at the distance I saw her.

The Spring.

"And so, my dear," said I, seeing her so abashed, and rather disposed to encourage the poor thing—"and so, my dear, you're little Ruth, hey?"

"Sir!" said little Ruth.

"And 'ma'am!" said I, with a jump, muttering I never knew what, until after I had got away—something, whatever it was, was loud enough to be heard by the dear old grandmother, for she pushed up her spectacles, and stared at me, and the children began tumbling about over the floor, and screaming like all-possessed.

Whether it was an oath, and whether I looked sheepish or not, I must leave others to judge; all I know is that I felt so, and that I am not very certain of anything else that happened for the next few minutes, save that the large lamping eyes of that child were upon me, with such a womanly expression that I stopped and stared at her with my mouth half open, if I may believe what she afterward told me with her own sweet lips.

"Oh Totty! Totty! our Totty's a marm! If our Totty ain't a marm!" they cried—the little imps! gathering about her, and palling at her apron as if they would pull it off, and the youngest of all going still further, as she slipped into a chair a little behind her grandmother, by clambering up and getting astride of her neck, holding on with both feet by her long, shining rames, and shaking them, with all her might, and shouting "Get up, marm! get up, marm! Bobby wants a yide!"

"Pray," said I, as soon as I had got my breath, "pray, Miss Ruth, will you be so obliging as to show me the way to the spring?"

"That will I!" said Miss Ruth, jumping up as she spoke, and trying to dialogue her tormentor, and, if possible, to disengage his little, dirty-looking hands from her hair, without losing a fat-sill, and making him squall. But no—our gentleman was not in the humour. He wanted a yide to the spring, he must have a yide to the spring, and he would have a yide to the spring; and the rest of the children, Liddy Augusty, and Judy Ma-wry, (for so they pronounced it), and our Neb, (an abbreviation of Nebobachnessar), got together in a corner, where they stayed a long while, whispering and nudging one another, and making all sorts of faces at me, and at last gave tongue altogether to the noisiest outcry you

ever did hear in all your life—an outcry which even their grandmother couldn't put a stop to, though she threatened them with the press-board, and blazed away at the biggest, like a two-and-forty pounder, and finally shook Totty's finger at them, till I trembled for the consequences—remembering what a capital fit I had seen a few minutes before.

But the little plagues were all out of her reach, the poor old woman being a cripple; and there they stood for full five minutes by the clock, moping and mowing at poor Ruth, and pointing all their fingers at her, and gissing and screaming. "Oh Miss Ruth! Ah Miss Ruth! How d'y'e do, morn'!"

In the midst of the uproar Miss Ruth tore away, and giving me a sign to follow, darted through the back-door like a shadow, and I after her. Over the stone wall she went—and I after her! the children surging away behind, at long intervals, and screaming and whooping like mad creatures. At length, just as we had got clear of the little wretches, and I was beginning to breathe freely, I saw her spring over a brush-fence—look round her a moment with all her bright hair flying loose—and stoop as if to gather a flower. I followed up on a sort of hand-gallop, and was up alongside before she had righted herself—and then—didn't I catch it! Never shall I forget her look; never, to my dying day! It was that of wronged, almost of outraged innocence—the pomp of maidenhood ruffled by a careless breath in its very first flowering. And wherefore? Simply because I had forgotten myself so far as to treat her like a child again—a little, noisy, frolicsome, good-natured, romping child; to come upon her by surprise, when she stooped, not to pick a flower, as I had supposed, but to pull up her stocking; and to look at her, as she started up at my sudden approach, from the midst of her long dishevelled tresses—a golden shower, if the color had been golden—a shadowy shower, at any rate, with the sun shining through it, in flashes and ripples; one white plump shoulder in full view, and the other not more than half-hidden—as no mortal man ever yet looked upon a child, no matter how plump her shoulders were.

Poor thing! she was very much to be pitied; and I, still more. Not a word was spoken, but I saw by her change of manner, an averted eye, and a stammering carriage, that I must let her have her own way for the future, and never mistake her for a child again, however much like a child she might choose to behave.

At last we reached the spring. We were together and alone. The children were in the next field, pulling strawberry-blossoms and wild roses, and chasing the butterflies—and what should hinder me from looking into her face now? There was nobody to see—and nobody to tell, though she were to blush all over, and I behave like the veriest simpleton that ever lived. So, putting a bold face on the matter, and speaking, to the best of my recollection and belief, in a bold, clear, manly voice, I said—*says I*—"And so, this, then, is the beautiful spring I have heard so much of! But where's the great elm?"

Whether Miss Ruth misunderstood me, or was only thinking of something else and didn't hear me, I never knew; nor would she ever tell me after we had got better acquainted; but her eyes filled, and she turned away sorrowfully and without speaking. After a silence of two or three minutes, which had begun to grow rather embarrassing for me, I recollected my errand.

"Pray," said I, "Miss Ruth," drawing the paper which contained the brooch from my pocket, and slowly unwrapping it, "pray, my dear, do you remember having ever seen a tree like that?"—here I handed her the brooch—"anything like that, in all your life before?"

After looking at the brooch for a moment, with a smile of childish joy, her countenance changed suddenly, and snatching it from my hand, she screamed out—

"Goodness me! why—if there was only a little drop of water just here—only a drop, now—gushing out from among the roots, I should say it was a likeness of the old elm that used to stand here—just here! that's the stump you see there. As I live! I never saw anything so strange in all my life! Oh, what would I give that father was here now! And that old gentleman that went away from us broken-hearted, last summer, after father had cut down the tree—his tree he called it—for he had planted it with his own hands when a little boy, and had watched over it, and tended it, and played with it; I declare I'd give the world to see him now, and show him that tree in the brooch!"

And here the poor thing began to sob, as if her very heart would break.

I tried to comfort her, and, stealing up to her side, slipped my arm round her waist—and—shall I acknowledge the truth?—seated myself on the old stump and drew her upon my knee; and then finding that she neither grew red in the face nor put up her lip, nor bunched away, as I expected—and almost hoped—I proceeded to question her about the old gentleman, as she called him, and the tree, and the spring, until I could bear it no longer. She hadn't taken her eyes off the brooch—off the tree, I should rather say, for I don't believe she saw the brooch; nor had she answered me with a single word—but tears after tears fell upon my hand—she trembled—and I had just begun to clear up the mystery of my appearance, and had got as far as the death of the old gentleman, and the story he had told me about poor little Ruth, slipping her hand into his at the door, and making a promise, (which I saw had been faithfully kept—for the spring was cleared out and the turf white with strawberry blossoms, and a young elm had started up, as out of the old roots of the other)—and I had just mentioned the errand I had come on—as which her warm tears flowed faster and faster; and I hardly know what else might have happened, for she evidently needed more comforting, and I was just in the humor for it, when, changing to look up, I saw at least three pairs of eyes peeping at us through a fence I had not observed before. She saw them, too, but never moved an inch, nor manifested the least embarrassment—and before I had entirely recovered from the shock, somebody at my elbow said—

"How d'y'e do, mister! What may I call your name? Seems to me I've seen you afore—somewhere."

"Why father! is that you?" cried Miss Ruth, but without stirring from my lap or showing any signs of alarm. "Where did you come from? Look here!—here, here!—Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"Is it good?" said he—taking the brooch in his hand with a knowing leer, and trying to *tear it*, and then shaking his head. "Can't say I think much on't." (Poor girl! how she coloured.) "How much does the fellow ask for't?"

Was the old dodger pokin' fun at me, as they call it away down East; or did he really mistake me for a tin-peddler, and suppose I had got his child away by myself, to wheedle her out of a stray piskerkin?

"Why, father, I meant the tree, and not the brooch! You ought to be ashamed of yourself—hadn't he, Mister What-d'y'e-call-em? He's a gentleman, father, every inch of him—that you may depend on—aint you, sir? And he's come to bring me that beautiful tree in the brooch as you sent for old Mr. What's-his-name there? Ah, father, how will you feel when you come to hear the poor old gentleman's dead?"

Her father began to look serious.

"Dead, father? Aint he, sir? And what is more, father, he died of a broken heart—didn't he, sir?"—and here she fell a sobbing again, and dropped the brooch upon the turf; and when I picked it up and gave it to her she didn't seem to know it—"Yes, father—and even upon his death-bed he kept talking about that old tree by the spring, which I wanted you to spare, and which you would cut down, you said, though we should all cry our eyes out. Oh father, father I bow do you feel now!"

P. S. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

PHILOSOPHICAL QUERIES.

If change of scene should be recommended to an invalid, would sitting through two scenes of a play at the Park, answer the desired end?

If it were necessary to send out a Minister to China, was not Mr. T. Frelinghuysen, the most appropriate person to receive the appointment? Should not Lear, be played always by a quitting actor?

Is there not a community of interest between the razor-strop man and Mr. Howe?

Is what the Episcopalians call Lady Day, any relation to Day the India Rubber man?

Is it not more than probable that the lost tribe of Ham, may yet be detected in the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands?

If a tailor commences a suit for me, can he afterwards change his ground and commence a suit against me?

If a besieging general batter down the walls of a town, and the siege is afterwards raised by a treaty of peace, does the law of nations require the general to stop and mend his breaches?

On that stormy night in the Hellespont, when Leander attempted the waer, would it not been better policy to have waived the attempt?

From the Lady's World.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

They had lived together five years. Married in the first bright flash of youth, while scarcely more than children, both had struggled to blend romance with the stern realities of life, till its duties and the quiet everyday hopes which make the bliss of a household were forgotten. In a vain toil to preserve the fanciful and ideal passion which had prematurely united them, they lost sight of the useful and the real. In his affections, in his business, everywhere, young Percy carried the refined and fastidious tastes of a lettered and poetical mind. To cultivate a vivid imagination, to refine a taste always morbid, was his constant and unsafe effort; while she, young, thoughtless, and devoted to her husband, abandoned herself to affections already too vivid. Innocent, loving and romantic as on the day of their marriage, she was, also for her child-like and unhesitating nature, also, and every year of their married life served but to separate the minds of two beings whose fates had been linked too soon and too rashly.

Alas for the woman who has no tribute but that of tenderness and affection to render her home attractive; who is the plaything rather than the companion of her husband—whose expense to keep the heart of being whose mind she cannot comprehend! Alas for Jane Percy, for she was one of these! At the age of twenty one she found herself a wife without the esteem of her husband, but retaining in her own heart all the warm and thrilling fondness which had constituted the sunshine of her bridal day.

It was late at night, and still Jane Percy was up; seated by the window, and watching eyes with strange eyes the few persons that out and walked hurriedly along the dim pavements of Broadway. Tears stood in her soft, blue eyes; her lips were pale and tremulous, while the jewels on her small fingers glittered in the lamp-light as she knitted them nervously together whenever the least sound from below reached her ear. She arose and walked the room hurriedly to and fro—she wandered from the parlor to a bed-room that opened from it, flung herself upon the sofa, and wept, but her face in those small hands and wept as if her heart would break. "Ah, why did he bring me here—why leave me thus forever alone, or exposed to the fascinations of men like this bewildering foreigner, to the hints of that woman,—shall I tell him—dare I tell him—what was said to me this very night? I had guessed it before—but oh, to have others tell me of a rival,—where could I speak so pitifully because he loves me no longer. This will drive me mad! What was it that man said to me at parting," she exclaimed, starting from the pillow, and putting the ringlets of dishevelled gold back from her pallid temples with both hands. "It was that which I should not have listened to, I, a wife—a wife!" All at once a faint crimson stole over the cheek of that fair young creature; she bent her eyes to the door, and seemed trying to conceal some morbid idea in her mind. "He bled my hand, and yet I did not reprove him, my heart was too full—too cruelly torn with what I had heard of my husband. I did not know it till now, perhaps even yet it was not so: my head sobbed dreadfully, I might have dreamed it—but—but—"

She sprang forward with a quick breath which was almost a cry, uttered the bell, and reached forth her arms to receive her husband: she recoiled with a look of horror, and attempted to close the door again. It was not Percy, but the foreigner who had paid the so neglected creature so much attention for weeks, when her heart and mind were unsettled with distrust of her husband's principles as well as of his love. There he stood at the door of her private room, late at night, and she alone, unprotected, and in a boarding-house.

"One moment," said the foreigner, in his peculiar broken English—"I did not wish to intrude, but you left the drawing-room so abruptly this evening. I heard you walking to and fro and could not rest, thinking you so lovely anxious or ill at ease. I feared that my boldness had offended, and come to apologize—are you ill? Have I given pain?"

Mrs. Percy could not answer, but trembling in every limb, motioned the bold intruder to depart, and when he seemed inclined to speak again, she forced the door against him and drew the bolt—at that moment a carriage stopped at the door, and she heard a step, a step in the passage. A sudden faintness came over her, and she sunk to a chair trembling like a frightened child. It was Percy who had entered the hall just in time to see the foreigner coming from the direction of his wife's parlor. He stopped suddenly and confronted the man, his brow burning, and with a more expressive look in his dark eyes.

"You are up late, sir, and absent from your room at an unusual hour," he said, in a voice strangely low and calm.

The man bowed his head, and attempted to pass on with the bland smile natural to him just visible on his lip, but at a glance of the stern eyes bent upon him, his face seemed to change his purpose.

"I have been to inquire after Mrs. Percy," he said—"I heard a sound in her room, a moaning sound, as if some one were suffering with pain or fear: there was no servant that I could summon, and knowing, even though ill, that the lady had no one near to render assistance, I went up to prefer aid if it were needed. The lady did not admit me, and I came away."

The man spoke quietly, and all that he said was true. He had listened to the moaning faintness of the poor lady watching in the room above till a late hour, and fearing that her restlessness arose from displeasure at his careless gallantry during the evening, he had allowed a generous impulse

to draw him into offering assistance—the little knew that the dangerous tongue of a woman, whose joy lay in creating discord, had filled that gentle bosom with feelings it had never known before, and that his own culpable expressions of admiration were scarcely noticed in the terrible anguish created by the idea of a rival to her husband's love.

Percy looked keenly in the young man's face for a moment after he had done speaking.

"You were tired," he said, with a haughty bow, "good night, sir!" and the husband passed on to the apartment of his wife.

Mrs. Percy was sitting in the chair to which she had fallen; when her husband looked gently at the door, she arose and admitted him, but her hand shook, and it was some time before she had strength to turn the bolt.

Percy cast one glance at her pallid face, quietly asked why she was up so late, and going to a table poured out a glass of water and drank it off. "You look ill and tired," he said in a voice so strangely calm and gentle that impulsively she lifted her heavy eye to his face.

"I could not sleep while you were away," she said, sitting down and resting her arm on the table. Her head fell forward, and as it lay upon her arm, she turned the soft eyes he had once loved earnestly on his face.

He turned away his head, and taking up a pen began to write. "You had better go to bed now—I have writing that will keep me busy some hours," he said, still with unusual politeness. "You will require rest for to-morrow we shall return to New England—can you and the child be ready for the afternoon cars?"

The young wife started up with a look of sudden joy, and would have flung herself upon his bosom in the fullness of her gratitude—but he did not seem to observe the affectionate impulse, and with a feeling of disappointment she withdrew and left the bed-room.

Percy leaned his forehead on his hand, and seemed lost in deep, if not painful thought, for more than half an hour.

"Why should I doubt or hesitate," he said—"why,"—and with his eyes fixed on the paper before him, "though this suspicion had never crossed my mind. I cannot love her as I did, unless it were possible to call back the crude ideas of youth,—the boyish fancy which is satisfied with gentleness and beauty alone. I will not deal harshly with her, I, who have left her so much to herself. I should have guarded her better for my child's sake, and for hers, if not for my own. She shall keep the child, too, it would be cruelty to separate them—but for me—"

He broke off his meditations and began to write, but his usually rapid pen faltered more than once in its task, and when the letter was finished, he sealed it with a trembling hand. It lay upon the table before him, folded and ready for the inscription full half an hour; at length he removed the hand which had supported his forehead, took up the pen again, and slowly wrote his wife's name, but as he did so a moisture crept into his eyes, and his lip quivered for an instant. He put the letter in his pocket-book, and laying down on the sofa, remained there until his morning sleep should at length come.

Three days after the above we have described, Jane Percy stood in a chamber of her father's dwelling, her child was playing in the sunbeam which streamed through a neighbouring window, and her husband stood before her equipped for a journey.

"You will return soon," she said anxiously. "I shall not be contented to remain here long if you are away."

"It is impossible for me to set a time," replied Percy evasively, but with a steady voice.

The child had thrown one of its playthings out of reach, and began to cry; the mother stepped toward it, and while her back was turned, Percy approached the bed and placed a letter beneath one of the pillows. He was about to leave the room, but she approached him, with the child in her arms, and giving way for one instant, he caressed the baby, kissed it, and left the room.

The young wife sat her child on the bed, and lay down beside it weeping bitterly, she scarcely knew why, for Percy had only left them for a few days, and the shelter of home was over and about herself and her little ones; still she wept on, now and then lifting her head to kiss the cheek of her infant as it played with the fringed curtains, and bent the pillow with its tiny head. She was becoming more composed when the child set up a gleeful shout, and she saw that a letter was grasped and slightly crumpled in its tiny fingers, she saw her own name in Percy's handwriting, and snatching the letter, tore it open, regardless of the infant, who began to cry violently at being thus harshly dealt with. With the letter held firmly in both hands, Jane Percy read it through, her lips were set in a cold, blanched perfectly white as she finished the first line, and when the child crept toward her and exerted his baby strength to recover the paper, it was clenched convulsively, and the unhappy mother lay senseless and white as a corpse on the pillow.

An hour went by, and still the deserted wife lay senseless and like a thing of death. The babe became tired of play, and fell asleep, with his warm, rosy cheek nestled close to the pallid face of his parent. Thus it was entire the father of Jane Percy found his child when he entered the chamber to inquire after his little grandson.

The old man took the paper from his child and read it, while the household were crowding around the sufferer bewildered and in terror. She revived at last, and then the stern father sent every one from the room, except to the infant.

"My child," said the old man.

The sufferer turned her head feebly on the pillow, and lifted her heavy eye to his.

"My child," repeated the old man once more, "had he any cause for this suspicion?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the unhappy young creature, in a voice of thrilling reproach.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of that aged man, his face fell forward upon the bed, and he wept aloud. "Do not grieve—let the selfish one go—I have a roof to shelter my girl and her child—you can be happy with me once more, my poor Jane!" said the kind man, once more lifting his face.

"I loved him, father," was the touching reply.

For one moment the old man looked almost angrily on the frail creature prostrated before him, but his better nature was ever uppermost, and instead of chiding, he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"It is right, my girl, he is your husband."
She placed her arm freely around his neck and returned his kindness, with a faint but grateful pressure of her tremulous lips. "Let me read the letter again, my father."

The old man placed the letter in her hand and left the room. She read it attentively more than once, laid it in her bosom, and tried to arise, but she was too feeble, and it was many days before that pale head was lifted from its pillow again.

For two years the unhappy wife remained with her father. The cruel desertion of her husband seemed to have changed and strengthened her character—"I know it all," she would say—"he believed me nothing more than a child,—he had no sympathy with my feelings, while I could have none with his mind. He loved me with his whole being,—I had never been suspected of wavering in my deep, too deep affection for him. But I will hope, father, struggle and hope on."

The old man would smile kindly and encourage her, so with one strong and affectionate faith at her back, she studied night and day, toiling for knowledge with a perseverance that nothing could dim or diminish. She had a beautiful guide, her books, his drawings, and pictures were to her possession. His pencil marks on the margin of every volume were a precious guide through the path of knowledge which he had pursued alone.

Two years, how much can two years of study accomplish when the heart becomes teacher to the mind? The strange, wilful man who had abandoned his wife so ruthlessly would scarcely have known the quiet, thoughtful and dignified woman, whose sweet face had become beautiful with thought and affections chastened but not diminished—affections that became stronger and brighter as they were blended with the intellectual.

Jane Percy was alone in her chamber—books lay upon a table by the window where she sat, a half finished drawing was in her hand, and tears stood in her eyes, it was an attempt at his features imperfect and sketchy, but the boy was like his father, and that fond heart had not lost one shade of the lineaments that wrong and absence had but traced the deeper there. It was not strange that Jane Percy should be sad that night, for it was just two years since the husband of her youth had departed for Europe.

She laid down the drawing with a heavy heart. Could it be that Percy had left them forever, that he would not return to look on the face of his boy? How like his father he was lying in that snowy bed, with one small hand nestled under the warm cheek, and that soft brown hair curling so thickly over his head!

Poor Jane Percy, she was depending then: the past had been whispering in her heart;—the present; it was a gloomy, sad present; and the future, just then she had no hope for the future. Weary with the tears she had shed, and almost heart-broken with tender regrets, she crept to the side of her child, laid her wet cheek to his and slept heavily.

At day break the child became restless and murmured in his sleep, the mother awoke and drew him closer to her heart, a single tear dropped from her closed lashes to the pillow, and words of gentle tenderness broken from her lips. Still the soft gray light of morning came through a grape vine rustling at the window before those gentle eyes unopened. The child was still asleep, but her kisses awoke him, and when he saw that she had been weeping, the little fellow sat up in bed and made a gentle attempt to console her, and in the effort dropped into a soft slumber again.

Jane arose from the bed, and for the first time remarked that she was still dressed, and had remained all night anxiously as she had dropped away from grief and weariness, while fondling her child. She had dreamed, too, that all night long, sweet, sad fancies had haunted her pillow. She went to a table, sat down, and began to write, for the first time in poetry, and thus was registered the

DREAM OF THE DESERTED.

I slept—amid the thoughts that roam
And weave themselves so strangely round me,
Those mournful memories that come
Like spirit tones that once have bound me,
And there, upon my slumbering sense,
A knowledge fell that we were parted;
A mournful knowledge, so intense,
That sleeping, I was broken brasted;
My soul was sorrowful and lone,
My very sense of life grew dreary,
As prisoned in a marble stone,
My pulse beat on inert and weary,
And feelings only thine for years,
Unfettered, free and sweetly gushing,
Lay on my heart a weight of scars,

I felt them to my eyelids rushing;
I felt them freeze around the strings
That gave my heart its music tone,
And, as the wintry moonbeam flings
Cold brightness on an altar-stone,
The memory of thy smile came back;
But it was all estranged and cold,
It left no sunshine in its track;
In sleep, my heart was growing cold.

I wept—for in that painful sleep
My feelings knew but one control,
And pride, that sentinel to keep
The portal of a woman's soul,
Now slumbered sadly on my post,
And visions of the past went by,
Of love and hope all dead and lost,
Like flowers that briefly bloom and die.
My dream was lengthened into years—
Years of such utter loneliness,
As fall upon a heart, when tears
Have worn it cold and passionless.
Each was to me a weary home,
My soul was driven from its shrine,
It seemed a gulf where light had come
And hardened where it taught to shine.

A change came softly o'er my dream,
"I was like a sunshine gently smiling,
With rosy touch and pleasant gleam,
Across the frozen fount of feeling;
It was as if a seraph came,
Born of that unbreath, music's daughter,
Who, smiling, bent and wore a chain
Of starry blossoms on the water;
And from those blossoms softly stole
A light, like pearl gleams in the ocean,
And through the chambers of my soul,
It kindled still some sweet emotion.
"Was thou had'st wrought the change, I knew
That light, it was the smile that thou me!
The blossoms—there was one that thou
A gentle perfume ever on me:
Our souls lay blended in its life,
It linked the solemn chills that bound us;
Its eye, with dew and sweetness rife,
Made the air holy all around us.

I slept—and still we were apart!
But in the changes of my dream,
That blossom, pillowed on my heart,
Like life on a restless stream,
Was cherished with the ruby dew
That wells my veins with thoughts of thee,
My own—my better life—and grew
In nature like ourselves; and we,
By its young light, as by a star,
Met once again—oh! it was sweet—
We who had been apart so far—
Thus in my slumbering thought to meet;
Still, in my calm unrest I knew
The arms that clasped me were but seeming,
But dear the vision, though untrue,
"Twas joy to love thee if but dreaming.
Thy breath was warm upon my cheek,
And tears beneath those eyelids lay,
While the glad words I could not speak,
Died faintly on my lips, for they
Seemed fearful that their overflow
Might hush the gentle music stealing
Through the full heart that beat below,
Happy, yet half its bliss concealing.

Though conscious it was still a dream,
And that dear presence all ideal,
As children see the rainbow's gleam,
And think the golden cup is real;
I closed my senses to the truth,
And thought thy murmured words were thine
That woke the echo of my youth,
And the deep feelings from repose
Which faithlessness, or time, or wrong,
May seek to crush, but all in vain!
The soul that wakes to perfect rest
Can never still its strings again;
My slumbering thoughts still cling to thee
In the soft stillness of that hour,
As each had been a feeling bee,
Thy heart a golden jessamine flower,
A distant light came softly breaking,
Like sunshine through the hazy past,

Some gentle mem'ry still awaking,
More dear, more tender than the last.
That light, it was the dawning day,
Through my lone casement faintly streaming,
That light so dreary, chill and gray—
I knew—I knew it was but dreaming!

Oh! wherefore should these eyes unclose,
Whence came that vision as I slept,
To mock my soul in its repose?
Thy child unto my heart had crept.

Oh! God, it was not all untrue;
The arms that clasp my neck are thine.
Thy own proud blood is blushing through
The limbs that nestle close to mine.
The breath, which floats upon my mouth
And mingles softly with my own—
Like perfume wafted through the south,
From roses of the torrid zone—
Was of thy life the purest light.

A ray from thy own being given
To lips so innocent and bright,
Their smile belongs to thee—or heaven.
Ha moves, that pleasant eye uncloses,
Ha murmurs, sleepily and low,
This cheek, all warm with youth and roses,
Is sleep has found a richer glow;
A shadow falls upon our child,
For he has seen his mother's tears,
These lips that trembled when he smiled,
Have fill'd his infant heart with fears.

He feels, but cannot understand
Why these dim eyes are turned away,
But grieving, lifts his tiny hand,
To move the tresses back, where they
Have fallen on my aching brow,
Gently and kind, as it would seem
His infant heart began to know
The pain left by that mocking dream.
He bends his dewy lips to me,
And with a sweet infatigable grace,
He turns those blue eyes lovingly
Upon my pale and troubled face.
He knows not why that soft caress
Receives an answering clasp or tone,
But his red lips still closer press
My child—my child—we are alone!

When Jane Percy had finished writing she folded the paper and directed it to her husband. She had received neither message, line, nor token from him since his departure, but he had left correspondents in the country, and she knew that he had travelled over Europe, and was then in Paris. So that little paper was sent forth trembling like a dove upon the cold waters.

It was late one evening when Percy entered his hotel weary and completely satiated with the excitements of Paris. He had spent months in London, Rome and Naples, had trod the sacred grounds of Jerusalem, and in every place sought eagerly to fling off a consciousness of the past, but it haunted him like a shadow. In vain he tried to cast the responsibility of his unhappiness on the young mother whom he had deserted. Reason as he would, a scarcely acknowledged consciousness of her innocence and of his own unworthy conduct made itself felt through selfishness and asphyxiation. There came seasons, too, of loneliness and solitude, when his spirit pined for the quiet of home, for the smiles of his child, for the soft voice that had blended itself so long with his very existence. And now amid the whirl of Parisian society, and surrounded by the blandishments of the most fascinating and brilliant women, on earth—this still new transient yearning after affection, and the sweet endowments of home, became a powerful want. He had found female intellect ready to lavish its brightness upon him at every corner; but the affections, the sincerity, that is to intellect what perfume is to the rose—that was wanting.

Upon the night when we again introduce the selfish man to our readers, he had been at a large party given by the American ambassador—a party that had combined in its attractions everything that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man. Women celebrated for their beauty and intellect surrounded him. Men of great minds had taxed his great conversational powers to the utmost, but amid all Percy was sad and dispirited. A shadow of the past lay on his heart—he left the gay throng almost unconsciously, and entering his hotel, sat moodily down to indulge in the gloomy thoughts that were far more suitable for the solitude of the chamber than the brilliant company that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man. Women celebrated for their beauty and intellect surrounded him. Men of great minds had taxed his great conversational powers to the utmost, but amid all Percy was sad and dispirited. A shadow of the past lay on his heart—he left the gay throng almost unconsciously, and entering his hotel, sat moodily down to indulge in the gloomy thoughts that were far more suitable for the solitude of the chamber than the brilliant company that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man. Women celebrated for their beauty and intellect surrounded him. Men of great minds had taxed his great conversational powers to the utmost, but amid all Percy was sad and dispirited. A shadow of the past lay on his heart—he left the gay throng almost unconsciously, and entering his hotel, sat moodily down to indulge in the gloomy thoughts that were far more suitable for the solitude of the chamber than the brilliant company that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man.

Percy arose and began in pace the room; but moving on at rest, that same picture was before his mind. He sat down again, and for the first

time observed a folded paper lying near the lamp—a letter directed to himself. The handwriting made him turn pale; his hands shook as he broke the seal, and when the broken lines of a poem met his eye, he began to read while the very breath seemed bled in his bosom, so intensely was he absorbed in the lines. Again and again he perused that paper till the colour came back to his marble cheek, and the fire of a happy resolve broke through the gloom of his dark eyes. And at midnight Percy stood up, thrust the paper in his bosom, and rang the bell.

His valet appeared.

"When does the next packet sail for New York?" he said.

"On Wednesday," replied the man.

"And this is Monday—do not go to rest again, but pack my trunks—I leave Paris in the morning!"

"Mamma, look there!" said little Charles Percy, leaning over the window sill of his mother's bed chamber, and thrusting back the grape leaves with his little hand, "What a great tall man, mamma."

Jane was absorbed by an old dry bough which she was working into a clump of trees, that formed the foreground of a landscape in oils. She heard the child's voice without marking his words, lifted her pencil a moment, looked up, and smiling at the boy, bent over her picture again.

"Mamma, he is coming in!" exclaimed the boy, springing from the chair which had supported him by the window.

Jane started up, and the pencil fell from her hand—a footstep was on the stairs—that footstep her heart had leaped to it a thousand times, but she could not move; the blood left her cheek, and with parted lips and glittering eyes she stood breathless as a statue. The door opened, she sprang forward with a thrilling cry, and fainted on Percy.

"Lay her upon the bed," said the old man, wiping the tears from his face, and taking Charles in his arms who was crying lustily, and shaking his little fist at the tall man who had frightened his mamma.

"Hush, Charles, hush," said the grandfather, patting the boy's curly head, and smiling through his own tears, "hush, it is your father."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The steamer is just in from Jersey City and our own correspondent writes us up to the latest moment, that order reigns and the inhabitants were wishing that the clouds would do the same thing.

The population is said to have materially decreased since the repeal of the Bankrupt Act.

Much excitement was produced by a rumour industriously circulated, that the Broad Seal of which so much was said during the late Presidential Election, had been brought to town, but it was afterwards discovered to be only one which had been caught by a fisherman, and brought in for a show.

From Brooklyn we have advices stating that the various yards had not yet been able to discover a key to their difficulties, which is the more remarkable, as it is we find an open question.

The New York has not gone on to the Dry Dock as was reported, but the Fulton is to make a cruise round Governors' Island, as soon as she can stow fuel enough. All the officers attached to the Home Squadron are to have two years' leave, in order to recruit after the severe and dangerous service of last winter. In being towed from the anchorage off the Navy Yard to the North River, the officers and crew of the flag ship, endured sufferings and deprivations unprecedented in the history of naval endurance. The frigate was several times aground on the reef bones thrown over her side.

The advices from Blackwell's Island, are of the most encouraging character. The spring was rather backward, but some of the females were very forward. The cabbages had come up and so had several gentlemen from the city, who intend to pass the summer by invitation of the authorities. The effects of conviction were very manifest, and several of the inhabitants were endeavoring to make tracks.

The party of fashionables at present enjoying the rural hospitalities of Sing Sing, are receiving the most untiring and watchful attention of their hosts. Col. Edwards has recently been presented with a very curious Zoological specimen, a cat with nine cordal appendages which he received under circumstances of intense excitement. There were however some remarks made behind his back, which were not pleasant. Mr. Mitchell, M. C., was amusing himself with amateur blacksmithing, but having a decided penchant for the fudge. We have no report from his contingent friends.

One of the best conundrums we have seen for some time, is the following, which we find floating about in our exchanges. Why are the fishermen who come from Conn. &c. to catch shad in our waters, like the ghosts in Macbeth? Because "they come like shadders to depart."

MUSICAL.

Mr. W. P. Wallace gave his second, but we hope not his last concert, at the Apollo Saloon on Thursday evening, and as we expected drew a very large audience, and we feel assured that the more frequently he appears before the public, the more his audiences will continue to increase, for, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, in his praise, no one can realize the extraordinary excellence of his playing until his performance has been witnessed. We can almost believe, that Mr. Wallace, plays intuitively, for though "practice makes perfect," it seems impossible to so young a man could have attained his present superiority upon those instruments, by practice alone; but rather, that nature gave him peculiar powers and capabilities, which have been directed into the proper channel, and rightly applied.

On this occasion, Mr. Wallace introduced two pieces, we had not previously heard. A Romance for the Pianoforte, entitled "The Dream," and a Cantabile and Variations, di Bravoura, on the finale to the opera of Cenerentola, "Non più mesta," played on one string. We know not how to describe the exceeding beauty of the Romance; it was indeed a waking dream—a music spell—we felt as though we could realize all that we had heard of the influence of fairy-music, stealing with its soothing gentleness over the mind, and wrapping the senses in Elysian; indeed such appeared to be the feeling of the audience generally, for the piece was listened to with almost a breathless stillness. Not so, however, with the one string performance, which we consider truly wonderful; for although it may be, as violinists say it is, easy enough to play on one string, we very much doubt if the tone, the variety, the passages of startling complexity could have been produced from a solitary string, by any one present—accomplished too with apparently perfect ease, as though he were himself, not aware of their difficulty.

Mrs. C. E. Horn, sang two delightful songs, even better than usual; indeed we have remarked with much pleasure, the improvement which has lately taken place in this lady's voice; the lower notes particularly, possess a richness, unequalled by any female singer in the City. Unlike Mrs. Loder [who, according to an unprejudiced (?) contemporary, always sings well,] she chooses such songs as suit her voice—thus she is always pleasing, and never offends the most fastidious ear. Mrs. Loder would do well to follow her example.

Mrs. Sutton who sings exquisitely, was honored with an encore more than once. We were pleased to witness the appreciation of this lady's talents by a discriminating musical audience, affording as it did, a proper rebuke to those who from unworthy motives, have sought to detract from her merits, by unfair and ignorant criticisms.

Mr. Sokomaki is unfitted by nature and education for a public singer. We know nothing of his musical knowledge, but he can employ his talents in private life, it seems to us that that would be wise to do it.

Mr. Timm presided at the piano, and Mr. Marks acted as director of the opening quintette, and the quintette accompaniments, instead of Mr. U. C. Hill, a change decidedly for the better, for Mr. U. C. Hill, with all respect we say it, cannot lead—frequently plays incorrectly, and he is a bad time-keeper. Mr. Marks' on the contrary, is a faithful musician, and his experience as the leader of an orchestra has made him perfect.

We trust Mr. Wallace will, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, give us another treat before his departure for Boston.

Mr. Marks' concert, which was to have taken place on Monday night, was postponed in consequence of the excitement upon the arrival of the President, and will, we learn, be given on Monday next.

THE DRAMA.

Nothing has been produced at either of the theatres during the week, to require a notice at our hands. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham, are still starring at the Park—the gentleman, however, has been prevented from appearing by sickness, his benefit was postponed in consequence.

Mrs. Hunt, who is really a valuable acquisition to the establishment, took a benefit on Thursday, and was assisted by Mrs. Mitchell, and Miss Taylor of the Olympic. The Lady Husband, Mrs. Hunt; a singer of some celebrity also appeared. The house was well attended.

If all be true that we hear rumored, the next season will be a brilliant one at the Park. If Mr. Astor has consented to clean, alter, and beautify the house, and back Mr. Simpson in any arrangements he may make, we may expect a revival at Old Drury. We understand from

good authority, that Templeton has consented to come over, either with Albertani or Garcia, should Mr. Simpson feel disposed to give him his terms. John Povey being a good diplomatist may proceed to Europe on this important mission.

Mr. Booth returns to the Park, where his engagements have proved so successful.

A Mr. Stiebel, another delineator of Yankee characters, has been playing at the Chatham. He is not equal to Yankee Hill, but evidently superior to Marlowe—by, together with Mrs. Thorne, Jones, and others have succeeded in attracting full audiences.

At the Bowery, Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw, have appeared together—the house has been well attended.

"Le Domme Noli" has been repeated several times at Niblo's, and although a slight falling off, in the number of the audience has been perceptible, the theatre has nevertheless, been well filled, and Edlie Calor, has never failed to receive the most enthusiastic reception, indeed, the purity and chasteness of her style, and the exceeding sweetness of her voice, though it may not astonish at first, must render her a greater favorite, the more frequently she is heard. "The Postilion of Longmeadow," with which our readers are acquainted, was produced last night, with great effect. It must have a considerable run. Burton, Walcott, and Miss Reynolds &c., appear twice a week, and draw capital houses. Miss Reynolds is a talented girl, but we would advise her by all means, to recheck affectation, it spoils every thing she attempts.

Rights of Women.—The text Brother Jonathan will contain a reply to Mr. Neal's lecture, written by a lady of this city. This is as it should be, women ought to know their own rights best, and to explain them best. So Mr. Neal must look out for a poet, he has got no common mind to deal with.—Jun. Eds.

Error.—In *Glimpses of the Past*, for Littlefield Cathedral, read *Lickfield*: for the statue of Lord Hill is bad, say *fine*: for Charles Kemble is not so good as Wood of the Philadelphia Theatre, say Charles Kemble's *Mad Tom*, or *Le Lear*, forget which, is not equal to Wood's of the Philadelphia Theatre.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. R. S. Henshew, on Sunday, the 11th inst, Mr. P. Goldstein to Miss Joly Follen.

On the 8th inst, by the Rev. F. C. Oakley, William Sammis, of New York to Mrs. Naomi Fiske, of Huntington, L. I.

On the 9th inst, by the Rev. Peter Oakley, Robert Kelly to Miss Ann Johnson, all of this city.

On the 10th inst, by the Rev. B. Evans, William T. Anderson to Elizabeth C. Bush, both of this city.

In Brooklyn, by the Rev. Mr. Vincent, James Buiner Jr. of N. Y. to Mary C. Smith, of Newport, R. I.

On January 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, William Fredericks to Sophia Mary Jefferys, both of this city.

On the 1st inst, by the Rev. Mr. Bangs, Christopher Keyes to Miss Catherine Martin, all of this city.

On the 7th inst, by the Rev. D. Stocking, John Ferguson to Miss Rebecca Darr, all of this city.

On the 16th inst, by the Rev. Henry Anthon, William H. Diabrow, to Rosalie A. Baraga, all of this city.

At Brooklyn, on the 15th inst, by the Rev. J. Brodhead, Mr. Harrison Olmstead, of New York, to Sarah Jane Luff, daughter of Martin Luff, of Brooklyn.

In this city, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Dr. B. Franklin Clark, to Mrs. Sarah F. Percutier, both of Providence, R. I.

On the 12th inst, by the Rev. J. M. Macaulay, James B. Adriance to Georgiana, daughter of Gerardus Boyce, Eng.

On June 7th, by the Rev. Dr. Robert McCutcheon, James E. Sorell, to Margaret A. daughter of the late Samuel H. Maginnis, both of this city.

DIED,

On June 11th, Margaret, wife of Daniel Hagbin, in the 64th year of her age.

On Monday last, Mary, wife of David Slater, aged 77 years.

On the 11th inst, Richard Hooker, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 12th inst, Bridget, wife of John McIlwain, aged 31 days.

On the 13th inst, Mrs. Jane Saanah, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 14th inst, Margaret, wife of John Johnson, aged 66 years.

On the 12th inst, Catherine, wife of Thomas Murtigh.

On the 12th inst, Smith Anderson, only son of Vincent W. Many, aged 1 year and 2 months.

On the 11th inst, Elias Hubbard Fane, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 10th inst, Alfred Woods, in the 62d year of his age.

On Sunday, the 11th inst, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Newhouse, aged 25 years.

On the 11th inst, Adelaide Van Wert, aged 6 months and 11 days.

At Brooklyn, on Friday evening, Mary, wife of John Richards, aged 65 years.

On the 10th inst, Catherine G., eldest daughter of the late John Ramsey Eng. in the 50th year of her age.

On June 10th, Wm. F. Gifford, son of the late John Gifford, aged 15 years.

On the 9th inst, Daniel W. Litchfield, Eng. in the 29th year of his age.

On the 5th inst, Wm. H. Litchfield, son of Jas. Litchfield, aged 35.

On the 5th inst, Thomas Mason, to the 57th year of his age.

At St. Thomas, John Bishop, of Belfast, Mr. minister of seamen Nelsa Hawk.

At Southold in Staten Island, June 10th, Mr. Nicholas Pettibone, a native of Pa-

FOREIGN ITEMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PIPER.—John Bruce, or "John of Skye," as Sir Walter Scott used to term him, is at present in Rose-shire, and was in Dingwall last week, on his way to Maryburg, to visit Sir Walter's old friend and steward, Mr. William Lindsay. John of Skye has fared but indifferently since the death of his illustrious master. Instead of piping for "lord and lady gay" in the halls of Abbotsford, and standing in pride behind the poet's chair, to receive his *quatch* of Glenlivet, he has been fain to pick up a scanty subsistence by playing at weddings and other rustic frolics at Kilmar, in Skye. The poor fellow, sooth to say, is to great poverty, and would be thankful to get any situation where he could obtain "day and way" by working in plantations (in which he was much employed at Abbotsford), or in any other ordinary employment. Sir Walter, according to Mr. Leckhart, used to state that John was a capital hedger and ditcher, and only figured in the pipe and phibing on high occasions in the after part of the day. Of the simplicity and superstition of the honest piper, Sir Walter relates the following instance, in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch:—"The most extraordinary recipe (for his seven illnesses in 1819) was that of my Highland piper, John Bruce, who spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve *seath-runnings* streams, with the purpose that I should sleep upon them and be whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary to succeed that the stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; and when the piper renounced all hope of completing the charm!" Alas! the days of joke and banter, of music and merriment, of minstrelsy and Celtic enthusiasm, are all far behind the light in Abbotsford is quenched, and where is that "Promethean heat" that can "reburn" it! Well poor John of Skye, like the last Minstrel of his lamented master,

"Now tunes to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a bard had loved to hear."

ANOTHER COMET.—M. Arago announced, at a lecture delivered by him, on Thursday, at the Observatory at Paris, that one of his pupils had discovered a new comet on the night of the 31 to the 4th instant. The *Journal des Debats* announces that M. Victor Marais, one of the astronomers attached to the Observatory of Paris, has discovered a telescopic comet on the limits of the constellations the Swan and Pegasus. The following was the position of this luminary on Wednesday, the 3d of May, at 15 hours 10 minutes 54 seconds, meridian time at Paris, reckoned at midday, or 10 minutes 54 seconds after three o'clock in the morning—right ascension. Mr. Smith has addressed the following letter to the *Times*, from the Kensington Observatory:—"At 17 hours 21 minutes, sidereal time, of May 10, I got a glimpse of the telescope comet: its right ascension was about 22 hours 2 minutes and 29 seconds, and its north declination about 29 degrees 15 minutes and 13 seconds; but it was seen with so much difficulty, with my five-feet equatorial, that the observations must be regarded with suspicion."

THE HORSE, THE DOG AND THE ASS.—The *Wakefield Journal* states that the following diabolical occurrence happened the other day in a field near Dewsbury. An ass, attacked by a mad dog, and a named idiot to be worried to death by the savage animal, when a fine horse in a neighboring field seeing what was passing, and, without commiserating poor Noddy, flew to the rescue, cleared the intervening hedge, and in a most furious manner seized the dog with his teeth, and dragged him off, and aimed several blows with his fore and hind feet, and had not the dog made off, it is supposed he would have despatched him in a few minutes. When the horse had accomplished this feat, he, with head and tail erect, scampered about the ass in a most noble and dignified manner, as if proud of having done a virtuous and gallant action.

A WIDOW'S LAST TEAR.—There was a boxwood window in Eafter, whose husband died a few weeks since; she followed him to the grave as a widow should; and, on tuning to depart, her handkerchief fell into it, and settled on the coffin. Some anxious friends who mourned with her, instantly offered to rescue it from the grave. "Let it alone!" she said, exclaiming, "I have done with tears now!" Not many days elapsed before that widow was recalled, and then the latest gossip of the neighbourhood remembered the token of the last tear.

A VERY GENERAL PRACTITIONER.—On a cottage window, near Plymouth, is the following:—Boys. I—Faint rickety, seagreen, smut, tabethy young Girls and to ride and write, daintily in mole candle, shag, plum, rubella, comes, mole flies, mouse hairs, spring gans, and all other rich matters—teeth distracted, blid, draws, blisters, Pits, mixtus maid, also nails and houses shod, bespoken salts and corns cut; and all other things on reasonable Terms.—N. B. and also my Miasma goes out as man midwife to the cheapest way possible.

A NYVEL MONOMANIAC.—A cottage at the head of Newton, occupied by two young ladies, has for several days past been besieged by a green knave, who, the moment one of the inmates leaves the house, attacks her such as daring in her face, and striking her with his wings, all the while chirruping in his most enraged key. Although several times stung by diving at the windows and doors, it is always got away from every attempt to capture it. It is always out to watch day and night on a tree at the rear of the house, where its sallies are made at every opportunity. No cause can be assigned for this antipathy on the part of the little warbler, as no injury has been done to it as far as is known, by any of those it seems to consider its enemies.—*Adv. Adriatic.*

ROME.—A curious autograph of Napoleon was discovered a few days ago at Perugia. It is an order for the army and a bill of exchange for 2 000 000*l.* addressed to General Massena. This autograph has been detected in a fire frame piece, which had been given to payment to an individual, who, thinking it a counterfeit piece, had it broken.

FIKE.—The alarm of fire on Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, proceeded from the Steam Planing mill of Mr. Thomas Wood, No. 316, Cherry-street, bounded by Moore, Cherry, Montgomery, and Jefferson streets. They were entirely destroyed, with a large quantity of timber. Loss from 10 to \$12 000 dollars. Insured. The wind at the time blowing fresh from the south, the fire soon communicated to a three-story brick building (in the rear on Monroe-street) occupied by sixteen poor families, who saved little or none of their furniture, and barely escaped with their lives. This building was entirely burnt out, Nos. 308 and 300 Monroe-street to front were greatly damaged by water.—*Ad. and by Mr. Levy.*—Loss \$2 000. Insured.

CITY PRISON STATISTICS.—During the past week there were committed to the Prison 114 white males, 61 white females, 13 colored males, 8 colored females—total 196. Discharged 52 white males, 39 white females, 9 colored males, and 7 colored females—total 107—of which 56 were sent to the Penitentiary; remaining in the prison 94 white males, 25 white females, 8 colored males, and 14 colored females—total 141.

STATE PRISON STATISTICS.—Officer A. M. C. Smith, the Deputy Sheriff of the Sing Sing Prison, has informed us that the number of persons at present in confinement at that establishment is 768 males and 76 females. Total, 844. Of these 21 will be discharged during the present month, their term of sentence having expired. This statement shows an increase of the number of the inmates.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Palmsville, Ohio, Telegraph states that on Saturday night week as the stage from the south was crossing the bridge on the Cordon road, a short distance from Palmsville, the timbers gave way, and the whole span of the bridge, about forty feet in length, together with the coach, horses, driver and seven passengers, were precipitated with a tremendous crash, about twenty feet into the stream below. Mr. Finley M. Grew, with his wife and child, were among the passengers. The child was killed instantly. All the other passengers and the driver were more or less injured, some of them seriously. Mr. M. Grew is not expected to live. One gentleman, a stranger, is not able to resume his journey.

HEAVY FIRE.—The large steam cotton-mill at Bristol, R. I., was struck by lightning on the night of the 9th inst., and the interior of the building was entirely destroyed—all the cloth was saved. The entire loss in machinery, &c., is estimated at about \$120 000, on which there was an insurance of \$60 000. No person was injured, and the fire, as the air was fortunately calm, was confined to the mill. The loss will be severely felt in the neighbourhood.

GREAT FIRE AT FALL RIVER.—A fire broke out on Thursday night at half-past 12 o'clock, in the New Iron-works of Col. Darven and others, at Fall River, which was entirely consumed. Loss about \$50 000. This was a building 300 feet long, and 100 wide. The property was mainly owned by Col. Bordeau, and there was but little, if any, insurance upon it.

FIRE.—We learn from the Pittsfield Sun that the cotton factory, grist and saw mill of Mr. Eliza Jenks, in St. John Adams, were destroyed by fire on Sunday night last. Mr. Jenk's loss is estimated at \$15 000. There was an insurance on the property to the amount of \$5 000.

LATER FROM MATANEAS.—By the brig Bortonia, Scott, we have advices from MATANEAS to the 30th ultimo. We are informed that business at Mataneas has increased considerably since the past month, and that no danger whatever has been caused by the rain. Everything is perfectly quiet there and in its vicinity. The last accounts from St. John were of a perfectly satisfactory character, although about 20 miles to the North east of St. John there had been a fracas among the slaves belonging to the plantation of Mr. De Angelis. The difficulty was entirely among themselves; some blood was shed but no lives were lost.

No cases of the yellow fever had appeared yet, and it was considered very healthy for the season.

CUBA.—Captain Diaper of the schooner Franklin Greene, arrived at Savannah on the 4th inst., informs the editors of the Republican that he had been visiting of the insurance which was reported to have recently broken out in the island, by a passenger arrived at New Orleans in the ship Alabama, although he left on the 27th ult., three days after the departure of that vessel.

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY.—Steps have been taken to perfect the organization of the University of the State of Missouri at Columbia.—Five professorships (as yet vacant) have been established, and measures have been taken to fill them with permanent and competent teachers.

A MURDERER TO BE CAPTURED.—A wealthy citizen of Paisley, Scotland, was poisoned by his wife, just before the sailing of the Acadia, the woman escaping to New York by a packet ship. A government messenger came out in the Acadia, to arrest her when the ship arrives. She will be delivered over to the British authorities, in accordance with the terms of the late treaty.

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 5. PORTRAIT OF EDWARD THE THIRD—From the tomb at Westminster Abbey.
 6. EDWARD THE THIRD'S FIRST EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS—From an illuminated Froissart.
 7. PHILIP DE VALOIS, KING OF FRANCE—From an ancient picture in Mazarine's History of France.
 8. VIEW OF BERWICK UPON TWED—Showing the remains of the old fortification.
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 10. EDWARD THE THIRD SENDING A CHALLENGE TO KING PHILLIP—From a MS. of the 15th century]

11. VIEW OF THE CITY OF TOURNAI, as it appeared 260 years ago.
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WILSON AND COMPANY, Publishers,
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The success that attended the publication of *THE ROUE*, as well as a faint idea of the character of *THE OXONIENS*, may be gathered from the author's Introduction to the latter work, which we here copy entire:—

INTRODUCTION TO THE OXONIENS.

C'est un métier que de faire un livre comme de faire une produre.
 LA BROUERE.

"AND a precious métier it is indeed in these days to make a book! To run the gauntlet of the critics who read and the critics who do not read, to be identified in the columns of a review with all the bad characters that figure in one's pages, and to gain no credit for any resemblance to

those who may have a few virtuous propensities; to be blamed on the score of morality, for a too correct representation of nature, and to be castigated on the ground of insipidity for any tame departure from its truth. Such are the risks, and such too often the fate of those who are tempted by the liberality of a publisher into the *coûter de faire un livre*. And what could make one bear the "whips and scorns" of critics, but that liberality which sweetens the labour of the author and alleviates the pains of critical castigation. His bookseller *drags* seem to be imbued with the power attributed to those of *Leibniz*, and make him oblivious of the critic's contumely and the reviewer's wrong." The reader must pardon the spelling and the pun, both of which, perhaps, demand an apology.

"The author is tempted into these preliminary observations by the fate of 'The Roué,' which was cried up by some critics as an important lesson to the libertine, and abused by others for its immoral tendency; while even those who praised it most, could not let the poor author escape without a pretty broad hint that experience alone could have dictated its caution."

"The author's own opinion of his work can, of course, have very little influence; but his avowal of his *meaning* ought to have some weight; and if the author of 'The Roué' has himself any knowledge of the intentions with which that work was written, they were decidedly such as would have helped that great cause, which a man who writes all ought never to neglect even an humble endeavor to advance."

"An author can as little hope to reform a vice without an exposition of the scenes and circumstances connected with its indulgence, as a surgeon can expect to cure a wound from the disgusting apparatus of which he may shrink with a sensation of false delicacy. If a Roué had been depicted without his vices, he would no longer have been a Roué; and if his character had been palliated by any redeeming virtues, that could have excited an interest in his fate, the usual lesson would be lost."

"The two following facts will perhaps show the difference of opinion with regard to the moral tendency of the Roué, more even than the opposite criticisms with which the work was assailed and honored at the time of its publication."

"A Baronet, rather celebrated for the care with which he educates his children, who are now rising to maturity, went into his school-room, and asked the governess if she had read the Roué; to which she replied, as many others have done, 'Certain, but not in spirit; it is too vile, and in a tone which seemed to add the words of 'course' to the demand. The Baronet, laying the book upon the table, desired her to read it instantly; saying that 'he would have the governess of his daughters read the Roué.'"

"A lady whose opinion of the works was a little different to that entertained by the Baronet, absolutely rushed into a bookseller's shop with the work in her hand, and placing the volumes upon the counter, expressed her regret to the librarian for having sent it, impugned its morality, declined against its vicious tendency, and insisted that it must be sent back. This lady was a married woman, with a large family of children, not one of which could claim the husband of their mother as its father; and not even desired him in that right."

"So much for opposite opinion."

"What would this lady have said to the Esthetic school of Germany, which openly professes that 'pleasure, not instruction, is the legitimate business of the Muses,' and how would she have declined against Karoline Von Wolmann, for saying in a piece, 'The Roué was not intended as a poetical attempt to inculcate a moral example!'"

"If the author may be allowed an opinion on the subject, the Roué was as much over-praised by some critics, as it was over-abused by others; and he derives some comfort from the fact, that *THE OXONIENS* cannot at any rate be mistaken on the score of its moral tendency."

"Voltaire said 'La réussite du livre d'Helvétius n'est pas étonnante; c'est un homme qui a dit le secret de tout le monde,' and he was right. The author who develops in his pages those sentiments which live in the minds and hearts of every thinking being, is sure to be successful. The reader delights to peruse the expression of sentiments which he feels to be his own, though he has never, perhaps, dared to give them utterance; he turns his thoughts from the page he is reading to his own heart and he there often finds the same feelings existing, or is struck by the meaning of those sensations which he has hitherto but imperfectly understood."

"The philosophy of human nature is the history of the passions; a novel should be the history of the actions inspired by, and of the consequences resulting from them; and one of the grand aims of the novel is, in a novel, in the generality of readers can exclaim, 'So should I have acted;' or 'So should I have thought;' and 'So do I feel.'"

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 L. F. PERKINS, Administrator.
 R. H. DAY, Administrator.

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VOL. V.—NO. 8.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1843.

WHOLE NO- 206.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

Taste in Architecture, like that in any of the fine arts, is at once a source of enjoyment, and a mark of refinement. As buildings are more frequently occurring in the view than either pictures or statues, this enjoyment can be proportionally more frequently obtained; and hence it would appear to be the more desirable for the possessor. It may further be stated, that to understand and enjoy Architecture, does not depend nearly so much upon what is called a natural taste, as does the enjoyment of pictures, statuary, or music. Architecture is an art of reason as well as of imagination; and there is hardly any great feature of beauty or deformity in a building, the propriety or absurdity of which could not be made obvious to the most ordinary understanding, even if the possessor of that understanding had paid very little attention previously to the subject. So much cannot be said of any of the other arts.

Whatever may be the advantage to the possessor of a taste for architecture individually, the ornament, and, ultimately, the benefit to the whole country, arising from such a taste becoming general, would be great beyond calculation. What man, who could build his own house, and possessed any taste in this art, would be content to live in houses exhibiting such external elevations as those which at present continually meet the eye, both in town and country? Let such a taste spread generally, and our towns would soon present continuous elevations of a chitcheat beauty, and our country estates become as celebrated for their fine structures, as they now are for their landscape scenery.

The fitness of a style of Architecture, for a communication, comfort and convenience, may naturally be supposed to influence our judgment in respect to its external effect; but in that point of view, our belief, as well as Mr. Lysons's, is, that the Grecian, Gothic and Italian styles, are altogether equal. It is true, that if we consider it necessary that the Grecian style, when adopted in the country, should be essentially symmetrical as it is, when applied to temples, there will be an end, at once, of all its pretensions to fitness for a villa residence; but this exact symmetry, though it seems essential for a temple, or any large public building, the principal use of which is to assemble great masses of men in one

room, is not essentially necessary, where the occupants of a building are to be lodged in different apartments; and when this is the case, the Grecian style is as applicable to a villa as the Gothic. It will not, we think, be denied, that all the details of the Gothic style are as much taken from a cathedral, as the details of the Grecian style are taken from a temple; and yet, in a private building in the Gothic style, it is never considered necessary that we should be guided by the general form and symmetry of the cathedral. The difference between the styles unquestionably lies much more in men's minds, and in the historical associations connected with them, than in the abstract forms belonging to them. We assert this with the more confidence in regard to forms, because those essential to use and occupation, are precisely the same in both; viz the square and the parallelogram for the ground plan, or the cube and long cube

or the plan and elevation.

COTTAGE IN THE POINTED STYLE.—By Davis.



In the country there are two leading principles which direct the disposition of the different apartments of a house: the one is, shelter from the particular winds and storms which prevail in the particular situation; and the other is, the enjoyment of the particular views which are to be obtained of the surrounding country. The influence of these two principles, we shall find pervading the villa residences of every age and country; and hence it is that, as our houses have in all ages and countries been concentrated and symmetrical, so country residences have, in all ages and countries been comparatively scattered and irregular.

The conclusions which we draw from these observations, as applied to our present subject is, that a villa residence ought to be characterized by extent and irregularity; and this conclusion agrees with that arrived at by Hope, Price, Knight, Meason, Downing and others; and as extent and irregularity are more easily and conveniently obtained in the Gothic style, we shall hold up this style, as the one most likely to realize the ends aimed at by proprietors.

According to London, Downing, and other authority upon the subject, a villa in the Rural Gothic style may be made a perfect gem of a country residence. Mr. Downing considers it one of the most suitable for this country, as well for its forms within the reach of all persons of moderate means, it unites much convenience and rural beauty, and is harmonious

in connection with the surrounding forms of vegetation. "To be happily situated, a Grecian villa must have a well-chosen locality, and vegetation of peculiar forms. Its square masses and horizontal lines, even then, unite badly with those of surrounding nature. But the rural gothic, the lines of which point upward in the pyramidal gables, tall clusters of chimneys, finials, and the several other portions of its varied outline, harmonize easily with the tall trees, the tapering masses of foliage, or the surrounding hills: and while it is seldom or never misplaced in rural scenery, it gives character and picturesque expression to many landscapes entirely devoid of that quality."

In the present number we give a view of "Ida Cottage," the residence of N. B. Warren, Esq. on Mount Ida, at Troy, N. Y. It may be acceptable to our readers that we should give a definition of some of the terms applied to the prominent features of this cottage. The *pointed gable* is an equilateral triangle, finished with a carved *trifoliate verge board*, and *pendant pinnacles*. The chimney tops are of common brick, set diagonally upon their base. The entrance porch, or umbrage, is peculiar, having square buttresses, flanking the central opening, and steps. It is semi-octagonal in form, with columns, pointed arches, and open spandrels, trifoliate. *Spandrel* is an irregular triangular space, formed in the side of an arch. It is sometimes filled up with foliage or sculpture. The *bay window* on the lower floor is formed of five sides of an octagon, three of them pierced for light, and divided by mullions with tracery. *Bay window* is a projecting window, sometimes improperly called a bow-window. *Tracery* is a general term used for the ornamental parts of screens, vaultings, heads of windows (its original and legitimate situation) &c., being the part of the composition where the mouldings divide the space into *quatrefoils*, *cloisefoils*, *trifolials*, &c. An *arriel window* (from *over-bele*, by *elision* *o'er* *be*, signifying to *cover over*) is a small window, supported by *corbels*, or by masonry gradually projecting from the wall to the sill of the window. In tracery and other respects it is like the bay window.

It is probable that most people will agree with us that the *English Cottage Style*, (so called,) of which we present a beautiful sample in this number, from the fertile imagination of Davis, is most appropriate for a majority of the landscapes of this part of the country, and still more appropriate to the means of proprietors, who in this country are generally better able to build cottages than villas. This style of building has long been used in England, as at once the most economical, the most picturesque—the best adapted to rural scenery, and the best to build with the view of making *additions* at a future period.

When Washington Irving visited and travelled in England the first time, we Americans had not begun to evince much taste in building, or laying out the ground adjacent to our residences. When this was done we had to employ English landscape gardeners, who had become familiar with the tasteful cottages and grounds of the country gentlemen of England. Since that time we have made some progress in this beautiful art, of embellishing grounds as well as erecting tasteful cottages. Thanks to Town, Davis and Downing; and we are not now required to go abroad for our models of style. Mr. Irving in one of his most beautiful essays describes these beautiful homes of England, and we shall make use of a few of his ideas, clothed in his own eloquent language, to picture what we hope will soon be the common scene of our own favored land.

The taste of the English in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied Nature intently, and discovered an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled around the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them like witchery about their rural abodes. Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English artificial scenery, much of it created from the unpromising material of a barren waste. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn group of groves and woodland glades, with the deer tramping in silent herds across them—the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pleasant bursting suddenly upon the wing; the brook swift to wind in natural wanderings, or expand into a glazy lake, its sequestered pool reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf heaving upon its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its

limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue grown green and dark with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of this scenery; but what most delights me is the creative talent, with which they decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of a man of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape.

The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived; the cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance or silver gleam of water,—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a prividing, yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The timid hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little flower bed, bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the bolly providentially planted about the house to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheat the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste pervading the public mind. If ever love, as the poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be such as these.

NOTE.—We have been called upon by some of the Architects of works we have written of, to correct a few errors of the press or of our inadvertence. We are informed that the Vases at Blithewood near Barrytown, (not Tarrytown, as erroneously printed,) were imported from Malta, not brought thence, by the proprietors. We are informed by Mr. Davis that he did not design Blithewood. The additions to the old house built many years ago, and the many improvements were mainly planned by the proprietor, whose good taste was best embodied by the architect.

Some architects think we give too great a pre-eminence to the pointed styles over the classical. We did not intend this. We only inferred, that as we generally see it applied it is less adapted to the conveniences of dwelling houses.

Messrs. Town and Davis, it is but just to say, have nothing to do with these notices. What we have written was from our own knowledge or belief, and if we have claimed more for them than they are entitled to, it is the fault of our partiality, deeming them as we do the first architects in the country.

The following exquisite little gem of poetry was written for a recent celebration in Boston, by M. H. Wetherbee, a hard-working stone-carver:

God's spirit smiles in flow'rs,
And in soft summer show'rs,
He sends his love.

Each dew drop speaks His praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all their lucid rays
Light from above.

The tiny vines that creep
Along the ravines steep
Obey His nod.

The golden orb of day,
And ocean's created spray
To him due homage pay—
Creation's God.

Thus Friendship wears its bloom,
And smiles beyond the tomb,
In its own light.

O may that Love be ours,
Which glids life's darkest hours,
Cheering like smiling flow'rs,
Hope's deepest night.

A DECISION.—We learn from the Iowa Gazette of the 20th ult., that the Supreme Court of that Territory, at its last session, decided that the President of the United States has no authority to lease lead mines in Iowa Territory.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS ESQ. (807.)

Continued from page 70.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING, WHAT BECAME OF MARTIN AND HIS DESPERATE RESOLVE, AFTER HE LEFT MR. PECKENSHAW'S HOUSE; WHAT PERHAPS HE ENCOUNTERED; WHAT ANXIETIES HE SUFFERED; AND WHAT NEWS HE HEARD.

Carrying Tom Pinch's boot quite unconsciously under his arm and not even buttoning his coat as a protection against the heavy rain, Martin went doggedly forward at the same quick pace, until he had passed the finger-post, and was on the high road to London. He slackened very little in his speed even then, but he began to think, and look about him, and to disengage his senses from the coil of angry passions which hitherto had held them prisoner.

It must be confessed that at that moment he had no very agreeable employment either for his moral or his physical perceptions. The day was dawdling from a patch of watery light in the east, and sullen clouds came driving up before it, from which the rain descended in a thick, wet mist. It streamed from every twig and blemish in the hedge; made little gullies in the path; ran down a hundred channels in the road; and pattered innumerable holes into the face of every pond and gutter. It fell with an airy, slushy sound on the wet grass; and made a muddy kennel of every furrow in the ploughed fields. No living creature was anywhere to be seen. The prospect could hardly have been more desolate if animated nature had been dissolved in water, and poured down upon the earth again in that form.

The range of view within the solitary traveller, was quite as cheerless as the scene without. Friendless and penniless; incensed to the last degree; deeply wounded in his pride and self-love; full of independent schemes; and perfectly destitute of any means of realising them; his most vindictive enemy might have been satisfied with the extent of his troubles. To add to his other miseries, he was by this time sensible of being wet to the skin, and cold at his very heart.

In this deplorable condition, he remembered Mr. Pinch's book; more because it was rather troublesome carrying, than from any hope of being comforted by that parting gift. He looked at the dingy, weathered cover on the back, and finding it to be an old volume of the "Bachelor of Salamanca," in the French tongue, cursed Tom Pinch's folly, twenty times. He was on the point of throwing it away, in his ill humor and vexation, when he bethought himself that Tom had referred him to a leaf, turned down; and opening it, at that place, that he might have added additional cause of complaint against him for supposing that any cold scrap of the Bachelor's wisdom could cheer him in such circumstances, found—

Well, well! not much, but Tom's all. The half-sovereign. He had wrapped it hastily in a piece of paper, and pinned it to the leaf. These words were scrawled in pencil on the inside: "I don't want it, indeed, I should not know what to do with it, if I had it."

There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards Heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which beat men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him, in his dying hour, the lightest feather of a falsehood such as this, than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since time began.

Martin felt keenly for himself, and he felt this good deed of Tom's keenly. After a few minutes it had the effect of raising his spirits, and reminding him that he was not altogether destitute, as he had left a fair stock of clothes behind him, and wore a gold-bustling-watch in his pocket. He found a curious gratification, too, in thinking what a winning fellow he must be to have made such an impression on Tom; and in reflecting how superior he was to Tom; and how much more likely to make his way in the world. Ateinsed by these thoughts, and strengthened in his design of endeavoring to push his fortune in another country, he resolved to get to London as a rallying-point, in the best way he could; and to lose no time about it.

He was ten good miles from the village made illustrious by being the abiding place of Mr. Peckenshaw, when he stopped to breakfast at a little roadside alehouse; and resting upon a high-backed stool before the fire, pulled off his coat, and hung it before the cheerful blaze, to dry. It was a very different place from the last tavern in which he had regaled; boasting no greater extent of accommodation than the brick-floored kitchen yielded; but the mind so soon accommodates itself to the necessities of the body, that this poor waggoner's house-of-all, which he would have despised yesterday, yielded him quite a choice feast; while his dish of eggs and bacon, and his mug of beer, were not by any means the coarse fare he had supposed, but fully bore out the inscription on the window-shutter, which proclaimed those viands to be "Good entertainment for Travellers."

He pushed away his empty plate; and with a second mug upon the hearth before him, looked thoughtfully at the wall, his eyes rested—Then he looked at the brightly-colored scripture pieces on the walls, in little black frames like common shaving glasses, and saw how the Wise Men (with a strong family likeness among them) worshipped in a pious manger; and how the Prodigal Son came home in red rags to a purple

father, and already feasted his imagination on a sea-green calf. Then he glanced through the window at the falling rain, coming down almost upon the sign-post over against the house, and overflowing the horse-trough; and then he looked at the fire again, and seemed to decry a doubly-distant London, retreating among the fragments of the burning wood.

He had repeated this process in just the same order, many times, as if it were a matter of necessity, when the sound of wheels called his attention to the window, out of its regular turn; and there he beheld a kind of light van drawn by four horses, and loaded, as well as he could see (for it was covered in), with corn and straw. The driver, who was alone, stopped at the door to water his team, and presently came stamping and shaking the wet off his hat and coat, into the room where Martin sat.

He was a red-faced burly young fellow; smart in his way, and with a good homely countenance. As he advanced towards the fire, he touched his shining forehead with the forefinger of his self-leather glove by way of salutation; and said (rather unnecessarily) that it was an uncommon wet day.

"Very wet," said Martin.

"I don't know as ever I see a wetter."

"I never felt one," said Martin.

The driver glanced at Martin's soiled dress, and his damp shirt-sleeves, and his coat hung up to dry; and said, after a pause, as he warmed his hands:

"You have been caught in it, sir?"

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Out riding, maybe?" said the driver.

"I should have been if I owned a horse; but I don't," returned Martin.

"That's bad," said the driver.

"And may be worse," said Martin.

Now, the driver said "That's bad," not so much because Martin didn't own a horse, as because he said that he didn't wish all the reckless desperation of his mood and circumstances, and so left a great deal to be inferred. Martin put his hands in his pockets and whistled, when he had retorted on the driver: thus giving him to understand that he didn't care a pin for Fortune; that he was above pretending to be her favorite when he was not; and that he seeped his fingers at her, the driver and everybody else.

The driver looked at him stealthily for a minute or so; and in the pauses of his whistling whistled too. At length he asked, as he pointed his thumb towards the road.

"Up or down?"

"Which is up?" said Martin.

"London, of course," said the driver.

"Up there," said Martin. He tossed his head in a careless manner as if he would have said, "Now you know all about it;" but his hands deeper into his pockets; changed his tune, and whistled a little louder.

"I'm going up," observed the driver; "Hounslow, ten miles this side London."

"Are you?" cried Martin, stopping short and looking at him.

The driver sprinkled the fire with his wet hat until he hissed again, and answered, "Ay; is he sure he was."

"Why, then," said Martin, "I'll be plied with you. You may suppose from my dress that I have money to spare. I have not. All I can afford for coach hire is a crown, for I have but two. If you can take me for that, send my waistcoat, or this silk handkerchief, do. If you can't, leave it alone."

"Short and sweet," remarked the driver.

"You want more," said Martin. "That I haven't got more, and I can't get it, so there's an end of that." Whereupon he began to whistle again.

"I didn't say I wanted more, did I?" asked the driver, with something like indignation.

"You didn't say my offer was enough," rejoined Martin.

"Why bother me, I, when you wouldn't let me!" In regard to the waistcoat, I wouldn't have a man's waistcoat, much less a gentleman's waistcoat, on my mind, for no consideration; but the silk handkerchief's another thing; and if you was satisfied when we got to Hounslow, I should be object to that as a gift.

"It is a bargain, then," said Martin.

"Yes, it is," returned the driver.

"Then finish this beer," said Martin, handing him the mug, and pulling on his coat with great alacrity; "and let us be off as soon as you like."

In two minutes more he had paid his bill, which amounted to a shilling; was lying at full length on a truss of straw, high and dry at the top of the hill, and he felt a little open in front for the convenience of talking to his new friend; and was moving along in the right direction with a most satisfactory and encouraging biasness.

The driver's name, as he soon informed Martin, was William Simmons, better known as Bill; and his spruce appearance was sufficiently explained by his position with a large stage-coaching establishment at Hounslow, whither he was conveying a load from a farm belonging to the owner of a Whitshire. He was frequently up and down the road on such errands, he said, and to look after the sick and rest horses, of which animals he had much to relate that occupied a long time in the telling. He aspired to the dignity of the regular bus, and expected an appointment

on the first vacancy. He was musical besides, and had a little key bugle in his pocket, on which, whenever the conversation flagged, he played the first part of a great many tunes, and regularly broke down in the second.

"Ah!" said Bill with a sigh, as he drew the back of his hand across his lips, and put this instrument in his pocket, after screwing off the mouthpiece to drain it: "Lummy Ned of the Light Salubrious. He was the one for musical talents. He was a guard. What you may call a Guardian Angel, was Ned."

"Is he dead?" asked Martin.

"Dead!" replied the other, with a contemptuous emphasis. "Not he. You won't catch Ned dying easy. No, no. He knows better than that."

"You spoke of him in the past tense," observed Martin, "so I supposed he was no more."

"He's no more in England," said Bill, "if that's what you mean. He went to the United States."

"Did he?" asked Martin, with sudden interest. "When?"

"Five year ago, or thereabout," said Bill. "He had set up to the public line here, and couldn't meet his engagements, so he cut off to Liverpool one day without saying anything about it, and went and shipped himself for the United States."

"Well?" said Martin.

"Well! as he landed there without a penny to bless himself with, of course they were very glad to see him in the United States."

"What do you mean?" asked Martin, with some scorn.

"What do I mean?" said Bill. "Why, that. All men are alike in the United States, and they tell it makes no odds whether a man has a thousand pounds, or nothing, there—particular in New York, I'm told, where Ned landed."

"New York, was it?" asked Martin thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Bill. "New York. I know that, because he sent word home that it brought Old York to his mind quite vivid in consequence of being so exactly unlike it in every respect. I don't understand what particular business Ned turned his mind to, when he got there, but he wrote home that him and his friends was always a-singing, Aye Columbia, and blowing up the President, so I suppose it was something in the public line, or free-and-easy way, again. Any how, he made his fortune."

"No!" cried Martin.

"Yes he did," said Bill. "I know that because he lost it all the day after, in six-and-twenty banks as broke. He settled a lot of the notes on his father, when it was ascertained that they was really stopped, and sent 'em over with a dutiful letter. I know that, because they was shown down our yard for the old gentleman's benefit, that he might treat himself with tobacco in the works."

"He was a foolish fellow not to take care of his money when he had it!" said Martin, indignantly.

"There you're right," said Bill, "especially as it was all in paper, and he might have took care of it so very easy, by folding it up in a small parcel."

Martin said nothing in reply, but soon afterwards fell asleep, and remained so for an hour or more. When he awoke, finding it had ceased to rain he took his seat beside the driver, and asked him several questions, as how long had the fortunate guard of the Light Salubrious been in crossing the Atlantic; at what time of the year had he sailed; what was the name of the ship in which he made the voyage; how much had he paid for the passage-money; did he suffer greatly from sea-sickness? and so forth. But on these points of detail, his friend was possessed of little or no information; either answering obviously at random, or acknowledging that he had never heard, or had forgotten; nor, although he returned to the charge very often, could he obtain any useful intelligence on these essential particulars.

They jogged on all day, and stopped so often—now to refresh, now to change their team, or horse, now to exchange, or bring away a set of harness, now on one point of business, and now upon another, connected with the coaching on that line of road—that it was midnight when they reached Hounslow. A little shire of the stables for which the van was bound Martin got down, paid his crown, and forced his silk handkerchief upon his hostess friend, notwithstanding the many protestations that he didn't wish to deprive him of it, with which he tried to give the lie to his longing looks. That done, they parted company; and when the van had driven into its own yard, and the gates were closed, Martin stood in the dark street, with a pretty strong sense of being shut out, alone, upon the dreary world, without the key of it.

But in this moment of despondency, and often afterwards, the recollection of Mr. Pecksniff operated as a cordial to him; awakening in his breast an indignation that was a very wholesome thing, inasmuch as it gave him some odorous. Under the influence of this fiery dream, he started off for London without more ado; and arriving there in the middle of the night, and not knowing where to find a tavern open, was fain to stroll about the streets and market places until morning.

He found himself, about an hour before dawn, in the humbler regions of the Aldridge, and addressing himself to a man in a far-cap, who was taking down the shutters of an obscure public house, informed him that he was a stranger, and inquired if he could have a bed there. It happened, by good luck, that he could. Though none of the guard, it was tolerably clean, and Martin felt very glad and grateful when he crept into it, for warmth, rest, and forgetfulness.

It was quite late in the afternoon when he awoke; and by the time

he had washed, and dressed, and broken his fast; it was growing dark again. This was all the better, for it was now a matter of absolute necessity that he should part with his watch to some obliging pawnbroker; and he would have waited until after dark for this purpose, though it had been the longest day in the year, and he had begun it without a breakfast.

He passed more Golden Balls than all the jugglers in Europe have juggled with, in the course of their united performances, before he could determine in favor of any particular shop where those symbols were displayed. In the end, he came back to one of the first that he seen, and entering by a side-door in a court, where the three balls, with the legend "Moony Lent," were repeated in a glassy transparency, passed into one of a series of little closets, or private boxes, erected for the accommodation of the more bashful and uninitiated customers. He looked himself in; pulled out his watch; and laid it on the counter.

"Upon my life and soul!" said a low voice in the next box to the shopman, who was in treaty with him, "you must make it more; you must make it a trifle more, you must indeed! You must dispense with one half-quarter of an ounce in weighing out your pound of flesh, my best of friends, and make it two-and-six."

Martin drew back involuntarily, for he knew the voice at once.

"You're always full of your chaff," said the shopman, rolling up the article (which looked like a shirt) quite as a matter of course, and nibbling his pen upon the counter.

"I shall never be full of my wheast," said Mr. Tigg, "as long as I come here. Ha, ha! Not bad! Make it two-and-six, my dear friend, positively for this occasion only. Half-a-crown is a delightful coin—Two-and-six! Going at two-and-six! For the last time, at two-and-six!"

"It'll never be the last time till it's quite worn out," rejoined the shopman. "It's grown yellow in the service, as it is."

"Its master has grown yellow in the service, if you mean that, my friend," said Mr. Tigg; "in the patriotic service of an ungrateful country. You are making it two-and-six, I think!"

"I'm making it," returned the shopman, "what it always has been—two-and-six. Same name as usual, I suppose?"

"Still the same name," said Mr. Tigg, "my claim to the dormant poeage not being yet established by the House of Lords."

"The old address?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Tigg; "I have removed my town establishment from thirty-eight, Mayfair, to number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane."

"Come, I'm not going to put down that you know," said the shopman, with a grin.

"You may put down what you please, my friend," quoth Mr. Tigg, "the fact is still the same. The apartments for the under-butler and the fifth footman being of a most confounded low and vulgar kind at thirty-eight, Mayfair, I have been compelled to my regret for the fact, which do them so much honour, to take on lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, renewable at the option of the tenant, the elegant and commodious family mansion, number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane. Make it two-and-six, and come and see me!"

The shopman was so highly entertained by this piece of humour, that Mr. Tigg himself could not repress some little show of exultation. It vented itself, in part, in a desire to see how the occupant of the next box received his pleasantries; to ascertain which, he glanced round the partition, and immediately, by the gauntlet, recognized Martin.

"I wish I may die," said Mr. Tigg, stretching out his body so far that his head was as much in Martin's little cell as Martin's own head was, "but this is one of the most tremendous pieces of Ancient or Modern History! How are you? What is the news from the agricultural districts? How are your friends the P's? Ha, ha! David, pay particular attention to this gentleman, as a friend of mine, I beg."

"Here, please to give me the most you can for this," said Martin, handing the watch to the shopman, "I want money sorely."

"He wants money sorely!" cried Mr. Tigg with excessive sympathy.

"David, you will have the goodness to do your very utmost for my friend, who wants money sorely. You will deal with my friend as if he were myself. A gold hunting-watch, David, engine-turned, capped and jewelled in four holes, escape movement, horizontal lever, and warranted to perform correctly, upon my personal reputation, who have observed it narrowly for many years, under the most trying circumstances—" here he winked at Martin, that he might understand this recommendation would have an immense effect upon the shopman: "what do you say, David, to my friend? Be very particular to deserve my custom and recommendation, David."

"I can lend you three pence on this, if you like," said the shopman to Martin, confidentially. "It's very old-fashioned, I couldn't say more."

"And devilish handsome too," cried Mr. Tigg. "Two-twelve-six for the watch, and seven-and-six for personal regard. I am gratified: it may be weakness, but I am. Three pence will do. We take it. The name of my friend is Snivvy; Chickney Snivvy, of Hulton, twenty-six-and-a-half, B. B. Street." Here he winked at Martin again, in saying him that all the forms and ceremonies prescribed by law were now complied with, and nothing remained but the receipt of the money.

In point of fact, this proved to be the case, for Martin, who had no resource but to take what was offered him, signified his acquiescence by a nod of his head, and presently came out with the cash in his pocket.

He was joined in the entry by Mr. Tigg, who warmly congratulated him, as he took his arm and accompanied him into the street, on the successful issue of the negotiation.

"As for my part is the same," said Mr. Tigg, "don't mention it. Don't compliment me, for I can't bear it!"

"I have no such intention, I assure you," retorted Martin, releasing his arm, and stopping.

"You oblige me very much," said Mr. Tigg. "Thank you."

"Now, sir," observed Martin, biting his lip, "this is a large town, and we can easily find different ways in it. If you will show me which is your way I will take another."

Mr. Tigg was about to speak, but Martin interposed.

"I need scarcely tell you, after what you have just seen, that I have nothing to bestow upon your friend, Mr. Syme. And it is quite as unnecessary for me to tell you that I don't desire the honor of your company."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Tigg, holding out his hand. "Hold! There is a most remarkably long-headed, frowning, boarded, and patriarchal proverb, which observes that it is the duty of a man to be just before he is generous. Be just now, and you can be generous presently. Do not confuse me with the man Syme. Do not distinguish the man Syme as a friend of mine, for he is no such thing. I have been compelled, sir, to abandon the party whom you call Syme. I have no knowledge of the party whom you call Syme. I am, sir," said Mr. Tigg, striking himself upon the breast, "a premium tumbler, of a very different growth and cultivation from the above Syme, sir."

"It matters very little to me," said Martin coolly, "whether you have set up as a vagabond on your own account, or are still trading on behalf of Mr. Syme. I wish to hold no correspondence with you. In the devil's name, maco," said Martin, scarcely able despite his vexation to repress a smile, as Mr. Tigg stood leaning his back against the shutters of a shop window, adjusting his hair with great composure, "will you go one way or other?"

"You will allow me to remind you, sir," said Mr. Tigg, with sudden dignity, "that you—not I—that you—I say emphatically, you—have reduced the proceedings of this evening to a cold and distant matter of business, when I was disposed to place them on friendly footing. It being made a matter of business, sir, I beg to say that I respect a trifle (which I shall bestow in Charity) as commission upon the pecuniary advance, in which I have rendered you my humble services. After the terms in which you have addressed me, sir," concluded Mr. Tigg, "you will not insult me, if you please, by offering more than half a crown."

Martin drew that piece of money from his pocket, and tossed it towards him. Mr. Tigg caught it, looked at it to assure himself of its goodness, spun it in the air after the manner of a peewee, and butted it up. Finally, he raised his hat and bowed to Martin, with a military air, and, after pausing a moment with deep gravity, as to decide in which direction he should go, and to what Earl or Marquis among his friends he should give the preference in his next call, stuck his hands in his shirt-pockets and swaggered round the corner. Martin took the directly opposite course; and so, to his great content, they parted company.

It was with a bitter sense of humiliation that he cursed, again and again, the mischance of having encountered this man in the pawnbroker's shop. The only comfort he had in the recollection was, Mr. Tigg's voluntary avowal of a separation between himself and Syme, that would at least prevent his circumstances (so Martin argued) from being known to any member of his family, the bare possibility of which filled him with shame and wounded pride. Abstractedly, there was greater reason, perhaps, for suppressing any declaration of Mr. Tigg's to be false, than for attaching the least credence to it; but remembering the terms on which the intimacy between that gentleman and his bosom friend had subsisted, and the strong probability of Mr. Tigg's having established an independent business of his own on Mr. Syme's connection, it had a reasonable appearance of probability; at all events, Martin hoped so; and that went a long way.

His first step now that he had a supply of ready money for his present necessities, was, to retain his bed at the public-house, until further notice, and to write a formal note to Tom Pish (for he knew Peckaniff would see it) requesting to have his clothes forwarded to London by coach, with a direction to be left at the office until called for. These measures taken, he passed the interval before the box arrived—three days—in making inquiries relative to American vessels, at the offices of various shipping-agents in the city; and in lingering about the docks and wharves, with the faint hope of stumbling upon some engagement for the voyage, as clerk or supercargo, or custodian of something or somebody, which would enable him to procure a free passage. But finding soon that no such means of employment were likely to present themselves, and dreading the consequences of delay, he drew up a short advertisement, stating what he wanted, and inquiring for a suitable employer. Pending the receipt of the twenty or thirty answers which he vaguely expected, he reduced his wardrobe to the narrowest limits consistent with decent respectability, and carried the surplus at different times to the pawnbroker's shop, for conversion into money.

And it was strange, very strange, even to himself, to find, how by quick thought almost imperceptible degrees he lost his doubts and respect, and gradually came to do that as a matter of course without the least compunction, which but a few short days before had galled him to the quick. The first time he visited the pawnbroker's, he felt on his way there as if every person whom he passed surprised whether he was going; and on his way back again, as if the whole human tide he stem-

med, knew well where he had come from. When did he care to think of their discernment now! To his first wanderings up and down the weary streets, he counterfeited the walk of one who had an object in his view; but soon there came upon him the sauntering slippish gait of listlessness; he did not mind to lounge about the docks, and plucking and biting at stray bits of straw, and strolling up and down the same place, and looking into the same shop-windows, with a miserable indifference, fifty times a day. At first, he came out from his lodging with an uneasy sense of being observed—even by those chance passers-by, on whom he had never looked before, and hundreds to one would never see again—issuing in the morning from a public house; but now, in his comings out and goings in, he did not mind to lounge about the docks, or to stand leaning himself in careless thought beside the wooden stair, studded from head to heel with pegs, on which the beer-pots dangled like so many bows upon a pewter tree. And yet it took but five weeks to reach the lowest round of this tall ladder!

Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth below your carriage-wheels, as rough beneath the tread of naked feet,—behold yourselves in looking on the swift descent of men who have lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, or had a chance of life! Ge, ye who rest so placidly upon the sacred Bard who had been young, and when he laid his burr was old, and never seen, the righteous forsaken, or his words begging their bread; go, Teachers of content and honest pride, into the mine, the mill, the forge, the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, and uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as fast as it is kindled! And, oh! ye Pharisees of the nineteenth century of Christian Knowledge, who soundly appeal to human nature, see that it be human first. Take heed it has not been transformed, during your slumber and the sleep of generations into the nature of the Beast!

Five weeks! Of all the twenty or thirty answers, not one had come. His money—even the additional stock he had raised from the disposal of his spare clothes (and that was not much, for clothes, though dear to buy, are cheap to pawn)—was fast diminishing. Yet that could he do? At times an agony came upon him in which he darted forth again, though he was but newly home, and, returning to some place where he had been already twenty times, made some new attempt to gain his end, but always unsuccessfully. He was years and years too old for a cabin boy, and years upon years too inexperienced to be accepted as a common seaman. His dress and manner, too, militated fatally against any such proposal for the latter, and yet he was reduced to making it; for even if he could have obtained the being set down in America, totally without money, he had not enough left now for a storage passage and the poorest provisions upon the voyage.

It is an illustration of a very common tendency in the mind of man, that all this time he never once doubted, one may almost say the certainty of doing great things in the New World, if he could only get there. In proportion as he became more and more directed by his present circumstances, and the means of gaining America receded from his grasp, the more he fretted himself with the conviction that that was the only place in which he could hope to achieve any high end, and worried his brain with the thought that men going there to the meanwhile might anticipate him in the attainment of those objects which were dearest to his heart. He often thought of John Westcott, and besides looking out for him as all occasions, actually walked about London for three days together, for the express purpose of meeting with him. But, although he failed in this; and although he would not have scrupled to borrow money of him; and although he believed that John would have lent it; yet still he could not bring his mind to write to John and inquire where he was to be found. For, although, as we have seen, he was fond of Tom after his own fashion, he could not endure the thought of telling so many of Tom's) of making him the stepping-stone to his fortune, or being anything to him but a patron; and his pride so revolted from the idea, that it restrained him even now.

It might have yielded, however; and no doubt must have yielded soon, but for a very strange and unlooked for occurrence.

The five weeks had quite run out, and he was in a truly desperate plight, when one evening, having just returned to his lodging, and being in the act of lighting his candle at the gas jet in the bar before walking moodily up stairs to his own room, his landlord called him by his name. Now, as he had never told it to the man, but had scrupulously kept it to himself, he was not a little startled by this; and so plainly showed his agitation, that the landlord, to reassure him, said "It was only a letter."

"A letter!" cried Martin.

"For Mr. Martin Chalmers," said the landlord, reading the superscription of one he had in his hand. "Noun. Chief Office. Paid."

Martin took it from him, thanked him, and walked up stairs. It was not sealed, but parcelled close; the handwriting was quite unknown to him. He opened it, and found enclosed, without any name, address, or other inscription or explanation of any kind whatever, a Bank of England note for Twenty Pounds.

To say that he was precisely stunned with astonishment and delight; that he looked again and again at the note and the wrapper; that he hurried below stairs to make quite certain that the note was a good note; and then hurried up again to satisfy himself for the fifth time that he had not overlooked some scrap of writing on the wrapper; that he ex-

haunted and bewildered himself with conjectures; and could make nothing of it but that the note was, and he was suddenly enriched. The final upset of the business at that time was, that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his purchases very heavily laden. It was some what of a dampening circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes: firstly, to the few being naturally vicious and a smoker; and secondly, to their having forgotten, in lighting the fire, an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already remedied this oversight, however; and propped up the window-sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open; so that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pile of pater was set upon the table, and the servant girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed, which was very close to the fire, answered for a sideboard; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old armed chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great appetite, glancing round the room now and then with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it for ever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which although it was a gentle knock enough, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of window, and plunged into the street.

"Morn'coah, I suppose," said Martin. "Come in!"

"It ain't a liberty, sir; though it seems so," rejoined a man's voice.—

"Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway: perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said his visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jolly, sir."

"To be sure!" cried Martin. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage and up the stairs, sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice in the street if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a looking in at the beef-and-ham shop, just now, along with a very heavy carpet, was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir—I see you're a buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily: "Well! what then?"

"Why then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to follow; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?" inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I ain't," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Martin cast an angry look at him: but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—that with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life too for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

"Tapley," he said, "I'll deal openly with you. From all I can judge, and from all I have heard of you through Finch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "I'd as lieve stand."

"If you don't sit down," retorted Martin, "I'll not talk to you."

"Very good, sir," observed Mark. "Your will's a law, sir. Down it is!" and he sat down accordingly upon the bested.

"Help yourself," said Martin, handing him his only knife.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "After you've done."

"If you don't take it now," he said, "you'll not have any."

"Very good, sir," rejoined Mark. "That bring your desire—now it is."

With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said abruptly:

"What are you doing in London?"

"Nothing at all, sir," replied Mark.

"How's that?" asked Martin.

"I want a place," said Mark.

"I am sorry for you," said Martin.

"—To attend upon a single gentleman," resumed Mark. "If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object."

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said:

"If you mean me—"

"Yes I do, sir," interposed Mark.

"Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man-servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately."

"Well, sir," returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence—

from all that ever I heard of it, I should say America's a very likely sort of place for me to be jolly in."

Again Martin looked at him angrily; and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

"Lord Hees you, sir," said Mark, "what is the use of us a going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up and down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first time I saw you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here am I, without a stipulation; without any want of wages for a year to come; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what I've taken, and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down; and will you take me, or will you leave me?"

"How can I take you?" cried Martin.

"When I say take you, I mean will you let me go along with you? for I get well, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once, that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words, if I go alone it shall be to carry out the principle, in the rottest, crassest, bakingest tub of a vessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So, if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a drowned man at your door—and always a knocking double-knock at it, too, or never turn me."

"This is mere folly," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," returned Mark. "I'm glad to hear it, because, if you do say that to me, you'll be more contented, perhaps, on the count of thinking so. Therefore I contradict no gentleman. But all I say is, that if I don't emigrate to America in that case, in the bestliest old cockleshell as goes out of port, I'm —"

"You don't mean what you say, I'm sure!" said Martin.

"Yes I do," said Mark.

"Let it stand you I know better," rejoined Martin.

"Very good, sir," said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. "Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait and see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a glimble is to go through soft lead."

This was touching Martin on his weakest point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

"Why, certainly, Mark," he said, "I have hopes of doing well there, or shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps."

"Of course you have, sir," returned Mark Tapley. "Everybody knows that."

"You see," said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, "ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes, can hardly fail to be in great request in that country; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off; and it's clear they must have houses to live in."

"I should say, sir," observed Mark, "that that's a state of things as opens out for the jolliest look-outs for domestic architecture that ever I heard tell of."

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion that this remark implied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans.

But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied. Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hands, said,

"Now, tell the truth. Do you know anything about that?"

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the expectation upwards, and with the superscription downwards; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again—

"No, I see you don't. How should you! Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being bare. Come, Tapley," he added, after a moment's thought, "I'll trust you with my history such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mark, "but before you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn out me—Mark Tapley—(namely at the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Finch) and as you're a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder again, be certain to get to the top of take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir," said Mark,

"it's of very little importance to you, I know—there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?"

These were meant as a second appeal to Martin's weak side, founded on his observation of the effect of the first. Mr. Tapley was a shifal and shrewd observer. Whether an intentional or an accidental shot, it bit the mark full; for Martin, relenting more and more, said with a concession which was inexpressibly delicious to him, after his recent humiliation—

"We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow."

"Then, sir," said Mark, rubbing his hands, "the job's done. Go on, sir, if you please. I'm all attention."

Throwing himself back in his arm chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention; Mark ran over the chief points of his history, to the same effect as he had related them, weeks before, to Mr. Finch. But he adapted them, according to the bent of his judgment, to Mr. Tapley's comprehension; and with that view made as light of his love affair as he could, and referred to it in very few words. But here he reckoned without his host; for Mark's interest was keener in this part of the business, and prompted him to ask sundry questions in relation to it; for which he apologised as one is some measure privileged to do so, from having seen (as Martin explained to him) the young lady at the Blue Dragon.

"And a young lady as any gentleman ought to feel more proud of being in love with," said Mark, energetically, "don't draw breath."

"Aye!" You saw her when she was not happy," said Martin, gazing at the fire again. "If you had seen her in the old times, indeed—"

"Why, she certainly was a little downhearted, sir, and something pale in her colour than I could have wished," said Mark, "but none the worse in her looks for that. I think she seemed better, sir, after she came to London."

Martin withdrew his eyes from the fire; stared at Mark as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad; and asked him what he meant.

"No offence intended, sir," urged Mark. "I don't mean to say she was any the happier without you; but I thought she was a looking better, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me she has been in London?" asked Martin, rising hurriedly, and pushing back his chair.

"Of course I do," said Mark, rising, too, in great amazement from the bedstead.

"Do you mean to tell me she's in London now?"

"Most likely, sir. I mean to say she was a week ago."

"And you know where?" "Yes!" cried Mark. "What! Don't you?"

"My good fellow!" exclaimed Martin, clutching him by both arms, "I have never seen her since I left my grandfather's house."

"Why then?" cried Mark, giving the little table such a blow with his clenched fist that the plates of beef and ham danced upon it, while all his features seemed with delight to be going up into his forehead, and never coming back any more, "If I can't, your maternal servant, hired by Fate, there, can't such a thing in nature?" as a Blue Dragon. What!

When I was a rambling up and down a old churchyard in the city, getting myself into a jolly state, didn't I see your grandfather a toddling to and fro for pretty nigh a mortal hour! Didn't I watch him into Coddge's cellars for information to that effect, and make him miserable as possible. But she had been reared up in a sterner school than the midst of most young girls is formed in; she had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity; had come out from her young trinity contact, self-deceiving, earnest, and devoted; had acquired in her maidenhood—whether happily in the end, for herself or him, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire—something of the sternness and sternness of gentle hearts which is developed often by the sorrows and struggles of early years, but often by their lessons only. Unspoiled, unpampered in her joys or griefs; with frank, and full, and deep affection for the object of her early love; she saw in him one who for her sake was an outcast from his home and fortune, and she had no more idea of bestowing that love upon him in other than cheerful and sustaining words, full of high hope and benevolence, than she had of being unworthy of it, in her highest thought or deed, for any base temptation that the world could offer.

"What change is there in you, Martin," she replied; "for that concerns me nearest? You look more anxious and more thoughtful than you used."

"Why as to that, my love," said Martin, as he drew her waist within his arm, first looking round to see that there were no observers near, and behold! she was smiling more intent than ever on the subject of her life; "it would be strange if I did not; for my life—especially of late—has been a hard one."

"I know it most have been," she answered. "When have I forgotten to think of it and you?"

"Not often, I hope," said Martin. "Not often, I am sure. Not often I have some right to expect, Mary; for I have undergone a great deal of vexation and pain, and I naturally look for that rest and ease."

"Aye, my poor sister," she answered with a fainter smile. "But you have it, and will have it always. You have paid a dear price for a poor heart, Martin, but it is at least your own, and a true one."

"Of course I feel quite certain of that," said Martin. "or I shouldn't have put myself in my present position. And don't say a poor heart, Mary, for say a rich one! Now, I am about to give that rest and ease for your sake. I am going," he added slowly, looking far into the deep woods of her bright dark eyes, "abroad."

"Abroad, Martin?"

"Only to America. Say now—how you droop directly!"

"If I do, or I hope I may, if I did," she answered, raising her head and looking at him, and looking once more into his face, "it was for grief to think of what you are resolved to undergo for me. I would not venture to dissuade you, Martin; but it is a long, long distance; there is a wide ocean to be crossed; illness and want are sad calamities in any place, but in a foreign country dreadful to endure. Have you thought of all this?"

"Thought of it!" cried Martin, abating, in his fondness—and he was very fond of her—hardly an iota of his usual impetuosity. "What am I

in his embassy as to be enabled to return that same night, just as the house was closing; with the welcome intelligence that he had sent it upstairs to the young lady, enclosed in a small manuscript of his own, purporting to contain his further petition to be engaged in Mr. Chuzzlewit's service; and that she had herself come down and told him, in great haste and agitation, that she would meet the gentleman at eight o'clock to-morrow in St. James's Park. It was then agreed between the new master and the new man, that Mark should be in waiting near the hotel in good time, to escort the young lady to the place of appointment; and when they had parted for the night with this understanding, Martin took up his pen again; and before he went to bed wrote another letter, whereof of more will be seen presently.

He was up before day-break, and came upon the Park with the morning, which was clad in the least engaging of the three hundred and seventy-five dresses in the wardrobe of the year. It was raw, damp, dark, and dismal; the clouds were as muddy as the ground; and the short perspective of every street and avenue, was closed up by the mist as by a filthy curtain.

"Fine weather indeed," Martin bitterly soliloquized, "to be wandering up and down here in, like a thief! Fine weather indeed, for a meeting of lovers in the open air, and in a public walk! I need be departing with all speed, for another country; for I have come to a pretty pass in this!"

He might perhaps have gone on to reflect that all's mornings in the year, it was not the best calculated for a young lady's coming forth on such an errand, either. But he was so stopped on the road to this reflection, if his thought reached that way, by her appearance at a short distance, which he hurried forward to meet her. Her acquire, Mr. Tapley, at the same time fell back, and surveyed the fog above him with an appearance of attentive interest.

"My dear Martin!" said Mary.

"My dear Mary," said Martin; and down are such a singular kind of people that this is all they did say just then, though Martin took her arm, and her hand too, and they paced up and down a short walk that was least exposed to observation, half-a-dozen times.

"If you have changed at all, my love, since we parted," said Martin at length, as he looked upon her with a proud delight, "it is only to be more beautiful than ever!"

Had she been of the common metal of love-worn young ladies, she would have denied this to her most interesting manner; and would have told him that she knew she had become a perfect fright; or that she had wasted away with weeping and anxiety; or that she was dwindling gently into an early grave; or that her mental sufferings were unpraiseworthy, or would either by tears or words, or a mixture of both, have furnished him with some other information to that effect, and made him miserable as possible. But she had been reared up in a sterner school than the midst of most young girls is formed in; she had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity; had come out from her young trinity contact, self-deceiving, earnest, and devoted; had acquired in her maidenhood—whether happily in the end, for herself or him, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire—something of the sternness and sternness of gentle hearts which is developed often by the sorrows and struggles of early years, but often by their lessons only. Unspoiled, unpampered in her joys or griefs; with frank, and full, and deep affection for the object of her early love; she saw in him one who for her sake was an outcast from his home and fortune, and she had no more idea of bestowing that love upon him in other than cheerful and sustaining words, full of high hope and benevolence, than she had of being unworthy of it, in her highest thought or deed, for any base temptation that the world could offer.

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CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH MARTIN BIDS ADIEU TO THE LADY OF HIS LOVE; AND HOW HE RECOVERS AN INDIVIDUAL WHOSE FATE HE INTENDS TO MAKE, BY COMMENDING HER TO HIS PROTECTION.

The letter being duly signed, sealed, and delivered, was handed to Mark Tapley, for immediate conveyance if possible. And he succeeded so well

to do? It's very well to say, 'Have I thought of it? my love; but you should ask me the same question, have I thought of starting at home; have I thought of doing porter's work for a living; have I thought of holding horses in the streets to earn my loaf of bread from day to day? Come, come,' he added, in a gentler tone, 'do not hang down your head my dear, for I need the encouragement that your sweet face alone can give me. Why, that's well! Now you are brave again.'

'I am endeavoring to be,' she answered, smiling through her tears. 'Endeavoring to be anything that's good, and being it, in, with you, all one. Don't I know that of old?' cried Martin, gaily. 'So! That's famous! Now I can tell you all my plans as cheerfully as if you were my little wife already, Mary.'

She hug more closely on his arm, and looking upward in his face, bade him speak on.

'You see,' said Martin, playing with the little head upon his wrist 'that my attempts to advance myself at home have been baffled and rendered abortive. I will not say by whom, Mary, for that would give pain to us both. But so it is. I have you heard him speak of late of any relative of mine or his, called Pecksniff? Only tell me what I ask you, no more.'

'I have heard, to my surprise, that he is a better man than was supposed.'

'I thought so,' interrupted Martin.

'And that it is likely we may come to know him, if not to visit and reside with him—and I think—his daughters. He has daughters, has he, love?'

'A pair of them,' Martin answered. 'A precious pair! Gems of the first water.'

'Ah! You are jesting?'

'There is a sort of jesting, which is very much in earnest, and includes some pretty serious disgust,' said Martin. 'Just in reference to Mr. Pecksniff (at whose house I have been living as his assistant, and at whose hands I have received insult and injury), in that vein. Whatever betides, or however closely you may be brought into communication with his family, never forget that, Mary; and ever for an instant, whatever appearances may seem to contradict me, lose sight of this assurance—Pecksniff is a scoundrel.'

'Indeed!'

'In thought, and in deed, and in everything else. A scoundrel from the topmost hair of his head, to the outermost atom of his heel. Of his daughters I will only say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, they are dutiful young ladies, and take after their father, closely. This is a digression from the main point, and yet it brings me to what I was going to say.'

He stopped to look into her eyes again, and seeing, in a hasty glance upon her shoulder, that there was no one near, and that Mark was still intent upon the fog, not only looked at her lips too, but kissed them into the bargain.

'Now, I am going to America, with great prospects of doing well, and of returning home myself very soon; it may be to take you there for a few years, but, at all events, to claim you for my wife; which, after such trials I should do with no fear of your still thinking it a duty to cleave to him who will not suffer me to live (for this is true), if he can help it, in my own land. How long I may be absent is, of course, uncertain; but it shall not be very long. I trust me for that.'

'In the meantime, dear Martin—'

'That's the very thing I am coming to. In the meantime you shall hear, constantly, of all my goings-on. Thus.'

He paused to take from his pocket the letter he had written over-night and thus resumed:

'In this fellow's employment, and living in this fellow's house, (by fellow, I mean Mr. Pecksniff, of course), there is a certain person of the name of Pinch—don't forget it! a poor, strange, simple oddity, Mary; but thoroughly honest and sincere; full of soul; and with a cordial regard for me; which I mean to return one of these days, by settling him up in life in some way or other.'

'Your kind nature, Martin!'

'Oh! I said Martin, 'that's not worth speaking of, my love. He's very grateful and desirous to serve me; and I am more than repaid. Now one night I told this Pinch my history, and all about myself and you; in which he was not a little interested, I can tell you, for he knows you!—Aye, you may look surprised—and the longer the better, for it becomes you—but you have heard him play the organ in the church of that village, before now; and he has seen you listening to his music; and has caught his inspiration from you too!'

'Was he the organist of dear Mary. I think him from my heart.'

'Yes he was,' said Martin. 'And is, and gets me for my little. There never was such a simple fellow! Quite an infant! But a very good sort of creature, I assure you.'

'I am sure of that,' she said, with great earnestness. 'He must be!'

'Oh, yes, no doubt at all about it,' rejoined Martin. In his usual careless way. 'He's. Well! It has occurred to me—but stay, if I read you what I have written and intend sending to him by post to night, it will explain itself. My dear Tom Pinch! That's rather familiar, perhaps,' said Martin, suddenly remembering that he was proud when they had last met, 'but I call him my dear Tom Pinch, because he likes it, and it pleases him.'

'Very right, and very kind,' said Mary.

'Exactly so!' said Martin. 'It's as well to be kind whenever one can; and, as I said before, he really is an excellent fellow. My dear

Tom Pinch.—I address this under cover to Mrs. Lopin, at the Blue Dragon, and have begged her to a short note to deliver it to you without saying anything about it elsewhere; and to do the same with all future letters she may receive from me. My reason for so doing will be at once apparent to you. I don't know that it will be, by the bye,' said Martin, breaking off, 'for he's slow of comprehension, poor fellow; but he'll find it out in time. My reason simply is, that I don't want my letters to be read by other people; and particularly by the scoundrel whom he thinks me angry.'

'Mr. Pecksniff again!' asked Mary.

'The same,' said Martin; '—will be at once apparent to you. I have completed my arrangements for going to America; and you will be surprised to hear that I am to be accompanied by Mark Tapley, upon whom I have stumbled strangely in London, and who insists on putting himself under my protection—meaning my love,' said Martin, breaking off again, 'nor friend in the rear, of course.'

She was delighted to hear this, and bestowed a kind of glance upon Mark, which brought his eyes down from the fog to encounter, and received with immense satisfaction. She said in his hearing, too, that he was a good soul and a merry creature, and would be faithful, she was certain; commendations which Mr. Tapley inwardly resolved to deserve, from such lips, and he died for it.

'Now, my dear Pinch,' resumed Martin, proceeding with his letter; 'I am going to repose great trust in you, knowing that I may do so with perfect reliance on your honor and secrecy, and having nobody else just now to trust in.'

'I don't think I would say that, Martin.'

'Wouldn't you? Well! I'll take that out. It's perfectly true, though.'

'But it might seem ungracious, perhaps.'

'Oh, I don't mind Pinch,' said Martin. 'There's no occasion to stand on any ceremony with him. However, I'll take it out, as you wish it; and make the full stop 'at secrecy.' Very well! 'I shall not only'—this is the letter again, you know.'

'I understand.'

'I shall only enclose my letters to the young lady of whom I have told you, to your charge, to be forwarded as she may request; but I most earnestly commit her, the young lady herself to your care and regard, in the event of your meeting in my absence. I have reason to think that the probabilities of your encountering each other—perhaps very frequently—are now neither remote nor few; and although in your position you can do very little to lessen the uneasiness of hers, I trust to you implicitly to do that much, and so deserve the confidence I have reposed in you. You see, my dear Mary,' said Martin, 'it will be a great consolation to you to have anybody, no matter how simple, with whom you can speak about me; and the very first time you talk to Pinch you'll feel at once, that there is no more occasion for any embarrassment or hesitation in talking to him, than if he were an old woman.'

'However that may be,' she returned, smiling, 'is to your friend, and that is enough.'

'Oh, yes, he's my friend,' said Martin, 'certainly. In fact, I have told him so many words that we'll always take notice of him, and protect him; and it's a good trait in his character that he's grateful—very grateful indeed. You'll like him of all things, my love, I know. You'll observe very much that's comical and old fashioned about Pinch, but you needn't mind laughing at him; for he'll not care about it. He'll rather like it, indeed!'

'I don't think I shall put that to the test, Martin.'

'You won't if you can help it, of course,' he said, 'but I think you'll find him a little too much for your gravity. However that's neither here nor there, and it certainly is not the letter; which ends thus: 'Knowing that I need not impress the nature and extent of this confidence upon you at any greater length, as it is already sufficiently established in your mind, I will only say in bidding you farewell, and looking forward to our next meeting, that I shall charge myself from this time, through all changes for the better, with your advancement and happiness, as if they were my own. You may rely upon that. And always believe me, my dear Tom Pinch, faithfully your friend, Martin Chuzzlewit. P.S. I enclose the amount which you so kindly—'Oh!—said Martin, checking himself, and falling up the letter, 'that's nothing.'

At this crisis Mark Tapley interposed, with an apology for remarking that the clock at the Horse Guards was striking.

'Which I shouldn't have said nothing about, sir,' added Mark, 'if the young lady hadn't begged me to be particular in mentioning it.'

'I did,' said Mary. 'Thank you. You are quite right. In another minute I shall be ready to return. We have time for a very few words more, dear Martin, and although I don't mean to say, it must remain unsaid until the happy time of our next meeting. Heaven send it may come speedily, and prosperously! I have no fear of that.'

'Fare! I cried Martin. 'Why, who has? What are a few months? What is a whole year? When I come gaily back, with a road through life hewn out before me, then indeed, looking back upon this parting, it may seem a dismal one. But now I swear I wouldn't have it happen under the fairest of the auspices, if I could find it to say, it must remain unsaid until the happy time of our next meeting. Heaven send it may come speedily, and prosperously! I have no fear of that.'

'Yes, yes. I feel that too. When do you go?'

'To-night. We leave for Liverpool to-morrow. A vessel sells from that port, as I hear, in three days. To a night, or less, we shall be there. Why, what's a month? How many months have flown by since our last parting!'

"Look to look back upon," said Mary, echoing his cheerful tone, "but nothing in their course."

"Nothing at all!" cried Martin. "I shall have change of scene and change of place; change of people, change of manners, change of cares and hopes! Time will wear wings indeed! I can bear anything, so that I have swift action, Mary."

Was he thinking solely of her care for him, when he took so little heed of her share in the separation of her mind from her mother's influence, and how she dwelt on day to day? Was there nothing jarring and discordant even in his tone of courage, with this one note self for ever audible, however high the strain? Not in her ears. It had been better otherwise, perhaps, but so it was. She heard the same bold spirit which had flung away as dross all gain and profit for her sake, making light of peril and privation that she might be calm and happy; and she heard no more. That her own self had found no place and raised no throne, she was slow to recognise its ugly presence when it looked upon it. As one possessed of an evil spirit was held in old times to be alone conscious of the lurking demon in the breasts of other men, so kindred vice knew each other in their hiding-places every day, when Virtue is incredulous and blind.

"The quarter's gone!" cried Mr. Tapley, in a voice of admonition. "I shall be ready to return immediately," she said. "One thing, dear Martin, I am bound to tell you, and I have not a few minutes since only to answer what you asked me in reference to one theme, but you should and must know—otherwise I could not be at ease—that since that separation of which I was the unhappy occasion, he has never once uttered your name; has never coupled it, or any faint allusion to it, with passion or reproach; and has never abated in his kindness to me."

"I thank him for that last act," said Martin, "and for nothing else.—Though on consideration I may thank him for his other forbearance also, inasmuch as I neither expect nor desire that he will mention my name again. He may once, perhaps—to couple it with reproach—in his will. Let him, if he please! By this time it reaches me, he will be in his grave; a satire on his own anger, God help him!"

"Martin! If you would but sometimes in some quiet hour; beside the winter fire; in the summer air; when you hear gentle music, or think of Death, or Home, or Childhood; if you would at such a season resolve to think, but once a month, or even once a year of him, or say one who ever wronged you, you would forgive him in your heart, I know!"

"If I believed that to be true, Mary," he replied, "I would resolve at no such time to bear him in my mind; wishing to spare myself the shame of such a weakness. I was not born to be the toy and puppet of any man, far less his; to whose pleasure and caprice, in return for any good he did me, my whole youth was sacrificed. It became between us two a fair exchange—no better—and no more. There is no such balance against me that I need throw in a markish forgiveness to poison the scale. He has forbidden all mention of me to you, I know," he added hastily. "Come! Has he not?"

"That was long ago," she returned; "immediately after your parting; before you had left the house. He has never done so since."

"He has never done so better—because he has seen no occasion," said Martin; "but that is of little consequence, one way or other. Let all allusion to him between you and me be interdicted from this time forth.—And therefore, love—" he drew her quickly to him, for the time of parting had now come—"in the first letter that you write to me through the Post-office, addressed to New York; and in all the others that you send through Flitch; remember he has no existence, but has become to us as one who is dead. Now, God bless you! This is a strange place for such a meeting and such a parting; but our next meeting shall be in a better, and our next, and last parting in a worse."

"One other question, Martin, I must ask. Have you provided money for this journey?"

"Have I?" cried Martin. It might have been in his pride; it might have been in his desire to test her mind at ease. "Have I provided money? Why, there's a question for an emigrant's wife! How could I move on land or sea without it, love?"

"I mean, enough," she said. "Enough! More than enough. Twenty times more than enough. A pocket-full. Mark and I, for all essential ends, are quite as rich as if we had the power of Fortunio in our baggage!"

"The half-hour's a going!" cried Mr. Tapley.

"Good by a hundred times!" cried Mary, in a trembling voice. But how cold the comfort in good by! Mark Tapley knew it perfectly. Perhaps he knew it from his reading, perhaps from his experience, perhaps from intuition. It is impossible to say; but however, he knew it, his knowledge instinctively suggested to him the wisest course of proceeding that any man could have adopted under the circumstances. He was anxious to visit him, first of proving, and was obliged to turn his head another way. In doing which, he, in a manner, fenced and screened the lovers into a corner by themselves.

There was a short pause, but Mark had an undefined sensation that it was a satisfactory one to its way. Then Mary, with her veil lowered, passed him with a quick step, and beckoned him to follow. She stopped once more before they lost that corner; looked back; and waved her hand to Martin. He made a start towards her at the moment as if he had some other farewell words to say; but only hurried off the faster, and Mr. Tapley followed as in duty bound.

When he rejoined Martin again in his own chamber, he found that gentleman seated moodily before the dusty grate, with his two feet on

the fender, his two elbows on his knees, and his chin supported, in a not very ornamental manner, on the palms of his hands.

"Well, Mark?"

"Well, sir," said Mark, taking a long breath. "I see the young lady safe home, and I feel pretty comfortable after it. She sent a lot of kind words, sir, and this," handing him a ring, "for a parting keepsake."

"Diamonds!" said Martin, putting it—let us say his finger. It was for no such use; not for theirs—and kissing it on his little finger. "Splendid diamonds! My grandfather is a singular character, Mark. He must have given her this, now."

Mark Tapley knew as well that she had bought it, to the end that that unconscious speaker might carry some article of sterling value with him in his necessity; as he knew that it was day, and not night. Though he had no more acquaintance of his own knowledge with the history of the glittering trinket on Martin's outspread finger, than Martin himself had, he was as certain that in its purchase she had expended her whole stock of boarded money, as if he had seen it paid down coin by coin.—Her lover's strange obtuseness in relation to this little incident, promptly suggested to Mark's Mind its real cause and root; and from that moment he had a clear and perfect insight into the one absorbing principle of Martin's character.

"So it worthy of the sacrifices I have made," said Martin, folding his arms, and looking at the ash in the stove, as if in resumption of some former thoughts. "Well worthy of them. No riches,—here he stroked his chin, and mused—"could have compensated for the loss of such a nature. Not to mention that is gaining her affection, I have followed the bent of my own wishes, and banished the selfish schemes of others who had the right to form them. She is quite worthy—more than worthy—of the sacrifices I have made. Yes, she is. No doubt of it."

These ruminations might or might not have reached Mark Tapley; for though they were by no means addressed to him, yet they were softly uttered. In any case, he stood there, watching Martin, with an indescribable and most involved expression on his visage, until that young man roused himself and looked towards him; when he turned away as being suddenly intent on certain preparations for the journey, and, without giving vent to any articulate sound, smiled with surpassing ghastliness, and seemed by a twist of his features and a motion of his lips, to release himself of this word:

"Jolly!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE BURDEN WHEREOF, IS HAIL COLUMBIA!

A dark and dreary night; people nodding in their beds or stirring late about the city; Want, colder than Charity, shivering at the street corners; church-towers humming out the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghastly preachment "One!" The clouds covered with a sadle pall as for the burial of yesterday; the clumps of dark trees, its giant plumes of funeral feathers waving aside and from its hoarded, all soleside, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon, and the cautious wind, as creeping after them up on the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither, in the clouds and wind, so eagerly? If like gully spirits they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elms and holly council, or where subside in terrible disport?

Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping a thousand miles away so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like an old man, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long-heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam that, while the black night increases, changes of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal shift; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm "A ship!"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts towering, and her ribs beating on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as if hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

Still she comes striving on; and at her boldness and the spreading cry the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, first as the mariners on her decks cast their eyes into the night, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaning depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger; still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd

thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet beating down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep; as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into a heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as inaccessible to the funniness in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a distasteful taste that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead in which had tarred bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs; for the first objects Mr. Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels—looking down at him, as he afterwards observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

"Well!" said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. "This is the first time as ever I stood upon my head all night."

"You shouldn't go to sleep upon the ground with your head to leeward, then," growled a man in one of the berths.

"With my head to where?" asked Mark.

The man repeated his previous sentiment.

"No, I won't do that," said Mark, "when I know I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship, any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

"—For," said Mr. Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice, "this is a most peculiar thing as anything going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast-shows as is constantly nodding their heads from side to side, it never can be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another berth.

"It's as much of me this time, as I was of the fortnight of this week," Mr. Tapley replied.

"What with leading the life of a fly ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding on to something or other, in a upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out in various ways, there ain't too much of me to swear by. How do you find yourself this morning, sir?"

"Very miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan. "Ugh! This is wretched, indeed!"

"Creditable," muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head, and looking round him with a rueful grin. "That's the great comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

Mark was so far right, that unquestionably any man who retained his cheerfulness among the storage accommodations of that noble and fast sailing line of packet ships, *the Screw*, was solely indebted to his own resources, and shipped his good humor, like his passenger who was any contribution or assistance from the owners. A dark, low, stifling cabin, surrounded by berths all filled to overflowing with men, women, and children, in various stages of sickness and misery, is not the liveliest place of assembly at any time; but when it is so crowded (as the steersman of the "*Screw*," was, every passage out), that mattresses and beds are heaped upon the floor, to the extinction of everything like comfort, cleanliness, and decency, it is liable to operate not only as a pretty strong barrier against amiability of temper, but as a positive encourager of selfish and rough humors. Mark felt this, as he sat looking about him; and his spirits rose proportionately.

There were English people, Irish people, Welsh people, and Scotch people there; all with their little store of coarse food and shabby clothes; and nearly all with their faces of children. There were children of all ages; from the baby at the breast, to the staidest old man, who was as much a grown woman as her mother. Every kind of domestic suffering that is bred in poverty, illness, banishment, sorrow, and long travel in bad weather, was crammed into the little space; and yet was there infinitely less of complaint and querulousness, and infinitely more of mutual assistance and general kindness to be found in that unwholesome ark, than in many brilliant ball-rooms.

Mark looked about him wistfully, and his face brightened as he looked. Here an old grandmother was croning over a sick child, and rocking it to and fro, in arms hardly more wadded than its own young limbs; here a poor woman with an infant in her lap, mended another little creature's clothes, and quieted another who was creeping up about her from their scanty bed upon the floor. Here were old men awkwardly engaged in little household offices, wherein they would have been ridiculous but for their good-will and kind purpose; and here were swarthy fellows—giants in their way—doing such little acts of tenderness for those about them, as might have belonged to gentle-bearded dwarfs. The very idiot in the corner who sat mowing there, day long, had his faculty of imitation roused by what he saw about him; and soaped his fingers, to amuse a crying child.

"Now, then," said Mark, nodding to a woman who was dressing her three children at no great distance from him—and the grin upon his face had by this time spread from ear to ear—"Hand over one of them young uns according to custom."

"I wish you'd get breakfast, Mark, instead of worrying with people who don't belong to you," observed Martin, pettishly.

"All right," said Mark. "Eh! do that. It's a fair division of labor, sir. I wash him boys, and she makes our tea. I never could make tea, but any one can wash a boy."

The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness, as well she might, for she had been covered every eight with his greatness, while he had had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug. But Martin, who seldom got up or looked about him, was quite incensed by the force of this speech, and expressed his dissatisfaction, by an impatient groan.

"So it is, certainly," said Mark, brushing the child's hair as coolly as if he had been born and bred a barber.

"What are you talking about now?" asked Martin.

"What you said," replied Mark; "or what you meant when you gave that there dismal vent to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It is very hard upon her."

"What is?"

"Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here, and going such a way as such a time of year to join her husband. If you don't want to be driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man," said Mr. Tapley to the second urchin, who was by this time under his hands at the basin, "you'd better shut it."

"I don't see how I can shut it," said Martin, yawning.

"Why, I'm very much afraid," said Mr. Tapley, in a low voice, "that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and it don't seem to have been very clearly understood between 'em without it, and if she don't see him a waving his pocket-handkerchief on the shore, like a picture out of a song-book, my opinion is, she'll break her heart."

"Why, now, in Folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture?" cried Martin.

Mr. Tapley glanced at him for a moment as he lay prostrate in his berth, and then said, very quietly—

"Ah! How, indeed! I can't think! He's been away from her for two years; she's been very poor and lonely in her own country; and has always been a looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing! A little mad, perhaps! There can't be no other way of accounting for it."

Martin was too far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness to make any reply to these words, or even to attend to them as they were spoken. And the subject of their discourse returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectually put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr. Tapley, who, when the meal was over, and he had adjusted Martin's bed, went up on deck to see the breakfast table, which consisted of two half-pint tin mugs, and a shaving pot of the same metal.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, woman, or child on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the party, and made no use of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

It cannot be said that as his illness wore off, his cheerfulness and good-nature increased, because they would hardly admit of augmentation; but his usefulness among the weaker members of the party was much enlarged; and at all times and seasons there he was cheering. If a gleam of sun shone out of the dark sky, down Mark tumbled into the cabin, and promptly up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half-a-dozen children, or a man or a bird, or a sauceman, or a basket, or a something animate or inanimate, that he thought would be the better for the air. If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day transpired, when they seldom or never came on deck at other times, to stroll into the long-boats, or to come on the spar-deck, or to try to eat, as there in the centre of the group was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife, for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who couldn't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or merely getting below over the side, or emerging, half-drowned, from a shower of spray, or leading a hand somewhere or other; but always doing something for the general entertainment. At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging, and the cloud of smoke, seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction; there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows, in such small kinds of culinary offices; compounding the strangest dishes; recognized by every one as an established authority; and helping all parties to achieve something, which left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that noble and fast-sailing line of packet ship, the "*Screw*;" and he attained at last to such a pith of universal admiration, that he began to be grave doubts as to which kind of benevolent mission's reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

"If this was going to last," said Mr. Tapley, "there'd be no great difference as I can remember, between the Screw and the Dragon. I expect to get any credit, I think. I begin to be afraid that the Fates is determined to make the world easy to me."

"Wall, Mark," said Martin, near whose berth he had ruminated to this effect. "When will this be over?"

"Another week, they say, sir," returned Mark, "will most likely bring us into port. The ship's going along at present, as sensible as a ship can, sir, though I don't think it's any very high praise."

"I don't think it is, indeed," groaned Martin.

"You'd feel all the better for it, sir, if you was to turn out," observed Mark.

"And be seen by the ladies and gentlemen on the after-deck," returned Martin, with a scornful emphasis upon the words, "mingling with the beggarly crowd that are crowded away in this vile hole. I should be greatly the better for that, no doubt!"

"I'm thankful that I can't say from my own experiences what the feelings of a gentleman may be," said Mark, "but I should have thought, sir, as a gentleman would feel a deal more uncomfortable down here, than up in the fresh air, especially when the ladies and gentlemen in the after-cabin know just as much about him, as he does about them, and are likely to trouble their heads about him in the same proportion. I should have thought that, certainly!"

"I tell you, then," rejoined Martin, "you would have thought wrong, and do think wrong."

"Very likely, sir," said Mark, with imperturbable good temper. "I often do."

"As to lying here," cried Martin, raising himself on his elbow, and looking angrily at his follower. "Do you suppose it's a pleasure to lie here?"

"All the madhouses in the world," said Mr. Tapley, "couldn't produce such a maniac as the man must be who could think that."

"Then why are you for ever gooding and trying me to get up?" asked Martin. "I lie here because I don't want to be recognized the next day to which I aspire, by any pure-proud citizen, as the man who came over with him among the steerage passengers. I lie here, because I wish to conceal my circumstances and myself, and not to arrive in a new world badged and ticketed as an utterly poverty-stricken man. If I could have afforded a passage in the after-cabin, I should have held up my head with the rest. As I couldn't, I hide it. Do you understand that?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Mark. "I didn't know you took it so much to heart as this comes to."

"Of course you didn't know," returned his master. "How should you know, unless I told you? It's no trial to you, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to baffle about. It's as natural for you to do so under the circumstances, as it is not for me to do so. Why, you don't suppose there is any of creature in this ship who has any possibility have half so much to undergo on board of her as I have? You don't?" he asked, sitting upright in his berth and looking at Mark, with an expression of great earnestness not unmixed with wonder.

Mark twisted his face into a tight knot, and with his head very much on one side, pondered upon this question as if he felt it an extremely difficult one to answer. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Martin himself, who said, as he stretched himself upon his back again and resumed the book he had been reading:

"But what is the use of my putting such a case to you, when the very essence of what I have been saying, is, that you cannot by possibility understand it! Make me a little brandy-and-water-cold and very weak—and give me a biscuit, and tell your friend, who is a nearer neighbor of ours than I could wish, to try and keep her children a little quieter to-night than she did last night, that's a good fellow."

Mr. Tapley set himself to obey these orders with great alacrity, and pending their execution, it may be presumed his flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he several times observed, below his breath, that in respect of his power of imparting a credit to jollity, the Screw unquestionably had some decided advantages over the Dragon. He also remarked that it was a high gratification to him to reflect that he would carry its main excellence aboard with him, and have it constantly beside him wherever he went; but what he meant by these consolatory thoughts he did not explain.

And now a general excitement began to prevail on board; and various predictions relative to the precise day, when the precious hour on which they would reach New York, were very broadly. There was infinitely more crowding on deck and looking over the ship's side than there had been before; and an epidemic broke out for packing up things every morning, which required unpacking again every night. Those who had any letters to deliver, or any friends to meet, or any settled plans of going anywhere or doing anything, discussed their prospects a hundred times a day; and as this class of passengers were very small, and the number of those who had no prospects whatever was very large, there were plenty of listeners and few talkers. Those who had been ill all along got well now, and those who had been well got better. An American gentleman in the after-cabin, who had been wrapped up in fur and oil-skin the whole passage, unexpectedly appearing in a very shabby, tall, black hat, and constantly overhauling a very little valise of pale leather, which contained his clothes, linen, brushes, shaving materials, books, trinkets, and other baggage. He likewise stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and walked the deck with his nostrils dilated, as already inhaling the air of Freedom which carries death to all tyrants, and can never (under any circumstances worth mentioning) be breathed by slaves. An English gentleman who

was strongly suspected of having run away from a bank with something in his position belonging to its funds, besides the very, grew almost upon the subject of the rights of man, and bawled the *Marseilles* Hymn constantly. In a word, one great sensation pervaded the whole ship, and the soil of America lay close before them: so close at last, that upon a certain starlight night, they took a pilot on board, and within a few hours after wards lay to until the morning, awaiting the arrival of a steam-boat in which the passengers were to be conveyed ashore.

Of the same order it was light next morning, and the ship, lying alongside an hour or more—during which period her very fremen were objects of hardly less interest and curiosity, than if they had been so many angels, good or bad—took all her living freight aboard. Among them, Mark, who still had his friend and her three children under his close protection; and Martin, who had once more dressed himself in his usual attire, but once soiled old cloak above his ordinary clothes, until such time as he should separate for ever from his late companions.

The steamer—which, with its machinery on deck, looked, as it worked its long slim legs, like some enormously magnified insect or antediluvian monster—dashed at great speed up a beautiful bay; and presently they saw some heights, and islands, and a long flat, straggling city.

"And this," said Mr. Tapley, looking far ahead, "is the Land of Liberty, is it not very well. I'm agreeable. Any land will do for me after so much water!"

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF RECOGNITION IN A TIGER.—One day last week a singular circumstance occurred to Wombwell's Royal Masey Enquirer, corroborative of the retentive memory said to be possessed by this voracious lion of the forest tribe, the tiger. A sailor who had been strolling round the exhibition, loitering here and there to admire and identify some of the animals with those he had seen in far distant climes, was attracted by the strange noise made by a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack, somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which, he remarked, became more boisterous the nearer he approached the animal; the keeper replied, that the behaviour of the animal indicated either that he was vastly pleased or annoyed; upon this the sailor again approached the den, and, after gazing at the tiger for a few minutes, during which the animal became frantic with seeming rage, lashing his tail against his sides, and giving utterance to the most frightful howlings, discovered the tiger to be the same animal brought to England under the special care of the weak-beaten tar. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appeared the tiger was in this recognizing his old friend, and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den for the purpose, as he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered to do so: the iron door was opened and he jumped Jack to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers on. The affection of the animal was now shown, by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction, and when the hoarse tar left the den, the anguish of the animal appeared almost insupportable.—*Davenport Independent*.

A DEAR BOTTLE OF WINE.—The editor of the Richmond Enquirer has received notice from a correspondent, in Britain, that he has sent him a bottle of the celebrated "rose" wine, which is 228 years old. The writer gives this account of it:—"This rare article can only be obtained at the Cellar in half bottles, and then in small quantities. Until recently, it was only permitted to be used as a medicine in cases of extreme illness. Its flavor is exquisitely delicious, though its taste is not peculiarly rich. A thimble full is as much as is usually drunk at a time. This bottle of wine cost originally 20 cents. By allowing two per centum for leakage, shrinkage, &c., and six per centum interest on the purchase money, added to the principal annually, afterwards bearing a like interest, and you make the cost *seven millions eight hundred and eighty-four thousand seven hundred and nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents*."—A large sum for the entire debt of Virginia. For my own gratification, I employed an accurate arithmetician to make a calculation for me, and the above is the astonishing result. A single bottle of wine worth, at prime cost, with compound legal American interest, the enormous sum of \$7,884,716 25.

MORE LITERARY PIRACY BY THE ENGLISH.—Colonel Lehmannovsky in one of his lectures, at Boston, stated that, two or three years since, while making a trip up the Mississippi, he fell in with an American gentleman, who very kindly presented to him a work in three volumes, entitled "Anecdotes of Napoleon," by an English author—a Mr. Indent, we believe. On reading, at his leisure, a few pages of the work, the Colonel felt he had read something like it before. On arriving home he took down from his library a Life of Frederick the Great, in German, and, comparing the two works, found that the one was nothing more nor less than a translation of the other, with only this difference—the name of Napoleon Bonaparte was substituted for that of Frederick the Great.

THE POOR DEBTER.—We understand that a poor man confined in the jail of Frederick county (Maryland), for debt, died a week or two ago, from actual misery at the hopeless condition of his situation; that he absolutely refused himself to death. He was a German, ignorant of any mode of relief, and there was no one—no "friend" to advise or assist or care for him; none to interest themselves for him. The debt was for seventeen dollars' worth of sundry supplies.

LIBRARY OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

An accurate account of the formation of the library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in Kensington Palace, must necessarily be interesting to the American public, not only from the recent decease of its founder, but also as displaying the love of literature and science possessed by the illustrious prince, and as demonstrative evidence of the superior estimation in which he held learning and talent to the fortuitous circumstances of birth and rank.

Until about the year 1818, his Royal Highness did not appear in any prominent manner, either as a collector of books or a patron of literature—but the course of his life, and the confinement consequent upon the sickness which attended a considerable part of the earliest period of his career, had led him to cultivate a taste for letters. Aware of the interest which the Duke of Sussex took in literary and scientific researches, his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent was anxious to introduce to him his surgeon, Mr. Pettigrew, observing to the latter, "You ought to be acquainted with the Duke of Sussex; I have been educated in the field, my brother in the closet." Mr. Pettigrew was accordingly made acquainted with the Duke of Sussex, and various conferences were held between them on literary topics, which occasioned reference to be made to some works which his Royal Highness stated were in his library. They, however, could not be found, from the irregular manner in which the books were placed, and were rejected—deficiencies supplied, and, at this time the library consisted of not more than 6000 volumes, occupying five rooms. Mr. Pettigrew, who had long been familiar with the best libraries, and conversant with most classes of literature, suggested to his Royal Highness the necessity of adopting some regular plan, and, at the request of his Royal Highness drew up a system under which the various books were to be arranged like an armenian, and, being subjected to discussion, was agreed upon, and Mr. Pettigrew unexpectedly solicited to undertake the labor of classification and arrangement. Being much engaged by his professional avocations, this charge became one of serious responsibility; but with an ardent mind, a real love of books, and an anxious wish to gratify his Royal Highness, he accepted the duty, and was then appointed librarian.

From this period the library improved, and increased rapidly—fidelity and spurious editions were rejected—deficiencies supplied—and, with the increase of the collection increase of appetite prevailed, until it had risen with extraordinary speed into a most distinguished library. The manner in which the Duke of Sussex entered into this labor proves how strong was his taste for letters. He examined with his librarian all the sale catalogues of books; he constantly consulted the best bibliographical works, and kept for his private use abbreviated catalogues of collections either of the beautiful classical productions of the Aldines, the Variorum, and Elsevir classics, and, above all, lists of the several editions of the Old and New Testament, in his possession. By this means no work of which he stood in need escaped his attention; and often has his Royal Highness, after attending the House of Lords, or presiding at some public charitable institution, resorted to the house of his librarian, either to examine recent purchases, or to make arrangements to supply deficiencies of the library, and in this exercise he would often be engaged until long past midnight. In this way was the library formed; and it now consists of about 45,000 volumes, an evidence of the taste and superior mind of its illustrious possessor. What can be more gratifying to a people than to have their princes distinguished as the friends of learning and of science, the promoters of true religion, and of those means by which the advancement of the happiness of mankind is effected? A spirit of genuine patriotism, and a correct notion of the rights and duties of man, must necessarily be obtained by the cultivation of letters. His Royal Highness was not a book collector in the mere sense of the word, for the purpose of display or simple accumulation; he had a higher aim, the acquisition of knowledge, and he was ever affording facilities to others in the same laudable pursuit. Those only who have been engaged in works of extensive erudition can duly appreciate the benefit of having the records of learning carefully preserved, and easily accessible. That such a public advantage really existed in the magnificent collection of the Duke of Sussex no one who had the honor and happiness of having seen it will for a moment doubt; and who knows also the feelings and purposes under which that collection has been made? It is a remarkable peculiarity of the library in Kensington Palace that it has been literally accumulated, volume by volume, and that at no time, and on no occasion whatever, has any collection of books been purchased to occupy the shelves of any particular department; and the vast amount of information obtained by this individual selection of works must have been immense.

The mode in which the library has thus been formed will serve to explain its nature. It is not a collection of rarities, but it is a library—There are the best works in all branches of letters, philosophy, the arts and sciences. It is a working library—it contains whatever is most useful. We shall presently glance at the strength of the different departments; but it will be sufficient to allude to some of the rarities and source productions of the collection. The library is not confined to printed books; there are many manuscripts, the chief of which are classical, lexicographical, and theological. Of the latter a printed account was published in 1827, by Mr. Pettigrew, together with the first part of the account of the printed Bibles (the second, which completes this division of the library, being published in 1839, under the title of "Bibliotheca Suseviana: a Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical No-

tices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books contained in the Library of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, K. G., &c., &c.")

The principal MSS., and the most valuable ones, are the Hebrew, of which there are forty-eight. Four of these are what is called rolled manuscripts, being such as are used in the synagogues. These are without illustrations, or ornament in them, is strictly prohibited. The directions given in the preparation of the rolled manuscripts of the Pentateuch have unquestionably served to secure the integrity of the text of Scripture. They are to be written upon parchment made from the skin of a clean animal, and to be tied together with strings of a similar substance. Those skins must be prepared by a Jew. Every skin is to contain a certain number of columns, which are to be of a precise length and breadth, and to contain a certain number of words. They are to be written with the purest ink, and no word is to be written by heart, or with points; it must be first orally pronounced by the copyist. The same of God is directed to be written with the utmost attention and devotion, and the transcriber is to wash his pen before he inscribes him on the parchment. If there should chide to be a word with either a deficient or a redundant letter, or should any of the prophetic part of the Old Testament be written as verse, or vice versa, the manuscript is vitiated. The Spanish character of the Hebrew MSS., is the most elegant, and it formed the model upon which the types of the celebrated printers, Robert Stephens and Christopher Plantin, were made.

A Hebrew and Chaldean Pentateuch of the thirteenth century, executed by a single hand, is one of the richest and most beautiful illuminated Hebrew MSS. in existence. Mr. Pettigrew has given in his catalogue five plates of illumination from this MS., distinguished by their beauty and singularity.

Several of the Hebrew MSS. contain sentences at the conclusion of the books written by the scribe, and serve to illustrate the devotion with which the labor was performed. The following specimen, taken from a commentary on Isaiah, may interest the reader, it runs thus:—"I praise my God, who glided my loins. I will raise my voice and bless Him, for He is my rock. He was my help till I finished Isaiah. To Him do I hope that He will prosper my ways at the time that I begin Jeremiah."

There is a very fine MS., on vellum, of the twelfth century, of the "Mishneh Nevochim" of Moses Maimonides, a work held in the highest estimation by the Jews, and is a critical, philosophical, and theological explanation of the most difficult words, phrases, passages, metaphors, parables, allegories, and ceremonies of the Old Testament.

A Greek MS. of the New Testament of the thirteenth century, with illuminations, is both curious and valuable. It has never been collated, which should be done for any future edition of the New Testament in the Greek language.

Among the Greek MSS. there is one which contains a "Life of Theodor, the Studite" (so called from having settled in a famous monastery founded by Studius, a patrician and consul), Bishop of Ibsessonia, who died in the year A. D. 826. This is a very interesting memoir, and throws considerable light on both the political and religious history of that time. It has never been printed.

In the theological department of Latin MSS. there are no less than sixteen copies of the "Vulgate," on vellum, besides various copies of distinct portions of the greater and lesser Prophets. Two of these MSS. Bibles are furnished with very comely illustrations, one having nearly one hundred, and the other upwards of one hundred miniatures in gold and colors. Another, having forty-four illuminated drawings, one of which, attached to the 1st chapter of Genesis, represents Adam digging and Eve spinning, is a very choice MS. There are two MSS., in which the history of the Bible is allegorised in Latin verses, some of which are in rhyme. These MSS., are known under the title of "Aurora," which is probably intended to allude to the light supposed to be thrown on the obscure passages of Scripture by the allegorical mode of interpretation. The most interesting alluded to is that of Farnus de Sagona, a Rising, a writer of other Latin poetry, and who died in 1329. One of the finest Latin MSS. is a "Psalter" of the tenth century, written on thick vellum, and upon 186 folio leaves. A large illumination in gold and colors, of the Saviour in the act of giving the benediction, precedes the Psalter. The initials are very large and grotesquely arranged.

The commentary by the venerable Bede on the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles, a MS. of the fifteenth century, in folio, written upon the purest vellum, and made for Frederick, King of Castile, is also worthy of notice. A collection of the various readings of the New Testament, by Casar de Misy, one of the French chaplains to George II. at St. James's, is of importance to any future editor of the Greek New Testament. "MS. Augustine's City of God," a MS. of the fifteenth century, is beautifully illuminated. The four books of the "Dialogues of Pope Gregory," a MS. of the thirteenth or fourteenth century; the "Christianismi Restitutio" of the unfortunate Servetus; a MS. of the twelfth century of the "Works of Flavius Josephus" the Jewish historian; another "De Clavis Decretum" of the Monk Gratian, of the fifteenth century, highly illuminated, in two vols. folio, containing the Papal decrees up to the year 1150; another of the fourteenth century, collected by Pope Boniface; a MS. of the fifteenth century, of the "Liber Sententiarum, or Book of Sentences," taken from the fathers of the church, and select questions for disputation (formerly held in such high esteem, that they were more frequently read than Holy writ, and commented upon by innumerable writers) by Peter Lombard, the very first of scholastic divines, and called the "Magna Summa" of the "Sentences" of the Masters of Duns Scotus on the Four Books of the Sentences, is 4 vols

offo; and the "Testamenta Duodecim Patriarcharum Filiorum Jacob," a translation from the Greek made by Robert Gioseffato or Grouthead, Bishop of Limerick, deserves to be specified. The oldest, inventories, hours, offices, &c., are both numerous and splendid; many are illuminated in the highest degree.

A "Book of the Hours or Office of the Roman Catholic Church," a MS. of the fifteenth century, presents one of the most exquisitely illuminated works of the kind.

Of the French MSS. it is sufficient to notice "La Bible Moralisée," a beautifully executed MS. of the fifteenth century, and in which, amidst innumerable illuminated letters and figures, there are eighteen miniatures in chiaroscuro of truly beautiful art, representing: 1. The sacrifice of Abraham; 2. Pharaoh seated on a throne, and the taskmasters watching over the Israelites at the building of the cities of Pithon and Raamses; 3. Offerings for the Tabernacle; 4. Moses being commanded to number the people; 5. Moses addressing the people before crossing the river Jordan; 6. The appointment of Joshua to succeed Moses; 7. The death of the Amalekite, who slew Saul; 8. The usurpation of the regal office by Adonijah; 9. The rebuilding of the Temple; 10. The departure of David; 11. King David playing on the harp; 12. Solomon, corrupted by his women, sacrificing to idols; 13. King Solomon writing the Book of Wisdom; 14. Emblematical representation of the marriage of Christ to the Church; 15. The Judgment of Solomon; 16. Jeremiah prophesying before Jerusalem; 17. Lamentation for the destruction of the Temple; 18. The vision of Ezekiel. This MS. was formerly in the Townley collection, and "La Légende Dorée," or the lives of the Saints, in 2 vols. folio, a MS. of the fifteenth century; a large collection of MSS. of the Bible, in 10 vols. quarto; a collection of pieces relative to the Council of Trent; and an immense body of commentaries and notes on the Old and New Testament, by Cesar De Missy.

An ancient Italian MS., entitled "Historia del Vecchio Testamento," is very curious and beautiful, and has 139 miniatures. Many of these are of considerable size, and the groups are exceedingly well managed.

A German MS. of the Apocalypse, with a gloss, of the fourteenth century, has 14 illuminations in gold and colors, each occupying an entire page, and containing many figures illustrative of the work; some of these are remarkably grotesque and singular.

The Spanish and Dutch MSS. are not important.

In the English department there is a paraphrase upon Job, by George Sandys, which Mr. Pettigrew has ascribed to a well-known and highly esteemed work; and some MSS. sermons, by the Rev. Matthew Donny, an eminent nonconformist of the seventeenth century, in the author's own handwriting.

Among the Arabic MSS. there is a dictionary in Arabic and Persian; several copies of the Koran, some with Persian interlinear versions; one of the Gospels, in particular, is deserving of notice, as having belonged to Tipu Saib, and obtained from his tent at the taking of Seringapatam, and presented to the Duke of Sussex by one of the officers of the Indian army Major-General Ogle, afterwards Groom of the Chamber to his Royal Highness.

Armenian MSS. are of rare occurrence. The Duke of Sussex's library contains a valuable copy of the Gospel of the thirteenth century, upon vellum, curiously illuminated. It is of a date prior to that from which the first printed edition has been made, and belonged to an Armenian family long resident at Madras, where they settled, on their expulsion from Armenia by the Tartars. It was highly esteemed by the Armenian Christians, and should be collected for any future edition of the Gospel in the Armenian language.

There are also MSS. in the Pali, Burman, Cingalese, and other Oriental languages, some of which are written upon leaves and plates of ivory.

In the printed books the theological department is entitled to a decided preference; and in this division the editions of the Old and New Testaments are the most numerous. There are the first large Folio editions of Kimenes, Plantin, Le Jay, Walton, and Reineccius; and the first lesser ones of Walton, Hutter, Bagster, Vatablus, &c., all in very fine condition. There is also a work of very great rarity—a Polyglot Pentateuch, printed at Constantinople in 1546, a most choice and valuable article in sacred literature; of which only one other copy, and that imperfect, is to be found in this country. There are the first large Folio editions of several Polyglot Psalters; that of 1516, printed upon paper, and also upon vellum; the latter obtained from the collection of Count Mazarin. Esplaney's copy, with numerous notes, of the edition of 1518; many polyglot portions of the Old and New Testament; 74 editions of the Hebrew Bible; 17 Hebrew-Synopsis and Hebrew Pentateuchs, and some portions of the Old Testament in the public library of Cambridge. There are, however, the earlier and later prophets, with the commentaries of the Rabbi Kimchi, are among the rarest works in Hebrew typography, printed in the fifteenth century by the Sannitars. The Bomberg editions and the great Rabbinical Bible are in the finest possible state, and exhibit the most magnificent specimens of Hebrew printing.

In the Greek Bible there is the first of Aldine edition, printed at Venice in 1516; the first printed edition of the MS. in the Vatican library at Rome in 1587, of which work there are two copies, one of which belonged to Racine, the French poet, and has his autograph; Grabe's 8-paginated; the Old Testament, facsimile from the Alexandrine Codex, preserved in the British Museum and reputed to be of the fourth century, certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of Greek calligraphy that has occurred in the course of time.

Of Latin Bibles there are more than 200 editions, beginning with a fine

copy of the first edition of the Holy Scriptures, which is also generally considered to be the first book printed with moveable metal types. It is known as the "Maximian Bible," the first copy of it having been discovered in the Cardinal Maximian's library, belonging to the College of Cardinals Nations. It is also known as the Editio Princeps of the Vulgate, and is the version made by St. Jerome in the fourth century. It was printed at Mayence by Gutenberg, between the years 1450 and 1455, and the Duke of Sussex's copy possesses a statement made by the illuminator, ratification of his having completed his service on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, A. D. 1456. It was purchased by Mr. Pettigrew, at the sale of the library of James Perry, Esq., the proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, for the sum of 160 guineas. The Bible of 1462, by Fust and Schöffer, is the first extant with a date and with the name of a printer, and is upon vellum. The richness of the Latin Bible may be estimated by the fact that there are upwards of 50 editions printed in the fifteenth century, and it is not too much to say that there are very few of any known importance not to be found in the collection. Many of these are furnished with MS. notes by distinguished scholars, and several are illustrated by valuable prints. Such of our readers as may be anxious to know the particulars of these editions we refer to the "Bibliotheca Sexcentaria," Vol. 1, part 2, pp. 298—516. It is entitled to the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin versions just alluded to, there are upwards of 1200 editions in the following languages:—Coptic, Samaritan, Coptic, Ethiopic, Armenian, Irish, Syriac, Arabic, Anglo-Alexandrian, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Polish, Swedish, Danish, Bohemian, Dutch, Hungarian, Gilon, Wendish, Welsh, Japanese, Malayan, Portuguese, Malay, American, Indian, Finnish, Estonian, Gaelic, and Cingalese. From this statement, the extreme richness of the Biblical department will be evident, and the library may indeed be looked upon as without an equal in this respect.

It would be too serious an omission not to mention that there are the first Armenian, the first Irish, the first Slavonic, the first German, the first Reform edition of Luther; the first French Protestant, the splendid folio Editio Princeps of Des Marets; the first Scotch Bible, which is the largest paper. The first Italian; two copies of the Italian Bible of Didot, one of which is particularly interesting as having been the Bible of Queen Charlotte, and having several notes in her Majesty's autograph in the margins; the first Spanish, both Jewish and Christian copies; the first English, by Coverdale; the first Great Bible, of Cromer's; the first English Bible, by Thomas Norton; the first Scotch Bible, by George Buchanan, by David, and James; the first Geneva edition; the Bishop's Bible; the first Scotch edition, by Jas. Sandys, Editio, 1576, folio. A copy of the Geneva Bible printed by Bucer in 1577, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and the covers of which are embroidered by her Majesty's own hand; this was formerly in the Duchesse of Devonshire's collection. The first English Bible, by Thomas Norton, was the first of King James's authorized version. There are also the first Dutch, the first Welsh, the first Malayan, the first Malay, and the first American Indian versions. Of the New Testament there are 292 editions in Greek, among which are the first Greek of Complutum, 1514, and the first of Erasmus, of 1516; the principal editions of Stephens, Elzevir, Seder, Mita, Mattaire, Socin, Banaeus, Wetstein, Gabelknecht, Reineccius, Griesbach, Wadsworth, Valpy, Knapp, &c. The "Quatuor Evangelii" of Birch; the "Codex Bezae," by Kyprian; and the Gospel of St. Matthew, by Barrett; and the "Ante Apostolorum," of Heurne. There is the first Syrian New Testament, and the first edition of the German. The French New Testaments are numerous and in beautiful condition, and the English version has an edition by Thomas Norton, the first of King James's authorized version, the first Rheims, Wycliffe's, edited by Lewis and Baber, and many others of very great rarity. The other portions of the theological division are also of great importance. The collection of Talmudic and Rabbinical literature is very extensive. All the works of the Fathers, the Benedictine editions, as well as many of the older printed and rare copies. The original pieces of Martin Luther, Bullinger, and the Reformers, with the curious wood-cut frontispieces. Prayer-books, homilies, commentaries, and systems of divinity, critical and philological dissertations, &c. are in great abundance, Albert Dürer's splendid efforts in wood engraving, illustrative of the history of the Old and New Testament; the works of the German and Dutch illustrators of the same, and various curious marks, to notice which particularly would far exceed the boundaries assigned in this notice.

Although the theological department is the richest of the Sussex Library, the other divisions of learning are by no means scanty in the specimens they can afford. In the classics there are many of the first and scarcest editions, both in Greek and Latin, several printed upon vellum, and the most useful edition is always to be found. There is a set of the Delphic Classics, but wanting the Statius and the Opus Philologica of Cicerone. The collection of Vatican classics is most perfect. The Aldine editions are very numerous and some of them in the most beautiful condition. Specimens of the beautiful typography of the Elzevirs, Stephens, Baskerville, Follis, Barbon, Maittaire, Balou, and Didot are abundant.

The Lexicography is of very great extent. The chief and most rare lexicons, dictionaries, encyclopedias, grammars, vocabularies, &c., are

to be seen in all languages. The collection of chronicles, foreign and English, in the historical department is very rich, and the arrangement of this division is both geographical and chronological. The tracts relating to general or particular history are bound up and arranged in the cases in which the larger histories are to be found, and these are so managed as even to fall into the different reigns to which they appertain. Rooms being assigned to different departments the books are most accessible, and under the arrangement adopted can be readily obtained even without the aid of a catalogue of which, however, there is a most complete one in the library. Law and Parliamentary history, heraldry, &c. constitute another excellent portion of the library. The dramatic literature is not of any extent, but there is a copy of the first edition of Shakspeare, with a brilliant impression of his portrait, to which the well-known lines of Ben Jonson are affixed.

The editions of the Holy Bible and New Testament occupy one entire side, the smaller works being arranged in the cases, and the folios beneath. The portraits of the Rev. Samuel Parr, L. D., and the Rev. Abraham Ross, D. D., both painted by J. Lonsdale, are placed over the doors at each end of the gallery into which the light is admitted through stained glass, looking into the court-yard of the palace.

AGRICULTURAL.

ON FATTENING ANIMALS.—There is a very great difference in the quantity of food which animals require, and in the time which they can pass without it. In general, those animals which are the most active require most, and those which are most indolent require least food. The cause of this is pretty obvious; the bodies of animals do not remain stationary, they are constantly in motion, and the waste is proportioned to the activity of the animal: hence the body must receive, from time to time, new supplies in place of what has been carried off. The use of food answers this purpose. Almost all the inferior animals have particular substances on which they feed exclusively. Some are herbivorous, some are carnivorous, and others, again, are omnivorous.

From various experiments we have the following result:—

A horse will consume as much food, besides corn, as	8 sheep.
A cow.....	12 —
A fattening ox.....	10 —
A three year old heifer.....	8 —
A two year old heifer.....	6 —
A one year old heifer.....	4 —
A calf.....	2 —

There are some rules which may be advantageously adopted in feeding animals, which, however obvious they may be, are too often neglected. Food should be so prepared that its nutritive properties may be all made available to the use of the animal; and not only so, but appropriated with the least possible expenditure of muscular energy. The ox that is obliged to wander over an acre to get the food he should find in two or three square rods—the horse that has to eat his food in two or three courses food should swallow in fifteen minutes if the grain were ground or the hay cut as it should be—the sheep that spends hours in making its way into a turnip, when, if it were sliced, it would eat it in as many minutes—the pig that eats raw potatoes or whole ones, when either, cooked, could be eaten in one quarter of the time, may indeed fatten, but much less rapidly than if they were given them in a proper manner. All food should be given in such a state as fattening animals, that as little time as possible, as the part of the animal, shall be required in eating.

2. From the time the fattening process commences, until the animal is slaughtered, he should never be without food. Health and appetite are best promoted by change of diet rather than by limiting the quantity. The animal that is stuffed and starved by turns may have streaked meat, but it will be made too slowly for pleasure or profit by the good farmer.

3. The food should be given regularly. This is one of the most essential points in feeding animals. If given regularly, the animal will consume his food, but he soon acquires a restless disposition, is disturbed at every appearance of his feeder, and is never in that quiet state so necessary to take to his fat. It is surprising how readily any animal acquires habits of regularity in feeding, and how soon the influence of this is felt in the improvement of his condition. When at the regular hour the pig has had his pudding, or the sheep his turnips, they compose themselves to rest, their digestion is not unseasonably disturbed, or their quiet broken by unwanted invitation to eat.

4. The animal should not be needlessly intruded upon during the hours of eating. All animals fatten much faster in the dark than in the light, a fact only to be accounted for by their greater quiet. Some of those creatures that are the most irritable and impatient of restraint while feeding, such as turkeys and geese, are found to take on fat rapidly when confined in dark rooms, and only fed at stated hours by hand. There is no surer proof that a pig is doing well than to see him eat his meal quickly and then retire to his bed till the hour of feeding returns. Animals, while fattening, should never be alarmed, never rapidly driven, never be fed at unreasonable hours, and, above all things, never be allowed to want for food.

FRUIT MOTHS, OR CODLING MOTHS.—The insect, the eggs of which produce the well known apple worm, which has been brought from Europe to America, and naturalized wherever the apple tree has been introduced. This mischievous creature has sometimes been mistaken for the plum-worm, but it may, says Dr. Harris, be easily distinguished from it by its shape, habits, and transformations. The plum-worm is,

however, sometimes found in apples; but the apple-worm has never yet been found in plums, so far as Dr. Harris has been able to learn. The apple worm is not a grub, but a true caterpillar, the product of a moth, and not of a beetle, as grubs are. An anonymous writer in the *Entomological Magazine* of London, has well remarked of this moth (*carposcopa pomonella*), that "it is the most beautiful of the tribe to which it belongs; yet, from its habits not being known, it is seldom seen in the moth state; and the apple-grower knows no more than the man in the moon to what cause he is indebted for his basketfuls of worm-eaten windfalls in the stillest weather."

A good account of the apple-worm and its transformations, by Joseph Tullis, Esq., of Charlestown, Massachusetts, was published in the *Massachusetts Agr. Rep. and Journ.*, vol. v., some remarks by Mr. Burdette, of Quincy, Massachusetts, may be found in the *New England Farmer*, vol. xiv. At various times between the middle of June and first of July, the apple-worm moths may be found in New England—"They are sometimes seen in houses in the evening, trying to get through the windows into the open air, having been brought in with them while they were in the caterpillar state. Their fore-wings, when seen at a distance, have somewhat the appearance of brown watered silk; when closely examined they will be found to be crossed by numerous gray and brown lines, scalloped like the plumage of a bird; and near the hind angle there is a large, oval, dark brown spot, the edges of which are of a bright copper color. The head and thorax are brown, mingled with gray; and the hind-wings and abdomen are light yellowish brown, with the insides of the cells white. Its wings expand three quarters of an inch. This insect is readily distinguished from other moths by the large, oval, brown spot, edged with copper color, on the hinder margin of each of the fore-wings. During the latter part of June and the month of July, these fruit-moths fly about apple trees every evening, and lay their eggs on the young fruit. They do not procure the apples, but they drop their eggs, one by one, in the eye or hollow at the blossom end of the fruit, where the skin is most tender. They seem also to seek for early fruit rather than for the late kinds, which we find are not so apt to be wormy as the thin-skinned summer apples. The eggs begin to hatch in a few days after they are laid, and the little apple-worms or caterpillars produced from them immediately burrow into the apples, making their way gradually from the eye towards the core. Commonly only one worm will be found in the same apple; and it is so small at first, that its presence can only be detected by the brownish powder it throws out in eating its way through the eye. The body of the young insect is of a whitish color; its head is heart shaped and black; and the top of the first ring or collar and of the last ring is also black; and there are eight little blackish dots or warts, arranged in pairs, on each of the other rings. The caterpillar is body becomes of a flesh-colored or pink color, and the collar, and the top of the last ring, turn brown, and the dots are no longer to be seen. In the course of three weeks, or a little more, it comes to its full size, and meanwhile has burrowed to the core and through the apple in various directions. To get rid of the refuse fragments of its food, it gnaws a round hole through the side of the apple, and thrusts them out of the opening. Through this hole the insect makes its way, and the following day it falls to the ground; and the falling of the fruit is well known to be hastened by the injury it has received within, which generally causes it to ripen before its time.

"Soon after the half grown apples drop, and sometimes while they are still hanging, the worms leave them and creep into chinks in the bark of the trees or into other sheltered places, which they follow out with their teeth to suit their shape. Here each one spins for itself a cocoon or silken case, as thin, delicate, and white as tissue paper. Some of the apple-worms, probably the earliest, are said by Kollar to change to chrysalids immediately after their cocoons are made, and in a few days more turn to moths, come out, and lay their eggs for a second generation of the worms; and hence much fruit will be found to be worm eaten in the autumn. Most of the insects, however, remain in their cocoons through the winter, and do not come out until the following summer. The chrysalis is of a bright mahogany brown color, and has, as usual, across each of the rings of its blind-body, two rows of prickles, by the help of which it forces its way through the cocoons before the moth comes forth.

"As the apple worms instinctively leave the fruit soon after it falls from the trees, it will be proper to gather up all wind-fallen apples daily, and make such immediate use of them as will be sure to kill the insects, before they have time to escape. Mr. Burdette says that if any old cloth is wound around or hung in the crotches of the trees, the apple-worms will conceal themselves therein; and by this means thousands of them may be obtained and destroyed, from the time when they first begin to leave the apples, until the fruit is gathered. By carefully examining of the loose under bark of the trees in autumn, many chrysalids will be destroyed; and it has been said that the moths, when they are about laying their eggs, may be smothered or driven away by the smoke of weeds burned under the trees. The worms, often found in summer pears, appear to be the same as those that affect apples, and are to be kept in check by the same means."

In the parish of Down, Cornwall, there are now living a man and his wife who have not spoken for eight years. They often go to work together, sleep in one bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger towards each other. The only reason to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted silence is, that each is too proud to speak first.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.—In the centre of the town of Nottingham, England, (writes a correspondent of the Rochester Post,) a place containing a population of some sixty or seventy thousand people, is a remarkably large square, or market place, on the southern side of which a sign may be discerned—"Howitt, Druggist." There, behind the counter, may be seen the venerable William Howitt, whose poetry and prose have delighted and inspired the minds of all ages and all sexes. But do not imagine William Howitt is the fee simple of the renowned New-castle Apothecary. 'Tis true some of the features are similar, for William Howitt, like most Quakers, is a careful man, and though he courts the muse, yet

"No man can better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or blood-let blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter small talk by your bed."

Nor does the comparison end here; for like his contemporary of Newcastle, you must know he is a poet.

"Benjamin Bolus thus in trade,
Watch oftentimes does genius feiter,
Read works of fancy it is said,
And cultivated the 'Bellic Letter'
But why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure the phytician?
Of poetry though patroon Gud,
Apollo patronizes physic!
Bolus himself were to look so much delight in:
That his prescriptions, he resolved to write in't."

Here the similitude must end, for though Mr. Howitt is a beautiful poet, we never heard of his writing a prescription in verse in our lives, or like the Newcastle Ecceplucius ordering the patient to be shaken instead of the physic. But what has all this to do with the translator of Frederica Bremer? Why gentle reader, this long colloquy is all about the husband of Mary Howitt, and they are the very counterpart presentment of each other. The time we, in our own proper persons, were presented to this amiable and proper pair, we found Mr. Howitt attending to his business behind the counter. There we were received in the peculiar, bland, easy style, that sits so gracefully on the well educated Quaker. In personal appearance he is about the middle size, I need not add an expansive forehead, and intelligent eyes. We were quickly taken up to the drawing room, where we were seated. Mr. Howitt, (not Miss Howitt, as styled by the Albany Argus,) a fair Quakeress, who received us with much politeness. She was dressed, of course, in Quakeress costume, but with as near an approach to fashion as their regulations would admit of. Mrs. Howitt's face may be discerned in her poetry—mild and intelligent in her manner, she impressed us with a most favorable opinion of her intellectual powers of conversation. There was nothing of affectation, nothing of blue-stockingism, about her; and, after a considerable stay, we took our leave of this interesting, talented and virtuous pair, with feelings of the deepest interest, and should this hasty sketch ever meet the eye of the individuals it describes, we would wish to impress on their minds, that the kind solicitude they evinced towards the author of this passing notice, will live in memory till the heart comes to beat.

THE VILLAGE OF THE BARBERS.—The devil (celebrated for his adventures at many places on the Rhine), being dreadfully enraged against Fredric Barboursa on account of his crusading expeditions, determined to wreak his venge avenge by cutting off the Crusader's beard. To execute his malicious purpose all his cunning was brought into play, and he accordingly entered into a solemn compact with the fairest demsel of Bacharach, and stipulated that, by certain contrivances, she should obtain an interview with the prince, and endeavor, by every possible allurement, to gain the favour of a nocturnal visit. During his sleep he was to be shaven by one of the numerous fraternity of barbers of Bacharach. Barboursa was, at this period, only simple Duke of Swabia. During the time of his amours with the beautiful Gail, he had made friends with an old fairy of the Whisper, and she, discovering the devil's schemes, determined to thwart them. She immediately hid off to a very particular friend of hers, a giant, who, though of more than the usual gigantic proportions, was somewhat dull of brains. After the customary salutations at meeting, the fairy asked the giant for the loan of his sack, to which he consented; but seeing that the sack was of the size of a castle tower, and the fairy no bigger than a grasshopper, he most kindly offered to carry the sack for her. Away then the two trudged together, and entered Bacharach during the night preceding Barboursa's arrival; and while the giant, like a true German, brook himself to his pipe and his cup, or rather his sack of wine, the little fairy brought out from her warm and snug abode every barber of the town, and stowed all away in this tremendous sack. She then hastily called the giant, told him to hoist the sack on his shoulder and carry it to a very great distance, it mattered little in what direction. But she forgot in her hurry to mention to him the nature of the contents. Away then sped the giant, with immense strides, over houses and even hamlets, the inhabitants of which were silent to their unconscious repose. The barbers, however, being budded together pell-mell, and very much jostled, soon became aware of their uncomfortable position, and roared forth in lusty chorus, while the giant, frightened at this unexpected hubbub, redoubled his pace, and while in the act of striding over the Reichenberg, one of the barbers, who happened to have his tools of trade by him,

made a cut in the sack, and down they all tumbled, screaming and bawling as though they were falling into the very jaws of sternity. The giant, fancying that the sack had contained a parcel of devils, galloped away without once looking behind him. On the morrow, when the redoubted warrior and poet arrived at Bacharach, the conspiracy to denude his chins of his blazing honours entirely failed, for not a barber could be found in the whole town to play the executioner. Old Reichsbub hid his head for very shame in the deepest cawno of despair, and the duke continued to wear that formidable beard whence he derived his famous surname. Since this adventure no more barbers were to be seen at Bacharach.—Most certain it is that there is not, at this moment, a single shop of that fraternity to be met with in the town. As for those carried away in the sack, they took to their abode in the wilderness, where they call, which was called after them. "The Village of the Barbers."

A NAVAL REMINISCENCE.—In the year 1822, the Caribbean sea was infested with Spanish privateers—amongst them was a fairy like brigantine, called the "Panchita"—she was the very witch of the waters—and although professionally after Columbian property, she often indulged in the less honorable practice of taking upon easy terms, corgage, duck, provisions, &c. for four or five natural vessels.

At about this time, the U. S. schooner Grampus, under the command of Lieut. Francis H. Gregory, dropped anchor in the fine harbor of St. Thomas. Vessels which had been retired in one way or another by the sharkish Panchita, were continually arriving at that port, and the brig's reputation as a very free trader, was pretty well established.

After a short stay, the Grampus sailed on a cruise, and soon found herself on one another quarter and within pistol shot of the well armed and daring "Panchita." The American ensign waved at the peak of the Grampus, and the sickly-looking flag of Spain hung at the main of the corsair.

"Hail down your colors to the United States schooner Grampus!" shouted Gregory, trumpet toogled, from the lee arm chest.

No disposition to obey this peremptory summons was manifested by the Spaniard, and his flag still curled in the breeze. Presently, a fellow, whose luxuriant mustaches, red rick jacket and yellow vest, denoted authority, took his eager from his mouth, and in an under tone gave some order, which caused a slight movement amongst the vagabonds around him.

The brig carried a long brass eighteen-pounder emsleips, on a pivot—this had early attracted the attention of the American, and he still continued to scan it with much interest, if not with admiration. The little Grampus was only fifteen months old, and of course too young to listen to the tones of this beautiful but ponderous instrument. Indeed, from the first, her commander had decided not to permit any practical illustration of its powers; consequently, when he saw a warlike looking chap making towards it with a red hot poker, he expressed his dislike in the shape of a broadside, which was slipped into the brig with most annoying celerity. A finer exhibition of gunnery was never seen! The long eighteen was in the lee scupperns, and a dozen or less deserving fellows had escaped the gallows, and the upper works of the brig were completely demoleated. She was sent into St. Thomas to repair, and from thence sailed as a prize for the United States, where she arrived with the American ensign flying over the (red) flag of the licensed pirate, the Panchita having a regular commission from the governor of Porto Rico. Perhaps the question may come up amongst the relatives of the slaughtered pirates, whether the gallant Gregory was not impelled by "fear" in firing into the Panchita—and whether he was not bound to consider the action of introducing the red hot poker to the long eighteen "a mere piece of fun"—the exuberance of youthful romance!

(Boston Mercantile Jour.

THE PHRENOLOGIST TO HIS MISTRESS.

Though largely developed 's my organ of order,
And though I possess my destructiveness small,
On suicide, dearest, you'll force me to border,
If thus you are deaf to my vehement call.

For these veneration is daily extending;
On a head that fer went of it once was quite flat;
If thus with my passion I find you contending,
My organs will swell till they've knocked off my hat.

I know, of perceptions, I've none of the clearest;

For while I believe that by thee I'm beloved,

I'm told at my passion thou secretly art moved!

But oh! say the truth unto me ne'er be proved!

I'll fly to Devil, and a cast of my forehead

I'll send into the wind until you see them I'll call.

Rejection—alas! to the lower howl—

When 'tis passion that *Spurs*—ah, 'tis bitter as Gall.

PUSC.

The following humorous description of a Yankee, is from a poem read at a late historical celebration at Hartford, Conn:—

"He would kiss a Queen till he raised a blister,
With his arm round her neck and his old felt hat on;
Would address the King with the title of 'Mister,'
And ask him the PRICE of the throne that he sat on."

New-York :

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN DEAL, G. H. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Doa—

Dear, dear Par,—

I'm so darn'd sick that I can't bitch on the rest of the titles. I've been on to Boston and seen *anist* every thing worth seein' on arth—I've slept with the President of these United States agin and agin—but oh, get out!—these things don't seem worth a mentionin', when a feller's a lying flat on his back, stived up with this influenza. I'll write all about it next week, I guess; but now, oh dear suz! I wish I was tu hum, with marm to bile harb tea and tuck up my bed, and you Par, tu come and ask arter "the boy," with that consarned long face of yourn, so port a tender and anxious. I'm a hanker-ing to feel poor old marm's hand on my hot forehead, as she fixes the birdcock leaves, soaked in vinegar, where they'd du the most sarvice. I'm eenamost ready to kick the bucket here. Captin Doodlie is a porty good nuss, but when a feller feels as I du, with his chist locked up with cold and plastered over by the doctors, and his nose a wheezing nway like a toot horn, it makes him feel the worth of a good hum and a marm like mine all over.

I'll write agin the minit I can set up an eend, but I can't hold out another minit now.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

A WORD TO THE WISE!

Men of business are counted among the wise. But the wise have their prejudices, as well as the foolish; and all the stronger are they, for being the prejudices of the wise. Generally speaking, they are not to be reasoned with.

Among these, are the notions you have on the subject of poetry. Nay—start not!—the accursed thing is not only about you and upon you, but *within* you; and there is no help for it, and you must have to do with it, whether you will or no; and all the more, we can tell you, for the faces you make, and the blasphemies you utter.

You wonder what poetry is good for? what on earth it was ever intended to *prose*? Bear with us for ten minutes and we'll promise to enlighten you; nay more, to change your opinion of it, for life; and there's our hand to the pledge! And now, clear the way! the poets are coming!

You are abroad for pleasure some day—travelling in a stage-coach, we'll suppose; and you hear somebody cry out, look! look! how the sun *burns* among the flowers! How the blossoming trees *wake* up, all over the landscape! Poh! poh! you say to yourself, or to your wife—we hope—a fiddlestick's-end for such talk! the man is either a poet, or a painter, or a fellow that writes for the newspapers, at fifteen dollars a month, and a run o' the kitchens along the road: Why couldn't he say, how the sun shines to-day! and see! the woods are all in flower!

Now sir, a word with you in all seriousness. Do you know that you have been talking poetry, as well as the poor fellow you complain of, and first rate poetry too. Such is the fact, we solemnly assure you. And why? You have run into embellishment and exaggeration. Go to your next-door neighbor, the husbandman you see in the field, or the blacksmith along ahead there: You will find them both laughing at you, as you laughed at him, and wondering why in the name of goodness, if you *must* be foolish enough to talk about the sun shining or the flowers blowing, with men of business, you should not

do so like other people, and say—*whew—oo—oo!*—how hot it is, to be sure!—and how *close*—or how *sultry*—and how the trees are *shouting* and the blossoms *coming out*! Go a step further, and you may be wondered at, aye, and laughed at in perfect good faith, for not saying by thunder!—hot as blue blazes, hey? or, hot as Belzebub's back-kitchen, in the dog days—with the door locked, the key lost, and a board over the chimney: in other words, for not talking a language that people of common sense may understand, without winking or catching their breath. You see where they would lead you—the rogues—and what must happen if you find fault with the *language* of poetry. There would be no language left. Can you do business without exaggeration, or embellishment? In other words, can you *sick* to the truth under all circumstances; the simple, naked truth? We'll say you *never* do. We go further—we say you *cannot*. And yet, you turn up your noses at poetry—you!—at poetry, which is only a loftier kind of untruth. A pretty fellow, ain't you!

The *feeling* of poetry is another matter. He who stops by the way-side to hear the humming of the bees among the apple blossoms: He, who pulls up short in a ride along the seashore, to look at the tumbling surges far off, or the blue waves flashing in the sun: He who *offs* his coat and throws himself down at full length in the long rich billowy grass, where the young elms are sighing to the wind, the cherry-trees flowering, the white birches tilling and rustling and whispering together, as if they wore silks and feathers, and the willow-trees are like perpetual fountains pouring a torrent of green leaves for ever and ever into the pool below: He who gazes with astonishment and awe upon a landscape frosted with silver, or calls little children about him—his own or a neighbor's, we care not which, though we should think rather better of him if they were a neighbor's—when the icicles are rattling in the wind like splintered lances, and silver-bells and spear-points upon all the tree branches: He who suspends the uplifted foot over a beautiful flower in his pathway, or turns aside from the rifled and forsaken bird's-nest, or spares the butterfly with her purple velvet wings, dusted with gold—or the glittering dragonfly with her stud'nails and streamers of violet gauze dropped with fire: even *He* is just about as much of a poet by nature, as the man who goes forth by midnight, to question the stars; to listen to the chiming ocean; or to hold high converse with the Mighty Dead; aye, and so is the dear little child that creeps along on its hands and knees to peep into the ground-sparrow's nest, or claps and crows, when he sees the bobbylink trying to balance himself on the tip end of a straw, or the mother yellow bird get among the wild roses and thistle-tops, to cuddle her young while the father sings them to sleep—he too is a poet. God has made him a poet from his birth—by giving him eyes, and ears, and a healthy look and a happy heart.

Nevertheless, you are not going to give up. You have seen too much of the world for that. You have been too long in business. That's it!—you have been too long in business: and therefore it is that we have taken you to task; and we mean to be very serious; and hope to make you a better and a happier man, before we are done with you. As a fellow creature, worth saving, we cannot bear to give you up.

You dislike poetry. You cannot for the life of you understand it; and you don't believe, if the truth were known, that other people do. As it is with wine, with cigars and music—or with travelling by sea—so is it with poetry—few indeed are they who can bring themselves to acknowledge that they dislike it; fewer still, that they do not understand it, or that they are no judges of its flavor. You find every body reading *prose*—very few, poetry. You see all the good poets covered with dust, languishing for a breath of air, and stored away, not un-

frequently, in crimson and gold, or purple and gold, upon the topmost shelves of your libraries. But mind you—if people read prose—what kind of prose is it? Name your author.—And if you do not find him all afire with the element you decry; in other words, brimful of poetry—bring him to us, and we'll burn him to ashes, and blow up his admirers, and scatter them both to the four winds of heaven.

But stay—you are never guilty of any, even the least of the many foolish things we have mentioned. You never spared a flower—not you! And as for butterflies, poh! what are butterflies good for, but to make moths, and spoil your carpets and furs, (we do not stop here to quarrel with your notions of natural history.) Cockroaches to be sure, may be worth something for *pay*, in the East Indies: humming-birds are sought for by collectors—and the bird-of-paradise feathers, or even bird's-nests, have a market-value somewhere. Sow-bugs and Spanish flies and leeches, and the cochineil insect may be worth a trifle in commerce—but who ever cared much for the gold upon a butterfly's wing? or the silver dust upon a great moth miller?

Be it so. We take your answer for truth. You hate poetry, and you don't care who knows it. We like your plain dealing. There is no fudge about you—that's clear. You are not afraid to speak your mind anywhere; nor about anything, whether you understand it or not. A word with you, therefore, good friend, before we go any further. Are you a married man? If yes—then are you a poet. Are you a father?—How durnt you!—Do you know that you have been making poetry? Epigrams, or epics, or *jeux d'esprit*—its all the same. You *love*, and there's no help for it, and you may hang up your fiddle for the rest of your life and hold your tongue about poetry. Poor fellow! how little you dreamed of the truth. Is your wife handsome? are the babies good-looking? If they are *not*—just turn your head this way, will you—what would you *not* give that they were? If they are, what would you have them sell out for? Had the beauty of your wife no weight with you, when you offered yourself? If it had, then were you a poet. If you are thankful, we do not say proud, but thankful for the good looks of your children, their shapely forms, their fine eyes, their eloquent mouths, and their manly or womanly bearing: if you would give a trifle to have them look still better, as you do when you have them washed and combed, or dress them up and send them to the dancing-school, or the riding school, and if you wouldn't for the world have them look worse—which you prove by your encouragement of backboards, corsets and supplejacks, and forty other contrivances for spoiling the shape—then are you indeed, and indeed a poet. Oh you may wriggle and make mouths! Facts are facts; and all you can say or do won't change the matter. You are not only a poet yourself, but your wife and all your children are poets! And why? Because you are *not* satisfied with God's workmanship—not willing to be *natural*.

Ah—but your wife happens to be as ugly as sin. So much the better! and you are only so much the more of a poet!—Every body wonders at you for choosing her. Be comforted—and for that very reason. Does it not prove the strength of your *imagination*? the loquacity, aye, and the unquestionable sincerity of your inward perceptions? your utter disregard of appearances and *facts*? And what more is needed to make man a poet? He makes his own world and peoples it—and so, in truth, do you.

But you are not married, and you have no children to speak of; you never were married, and you never had any, to the best of your knowledge and belief. Well, and what of that? You keep a horse, don't you?—you wear superfine broadcloth?—you carry a gold watch, or a silk umbrella!—there's a large

easy-chair in your bed-room—perhaps in your counting-room—peradventure, a carpet, a picture, or a few books that you never read, or *think* of reading,—or a capital newspaper—not worth mentioning by name, as we shouldn't like to set all our brethren together by the ears—then, by our faith, are you as much of a poet as John Milton, or William Shakspeare! and why? Because you go to the whole extent of your understanding after embellishment and show. No longer satisfied with the bare necessities of your animal being, you have begun to feel about you blindfold, as Milton did, for something to sweeten life with.

Poetry, sir, is the color of life—the aroma—the flavor: the tinting of the bird's wing, and the summer sky. It is poetry that stains the ruby, the emerald, the topaz and the opal,—poetry that fills the diamond with sunshine, and the pearl with moonlight, and the eyes you love with starlight; and more, it is poetry, God's poetry, unthinking Man, which gives the scent you rather like on the whole, to the clover-blossom, the sweet-briar, and to that wilderness of roses you so loved to romp and tumble about in, years and years ago, when you were a bare-footed boy, with a dear little *good for nothing* girl as fond of roses as you were—and quite as much of a romp.

You shake your head. You don't believe in such things. You never tumbled about among the roses—nor cared a snap for clover blossoms, or good for nothing little girls—and you never went bare-footed in all your life—and are rather disposed to believe that you were born with stockings-and-shoes. Well, well, be it so. But just turn your eyes to that barber's shop over the way there: look at the window of that jeweller,—to that of the dry goods dealer, or the confectioner. All these men are poets—even their landlord is a poet—for they have large plate-glass to their windows, and he pays for it. Both find their advantage in these things—and why? Simply because both are poets: and what is more, because even the great multitude who throng the highways from morning to night, and spend half their lives a shopping for patters, in good weather—are also poets,—else, why do they always go to the handsomest and most beautifully-furnished stores? Had they no inward sense of beauty—no devout thanksgiving of the heart, as they journeyed along these dusty thoroughfares, how could they ever be lured as they are? Again—why do people advertise in the way they do—most of the advertisements you see are neither more nor less than sonnets, of something less than fourteen lines, to be sure, but full of meaning and promise, and happy and beautiful exaggeration. Why are pretty girls employed behind the counters most frequented by men?—pretty boys behind the counters most frequented by women?—and in both for decoys or for toll-gatherers?—why, but that men and women both are poets by nature; and that confectioners, and glovers, and the fancy-goods people know how to take advantage of the circumstance?

Not married, you say!—well, well, never mind that. You hope to be married, of course—just as you hope to go to heaven; and you mean to find leisure for both undertakings before it is altogether too late. All men do—otherwise, good friend, what is there in life worth living for? A little afraid, no doubt—having burned your fingers once, when a boy; and the older you grow, the more afraid you'll be, and the more misgivings you'll have, and the more you'll want your fingers burned again, take our word for it. Of course, therefore, married you mean to be, and married you will be, if you live long enough. And married to what? To a woman, of course. But why, if there be no poetry in you—why to a woman? Why shouldn't a man answer your purpose? or any other sort of partnership, still better than marriage? Why not look about you for an active instead of a sleeping partner,—for a good salesman, instead of a good housekeeper?—and employ your poetry upon

large plate-windows, a handsome set of books by double entry, a neat file of papers, a carpeted counting-room, advertisements and puffery?

But a Woman you must have, and will have; ay, *that* will you! and something more too, we'll be bound for it; either a handsome woman, or one that you think so, though nobody else may. But observe, whatever you get in a partnership, over and above a *man*, is poetry; and whatever you get in marriage, over and above a *woman*, is poetry; ay, and the best and sweetest, and purest of all poetry.

Do you carry a gold-watch? Would'n't a silver-watch keep just about as good time? or a pinbeck, or a copper one, for that matter? And you wear fashionable boots, of course; and fashionable clothes. But why? You have to pay for the fashion. Why should you be above going barefooted!—your fathers went barefooted; and some of them sed on acorns, and burrowed in the earth, and dug peanuts with their long nails, and tore the flesh they caught, sleeping, or dying, or already scenting the air, in the same way. By so much as you are better clad, better fed, and better behaved than they were, by just so much, are you a poet. Nakedness and nastiness—poverty and filth, and wretchedness are *prose*—everything beyond that, *poetry*. Or if you would'n't like to go quite so far back—what say you to stopping with our acknowledged fathers—the men of New-Plymouth, of Jamestown, or the Revolution? All these men were obliged to go barefooted—and why should'n't you? Simply because you are not *obliged* you say—in other words, which amount to the same thing; because you have got above prose, and are revelling in what to *them*, would have been the regions of poetry. While they were overthrowing one empire and laying the foundation of another—they were building an epic; and of course cared nothing for the sweet *poetry* you care so much for—for to wit, shoes and stockings and puff paste—and mattresses of uncrumpled rose leaves.

But we have not done with you even yet. You *do* wear superfine broad-cloth, and velvet, and silk, and fur—in some shape or other—upon your head or your feet. And *why*? Simply because you are not to be clothed as the lilies are—by your Heavenly Father, and without being consulted—that is, in every-day prose, instead of poetry. The very tailors are poets now—and so are the shoe-makers, and the hatters, and the weavers of broad-cloth—to say nothing of the hotel keepers, whose very bills of fare and weekly annunciations are of a piece with the Fudge Family, or the Rejected Addresses, while their quarterly accounts are after a match for the Veiled Prophet, and the Curse of Kehama, to boot.

And we say all this of the tailors and hatters, and shoemakers, and broad-cloth weavers, because, if they were what they pretend to be, *prose* people, and not what we say they are, *poets*, they would be satisfied with durability and strength; and care little or nothing about that for which they now care most—*show and embellishment*. How does it happen, if people are fond of prose, and not fond of poetry, that everything you touch, taste or handle, is embellished? And what is embellishment, but poetry? Look upon the vaulted skies, at morning, noon or night—upon the stars in their courses—upon all the Host of Heaven. Hark to the thunders holding counsel together!—to the sounding atmosphere—breathe, and be happy! The same Being that smelted the stars—that flung the solar system rough-cast into the great void, leaving the planets to polish themselves by their own motion, as they chafed along their appointed path—even He that created man—*MAN*, the Everlasting—He that established the laws which regulate the ebb and flow of Nations—that same Being tinted the flowers you have just trampled under foot—stained the shell you have just allowed your baby to crash—and painted the wings of that butterfly you

cannot see the use of; and with as much care and finish, too, as he bestowed upon the constellations that go thundering over your head, or underneath your feet in a perpetual anthem—why, man alive! there are constellations to be found on the wing of a butterfly, if you would but look for them—"systems and suns" among the spattered silver you find upon your baby's fingers, after he has been playing a little too roughly with a peacock-feather.

But still you don't *understand* poetry: you don't *love* it—and you cannot see the use of it. Very well—you are not to blame. The fault is your maker's—not yours.

Do you *understand* the tinting of the western sky?—or that of the golden sea shell changing at every breath?—or that of the hummingbird's plumage—or the butterfly—or the glories of the tulip—or the scent of the rose? Do you *love* them—or can you see the use of them? If you do not—away with you to the holes of the rocks! You are no *Man*. If you *do*, then are you a *MAN*; and for that reason, if no other, a poet.

But still you don't *tear* a snap for poetry; nor above two snaps at the most, for the Brother Jonathan. The more's the pity!—You'll be sorry enough for it, before we have done with you; and ashamed enough too—or we'll know the reason why. Perhaps, however, you only detest book poetry; perhaps you only loathe and abhor newspaper poetry. If so—give us your hand! Now do we begin to have some hope of you!—now do we begin to see our way out of the woods—or into the woods rather. Do you ever go to Hoboken?—do you ever wash your face?—do you ever pay a debt? If *yes*—and if that is not poetry, we should be glad to know what. Not being of the necessities, it must be among the superfluities of life; and is therefore *poetry*.

One word more, and we have done with you forever. If this doesn't settle the business, we give you up for a bad bargain—salt would'n't save you. Do you eat roast beef? and relish it the more, while running away in its own gravy? or ducklings and green peas? or the tops of asparagus? or lamb with mint sauce? or trifle or venison? or woodcock or snipe? Then at the worst, you are a poet; for you have a natural relish for the superfluous—a passion for embellishment—a leaning toward daintiness and coquetry. To conclude—

Some people don't love music: others can't bear the singing of birds, nor the laughing of children—ripe fruit—green fields—or roses—the roar of the sea—the dance of the northern lights—nor the rattling of hail upon the roof. So much the worse for them. They are only so much the more to be *pitied*, like a poor girl with the small-pox. We have nothing to say to such people—they, at the best, are no better than prose. But we say—we have said—and we mean to stick to it, while we live, that all the rest of the world are poets.

COINS AND COINAGE.

NUMBER TWO.

Of Japan the coins seldom make their way to other countries. They are rude, and different in shape, from the coins commonly seen. Some are oval plates, others in the form of a parallelogram, with a few characters stamped on them. There are gold pieces called "itzebo" worth two dollars, and a silver currency called "nandio-guin" worth forty cents. They have also "cash" like the Chinese. Most of the payments however, are made in small silver ingots.

Many of our readers no doubt, remember when the revolutionary dollars of Mexico, were very plenty. They are now seldom seen and some of them are considered quite valuable as curiosities. The occasion of their emission was the communication with the Capital being cut off during the revolution, 1810 '13, which rendered it necessary to establish mints in the

Provinces. The want of proper machinery, however, caused the coins turned out by these mints, to be very rude and unfinished in appearance and irregular in weight and fineness. The "hammered" dollar was shaped, and received its impression by strokes of a hammer, and of course its appearance was anything but creditable to the mint. The average value of these dollars is 95 cents, although some are worth 105 cents, while others are only worth 86 cents. "Cast" dollars are run in sand and the impressions are indistinct and want smoothness and sharpness. The average value is 103 cents, the extremes 90 to 123 cents. The "Vargos" and "Morillos" dollars were coined by the revolutionary generals, whose names they bear. The former were struck with a hammer, the latter were cast and are very rude in form and finish.

The present monarch of Persia, Mahomed Shah, has an easy fashion of raising a revenue. He recoins the issues of his predecessors, and even his own, reducing the weight, but issuing them at the full value.

In Russia there is a coinage of Platina, of three, six and twelve rouble pieces, but as this metal can only be worked by welding, this example has not been followed by other countries. This metal has all the qualities of other precious metals, but the difficulty of coining it will prevent its general adoption.

The annual produce of the silver mines of Saxony, is \$900,000.

In Tripoli the mint being under the sole control of the Bashaw, he has the power to debase the coin as much as he pleases, and thus make large gains for his private purse. The people are compelled to receive his issues, by the exercise of his despotic power, at the rate he chooses to put upon them, until the amount coined has all been issued, when the coin falls to its proper level. Thus a gold coin if it may be so called, was issued in 1827, by Yousouf Bashaw. It was called "adlea" had the appearance of being gold, weighed about forty grains Troy, and by edict the people were obliged to receive them at one dollar. Some of these pieces were tested at our mint, and found to be worth about three cents. They were merely gilded, the interior being made up of silver and base metal. Such playful tricks as this were the cause of Yousouf's overthrow in 1832.

In Tunis, the Bey in 1828, undertook to fix the rate of the piastre at 20 cents, while its real value was 14 cents. The consequence was, that immense amounts of piastres were sent into the Kingdom, by private coiners, and exchanged at five to the dollar, thus making a large profit. This drove the good foreign coins out of market, and the Government was obliged to amend its decree.

In no country has there been so great a depreciation in the value of the unit coin as in Turkey. The piastre which in the reign of Mustapha III.,—1764—was worth sixty cents, declined during and under the various Sultans to three cents in 1832. At present its value in the silver coin is 3.8 cents, in the gold coin 4.4 cents.

The first coins issued by the colonies of this country were what was generally denominated the "pine tree coinage." These were shillings, sixpences and threepences, coined by Massachusetts in 1652, in order to supply the general deficiency of specie then existing, the whole metallic currency of the country being confined to a meagre supply of the coins of the mother country. They were to be of the fineness of sterling silver, but to weigh about 16 3-4 per cent less than English coin. These coins are now seldom seen, and are esteemed great curiosities by collectors. Maryland soon after established a mint and issued copper and silver coins; copper coins were also struck by Carolina and Virginia, previous to the revolution, and after the establishment of independence various states and individuals

coined money. The honor of having proposed the decimal principle in our currency, which has been of such immense advantage in simplifying all calculations into which money denominations enter, is due to Gouverneur Morris, Assistant Financier of the Government in 1782. The subject of a national coinage being early discussed in Congress, Mr. Morris made a report recommending the decimal principle and the following table of moneys; ten units to be equal to one penny, tenence one bill, ten bills one dollar (about two thirds of a Spanish dollar) ten dollars one crown. No action was had until 1784, when Mr. Jefferson made a report, adopting Mr. Morris's decimal principle, but objecting to the 'unit' as being too low in value, any article of moderate value requiring too many figures to express it. Thus a horse of the value of \$80, requires six places, being 115,200 units. Again there was a want of correspondence with other known coins. Mr. Jefferson proposed to adopt the Spanish dollar, as a measure of value, and to coin gold pieces of the value of ten dollars, dollars in silver, tenths in silver, and hundredths in copper. In 1785, this report was adopted. About this period Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, and New Jersey among others, issued coins. In 1787 the exclusive right of coinage was vested in the General Government and in 1792 an act was passed establishing and regulating a mint; the eagle was to be 917 thousandths, fine, and weigh 270 grains, the dollar to be 892.4 thousandths, fine, and weigh 416 grains, the cent to weigh 264 grains. In 1834 the relative value of gold and silver was changed by act of Congress, again in 1837, and during the last Session another change was made.

In 1835, three branch mints were established, one at New Orleans, one at Charlotte, N. C., and one at Dahlonega, Ga. The issues are uniform with the Philadelphia mint, and these tested.

In the West Indies the currency is very generally composed of Spanish, American and British coins. In 1832 Great Britain made an issue of quarters, eights, and sixteenths of a dollar on her Colonial possessions in the West Indies, and 24, 20, 12, 10 and 2 shilling pieces, have been coined for the Danish possessions. In the year 14, of the Republic, Petion, President of Hayti, issued silver coins of about the value of 8 and 4 cents of our currency, and Boyer has since continued to coin, but at reduced weights. Large quantities of counterfeit coin have been sent from the United States to this Island. It is not unusual in the West Indies to cut up Spanish dollars for change, and in Trinidad to prevent the exportation, a piece of the value of a real is cut out of the centre.

MENDICANCY.

The large and very perceptible increase of street begging which has taken place within the last month or two, deserves the earnest consideration of the philanthropist. It proves either that there has been a very considerable increase in the amount of destitution existing among the lower classes of our population, or that the late arrivals of emigrants contain a larger than usual proportion of paupers. In either case, the subject presses itself day by day more prominently upon the public attention, and some plan, it would seem, should be at once devised to take these mendicants out of the street, to supply the wants of the actually helpless and friendless, with a liberal charity, and force the able bodied and healthy to betake themselves to some useful employment, by which they may be supported. A large portion of those who adopt street begging as a profession, are women, and frequently they have one and sometimes two and three children, often borrowed for the purpose, to form a pathetic tableau, and attract more strongly the sympathies of the benevolent. Many are children, generally little girls, who are sent out by their parents to beg for pennies "to buy a loaf of bread;" but many also are men—strong men, fully able, by a common degree of industry, to supply all their wants, if employment were furnished and they were forced to work. The increased size of this horde of willing and unwilling paupers is really alarming; and if no check is adopted, walking our streets will become as annoying and aggravating as passing through the begging throngs of the European capitals. Even viewed in no other light than as

an act of charity, the policy of street alms is very questionable. A few deserving persons are no doubt driven by sheer want to ask charity in the streets, but more find it a less laborious way to get food and the means of idleness than honest industry. While the philanthropist would regret to pass by the deserving cases without relief, the extreme difficulty of distinguishing the worthy from the unworthy objects renders it necessary to refuse all, or adopt an indiscriminate system of charity which is more likely to foster and encourage laziness and vice than to relieve real destitution. A large amount of the alms gathered in the street goes for the means of drunkenness; and the answer of Dr. Johnson, when a woman to whom he had given a shilling reeled by him drunk, that he had made her happy, which was his intention, and it mattered little which way the object was effected, though good as a reparation, was bad as a maxim. A few evenings since we were seated by a woman with a child in her arms, who entreated of us a few cents to buy bread, while the very breath which she asked this charity was so strongly tainted with ruin that the atmosphere in the neighborhood was poisoned by the effluvia. Now here was a case in point; to give that woman money was merely to feed her vicious and destructive habits, and so far from being an act of charity, would, to just the amount of your alms, have deprived you of bestowing relief upon those who truly deserved it. Again a ragged boy stepped up to us in Broadway, a short time since, with the usual whine of the juvenile beggar, with an urgent request, backed by the usual circumstances of a dead father and a sick mother, for a sixpence. This same boy, we had afterward reason to know, had forged the whole story, and wanted the money for the purpose of trying his luck again at pitching coppers, having just been cleaned out by some democratic Crookford. And this we learned was the object to which this boy as well as others devoted most of their gains by begging. The pits of the minor theatres are also large absorbents of their gains, where, revelling in the luxury of peanuts, the candidate for the state prison, comes some new story of distress with which to ensure success on the morrow.

Now all this is very bad, and is calculated to give much pain to the true lover of his kind. This misused charity, instead of feeding those who are hungry and clothing the naked, as was intended, is converted into the means of still greater moral as well as physical degradation. As therefore, it is impossible to judge with certainty of the true nature of the cases which are pressed upon our attention by street applicants, it would seem to be the safe way to make what donations our circumstances will allow to some of the many benevolent societies of our city, the members of which visit and make street enquiries into the circumstances of those applying for relief, and are probably, not often deceived. This cause, however, meets but a part of the subject. Some institution must be devised which the paupers, male and female, who now occupy our streets and corners in every degree of apparent wretchedness, can be put to some honest employment, if able to work, and forced to assist at least in maintaining themselves; and until this is done, street begging will continue to increase until Broadway will become the cruelest ground of as sturdy a band of mendicants as the barracani of Naples. If the wisdom of our city fathers were directed to this great end, how much more worthy would they be of the applause of their constituency than now, while engaged in settling the petty claims of a horde of office seekers. That necessity will soon drive them into the adoption of some plan of the kind alluded to, cannot be doubted, and the sooner it is done the better.

Few people are aware of the profitable character of a well-arranged system of begging, with a sufficiency of juvenile collectors sent out to lay the town under contribution. We have all read of the unsuspected hoards laid occasionally by beggars abroad, and discovered after their death. On this side the water we have a few instances of a similar character. A well known beggar died some years since, and in his house was found several thousand dollars. In the upper part of the city, there resides now a German family, all the younger members of which are professional beggars, and from their earnings the parents have actually been enabled to build a brick house, which they let for a considerable sum. Another German family, under similar circumstances, have laid out the accumulations of their begging expeditions in a good farm, to which they have recently removed. We are told by persons who know, that there are several families who live in very good style on the profits of the broken victuals collected from the charitable, and sold to the lowest grade of victuallers, to be resold to those to whom Providence has sent appetite without fastidiousness.

We trust there will be an awakening of the public to this subject of street mendicancy, and that it will employ the pens of our editorial brethren. We are certain that its importance demands speedy action.

DEATHS POSTPONED.—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of *the mariners*, and deaths, appears the following strange notice: "Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

DR. CARPENTER, of Bristol, Eng.—We hope we have not wronged this gentleman, by charging him with the wicked and shameless transmutation of Dr. Channing's *Life of John Milton*, into somebody's *Life of John Hunter*. We had never heard of the charge against Dr. C., till we saw the pamphlet referred to, (a copy of which we beg the author to send us, that we may reconsider the evidence,) nor ever heard of the denial by Dr. C., until a friend sent us the *Atlas*, of Boston, bearing a communication, dated June 9, 1843, in the following language:—"To the Editors of the *Atlas*—You copied this morning an article from one of the New York papers, in which Dr. Carpenter of Bristol, is charged with plagiarism from the works of Dr. Channing."

"This accusation was made more than a year ago. It was immediately answered by Dr. Carpenter, and proved conclusively to be false."

Now—we do not believe this; and should be delighted to see the denial of Dr. C. Will somebody favor us with a copy? Too plagiarism itself cannot be denied. The authorship may be; though it would be no easy matter, we apprehend, for Dr. C. or any body else to "prove it conclusively false." But we shall see.

FOUNTAINS.—It may well be doubted, taking the puddle in the Park as a standard, whether "Fountains" are really either ornamental or useful. If those living in the neighborhood, and particularly the proprietors of hotels and subterranean eating establishments, were allowed to turn ducks into the same, it might thus be made useful in this "piping time of peas," and the community be materially benefited by the arrangement. In its present state, it is neither one thing nor the other, and we contend that it should be something or nothing—a something that we may look upon and admire for its "independent self," or a nothing, if dependent for its attractiveness upon surrounding objects. Make it a "Fountain" or a "Puddle,"—and if a puddle,—let the little boys appropriate it to its legitimate purposes; but ask not this community, credulous as it is, to jeopardize the imagination in an attempt to fancy a circular piece of dirty water, throwing up a few jets from the foulest and most unclean looking mouths—a Fountain. True, they are the mouths of the Common Council, and out of their own mouths they are condemned. They cry out "shame!" "Every body cries 'shame!'—we fancy we can trace the word in the rustling of the foliage around us—the spray of the Union Park jet d'eau, as it sparkles in the sunshine and adds its falling music to the cooling sound, sighs "shame,"—and the rocky base of its down town rival, will ere long take up the strain and the merry waters laugh it to scorn. Away with your "praise"—give us the "poetry" of a Fountain.

THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE.—Quite an excitement has taken place with certain of our sailors—and some quite disgraceful scenes were enacted about our wharves and on board several of our packet ships last week, by a gang of men in sailors' dresses, to the number of two or three hundred, their object being to prevent the seamen going the voyage for less than \$15 a month, their present wages being only \$12. On Monday, the same party, we presume, paraded the streets with bits of painted canvases, inscribed with the words "not less than \$15 a month." &c. &c., and presented quite a formidable body—many of them, however, judging by their appearances, better calculated for the land than the sea.

That men have a right to place a value upon their labor, none will deny,—but the right to compel others to adopt their views, few will be found to concede. Conspiracies of all kinds should be discontinued; but when the object sought, is to be obtained by violence, they become dangerous, and the leaders should be severely punished. The services of a man are as much a subject of barter as the commodities in a merchants' warehouse—he sells them to those who will give the highest price; and if he cannot obtain what he considers the full value for them, it is a matter of choice whether he will take what is offered or not—but to compel a man to pay his servants a certain amount of wages is a doctrine so monstrously unjust, so utterly opposed to all the principles of fair dealing, that the man of common sense scorns it.

It may be said in opposition to this, that ship masters have no right to fix a particular standard—to say, "we'll pay so much and no more"—the fallacy of this, however, is too apparent to require any argument at our hands—but supposing this to be wrong, it does not justify the commission of another wrong. A master is supposed at least to know how much his business will allow him to pay, and to force him to give more, would be the worst species of tyranny. We give an opinion as to the

intrinsic merits of the question involved; we only oppose the principle, and regret that the commercial emporium of America should have been disgraced by the acts of three men, led on, as no doubt they were, by a set of unprincipled boarding-house keepers, and others of the same stamp.

THE BOSTON CELEBRATION.—As our talented correspondent, "Jonathan Slick," intends to give a description of this great event in his own peculiar and infimitable style, we shall not attempt to forestall him by any remarks of our own.

The event, the people of the country were called upon to celebrate, appealed to the best feelings of every one who is proud of his American birth, and nobly was that appeal responded to. If we consider the event itself—the orator, whose burst of eloquence will go down to posterity, associated with its proudest recollections, or if we view the countless thousands who flocked to that consecrated spot to do honor to the occasion, we cannot but feel that Americans have distinguished themselves in the eyes of the world, and have proved by the spirit of true patriotism there exhibited, that they are not degenerate sons of those truly great men, who purchased for them the liberties they now enjoy.

There is a religion in the love of country, as much as is the love of God—both feelings are implanted by nature in our hearts, and the soil must be cold and barren indeed, if it brings not forth its fruits of warm and pure affection—however opposed nations may be to each other, this feeling will always call forth admiration and respect, while on the contrary, the man who could prove an apostate to his "own, his native land," would be despised and spit upon.

There was much on this occasion to awaken those feelings in the bosom of every American—the spot itself was consecrated in their hearts, like the poet they might exclaim,

"God of our fathers, is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth!"

They required no mounds or monuments to mark the place—no monitor or guide to direct them—they knew it was there the blow was struck that paralyzed the arm of oppression—there in characters of blood, was inscribed the charter of American rights—they felt that they were children of Freedom, and as the orator with his words kindled the fire of enthusiasm in their breasts, about upon about burst forth, until the heavens rang with their applause.

It is not our intention to give even an outline of one of the most magnificent speeches that ever graced the literature of any country—the speaker was evidently deeply impressed with the sublimity of the subject and the effort was in itself sufficient to immortalize him. The following tribute to the memory of Washington is a fair specimen of its eloquence,

"America has furnished Europe the character of Washington, (loud cheers) and if her institutions had done nothing else, they would for this have deserved the respect of mankind. Washington! Washington! first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Washington is all our own, and all the veneration and love entertained for him by the people are proofs that they are worthy of such a countryman, (cheers) I would cheerfully put the question to-day, to any intellectual man of Europe, I will say, to any intellectual man of the whole world, what character of the century stands out in the relief of history most pure, most respectable, most sublime, and I doubt not that by a surprising approach to unanimity, they would answer "Washington." That monument itself is not an unfit emblem of his character; by its uprightness, solidity, its durability (cheers). His public virtues predominate; his personal motives were as firm and fixed as the earth on which it rests; his personal motives as pure as the serene heavens in which its summit is lost.

But indeed, although a fit, it is not an adequate emblem. Towering far above the columns our hands have built, beheld not by the city only, or the State, but by all families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington, in all its constituent parts, effects, and titles to universal decorum, it is an American production. Born upon our soil, of parents born upon our soil, never having had for a single day a sight of the old world, reared amid our gigantic scenery, instructed according to the modes of the time, in the wholesome, plain, elementary, solid knowledge furnished to all the children of the day; brought up among American society; partaking of our great destiny of independence; partaking and leading in the agency and glory of the war of independence; partaking and leading in the victory of peace, the establishment of the present constitution; behold him,—altogether an American! (cheers) His crowning and glorious life, with its multitude of virtues each contending to be foremost in the throng; and each making room for greater multitudes—that life, it is all its purity and grandeur, was the life of an American citizen! I tell him, Washington, wholly for America! And amid the perils and darkened hours of the State, the abuse of

enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent mind for courage and consolation.

To him that desires that our fevish trans-Atlantic liberty can be combined with law and order,—to him that desires that it can produce establishment of soul, or a passion for true glory,—to him that deems that America has contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to the character of Washington! [Cheers.]

The 'day' is past—but it is a 'red letter day' in the calendar of life, and will go down marked to future generations—a day never to be forgotten, for its hallowed recollections, and the feelings they so calculated to call forth.

THE INFLUENZA.—There is scarcely a family into which this disagreeable personage has not intruded, paying his respects alike to old and young, rich and poor. Headaches, running at the nose and eyes, pains in the limbs, hoarseness, inflamed mucous membranes, and indeed a whole catalogue of those "ills which flesh is heir to," seem all at once to be brought to our notice, and we may consider ourselves fortunate if the whole list does not fall to our individual share. Never, we believe, has the city been visited with so general a sickness—even the memory of that celebrated person, "the oldest inhabitant," which is supposed to be endowed with such extraordinary retentiveness, can furnish no parallel.

As a matter of course, at such times, every one knows some excellent remedy, and everybody knows somebody else who knew another who was cured by such and such a prescription. Many persons, in their eagerness to get rid of a troublesome customer, try everything that is recommended, and the result may be imagined, "the remedy is worse than the disease"—indeed, in some cases it has terminated in consumption, and a speedy death. It would be well, therefore, to try nothing but the most simple means—total abstinence from many things—temperance in all—gentle aperients, and profuse perspirations. This is a recipe which certainly can do no harm—we think it will effect a cure.

CORONER LIDDELL MACKENZIE.—It will be remembered that shortly after the court-martial upon this person, charged with the murder of Midshipman Spencer and two of the crew of the brig Somers, some doubt was expressed as to the nature of the vote given, and indeed some of our contemporaries went so far as to assert that although the decision was technically in favour of Capt. Mackenzie's acquittal, a majority of the members, viz., seven out of twelve, were of opinion that the charges or some of them had been proved.

Capt. McKeever, one of the members of the Court, has since then been subjected to an examination, and proves that upon the first charge, that of "murder on the high seas," also voted that it was not proven, and three that it was proven. The same vote was given upon the other charges.

RUTH ELDER. Mr. Neil has consented to finish this tale, according to his original plan. The chapters which appeared last week in the Brother Jonathan, were written for the New Mirror, and were published in that charming paper; and after Mr. N. had retired upon the Brother Jonathan, he determined to close up any other engagement except one which he still continues; and therefore it was that he wound up the story of Ruth Elder at the end of the third chapter.

ARCHITECTURE. We hope our readers have bestowed a full share of serious attention upon the papers which have appeared, week after week, in our pages, upon the subject of *Building* in our country. They are A. No. 1.—founded alike in common sense and common honesty. "Every man his own washerwoman," we have all heard of, and leughed at. But every man his own architect, is much more laughable, in a country like ours.

The President of the United States arrived here by the Boston boat on Thursday morning, on his way to Washington. It is his intention to travel in as private a manner as possible.

We inadvertently omitted the introductory paragraph to the communication of our capital correspondent No. 2, containing the account of West Point. It should have stated that the description was contained in a letter from a friend of his.

The bill for the entertainment of the President and suite at Howard's Hotel, for the two days they remained in New York, was \$1200.

LITERARY.

WRITINGS OF CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. UNIFORM EDITION. *SUN OFFICE*. Part Istand 2d. A clever, dashing writer is Mr. Cornelius Matthews, and withal (as he claims to be) very American, though by no means altogether and exclusively so. There are other Americans, we cantell his publishers; and not a few, as much in earnest as he can possibly be—Pudding, for example—and *ourselves*! But never mind that—the more the merrier. Mr. Matthews, among other good properties, we find strongly marked with *individuality*, amplitude, and strength. He writes boldly and naturally, and generally speaking, there is a wholesome truth in his caricatures, (for he will caricature,) and a something worthy our attention, at least, if not our unqualified encouragement, even where he labours most with exaggeration. Passages, too, are surprisingly well written, bold, manly, and eloquent—like much of the 'General Introduction,' and the whole of the preface to Behemoth, and the opening of Part first. We would give extracts if we knew where to begin or where to stop. One fault—the chief with him—a common one with all writers who are ever to be good for anything, and the natural growth of a warm, strong, rich soul—is the disposition to over-do. We don't know whether Mr. M. is himself a humorist: we rather think not; and if so, although he may do fine things in a humorous way, he will never be distinguished in that department, as he may, and must, in a higher. Let him look to it. It is given to few to triumph always and everywhere. We must always do something *best*; and though for that reason we may continue to repeat ourselves, like Salvator Rosa, or Claude Lorraine, with that overrating soul in a mist, or those more than overrating banditti: or like Walter Scott—(we don't mean Sir Walter Scott—he never repeated himself)—or Byron, or Wordsworth—still even that were better than to try our hand at everything with a certainty that even though we may go ahead of others nineteen times out of twenty, still, if we do not go ahead of ourselves, we shall be plashed and pawed at. And if we should for the twentieth time—what then? Why, then the other nineteen-twentieths of all we have done, or tried to do, instead of being compared with what our neighbours have done, or tried to do, are compared with our twentieth more successful effort, and trampled under foot accordingly. Hence, the world will never permit a man to be a good writer, and a good speaker too. In but one of the two manifestations can he be *best*. Of course, therefore, when he tries the other, he is sure to be compared with himself: judgment follows fast, even "as the thunderbolt pursues the flash," and execution is awarded, in dust and ashes. The late William Wirt was a fine example of this. Being eloquent of speech, he took to writing, and though he wrote well compared with other men, he wrote ill compared with himself; and "The Old Bachelor," "The Spy," and "The Life of Patrick Henry," were fussed up for a while, only to be forgotten. Had the author done nothing else, they would have been treasured up for keepsakes. We would urge Mr. Matthews to narrow the plan of his next campaign, and leave out Moscow. And though there are many things he has done here which we would not have him repeat hereafter, still, when he comes to write better it will be because he has written worse; and therefore, though he may have to be ashamed of much that he and others are now pleased best with, (such things have happened heretofore,) still he should comfort himself with the reflection that if he had not written that much, he never would have written more *better*; and, in a word, it is with writing as with everything else we do—we learn about as much by doing ill, as by doing well. By this we are not to be understood as speaking unkindly or slightly of Mr. Matthews or his book. On the contrary, we give what we mean for the highest evidence of our respect and good feeling for both. Old stagers know where to look for the trap-doors. The burnt child dreads the fire.

BANKRUPT STORIES. Edited by Harry Franco. Pub. by John Allen, 139, NASSAU-ST. THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

Very well—very well indeed!—but who the plague is Harry Franco? and then, after that question is answered, who the plague is the *author*? One thing is certain: he is worth inquiring after, and if it were only for the following passage, would be worth remembering for a twelvemonth and a day. The reader will observe that Mr. Tremlett is an old bachelor, on the look out for that Phœnix of our age—an heir.

As soon as Mr. Tremlett made his appearance, there was an immense sensation among the ladies, and each little innocent immediately flew to his own natural protector. The fortunate lady who happened to

be nearest the door, and who had the first chance of the merchant, was Mrs. Mussy, a very graceful personage in a blue turban, whose only hope, a young gentleman nearly four feet in height, stood at her side.

"Augustus, my love," said Mrs. Mussy, "make a bow to the gentleman."

But the young Augustus put his forefinger in his mouth, and resolutely refused to move either head, hand, or foot, all of which it was necessary to do in complying with his mother's request.

"Gussie, darling, did you hear!" said the lady affectionately. But Gussie made no response.

"Come Gussy, that's a dear," continued the mother. But still the young gentleman stood erect, and refused to move.

"Augustus Mussy, do as I bid you in an instant, or I will skin you. Bow this instant," said the excited mother.

But from some unaccountable reason, Augustus Mussy appeared to have conceived the idea that a statuesque appearance was best suited to the occasion. Bow he would not.

"Never mind, let him stand," said Mr. Tremlett, good-humouredly, "the little fellow will come to by and by, I dare say."

"He shall make a bow, if I have to skin him alive," exclaimed the mortified Mrs. Mussy, her face turning very red. But her threat had not the least possible influence upon the immovable young gentleman; whereupon the excited lady lost all command of her better feelings, and catching hold of his darling's arm, she dragged him into the adjoining apartment, from which arose such a terrible sound that the company feared that the affectionate mother was putting her dreadful menace into execution.

The next lady who got an opportunity to show off was Mrs. Stimson; she told her youngest boy to make a bow to the gentleman, and quick as thought the obedient child stepped into the floor, and rubbing up his little pug nose with the palm of his left hand, and thrusting his right foot behind him, he bent his body nearly double.

The other lady, Mrs. Snickles, was almost suffocated with envy, while the happy mother of the boy smiled with ineffable delight, and Mrs. Sweeney looked upon the triumph as complete.

"Well done, my little fellow," said Mr. Tremlett; "and now tell me your name."

"Marquid de Lafayette Stithinson," replied the little talented young gentleman, without the least hesitation.

"And bow old are you, Marquis?" asked Mr. Tremlett.

"Eight years," replied the miracle.

"Is it possible!" said Mr. Tremlett.

"He is not another day," said the delighted mother; "he was eight years old the twenty-first of last April, but I don't know how many people have said they could not believe it."

"He is a precious darling," said the housekeeper; "wouldn't be love to come and live with the gentleman?"

"No I don't want to," replied the youth.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Tremlett.

"Coth mother says you are a nasty old bachelor," replied the forward child.

This reply had a very sensible effect upon every person in the room excepting the one who uttered it, and he looked around him with the self-complacency of a man who has said in his own opinion, one of the very best things that could be spoken. Little did the satisfied child know the anguish of his mother's feelings, the mortification of his aunt Sweeney, the exultation of his aunt Snickles, or the chagrin of Mr. Tremlett, who did not like to receive such a home thrust even from a gentleman of the dimensions of the young Marquis.

Now was Mrs. Snickles's time. She looked upon her three darlings with the most intense delight that a mother's heart is capable of feeling; she considered their fortunes as made, for she had not the slightest doubt that he would adopt all three. Her ample bosom heaved with emotion, and she could scarcely keep the tears from her eyes. But, poor woman, she did not reflect that as she had always allowed her children the privilege of doing as they pleased, the chances were ten to one that their pleasure would not coincide with her own.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Snickles, addressing her youngest boy, "speak to the gentleman."

"I won't," replied the boy.

"Do, darling," said the indulgent mother, giving the young monster a kiss.

"I won't, I won't, I won't," was the only reply to this kindness.

"David, dear, you speak to the gentleman," she said, speaking to the next oldest; and to ensure compliance she slipped a sixpence into his hand.

"I ain't going to for that!" replied the boy, scorning the smallness of the bribe.

"Do, dear," said Mrs. Snickles.

"You are always trying to make me do something that I don't want to," replied the child, and without more ado he set up a dismal howl.

"Don't cry, dear," said the indulgent mother; and addressing her other darling, who was amusing himself with a backgammon board under one of the tables, she said "Lucius, my love, get up and speak to the gentleman."

"What shall I say?" inquired the youngster.

"Ask him how he does, that's a sweet," said the mother.

"Why don't you ask him yourself?" inquired the young philosopher.

"Was there ever such torments!" exclaimed the amiable Mrs. Snickles in a whisper to her sister Sweeney.

"I shall go off the stage," replied the agitated housekeeper, for she perceived that all her deep-laid plans were coming to naught."

In a word, if "The Haunted Merchant" holds out as it begins, and if the rest of the stories are as good—or thereabouts—the dear, dear public will have a capital pennyworth.

FOISSART'S CHRONICLES.—With one hundred and twenty engravings—By WICHSTER, 30 Ann street, 25 cents a number, or two dollars complete. Here is an undertaking, of which we may well be proud! A republication of that old warlike anthem, *Foissart's Chronicles of England, France, and Spain*—with engravings from the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages. A work hitherto unknown to the people throughout the world, because of its extravagant price, and scarcity—now put within the reach of all who can afford to buy a newspaper! These are some of the things, we like to dwell upon, as the unmistakable symptoms of a better day for the People. For the wealthy and the curious, may even for the scholars, we care little or nothing,—they can always take care of themselves. If they cannot buy, they can borrow—or beg—or steal, as our friends the British do. Nor do we care very much even for what are called libraries—they being, at their usual cost, an outlay that never pays for itself; and are pretty sure to impoverish their proprietors, while they help nobody else—what are called private libraries we mean. But for household libraries; honest accumulations of readable and useful books—and among the most useful, we reckon the pleasant and catching—we have a downright and most inalienable reverence, *provided*—provided, nevertheless, that they do not cost more than they come to—in other words, that they have been laid in cheap enough to be used and lent; are good enough to be taken care of; and are not so magnificently bold as to be worthless.

THE PIERIAN—a dollar magazine for youth. Edited by Mrs. Anna L. Swelling. For sale at the publishing office, 71, Lispenard st., the Sun office, &c. &c. &c.

Not having met with the first number—we wish we had, for the sake of our little romps—what we have to say, must be said of No. 2. And a very good number it is, take our word for it; just such a pleasant, companionable sort of a book, as children are quite sure to love, with all their hearts, just such a sensible book as fathers and mothers like to see in their hands. Well-managed, and it promises to be so, with such, and so many charming writers, (all mothers we hope, except the fathers,) we do not see, why the *PIERIAN*—confound the name!—should not be indeed a perpetual fountain of comfort to our babies, while it abridges the labor of those who have the care of them.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR JUNE: SEXTON & Miles, N. Y. This is a capital work, designed to furnish our farmers with valuable information upon agricultural and kindred subjects. It is conducted by A. B. Allen, Esq., who is fully competent to the task; and many useful hints for the conducting and improvement of farms may be found in its pages.

THE CULTIVATOR. Another of these useful agricultural publications, of which we cannot have too many, if ably conducted, as this is. The Editors, Willis Gaylord and Luther Tucker, Esqrs., are well known by their labours in this department of science; and we trust that the *Cultivator* is sown broadcast throughout the land. The oldest farmer will find something in this work by which he may improve his mode of culture. It contains the results of experiments in soil, manures, succession of crops, farming implements, &c., which all interested in such matters should read.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA: No 3 has been issued by Cary & Hart, Philadelphia. A work every farmer should have in his library, if he has one, and if not, he should get one as soon as possible.

AMERICAN NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. We have received from Messrs. Burgess & Stringer No. 1 and 2 of this serial work. They contain biographies of John Paul Jones, Richard Dale, Alexander Murray, and John Bury. They are concisely written, and are illustrated with numerous wood cuts of the stirring scenes through which these our country's jewels passed. The typography is very fine, and the whole getting up showy.

THE FAMILY OF BERNARD: Robert Carter, N. Y. A translation from the French of L. Bonnet. It contains eloquent meditations upon the touching story of Lazarus, and cannot be read without awakening the best feelings of the heart.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.—We have received a copy of this excellent magazine for July, from Messrs. Burgess & Stringer, 222 Broadway. The embellishments of this number are well executed, particularly the mezzotint by Sadd, "The Mother," from a painting by Sir Thos. Lawrence. The other, from the burial of Rawdon & Co., "Coming to get Married," is a good line engraving, well worked up, and the faces are clear and distinct. We do not like the style of the Rose, the colors are unnatural; as a novelty, such things may do now and then, but we do not look upon them as embellishments. The contents are supplied by Paulding, Cooper, Herbert, Willis, Chandler, and others of equal celebrity.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Messrs. Burgess & Stringer have also sent us Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of this work, edited by John Frost, A.M. These numbers bring the history down to the Treaty with Massachusetts, and the Indian conspiracy. The illustrations are numerous, and many of them well executed. The scope of the work is from the Discovery of the Northmen in the tenth century down to the present time, and the design thus formed has been ably carried out. We hope this enterprise will be well sustained, as it supplies a want long felt; and the publishers appear determined to make it worthy of patronage. The edition justly says: "a complete History of the United States, sufficiently condensed, and at the same time sufficiently accurate, for the use of families, has long been a desideratum;" and this work he intends shall supply this.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. The June number is out. It contains a valuable paper on the census, giving some useful deductions as to the causes of insanity, and upon the comparative merits of emancipation and colonization. "The Thessalonian Spell," a poem by the late Richard Dabney, of Virginia, is the production of a mind thoroughly imbued with true poetic fervor. The other articles are probably good, but we have not had time to read them.

A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE.—Langley, 57 Chatham street.—This is an admirable paper, intended to exhibit the evils of intemperance, and the blessings of abstinence. It is beautifully written, and will be of immense advantage to the cause of temperance. The price is 12½ cents.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE—J. W. Winchester, 30 Ann street.—A capital number, and full of good things.

THE NEW YORK BANK NOTE LIST—Charles & Son, 12 Wall street.—This is one of the best and most comprehensive of the counterfeiter detectors, and we recommend it to business men generally. It is issued semi monthly at \$2 per annum.

The anecdotal description of a Parisian Belle is as true, as even it is graphic:—

A French woman is all June—June, *de la tête aux pieds* (from head to foot). Even in the dog days, an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening. If not on her shoulders, there are always half a dozen shawls and boas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has no sorrow in her song—no winter in her year. Her draperies are light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure as gay as a butterfly—fresh gowned, fresh shod, her clip bonnet trimmed with flowers, from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress concerning which one longs to inquire, as George III. did of the apple in the dumpling, how she managed to get into it—so amused and neat is every fold. And then, she is predetermined to be anted and, consequently, sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure has neither yesterday nor tomorrow—no unpleasant reminiscences—no jarring apprehensions disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over her head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company, she seems to have disappeared from her calculations, when she took leave of an quilting her toilet; that, self is so exclusively a matter of worship with her, that she has to hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.

In the course of overhauling papers to detect smuggling correspondence, the post office clerks make *quiver* discoveries sometimes. In one instance, they suspected that a copy of the Boston Notion contained something more than was set down in the table of contents, and upon opening it, they found that a piece of troy had been secretly set into a square cut out of the body of the paper, and was the vehicle of the tender thoughts of a couple of lovers—one residing in Concord and the other in Boston. The messenger of love had passed so often cost free that at length the lovers became careless in the manner of doing it up, and thus suspicion fell upon it. The clerks allowed it to make two or three trips after they discovered the trick.

THE DRAMA.

There is really so little doing in this department just now, that neither of the theatres give us the ghost of an idea upon which we might enlarge. In recording the events of one week, we mention those of the next and the next, the monotony of which is only slightly varied now and then to suit the tastes of certain of the *personae*, who take a benefit—in imagination! Thus, last week we had Mr. Mitchell at the Park, but he looked any where and any thing but at home—his extemporaneous jokes were either strangled in their birth, or died immediately afterwards—their mission unfulfilled—even their birth unrecorded. We had also Miss Taylor, (a clever girl almost spoiled) walking the stage, a *star*, (for that night only) where a few months since she was merely one among a host of other female singers, distinguished from the rest merely by the power of her voice—these were novelties which they were themselves evidently aware—and did they draw? certainly not—not even the expenses, though the entertainments were excellent, and the intended *beneficiaries* was no other than the clever and fascinating Mrs. H. Hunt. It may well be asked, "why is this?" We take it, that the public taste, as regards theatrical performances, has become morbid and unhealthy—the tone of the stomach is partially destroyed, and they require stronger stimulants to excite it to action. This may be given us *two reasons*—another is, the stage has been degraded both by *performers*, and the character of the performances—instead of "holding the mirror up to nature," her worst deformities and vices have been exhibited as beauties and virtues worthy of emulation.

There is yet another reason—actors have become selfish and exacting, and ready to sacrifice managers and brother actors, to their own individual interests—they must have their names in capital letters, or they won't play at all—they must receive a certain amount of money per night, whether it comes in or not—they must be, in fact, the Alpha and the Omega of all the arrangements, or they decline to engage. And what are three people—Kembles, or Keans, or Malibran? by no means, they are scarcely to be mentioned in comparison with them—they are respectable in their several departments, and no more.

Shall we wonder then that this baseful system should have tended to depreciate the drama, and struck a blow at its best interests. Loudly and vehemently has the starring system been decried, and although it is not yet destroyed, we are assured that ere long it will destroy itself—not entirely, perhaps; indeed that could hardly be the case—to a certain extent it must be tolerated, but its limits should be exceedingly circumscribed, and starring permitted at intervals very far between.

Mr. Booth has been going through the range of his characters at the Park during the last week and a portion of this. His efforts have been characterized by a force and vigor, calculated to astonish those who profess to consider him merely a wreck of former greatness. It will be his own fault, if he does not yet regain the laurels he has suffered to fall from his brow. His benefit and last performance took place on Wednesday night—the house was respectably attended.

Mr. Brougham took a benefit on Thursday, and provided a rich and pleasant entertainment.

The season at this house is fast drawing to a close; but whether it will re-open immediately with the Italian Opera, or what arrangements are contemplated, we have not been informed.

Niblo's has not been well attended during the past week, which is no doubt to be attributed partly to the prevailing epidemic. He has particularly enclosed the theatre, which was rendered highly necessary by the excessive chilliness of the evenings, so that the audience can now enjoy the performances without being exposed to the draught, which is one great cause of the complaint. On Friday evening, the "Postilion of Longjumeau" was produced for the first time, Mlle. Lagier and Lecourt sustained the principal characters. We must confess that it did not strike us as being any thing extraordinary; on the contrary, it was merely a respectable performance throughout; neither Lagier nor Lecourt were equal to the parts assigned them, and they acted as though they felt this.

Favorably disposed as we are to Mr. Niblo, we cannot refrain from speaking freely and independently with regard to his policy, which we consider an unwise one; and we think we might point to his treasury for the proof that our opinion is not altogether erroneous. The French

company, taken collectively, possesses a great deal of talent—but separate them, and their effectiveness is gone. This has been exemplified in many of the *vaseilles*, which so far as the stage appointments were concerned, were tolerable, but otherwise they were weak and ineffective. It has appeared to us, that there has been a want of generalship in using the forces at command—that their strong points have been overlooked, and the result has consequently been a partial failure. We presume Mr. Niblo never had at any one time so many persons engaged in and about his establishment as at present, and still [from mismanagement certainly,] we never recollect the performances giving so little satisfaction. We intend these remarks to apply generally, as well to the English as to the French company. The orchestra is unexceptionable, but why are they not made more useful.

The opera of "L'Ambasciadore" was repeated on Monday night, and although it was considered necessary to make an apology for Mlle. Calvé, we never heard her sing so well—she delighted and astonished us, by the peculiar sweetness of her voice, and the brilliancy with which she gave some portions of the music. Indeed, the company was out to all its force, and afforded us one of the greatest musical treats we have enjoyed for some time. This opera is beyond question the best thing they have done, and it is a subject of regret with very many, that it has not been more frequently performed.

Mad. Lecourt's benefit, on Saturday night, was not well attended. She is really a talented actress, and should have had a bumper.

The Revels commence on the 7th July.

The Bowery has been attempting pantomime—a sort of illegitimate "Maxime," under the title of "The Black Raven of the Tomb," a piece which had such a considerable run at Niblo's last season. We have not heard whether it was successful or not.

The Chatham has been doing a very fair business. Nothing new has been produced.

MADAME CASTELLAN, the celebrated *prima donna* of the Italian Opera Company, has arrived in this city from New Orleans. She was present at the performance of L'Ambasciadore, on Monday, and appeared highly delighted. Report awards to this lady extraordinary powers. We shall no doubt have an opportunity of judging for ourselves.

DEATH OF THE HONOURABLE HUGH S. LEGARE.

"And after all came life, and lastly death."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

A most melancholy termination to the rejoicing of the past week, has occurred in the sudden death of the Hon. HUGH S. LEGARE, Attorney-General of the United States, and Acting Secretary of State—an individual beloved both at home and abroad—as a private citizen and a public officer—as a scholar and a man. Mr. Legare had not been well for some time, and the fatiguing duties of his journey had utterly prostrated his strength. His disorder was *intermittent*, and of a nature that could not be benefited by travelling. The end event occurred this morning at about half-past 5, at the house of Professor Ticknor—a gentleman whose happiness it was to know him as a friend, to appreciate him as a man of genius.

Mr. Legare was present in the Reception Room, at the Tremont House, on the day of the arrival of the President, but since that period has been in perfect seclusion as an invalid. Such a painful catastrophe, occurring at so peculiar an epoch, has thrown a cloud over the mind of the Chief Magistrate and his suite, and has produced a corresponding emotion with the public. It is indeed an event of a most saddening nature—taking place, too, almost amidst the last echoes of festal rejoicing. It is an occurrence which induces reflection, and seems forcibly to admonish us, that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."—*BRYANT'S TRANSCRIBED.*

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The July number of this charming periodical has been forwarded to us by Messrs. Burgess & Stringer, 229, Broadway. We have duly been able to give it a hasty glance, which satisfies us that it is quite equal to the best of its predecessors. We shall refer to it more fully hereafter.

SARGENT'S MAGAZINE. We learn that Mr. Sargent has sold his subscription list to Mr. Graham, the proprietor of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

It is said that Mr. Robert Tyler has now in press a new poem, called "Death, or Medora's Dream."

It is to be published by the Harpers.

ADAMS & Co's EXPRESS LINE FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK.—The papers in New York and Boston are unanimous in the expression of opinion of the great convenience of this express, and we cheerfully recommend it to all who have business to transact in either city. The extension to Pittsburgh is now arranged, and the facilities it offers to merchants and others are very great. The Express says:—"We are indebted to Messrs. Adams & Co. for a large lot of Boston papers delivered at a very early hour, and a long way in advance of the mail which was detained until nine o'clock by the fog. It is worth while to contrast the uncertain, dilatory action of the Post Office Department with the certainty and rapidity of private enterprise."

LORD MORPETH, in answer to a complimentary address, signed by 38,000 of his constituents, called for by his defeat at the parliamentary election for the West Riding of Yorkshire, made use of the following language in reference to his recent visit to the United States:

Most of you may, probably, be aware that since we last met, it has happened that I should visit an extensive and interesting portion of the world. It would, certainly, again be little suitable that I should obtrude the topic upon your notice, but I feel that it would be something like formality between us, if, upon the first occasion of meeting you since my return, I should wholly abstain from naming it. I, however, shall content myself with observing, without touching further on the many subjects of interest and importance which must have attracted my attention, that I feel that I have brought back with me a confirmed attachment to the leading institutions of my own country, perhaps an increased desire to interpret and carry them out in a liberal and comprehensive spirit.

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.—On Sunday afternoon last, a young girl, named Catharine Clouse, was shot in the thigh under the following lamentable circumstances caused by that fruitful source of death and maiming, the careless practice of using and handling fire-arms. A number of young girls were gathering May cherries, at a place called the "Tithmarsh," in Exeter township, when a young man with a shot gun, remarked that he would "like to shoot a big bird," meaning her, to which she jokingly replied, that "he hadn't the heart," where he deliberately stepped back and shot her as stated. She fell over, but rose to her feet again and immediately fainted, and was carried home by her friends, where she now lies dangerously ill. The motives of the young man were not to injure her, but in the foolish act of raising his gun, he unintentionally pulled the trigger.—*Reading (Pa.) Press.*

HORRID TRAGEDY.—Charles Lincoln, Esq., the Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, at Charlestown, was killed on Thursday afternoon last, by a convict. Mr. Lincoln was showing the various shops to a gentleman, at about 6 o'clock, and when in the upholsterer's shop, a convict from behind stabbed him through the neck, with a sharp knife, cutting the windpipe and jugular vein, and killing him instantly. The fellow had been in the prison once before; and it is said to have attributed the length of his second sentence to Mr. Lincoln. He has now gloated his diabolical rage and vengeance on a worthy and excellent officer, who has left a wife and large family of children.

DEATH OF GEN. WASHINGTON'S SERVANT.—The Washington Capitol of last week, says:—"General Washington's colored servant Cary, was buried on Sunday last, from Greenleaf's Point, and was followed to the grave by a large number of blacks. He was, we understand, at the time of his death 114 years old, and was for a number of years settler to Gen. Washington, when he served at the passage of the Delaware, and at the battles of Brandywine and Trenton. Old Cary was known and respected by every citizen of this place—he loved the memory of his patriotic master, and as a humble mark of respect, on his birth day, and in fact every military parade, wore an old shad-bellied uniform coat, and a three-cornered hat, with an huge cockade, which he said Washington gave him. On these occasions the boys used to collect around him, but his venerable appearance disarmed them of all thought of the Baptist Society, and he was allowed the honorable privilege of bobbing in the rear of the military, under whose protection he generally placed himself."

RE-OPENING OF THE TREMONT THEATRE.—We understand that the present theatrical company will not appear on the Tremont boards after Friday evening last, and that on Monday next—the house will be opened under the management of the Baptist Society, when the learned blacksmith, Eliza Barritt of Worcester, will make his first appearance on the stage of Tremont Theatre and deliver a lecture! The entire nett proceeds will be appropriated to ward the cost of remodelling the inside of the Theatre for a place of religious worship.

Frontice, of the Louisville Journal, noticing the performance of Miss Bohrer, on the violinetta, with eloquence and poetic beauty, remarks—"We did not know that sounds so sweet existed in the world of nature. Now the evening breeze, visiting with its cool fingers the thousand wind-harps of the forest,—not the sea nymph, blending the music of her shell with the mystic low murmur of the waves,—not the Peri, singing from a moonlight cloud—ever charmed the ear of mortal with wilder, diviner, or more spiritual melody."

LINES TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Woman! I've held thy hands in mine,
And looked into thine eyes—
And seen, I dare not tell thee what—
Not anger, nor surprise:
No bleaching of thy crimson lip;
No trembling of thy breath;
No flushing of that lofty brow—
Immovable as death:
And yet, when first I touched thy hand,
And looked into thine eyes,
I saw (thee tremble, and thine hue
Change like the changing skies:
I felt the heaven—I saw the swell
Of maiden tumult, when,
I see but now, I feel but now
Untroubled thoughts in prayer:
Thy spirit hushed and motionless,
Thy very breathing strange—
Thy touch, no longer passionate,
Oh Woman! what a change!
I look and lo! a thousand wings
Are gathering round about—
And from thy coronet of fire,
The stars are dropping out!
Thou'nt married!—well—and so am I!
And yet I come to thee,
As if no other heart alive
Had any claim on me:
And thou—dear Woman!—diddst thou feel
Thyself another's now—
Think what a flush of shame would fit
O'er thy lofty brow! s
Thou tremblest!—ah!—a tear!—a tear!
And if I read thee right,
Though married, thou wouldst have me near
Thee, in the coming night!
Well! be it so! I know not why,
Though there's another life—
A man of generous heart may not
Love tenderly—a wife!

A STRANGE VISION.—There is now lying at the wharf of Messrs. Lawton, Howland & Co, the queerest looking steam warren craft that ever condescended to pay us a visit. She came in from Buffalo on Wednesday evening at the rate of ten miles an hour. She is nothing more or less than an Erie Canal boat, propelled by a small but powerful engine, with a paddle-wheel astern, and a smoke pipe in the centre. She is commanded by Captain P. Hustling, who proceeds with her to Green Bay and from thence up to the Fox River, over the rapids, to Fort Winnebago. She is intended to ply regularly between the latter place and the rapids of Fox River, (twenty miles above Green Bay) and will be adapted to carrying passengers and towing the Durham boats laden with lead, which is transported up the Wisconsin river to within one mile of Fort Winnebago; and this one mile is all the portage required between Galena and New York, by way of the Lakes. The enterprise is a novel and a laudable one, and we have no doubt it will be crowned with entire success.—*Detroit D. Ad.* 16th.

LYNCH LAW IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Calais (Me) Journal gives an account of an outrage committed in St. Stephens, the adjacent frontier town to Calais, united to it by a bridge over the St. Croix. The Custom house officers of that place had made a seizure of smuggled leather a few days before, in consequence of which a party of men in disguise crossed into Calais, seized a Mr. John Tobin, whom they supposed to be the informer, dragged him across the bridge, stripped, tarred and feathered him, and then left him "to take care of himself." It proved afterwards, as usual in such cases, that he was not the informer.

A subscription is now raising for the purpose of presenting some testimonial to Miss Martineau, whose state of health precludes any literary exertion.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.

We give the following a handsome birth (not birth), because, in the first place, it deserves it; and in the second place, because we *hope*, and almost believe it to be the language of a woman. If so—or if otherwise—maybe the author will not be sorry for two or three small hints. Had she written *where dwellest thou?* and in every case instead of *deed or did*, if she had employed another form of speech, she would have been spared more than half her trouble, and avoided not a little roundaboutness. For example—instead of the first two lines, what if she had written—

Where dwellest thou? From what immortal sphere
Broke first thy glory o'er the sweetening earth?

After all, though, the poem has two or three fine passages, and the rest is far above the dead level of what men have agreed to call poetry. EDS.

GENIUS.

I.

Where dost thou dwell?—from what immortal sphere
Did first thy glory burst upon the earth?—
Art thou the offspring of some vision here?
Or dost thou claim from God thy giant birth?—
Art thou eternal?—wageest thou thy flight
With the proud Soul that own'd thy fearful awe?
Or fillest thou the void of mental night
It leaves behind, with thine effulgent day?

II.

I know not whence this light of Mind descends,—
Nor where this vision'd glory first saw day,
Since with its brilliancy a darkness blends,
A fearful gloom which dims its burning ray;
Too bright for earth!—yet seemeth it to take
From Heaven a fire to lodge within the breast,
A kindling of the spirit there to wake,
That rises brightening from her bed of rest.

III.

"Where dost thou dwell?"—within a world of light!
Within a poet's thought! even there I dwell!
And at my bidding people it with bright
And lovely beings that obey my spell;
And when their light grows dull, I rear a home,
Colour'd with all the beauties of the sky,
Where with bright forms of vision'd birth I roam,
To guide the wanderings of a painter's eye.

IV.

Or out amid a crowd of earthly men,
All phrenzied with the passions of the heart,
To quell whose raging storm, or current stem,
Of oceanic wrath, upheaving wild and vast,
Bidding defiance to all human power,
My voice I lift, maintaining still my sway,
Till all the gloomy thunder is o'erpass'd,
And all the darkness brightening into day.

V.

Or then I take the form of frightful War,
And lodge my power within some fearless band,
Who in the cannon blast and flashing jar
Of steel and lightning, all their might withstand;
And when the dying breath is borne away,
With the dread pest that lingers on the ear,
I stand untroubled in the dread array,
Defying to the last, and still unmov'd by fear!

Washington, S. C., 1843.

I. E. T.

A deplorable accident has just occurred in Berlin. A young lady, the daughter of one of the officers of the staff, was wiping her face with a towel, when she suddenly uttered a piercing scream, and the blood was seen to flow in abundance. By chance a needle had been left in the towel, which entered her eye so deeply as to occasion the loss of sight.

At a wedding at Galsborough, the third carriage was observed to go and return from church empty; on inquiry it was found to contain two large black trap cowers to represent a brother and sister of the bride, who had been dead several years.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

REPLY TO MR. NEAL'S LECTURE.

BY MRS. T. J. FARNHAM.

Mr. Neal commences his article on the "Rights of Women," by assuming it to be "undeniable that women in this country are not free, according to any definition acknowledged among ourselves;" and next, by way of proving this assumption, asks "what is Freedom, or Liberty—that Freedom or Liberty for which all the nations are struggling? Is it of two sexes? Are there two kinds of Liberty?"

Liberty is of as many kinds as there are differently constituted species in the world to enjoy it. What is liberty to one would be slavery to another. To be equally free is not to be free to do and enjoy the same things, but to be equally free in what the author of our being has appointed us to enjoy or accomplish.

The robin who sets upon her nest among the green boughs of her tree home, nourishing the eggs that are warming into life beneath her ruddy bosom, is as free, and as happy in her freedom, as the "Fierce gray bird with a banded beak" that ruffles his plumage in the clouds and builds his home on the mountain battlement. Give her the freedom of blossoming orchards and meadows beautiful to her, as the thunder cloud and the battling elements can be to the eagle, and she is content to sing her life away in the full liberty of that enjoyment which God has ordained for her. But force this timid and gentle bird into the clouds—turn her soft eyes into the full glare of a blazing sun—entice her from the verdant orchard to a more lofty home on the mountain peak, and you deplete her of happiness and of liberty together. Leave her alone to follow out the natural instinct of her being, and this is her freedom. Slavery comes upon her only when these privileges are denied.

Similar to this is the difference between the freedom of man and the freedom of woman. If the female bird would be wronged and aggrieved when denied the privilege of performing her natural duties, and compelled to undertake those of the male, so would woman be wronged were she compelled to assume the duties which nature has appointed to man. Like the female of all other species her freedom is of the lesser kind; it is as a small ring within a larger. She is perfectly free when she can fill this lesser sphere, but is enslaved to the same extent that she is forced or enticed beyond it.

It is not the design of these remarks to disparage woman, or the dignity of her position. In her true sphere, she is the star that is to light the feet of man to a better path than he has ever yet trod. She is the brightest link in the long chain between earth and Heaven. She is the first to greet man when he enters upon his earthly life, the last to leave him when that pilgrimage closes for ever. Her declaration of Rights is, "I am a wife and mother. To be these is my freedom—to be other would be slavery." But it was necessary to reply to this question, of "what is freedom?" and if in its application to this discussion it has been truly answered, the head is drawn from the arrow of the "counsel" opposed, and his further efforts will fall harmless on the question.

It is not, therefore, "undeniable that women in this country are not free." They are as free in their own sphere as men are; and this precisely, because they are not compelled to vote, or drill at military reviews, hold offices or make and execute laws. These make no part of their natural duties, and the necessity of performing them, would be to woman bondage, and not freedom.

"Have women no political rights?" None, whatever! They are neither physically nor mentally constituted for such rights—they do not live as political agents, and therefore have no political duties, and if true women, no such desires.

"If they are wholly dependent on the opinions and habits of men for their best privileges and highest prerogatives, have women either in this country or England, or throughout Christendom, any rights at all?"

Most assuredly they have rights, and in this country, they live in the daily exercise of as many of these rights as other sex enjoys. It is not quite clear what is meant by the best privileges and highest prerogatives of woman. If they are such as nature has given to her, they can never entirely depend on the opinions and habits of men, except in those conditions of society in which all human rights are outraged, and brute force alone becomes the standard by which men measure their deference to each other.

These rights have a more permanent foundation than the pleasure,

or caprices of men. They are secured to woman by an authority which man can never wholly controvert. All the horrors of Barbarism and Idolatry have never wrested them from her. She is still, and ever must be, the first object of man's love. She is still, and ever must be, the mother of his children, and when she is deserving of it, their most revered and chosen parent. She is the light of their early years, and it is her's to implant and nourish the virtues that are afterward to be the wealth of society. These are a few of woman's best privileges and highest prerogatives, and these are what no man in a christian land can wrest from her.

It may be well to reply here to the extraordinary assertion that "Christianity has done little more for women than for the brutes that perish!" Has not Christianity taught the doctrine of equal moral responsibility in the sexes? Has it not procured the acknowledgment of this truth, and the consequent freedom to women of acting without restraint in relation to the moral law? Has not Christianity forbidden the widow to lay her trembling body on the funeral pile? Has not Christianity made woman, in a great degree, the equal of man in the marriage contract?—Has it not said to him "One wife shalt thou have, and unto her shalt thou cleave all the days of thy life?" Has it not made her free to select from amongst those who seek her in marriage, the one with whom she will unite her destiny? In short, does not Christianity everywhere assert equality as accountable beings—and the right of women to be as free in her own sphere as man is in that destined for his sterner nature? And the Bible—that holy book which alone contains the true rules of Christianity—does it not set forth the proper sphere, the duties, and the loveliness of women, with a degree of reason and poetry unknown to any book upon earth—it speaks of women as "mothers in Israel,"—"as the crowns of their husbands;" but it forbids them to speak in public; and never, in one single instance, addresses them as legislators or soldiers; that holy book does not call upon them for the exercise of civil or political rights; nor anywhere address them as a part of the people immediately responsible for the civil aspect of the state or nation to which they belong. But because it has not done this, has "it done no more for women than for the brutes that perish?" Has it indeed added no jot nor tittle to the acknowledged rights of "pagan women?"—for these are of course the rights designated as "acknowledged rights."

Again, "Everywhere, among barbarians as well as Christians, they are permitted to enjoy just what man may happen to think will best promote his comfort and nothing more."

Grant this—though by the way, it is not strictly true—and what then? Does not woman in making man comfortable, render herself so, if this "comfort" is used in any rational sense? Are the sources of comfort to the two sexes so widely different, that woman is promoting that of man, must necessarily do violence to her own happiness? Can a true woman ever be happier than when she is surrounded by those whom her efforts—her sacrifices if you will—have made happy? Not that there should of right be sacrifices on either side, nor in a rational state of things can there be, for the rights of each sex must always conduce to the happiness of the other.

But what does this "nothing more" mean? Ought woman to have any rights or enjoyments but such as harmonize with that of man? Can she have any such? Could they be necessary to complete her happiness? Not unless the wisdom of nature failed here, and she blundered into one of these gross errors which sometimes expose the weakness of human intellect.

Is this assertion true with regard to the women of our own land?—Every one who knows the condition of our American wives and daughters, must answer no. It were, perhaps, to be wished, for the sake of these very wives and daughters, and for the welfare of the country, that this language did more nearly describe their condition. But it is not notoriously true, that in this country man is the slave of woman? Slave in every sense but that of being her chattel—slave to her caprice, slave to her vanity, slave to her love of ease?

The fact is painful and humiliating—if possible, more degrading to woman than to man—but it is not true! When a man is married, if he entertain an ordinary degree of respect and affection for his wife, does he not shape his pursuits and mode of life to her wishes as far as it is possible to do so? Does he not consult with her—reason, persuade and argue—and will one man in five hundred say that he forms his plans independently of her wishes and suggestions?

Whatever our mental bondage may be, the physical bondage in which the women of these United States hold the male citizen, is complete, abject and disgraceful. We have but little aristocracy here—but few fortunes that have not been obtained by the toil and anxiety of their possessors; and yet it is doubtful if there is a country on earth where the women submit to less privation or toil; where indolence is so generally considered a mark of refinement, and thorough helpless dependence on some overtasked father or husband, the consequence of the refinements. While men toil like galleys-slaves at their various trades or professions, exhausting bodily and mental strength and the very capabilities of enjoying that which they have earned, by over exertion, the women, even of our middling classes, live comfortably and at ease. Her household duties are performed by "hired help," paid from the sweat of her husband's brow, she, "*poor helpless slave of man's injustice*," watches her husband go forth to his daily toil from her lounging place on the sofa—changes her morning wrapper for a dress—too expensive by half for her condition—calls on her equally idle friends, goes a shopping, strolls the pave if she live in town, or if in the country, visits her neighbors, reads novels and magazines, works bits of inserting and worsted embroidery, remodels her dresses, trims her flower beds and pines for more elegant and fashionable life; while all the day long, the husband, father and brother are bowed down with toil and care. She demands—be supplied; she lavishes—be acquired; and this is, in some degree, as it should be, did not her demands become year by year so excessive and extravagant, as to impose on him the necessity of unremitting and multiplied labors or hazardous speculations. What is it that the exacting and selfish vanity of woman that makes the great body of American citizens such delvers for pence? Men measure the fortune they must acquire, or the income they must provide, by the demand at home; this is necessarily great, when one, two, or three women and girls, advancing to womanhood, are dependent for a life of ease and luxury upon the efforts of a single man.

Go into Broadway, or the great fashionable thoroughfare of any American city, you will find them thronged and brilliant with women, stately and beautiful women, with foreheads that the winds of heaven have not visited too roughly, and hands, delicate as the lily, when it first unfolds its bosom to the sunshine. They are arrayed sumptuously, as the women of no other country can deck themselves for the street,—it and out—where jewelry and costly fabrics of every kind are displayed for sale, they are constantly moving purse in hand, eager for some novelty which money can purchase; or tiring of this, they glide gracefully onward, smiling thoughtless and happy. *Poor Slaves*, mark how they preponderate over their masters in these places of fashionable display, but no where else—a few men are there, lounging upon the steps of a hotel, and idling at the windows of a reading-room; idlers they are, moustached Counts, fancy Barons, and foreign adventurers, but few *American Citizens*. Those vestments of glowing velvet, costly furs, and flowing feathers fluttering amidst priceless laces, and gathered at the throat with precious stones, those evidences of wealth, which the hereditary fortunes and pampered taste of a European aristocracy would hardly sanction—whence come they? Where are the haughty, unjust, and selfish beings, who have placed all these helpless and suffering creatures in bondage. The tyrant husbands, and the tyrant fathers, who have forged the golden chains, which glitter on the *slaves*, and riveted them with jewels of price, why are they absent from this exhibition of their own mighty power.

Walk on a little farther: Turn down those dim and narrow streets, choked with merchandise, and almost shut out from the bright sunshine by towering warehouses; go into the close and dusky counting-rooms, you will find men there with the anxieties of business, and the depression of overtasked faculties written upon their foreheads, in lines that cannot be mistaken. You will find men of high and aspiring minds, chained to the desk, like bond slaves. A little farther on, and you will see the same class of beings walking the pavements of a crowded thoroughfare, careworn and feverish, hurrying to and fro, from bank to bank, to the broker's office and the Exchange, speculating in stocks, manœuvring for the renewal of a note, and filled with mental anxieties, till big drops stand upon their foreheads, and they, like the common laborer, literally wring wealth from the sweat of the brow. Go into the Editor's office—the mechanic's workshop, visit all those places of toil and traffic, where men exhaust the last energies of man's nature, to a

worthless struggle for gain. There—behold the tyrant at his toil yonder his slave, whom we are called upon to redress.

In this country, and especially in cities, a young man must be prepared to furnish a home elegantly, and to support a wife in idleness, before he can venture to form a matrimonial connection. He must spend his best years in slavery to a prospective mistress, and when he has chosen the one whom he will serve, his thews and sinews, mental and physical, must support her. Talk of woman's being permitted in this country "to enjoy just what man may happen to think will best promote his comfort, and no more!"—she enjoys all that his utmost efforts can procure for her, to pamper the appetite or gratify the sense: and this not altogether as his slave, or plaything,—as a creature whom he may crush or deny at any moment, when his caprice or ambition shall dictate. A good woman enjoys it in virtue of the respect he holds her in,—of the rights which he acknowledges as hers,—of the high position to which she has been advanced: a bad one commands it from the power which she holds of rendering his household a place of torment to him, from the incessant war which she can wage upon his hearthstone, and in the presence of his children,—from the discomfort which is brought on by carelessness or premeditated neglect, and the thousand contemptible and petty means of domestic warfare which no man can use so dexterously as an unprincipled and wrong-headed woman.

Does any man dream that the privileges and prerogatives justly ours, or even those we choose to usurp, could be denied to us with success? Does any one suppose that they could be taken from us at all? It must be granted that this selfish, indolent, and sometimes dangerous, liberty of choosing our own means of happiness, is a lot the freedom which woman should enjoy. This petty tyranny is disgraceful,—and more so to us who exercise it, than to man who submits to it. It degrades and enervates instead of ennobling and developing women. It makes her substitute petty and contemptible aims for the highest and the noblest triumphs of the intellect and the affections to which we can aspire. Still, it is what woman chooses, and not what man permits. Those who have more noble aspirations and useful pursuits are equally free to follow them.

"But among the better sort of Chinese it is their privilege to be made crops for life—among the bumbler to plough, while the husband sows. In another part of the world to dig and plant, and bear the children on her back, till the boys are old enough to beat her—while the husband lolls in the shade," &c.—(By the way, can a Christian country be named where women are so treated? Yet it is said that Christianity has done little more for women than for the beasts that perish!) But if it be the privilege of women in China and other parts of the world to submit to these things, it is one which we equally prize. The laws of our country require no woman to distort her person, or ruin her health, by a fashion of dress which has been a theme of censure among the wise and philosophical of our countrymen for many long years—yet thousands have gone down to untimely graves in the exercise of this privilege—not to please their husbands, fathers, or brothers—not because they desired the sacrifice, but in defiance of their exhortations against it, and with the voice of their lamentations following them to the tomb. Did our tyrants interfere with our privileges then? No!—when they had argued and persecuted against it in vain, the more ladylike and effeminate dropped quietly into our example, and this is almost the only important encroachment on the "Rights of Women" that we can reasonably complain of.

Again, it is asserted that "in this country there is a greater difference between the privileges of men and the privileges of women,—the rights of men and the rights of women,—than to any other on the face of the earth—all the men being free, and all the women slaves at birth, and incapable of becoming free by any change of circumstances." The first part of this assertion is already shown to be erroneous. Men in this country are not free socially, though politically and civilly they are, thanks to a just Heaven and our brave forefathers,—more free than men are anywhere on the face of the earth. It must next be ascertained, what is the slavery to which woman is born and hopelessly consigned? It is that "she is excluded from all participation in business—in the professions—in government—in power—from all offices, whether of honour or profit, whatever may be her qualifications for them, or her necessities for the relief they would afford,—condemned to labour all her life long, for from a fifth to a fifteenth part of what man is paid for the same labour,—to be taxed without her own consent, and to be governed by laws made by people whose interest is directly opposed to hers in

every important question of self-government." These are the prominent features of that slavery to which woman in the United States is born hopelessly consigned.

Now, if these things are all, in all exactly as they are here set down, the conclusion is perhaps not too strong for the premises—though even then, it might be doubted whether no change of circumstances could redeem woman from this slavery! But let us inquire into the facts. Women make up in numbers the majority of society. In the merely social customs, therefore, apart from all other influences save the choice of the majority, it cannot be disputed that they are the supreme power. In all merely social provisions, then, the sex is responsible to itself. Of this character is a great proportion of the wrongs complained of. What excludes women from all participation in business,—in the professions, or at least, such as would be proper for her to adopt—(and these are very few)?—What causes her to labour for such ruinously low wages? Why are degradation and disgrace heaped upon her (*merely because she labours*!) with a cool-bloodedness for which the annals of Christianland man scarcely afford a parallel? What reason is there for this but the prejudices and vanities of her own sex? When a wife or daughter who has lived in affluence, and perhaps adorned the most refined social circle, is reduced to the necessity of employing her hands to procure an honest livelihood, who are the first to repulse the advances of her hard-earned hand, or turn coldly or contemptuously away from the imploring eye?—sister women, whose duty it is to cherish and support each other! Who frowns more bitterly on the poor girl, labouring for a fifteenth part of what man gets for the same labour, than she who exults in displaying on her person the work of her trembling fingers!—or who looks more coldly on the impoverished mother, toiling that she may feed, clothe, and educate her destitute children, than the high-born and polished woman! Does anything but this cruel prejudice among ourselves prevent women from entering any of the walks of business that are adapted to her constitution?—Why are all the lighter and more elegant kinds of labour overdone, and the health of hundreds ruined in striving every nerve to earn a mere subsistence at these, when there is a demand for the same hands at other employments with a much larger compensation?—Why, but that we pronounce them *more genteel*, and bestow more respect upon those who follow them than upon others, though their worth and intelligence may not entitle them to as much. We alone can redeem our sex from those evils. Let us once acknowledge worth, intelligence and usefulness as the measure of the respect we will pay to woman wherever we find her, whatever be her employment, and she will be redeemed at once from this deplorable species of slavery.

(To be concluded next week.)

ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

By the Columbia, which arrived at Boston on Sunday morning last, we have London papers to the 3d, and Liverpool to the 4th inst. We find little of importance excepting upon the subject of the repeal of Ireland, which excites considerable interest in Parliament, and throughout the nation generally. Ireland is convulsed from north to south, and O'Connell seems to have met with a warm and spirited supporter in one Dr. Higgins, the Romanist Bishop of Armagh, who openly declared that the Romanist Bishops are repeaters—the Archbishop of Dublin, however, denies this in a letter, but though the fact is denied, he does not condemn the repeal movement.

O'Connell has commenced the campaign in good earnest, and since he and thirteen others have been removed from the magistracy for attending repeal meetings, has become more frantic than ever. He has threatened to move for the impeachment of the Lord Chancellor for this act, and contends that it necessarily endangers the stability of the throne, and the security of the connection between both countries.

He denies that the repeal meetings are illegal, and insists that Sir Robert Peel had no authority for asserting that Her Majesty had "expressed her determination to prevent the carrying of the R-peal of the Union." The conduct of this government, nevertheless, affords proof of the fact, as the most active measures are being taken to prevent an outbreak.

The greatest activity prevails at Woolwich, Chatham, and other military garisons, in sending off with all despatch by sea and railway, troops, ammunition, arms, &c., to Ireland. The Cyclops steamer left the Thames with 1000 malices on board.

25,000 stand of arms have been sent from the Tower, and the three regiments which were under orders to embark from that country for England, have since been ordered to remain. In addition to these, several regiments in different parts of England have received orders to proceed forthwith to Ireland, and armed steamers, and men-of-war have also been despatched there.

All the Irish forts, castles and battlements have been inspected by

a government engineer, and ordered to be repaired and placed in a state of perfect utility. Indeed, the preparations of government are such as would indicate that a civil war is not far distant.

No doubt the next arrival will bring us fearful calamities. It is doubtful if her Majesty will now pay her contemplated visit to Ireland.

The following, very curious announcement appears in the *Athletic Sentinel*, a Radical journal:—

“**PUBLIC PRAYERS FOR O’CONNELL.**—We understand that some, if not the majority of the Bishops of Ireland, are about addressing pastoral letters to their clergy, directing the insertion of the name of Mr. O’Connell in the public prayers after the name of her Majesty, before the commencement of the holy sacrifice of the mass. In consequence of the diabolical threats of a assassination held out against the Liberator, propitiatory sacrifices are deemed necessary, lest the Almighty would permit the violent removal of the only man who can at present direct the mighty storm of public opinion. They know full well that if caught haphazard to O’Connell it would be impossible to keep the Irish people from taking a bloody and fearful revenge on all whom they suspected to be, we will not say any privy to such a nefarious proceeding, but on all whom they believed to coincide with them in opinions, or who would rejoice at such an event; and, in mercy even to the anti-Irish in Ireland, it is fervently to be hoped the prayer to be offered will be effectual, and will prevent so great a calamity.

The news from France is common-place and unimportant—we are not even favored with a trifling anecdote with which to season the dish we have to serve up.

The India mail had arrived, with accounts from India to the 21 of May—from China to the 13th of March. The affairs of Sindh were tranquil, though some troubles had taken place at Sirkand, and a serious engagement had been fought at Kyau.

The death of Commissioner Elphinstone was the only news at Canton; but fresh attacks were expected on the factories. On Major Malcolm’s arrival, Sir H. Pottinger was to go to Canton with the ratification of the treaty.

Manchester has been the scene of another outbreak. A party of drunken soldiers started to fight, when a policeman interfered—the mob joined the soldiers, and a riot ensued—the rioters were subsequently arrested, and the subject was undergoing an investigation.

In Scotland a secession has taken place of those ministers who are opposed to the interference of the civil powers in ecclesiastical matters.

The disruption arose from a dispute as to the right of the civil courts to interfere in clerical matters, on the one hand, and on the other from the dread that if the spiritual courts once assumed authority, they might dangerously and eagerly usurp and trench upon the prerogatives of all other tribunals.

It was a bad day for Scotland when this rupture occurred. It will require years of patient conciliation and anxious labor to atone for the mischief which this feud has done.

All the clergymen whom the non-intrusionists, whom they had a majority in the Assembly, had deposited in the refectory.

There remain 733 parish ministers, and 192 ministers of chapels, who adhere to the Establishment.

Mr. Crawford brought forward a motion in Parliament for the extension of the suffrage, and the shortening the duration of Parliaments, which was lost by a vote of 161 to 92.

The christening of the infant princess took place on the 2d inst., in the Chapel Royal, receiving the name of *Alfred Mary*.

The king of Hanover, who was to have stood sponsor did not arrive in time, and was therefore represented by proxy.

EVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—June 2. The demand for Cotton continues dull, and the market has remained in the same flat state during the whole week. The sales of the week are 350 bales Surat, ordinary to good fair, at 3 8 to 3 13d; 270 bales Madras at 2 8 to 3 8d; and 6 bales Borel Georgia.

LIVERPOOL TWARCO MARKET.—For the month ending May 31. We give the sales of the past month, which amount altogether to 1263 bales, the market having been firm throughout, with a tendency to improvement. Of the sales made 345 bales were taken for Ireland, 200 for export, 174 by speculators, and the remaining 547 by manufacturers. The quality of the present crop of Virginia is proving considerably below an average; in many instances it is very inferior. Such this year 9468 bales against 6454 last year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ACCIDENT TO MR. BRODIE.—This gentleman has entirely recovered. The half-sovereign has been removed from the windpipe by an ingenious but extremely simple process. It having been found by experiment that the coin was in the windpipe, Sir B. Brodie resolved to try the operation of inverting the body of the patient, that is, of placing him with his head downwards, to see if the coin might exit thus, when the patient coughed, and it was out. This experiment was tried on the 25th April. Mr. Brunel having swallowed the half-sovereign on the 5th. When the body was inverted, and the back gently struck, Mr. Brunel felt the half-sovereign slip downwards, and strike against the glottis, but so violent a spasmodic coughing then came on, that it was judged perilous to continue the experiment. On the 27th an incision was made on the windpipe of the forefinger, but as great was the consequent irritation, that the patient’s life would have been perilled by a continuance of the operation. The incision was, however, kept open, and on the 13th inst the first experiment was repeated, but with this advantage, that the in-

cision being open, the spasmodic action of the glottis, which had previously hindered the coin from slipping from the windpipe, was prevented. On this occasion, as before, Mr. Brunel was placed with his head downwards, the back was gently struck, and instantly the coin tumbled from the patient’s mouth without exciting, in its passage through the glottis, the slightest distress or inconvenience.

It is rumored that previous to the nuptials of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, with the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg Strilitz, an application will be made to Parliament by ministers, to settle an annuity on that Princess of £3000 per annum.—The auspicious ceremony is now understood to be fixed for the first week in July.

The quarterly average of the weekly assets and liabilities of the Bank of England, from Feb. 25th to the 20th of May, show that the circulation has decreased by £386 000, that the deposits are less by £480 000, and the securities by £891 000; while the bullion has increased by £101 000, and the rest by £07 000.

MISS MITCHELL.—We are happy to find that the subscription raised for relieving the difficulties of this amiable lady has been so far successful, that in a letter to the Rev. William Henry, acknowledging his kind interest on her behalf, the gifted authoress writes:—“You will, I know, be glad to hear that things are going on well, so far as the subscription is concerned. The debts are all paid, and there will be some hundreds surplus, which was what my friends wished in their kindness; for my own part, I was desirous more set upon the payment of the debts. But now both parties are gratified.”

During the last inquiry before the Privy Council, Lord Brougham is reported to have said that he knew “a very great sailor, one of the greatest seamen of the present time,” who said he would not cross the Atlantic in the Great Western if they were to give her to him. It is suggested that his Lordship has mistaken a letter, and that for sailor he must read tailor—for seamen, seamen.

NOVAL PASSANT TO TAKE PACIA OF EGYPT.—Amongst the miscellaneous cargo carried out to Egypt by the Great Liverpool, was a case of six splendid salmon, caught in the river Tist, near Southampton. They were packed in ice and there is little doubt of their arriving at their destination in good condition. As this description of fish has never yet been seen in Egypt, it will indeed be a rarity.

It is stated that a large quantity of foreign provisions from the Continent and America has been seized by the Custom House officers, under the 11th clause of the Customs’ Act, which prohibits the importation of foreign goods bearing British marks. The enactment in question was intended to prevent the piracy of English goods by foreign manufacturers. We do not believe that it was intended to apply to American or German pork, or meat beef, or to other similar provisions.

The last reduction by one-half the Customs’ duties at the Island of Madeira had passed both Chambers.

The Belgian journals relate the following strange occurrence:—“A gentleman, named B—, a native of Holland, has been for some time confined in a mad house at Brussels, for religious monomania. He one day got loose, and climbed up one of the trees, with the design, he said to go straight to heaven. Thence below, where he was him climbing up, feared a fall, and the director of the establishment ordered mattresses to be placed under the tree. Before this could be done, he jumped down, came on his feet, and was but little hurt. The shock, strange to say, cured his mental alienation, and a few days since he left the madhouse perfectly well.”

A destructive fire occurred in Liverpool on the 27th of May. It broke out in the upper part of a warehouse in Duke’s Dock and destroyed property valued at from £15 000 to £20 000.

WILL OF THE LATE MR. RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.—The will of this wealthy cottoner was yesterday proved in Doctors’ Commons, by the oaths of Robert Arkwright, Peter Arkwright, and Charles Arkwright, three of the sons and executors named in the will, which is dated 16th December, 1841. This document effectually contradicts the statements which have been going the round of the press. One paragraph asserted that the deceased had given £1,000 000 to Vice-Chancellor Sir R. Wigram. This is so far from being the case, that that gentleman has not received a legacy of any kind. Mr. Arkwright gives to his son Robert, £100 000; to his son Peter, £40 000; to his son John, £50 000; to his son Joseph, £30 000; to his grandson Francis Hunt, £35 000; to six of his grand-nephews, £14 000 each, and to all of his other grand-children, £5 000 each in his daughter Anne, wife of Vice-Chancellor Wigram, £25 000 absolutely, and a life interest in £50 000, with power of disposal at her death; to the Derbyshire General Infirmary, £200; to the General Hospital near Nottingham, £300; to the Lincoln Hospital and Asylum near Manchester, £300; to his butler, £100; and to his housekeeper, 100. The residue of his property is given to his five sons, who are named executors. The property has been sworn to exceed in value £1,000 000, but this is only a nominal sum, as the sale of stamp duties goes no higher. The probate bears a stamp of £15 000, and the legacy duty will amount to a much larger sum. We have heard the whole of his property estimated as high as six millions, but we believe this estimate is much exaggerated.

FIRST IMPORTATION OF PORK, &c., FROM NEW ORLEANS.—Tuesday, the 28th inst. Capt. John B. Biddle, belonging to New Brunswick, arrived in London Docks from New Orleans, with a perfectly full cargo of provisions:—viz., 1,019 barrels and 227 tins of pork, 127 barrels and 5 boxes of bacon, 2 barrels of hams, 3,421 kegs and 1

sheep of lard, 124 barrels of tallow, 11 half-barrels of tongue, 230 casks, of oil-oake, and 50 barrels of flour.

"Go the Whole Hog!"—The expression, I am told, is of Virginia origin. In that State, when a butcher kills a pig, it is usual to demand of each customer whether he will "Go the whole hog!" as, by such extensive traffic, a purchaser may supply his table at a lower price than is demanded of him whose imagination reveals among prime pieces to the exclusion of baser matter.—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.*

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

"*Linda di Chamouni*," the much-talked-of opera, by Donzetti, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday night, and with a degree of success which seems to promise for it a vitality of considerable duration.

Donna Lola's costume, a Spanish danseuse is announced to make her appearance there in a new dance entitled *El Orleano*.

In the ballet, *Carito* is now the great object of attraction. She appears every evening in her favorite part of *Alma*, and is received by the amateurs with unabated enthusiasm.

Covent Garden theatre still remains closed. Bunn, in a letter to Dupres, the celebrated tenor, says, "Such clouds hover over our theatres that, excepting the Italian Opera, where fashion predominates more than good taste, I do not think that any performance can be sufficiently attractive to cover expenses. Our celebrated *basso cantante*, Staudigl, and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, could not draw last Friday in "Norma" more than £64. I consequently resolved to end the season, and the theatre is now closed. I reserved, nevertheless, the hope, at a later period, to be in the position to let you play *Giulietta Tell*. It is reported, however, that it will not again be opened for theatrical purposes; and there is some probability of the Duke of Bedford's purchasing it, in order to enlarge the market.

Mr. Roberts, of Drury Lane Theatre, has, it is rumored, become the lessee of the English Opera House. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hudson and other popular favorites, will, it is said, be amongst the *corps dramatique*.

Mons. Dupres is at length engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, where he will make his first appearance in the course of a few days.

Mr. Maywood commences his career at the Strand Theatre on Monday next. The pieces announced for representation are, a new burlesque by Mr. W. S. Emden, entitled *Loret's Labyrinth*; a drama in two acts by Mr. Lunn, called *The Rose and the Tattler*; and Mr. Henry Mayhew's farce of *The Wandering Minstrel*.

A new musical drama called *The Swedish Ferryman*, is announced for production at the Princess's Theatre; and Mr. Allen of Drury Lane is engaged at this establishment.

Macready has relinquished the directorship of Drury Lane—he was announced to make his last appearance in London on the 12th inst, for a considerable period.

Sheridan Kean has had a good benefit. It is stated that though his last play, "The Site of a City," was not successful, he received no more than £100 for it—like the really excellent comedy of "Mothers and Daughters," was played one night, received triumphantly, and then was "seen no more." A very fair commentary upon the present state of the drama.

The Haymarket is doing well—a translation of Scribe's opera, "*La part du Diable*," has been produced with great success.

Mr. Brabant and his son Charles have been giving a series of concerts in the towns of Rochester, Canterbury, Deal, and Sandwich, with considerable success. On Monday they sang at the Ipswich Theatre to a tolerable audience.

Mr. Charles Kean is about to perform for a week at the Nottingham Theatre. The Liverpool Theatre Royal was unexpectedly closed last Monday, after a very disastrous season. The Gas Company refused to light the house till the bills were paid.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. JOHN TUDMAN HAINES.—This popular dramatic author and comedian died suddenly, at his house at Stockwell, at two o'clock yesterday, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Haines was the author of many successful pieces. The drama of "My Poll and my Partner Joe," acted some years ago at the Surrey Theatre, under the management of the late Mr. Davidge, yielded a profit of £4000. As a stage manager and a comedian, Mr. Haines was held in the highest esteem by his fellow comedians. He was the stage manager of the English Opera House at the time of his decease.

A benefit for his widow is to be given at the Surrey Theatre. The city of Paris has voted a gratuitous grant of a piece of ground for the erection of a monument to the memory of Chamberlain.

The whole of the Drury Lane company have agreed to give up their respective salaries on Monday next, when the receipts will be appropriated to the erection of a monument to the memory of Mrs. Siddons.

The engagements at the New Strand Theatre for the ensuing season have been completed. The company will be a very strong one.

The English Opera House has again terminated its season in a most disastrous manner. In answer to inquiries at the treasury for the last month, the reply has been "no effects."

VIOLIN.—A youth, Jules Bonelli, eight years of age, is at present all the rage here; he has finished a mass, and his score is faultless. Donizetti took great interest in him. Donizetti's new opera, "*Marla de Ruban*," has been put in rehearsal. Tadolini, Guasco, and Ronconi take the leading parts in the work, which is composed expressly for the Imperial Theatre.

Rossini has arrived at Paris, and created quite a sensation among the *fanciosi per ed musica*. It is expected that he will produce a new opera.

Mr. C. E. Hore's Concert at the Music Hall was well attended. His Christmas Bells is very well spoken of.

A new violinist has appeared in London, with considerable success, a M. de Mucci.

Camille Sivori the new violinist, gave a concert at the Opera a short time since, at the regular prices, *a la Paganini*, and failed. He was a pupil of that great player, and at his death received his violin—his "dying bequest to his beloved and only pupil." He is said to approach him nearer than any artist who has yet visited England, notwithstanding this, his playing is considerably inferior to a servile copy, and, consequently, his success is equivocal. Like Nagle he performs feats of buffoonery upon the instrument, but, as *adagio* of Ernst or De Beriot is infinitely preferable to all the pizzicato effects, staccato bowing, double stopping, playing on one string, harmonics, &c., in which these players revel. Let them invent novel effects and they may claim the glory of genius.

Vieuxtemps is at present at Prague, where he is as eminently as successful as he was in London.

Ernst is shortly expected to Paris, and will no doubt pay us a visit here.

Auben's "*Muette de Portici*" has been produced in the Bohemian language at Prague, and has met with much applause.

Rumour, with its thousand tongues, has been very busy in propagating that Fanny Elssler has come in for a thumping legacy. The fact is, Fanny was in the hopes of being named in the will of a certain opulent financier, and had expended some time to watch over her interests, but the event did not realise her expectations.

Tamburini has given a concert at Strasbourg, where he has been crowned with success. A splendid brooch has been given to him by a society of *dilettanti*; and the Philharmonic Society had presented him with a silver cup. In the evening a serenade took place under his windows.

The Virginia Minstrels are giving, "Grand Vocal and Instrumental Ethiopian Concerts in Liverpool, in which they profess to delineate, through the medium of new and Original Negro Melodies, Lectures, and Dances, the SPORTS and PASTIMES of the SLAVE RACE of AMERICA."

A curious trial has occupied the Ball Court, London. The proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Chapman, to recover £2400, being a year's rent, for the saloon of that theatre, have brought an action against the chief of which was, that in consequence of certain regulations made by Mr. Macready, by which a particular class at females were excluded from the saloon, the receipts were lessened. The case was not concluded.

Mr. Gregory the proprietor of the "Satirist," has brought an action against the Duke of Brunswick and others, for conspiracy. Mr. Gregory purporting one night at Drury Lane, and complains of receiving too warm a reception from the Duke and his friends. The Duke pleaded justification, inasmuch as he had been libelled in the *Satirist*, but his plea was overruled.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

We have this month an unusually large and elegant variety of summer fashions, embracing every novelty of the season, both in French and English costume.

Chapeaux and Capotes are made of the lightest materials, many entirely of lace, with the brims quite transparent. Jonquille and white crepe will be fashionable. Capotes of tulle, ribbon, and entre deux of blonde, the brims edged with a ruche, and trimmed with roses, are the prettiest for half dress; those of silk are trimmed with black lace for walking, and with lace for half dress. Italian and rice straw (or chip, as it is often called) are very fashionable.

Paletots, Mantelles, Scarfs, and Camails are in great request. The manteau Marie Antoinette is admirable for a tall and graceful figure.—The *per-deusse* Odette, a new version of the camail, and the new *muslin* paletots, are much admired: as is also the mantellet *recharge*, which combines the excellences of both the scarf and mantel. Those for full dress are cut low in the neck, and composed of lace or India muslin.—The newest materials for half dress are the gros de Chine, Seilina and Milan tulle; grenadine, plain and figured bareges, and the Pekin camelon, a changeable silk of the colors. For full dress, tulle; Persian, and the royal mandarin.

ROSES.—There is a great variety in the form of roses. Some are laced up in front; some thrown open in lapels, either in a single piece, or in a collar, with a lappel on each side; while some are tight to the shape in front, and cut down a little in the centre; the backs high and full. Laced corsages, too, are in favor. Tight sleeves, though in the ascendant, have not excluded the demi large ones. The *manches* Louis XII. and XV. are much worn. Flounces, particularly of lace, are very fashionable.—The newest materials for half dress are the gros de Chine, Seilina and Milan tulle; grenadine, plain and figured bareges, and the Pekin camelon, a changeable silk of the colors. For full dress, tulle; Persian, and the royal mandarin.

CATS.—Caps keep in favor, but are much shorter at the ears. Colors have not much altered. For plain silks, bonnets, or ribbon, pink, white, and a new shade of grey are most in request.—*The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*

DIED.

On Tuesday afternoon, Capt. Wm. T. Wheeler, late of the bark *Fort*, of Eastport, Maine, in the 27th year of his age.

On Monday, after a lingering illness, Mary Ann B., wife of Henry A. Whitney, aged 30 years.

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New York, May 19, 1843.

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1844

H. C. PERKINS, Administrator.
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The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheets, in pursuance of their intention to make it the BEST and MOST INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

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Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nouvelle tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

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Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "humsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the rabidities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his truth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their special objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literatures of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn us the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

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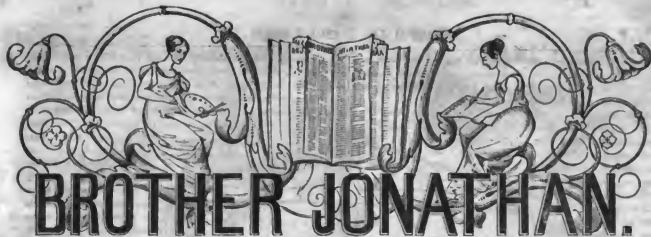
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VOL. V.—NO. 9.

NEW YORK, JULY 1 1843.

WHOLE NO. 207.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

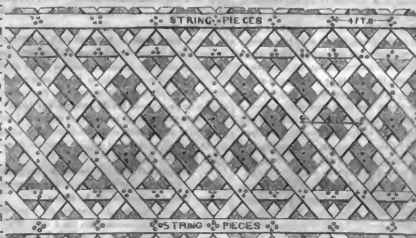
In a former article, we treated of the newly invented improved bridges of Mr. Town, and made extracts from his own descriptions of it. We had intended at that time to extend the article and insert the other illustrations, but want of space prevented. The further notice of this great invention, which promises to be of such vast utility to this country, will not be unacceptible to our readers.

There are certain natural features of the earth peculiar to every country. In this part of the world, the size and extent of the rivers are distinguishing traits. The features of the land are all bold and decided.—There are few levels of great extent (except some of western prairies,) and very little of our country which could be called tame or uninteresting. Hence, for our wide rivers and huge ravines, the arched stone bridges of Europe would not do—or if they would answer the purpose, the expense of construction would be so great, that the ordinary resources of the country would be wholly inadequate. The invention, by Mr. Town of a perfect *truss* bridge, has offered a substitute as cheap, strong and durable. It is not pretended that wood is incombustible or as lasting as granite; but a good wooden bridge, covered from the weather, would last a hundred years or more, and that term would give a village time to become a city, and a wild forest country time to be thickly settled with a community of wealthy farmers and manufacturers, and then if they chose to expend a large sum on a fine stone bridge instead of a small one of wood, it would be their undoubted right to do so. But the people of this country are not fond of lavish expenditures which are not imperiously called for by the exigencies of the community. In nine cases out of ten, a too rigid economy is evident in every public or private undertaking of any importance, and the apparent parsimony of the people has been a reproach. From this stigma, in many instances, the country is excused, from the infancy and consequent poverty of the communities which are compelled to undertake the erection of public buildings, bridges, &c., before they had time to arrange the ways and means.

These bridges, which are now being generally adopted in the whole

country, are just the thing that was most wanted. Viaduct many new railroads are constantly in requisition; bridges of almost innumerable length must be made; when the railroad, to avoid a wide circuit, must cross an extensive valley or expanded river, and stone structures could not be made, even if the capital were to be had, without years of delay. These can be built at once and without great preparation, and even of unseasoned timber, taken direct from the forest and sawed into the proper sized plank. With all these advantages of facility in construction, it is not to be wondered at that these bridges should be so generally adopted; and the only wonder is, that after so much expense as has been had in all parts of the country, in regard to the real superiority and simplicity of Mr. Town's improvements, that any other mode should be used at all, and especially such as cost one and a half or twice the sum of money, and yet have no where near the strength, simplicity, or chance of long duration, which every engineer of profound science and long and well tested experience in practical mechanics, must see and acknowledge this mode possesses. There can be no doubt, where there is sufficient knowledge and experience to judge on such subjects, and where there is not such knowledge, no individual has the right to decide or advise; to do so, would be either ignorance or fraud. These comparisons or individuals cannot see too much caution and care in deciding questions of so much importance in a public as well as private view.—Mr. Town invites the most rigid and critical investigation, we understand in all respects, as to his latest improvement; and if applied to, will answer all objections which can be made, and give such directions and advice, as will prevent in the execution of his mode, all possible imperfections which might, and certainly will accrue in all mechanical business, when performed under the direction of ignorant, inexperienced and incompetent agents, which have no interest in the principle which they recommend or adopt, beyond a good compensation by the proprietors, or from some other interested quarter. Had more skill, caution and prudence been used in selecting the best and most economical modes of con-

SIDE VIEW.



The side elevation of a truss. The height of a truss may be greater or less, by any number of half dimensions, or by a change of the angle of the truss-brace.

struction or individuals cannot see too much caution and care in deciding questions of so much importance in a public as well as private view.—Mr. Town invites the most rigid and critical investigation, we understand in all respects, as to his latest improvement; and if applied to, will answer all objections which can be made, and give such directions and advice, as will prevent in the execution of his mode, all possible imperfections which might, and certainly will accrue in all mechanical business, when performed under the direction of ignorant, inexperienced and incompetent agents, which have no interest in the principle which they recommend or adopt, beyond a good compensation by the proprietors, or from some other interested quarter. Had more skill, caution and prudence been used in selecting the best and most economical modes of con-

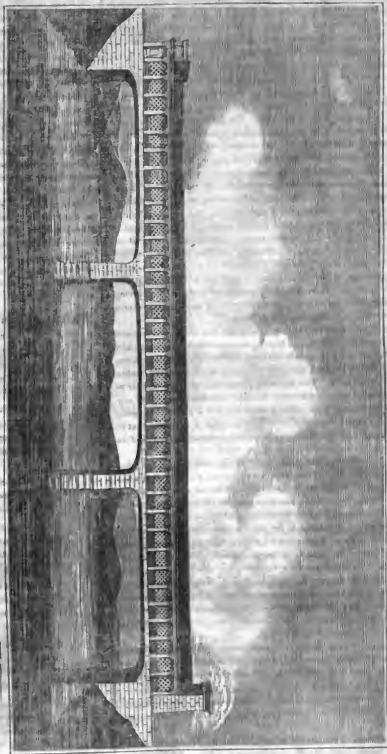
burg, in 1832. A high freshet, in the Ohio, forced away one pier of one of the long bridges at that place, by which two arches were destroyed; and although the bridge was intended to be secured with the string piece, effectually, at or near the foot of each arch, yet such was the effect when, by the absence of two arches, the whole counteracting pressure of the arches was destroyed, that I found, by careful examination, soon after the destruction of the two arches, that all the other arches were giving way and settling, nearly or quite across this wide river. The giving

way of these ties, on which the road-way was placed, was so great as to require prompt and ample additional support, by props and otherwise, to keep some of the arches from falling; and even then, they settled so as to push nearly all the piers from their true position, in a horizontal direction, so as to produce cracks and violence, which were plainly seen, but was greatest in those piers nearest to the part broken away. These piers were not very high, and yet were large in proportion, and of beautiful stone on the exterior. The remaining parts were much injured;



The top or bottom view of a trans, showing the ends of the string piece, the ends of the transverse, in a double arch.

A perspective view of a roofed bridge, with side walls on the guide, protected by columns and railing, situated in a very rich soil.



and by great care and good fortune, were saved from a general destruction. This, then, is a very strong proof that such mode or intention to secure the arches against so formidable an evil, is not generally done so as to render them safe in case of such an accident. That all bridges should be safe in this respect, especially long ones, is of so great importance as not to admit, with prudence, of any possible doubt or question on the subject.

33. The arched bridge requires great weight of timber; most of which, large enough to be subjected to the dry-rot.

4th. The feet of the arches generally ward against the abutments and piers at a point much lower than the floor of the bridge. By this means they are exposed to rains in windy weather, and to dampness from the piers—so much so as to cause their decay in twenty or twenty-five years. This was the case with the bridge at Trenton, over the Delaware; the

feet of the arches were renewed, at very great expense, about 1832, and from the great exposure to the weather of this bridge, above the floor, it will probably require rebuilding in the upper parts within thirty years, unless better protected from the weather. It has been stated that it was left so exposed to the weather to render it secure against wind; most certainly a more mistake, absurd, and unphilosophical idea could not be entertained. There is much less danger from winds to bridges, when covered completely from the weather, than in almost any other kind of building of wood; because they are, when of considerable length, much secured by combination into one mass, their whole length; they are also very heavy, compared with all other wooden structures, and have great strength, as well as a long and continued connection of parts, by which means one part is weight and support to the others; they are never high enough to present a very deep volume to the wind, and, lastly, the wind passes under them so freely as to give itself vent, and if the length presents a wider resistance to the wind, the great length of heavy and well-combined materials is an amply sufficient anchor of safety to itself.

It may well be doubted whether the covering of a bridge on any construction, with trusses or framed work to support them, for spans of more than 100 feet, presents more surface of obstruction to the winds, than is secured from its action by the inclosure. If not covered, all the timbers have half of their surface exposed to strong winds, in a manner similar to what would be the case if such bridge, with all its timbers, were immersed in a quick current of running water; it is evident that in both cases, more surface is exposed to the action of the moving fluid, than would be the case if covered sufficiently to keep out the weather. The reason of which is, because half of the exterior surface of its covering, &c., of a bridge is probably much less than half of the exterior surface of all the timber, plank, &c. of the uncovered bridge; the covering protects the interior timbers, &c. from the action of winds, and presents its own volume only, as one mass, to its force.

The great exposure to decay, from having the feet of the arches stand below the floor of the bridge, and bear or butt against the abutments and piers, thereby occasioning certain decay of their timber, sooner or later, in some instances, been obtained by placing the feet of the arches into the tie string pieces. This certainly does away with the danger of decay, but another greater difficulty succeeds, viz. that in arches of any considerable span, the arch timbers must be, in a segment of a circle, so flat as to be wholly incapable of bearing so great a weight as that of the bridge itself, and the travel over it, which it would be required to sustain also.

It is a well established fact, ascertained by practical experience, that a flat segment, or, which is the same, a small portion of the circumference of a circle or other curve, when applied to the arch of a bridge, exerted in wood, becomes so much exposed to the compression of its wood, by a thrust-strain, as to be wholly inadequate to the purpose. The reason of which is founded in the plain mathematical principle, that as any curved arch of a given span, loaded with a given weight, approaches, by its low altitude, to a horizontal line, its exposure to the compression of its materials, in a thrust manner of strain, increases to an almost incredible degree; so much so, that the wood, which does not increase in its density, or power to resist compression, but remains stationary in this respect, becomes too weak and entirely insufficient, until at last, on a near approach to the horizontal line, even on teeth of its own weight could not be sustained.

In wide spans, to raise the arch so as to give it its adequate power to support a bridge, would present too large a volume to the wind, and that too with such great leverage, as might, indeed, create reasonable fears for the safety of such a construction.

I will here introduce the opinions and descriptions of several eminent Engineers in England, in their late publications on Bridges and Railroads.

Daniel Stevenson, in his sketch of the Civil Engineering of North America: Lon Lon, John Wyle, Architectural Library, 53 High Holborn, 1835; has the following account of this mode. He, however, did not see but a small number of those that were well constructed.

"Plate I is a drawing of 'TOWN'S Patent Lattice Bridge,' which is now employed on the American railways. This construction is sometimes used for bridges of so large a span as 220 feet, and it extends several thousand feet, to overcome the piers on which it rests. A small quantity of materials, of very small amount, arranged in this

manner shown in the plates, possesses a great degree of strength and rigidity.

"For this drawing, I am indebted to Mr. Maurice Robinson, of Philadelphia, who is constructing many large bridges on this principle, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, several of which I examined, both in their finished and unfinished state.

"If the bridge is of greater extent than can be included in one span, it is simply rested on a third pier, in the manner shown in the engravings, without any other support. A covering of light boarding, extending from the level of the road way to the bottom of the ribs, is spiked on the outside of the lattice work, to preserve the timber.

"The largest lattice bridge which I met with was constructed by Mr. Robinson, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. It measures 1,100 feet in length. The lattice-frames of which it is formed extend throughout the whole distance between the two abutments without a break, and are supported on ten stone piers, in the manner shown in the plates.

"On the New York and Harlem Railway there is a lattice bridge 736 feet in length, supported in the same manner on four stone piers."

Since the above, there have been others finished, of much greater extent and goodness, both under the direction of Maurice Robinson, Esq. and others. That at Richmond, Va., is so remarkable for its magnitude and grandeur of effect, from the very bold and rich landscape of that fine city, that its description (it must be admitted, by some very able writer) might well be here introduced, for it would convey both practical information and amusement to the imagination at the same time.

We shall conclude this subject of bridges in one more article, with illustrative engravings.

For the Brother Jonathan.

TALASCO.

FROM THE MIAMI—AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY J. AUGUSTUS SHAW.

Behold him! behold him, the pride of his line,
In beauty and spirit but less than divine;
A model of mould, such as seldom the West
Hath rock'd with its hurricane-cadence to rest.

A mantle of white round his figure is flung,
At his back the full quiver of arrows is hung,
And his lance is embroidered with feathery lace,
From the eagle shot down in the pride of his place.

There shines o'er his brow a magnificent crest
Of the war-eagle's quills and the furs of the west;
And, by breezes uplifted, his dark shining hair
Floats out like a sun gilded cloud on the air.

His steed with a crest, like the chieftain's, is crown'd,
And a net-work, with flashing embroidery bound,
Mete of quills from the forest and shells from the deep,
Envelops his limbs with its beautiful sweep.

That chief of the forest—that hope of his race,
In all the wild pomp of uncivilized grace;
Picture, quip and dramatic, high poins on his steed,
Like a top mountain pino in the hurricane's speed.

Come, find me in Chivalry's fields of Romance,
'Mid peers of proud England or gallants of France,
A noble who beareth his title as light:
As this son of the forest, this son of the sky!

'Tis therefore we feel this electric delight,
This spell-like magnificence rivet the sight,
Looking in on our souls in a minute of time,
And lighting up years of the living sublime.

A SCRIPTURE NAME.—"Don't, take me so, my dear, said an antiquated, pious old lady, to a young sweeping mother who had just lost her only child, a nice cheerful little summer son-in-law: 'Don't take me so, my dear Mrs. Whewyng; woe your tears and be comforted, the little angel is now happy off in heaven where by this time he is safely slumbering in Abraham's bosom.'

"Abraham's son man," said a bystander.
"O! it's all the same!" cooed the good old lady, and they both scripture names."

light weight, and therefore can have no riders on board, you must all stand by for a turn of work on the voyage."

"Delighted—certainly—great pleasure?"—was the general exclamation.

"To prevent all mistakes—yes, as I like to have things all trim and ship-shape—suppose you draw lots among you who shall be cook, steward, and cabin-boy."

"Capital!" cried Jenkins. "Such fun," said Ainsworth. "I'll be steward, and mix the liquor," shouted Cruikshank. "And I'll drink it, my jewel," said Lever, looking round and eliminating a whiff from his cigar with the most nonchalant ease he spoke.

"A mighty pleasant evening," he continued, "we'll make of it; so, George, for once you begin your vocation and produce the mathematics, the higher the opinion I'll have of you."

"Stop a bit, gentlemen," interrupted Henson. "I'm sorry to say, that my stoker is so infernally drunk, that I must leave him behind. I can't take his place myself, because, as you see, I will have enough to do looking after the tiller ropes. I'm the last man to put any gentleman in an awkward or painful position, but one of you must be stoker; and, if you please, we'll draw lots for that too."

"Not a farce among us but grew as long, at this announcement, as a Philadelphia Quaker's. A considerable variety of expressions escaped in the agitation of the moment, and the eyes of all glanced feverishly towards the door.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said Henson, pleasantly but firmly. "We're ready to start. A great problem in science is on the eve of being solved. It is to you and me, as philosophers quite. Will you, for a small matter of personal comfort, delay the great experiment?"

"Oh—yes," exclaimed the modern Hogarth, "science is all very well, and philanthropy may be so too—although I never knew a philanthropist yet, that was not a scoundrel—but I'll see them both at the bottom of the ocean before I'll consent to be shut up in a furnace like Monsieur Chabert. I'm not a salamander."

"It is most probable that we shall all be at the bottom of the ocean if you, or some other of our friends don't accept the vacant shovels," said Henson, smiling. He stepped back and called down something into the engine-room: then advancing to the end of the cabin, he lifted a hatch that was lying beside a large pin, around which was coiled a cable of the thickness of your arm, and with two rapid strokes cut the rope in two. That instant the vessel shot forward like an arrow. Cruikshank disappeared under the table, it was projected into Lever's lap, Ainsworth and Jenkins embraced each other on the floor.

"Now, gentlemen, settle it among yourselves," said Henson, taking his seat very quietly between the tiller ropes. "We are off, and must have a stoker."

"Remonstrance was now fruitless. We therefore picked ourselves up and proceeded to draw lots for the vacant post with the best grace we could. Meanwhile, George continued to say about 'unhandsome advances,' and making gestures typical of a desire to have a little fancy sparring with Mr. Henson. But when he drew the steward's place, the berth which he had previously destined for himself, he became wonderfully tranquil, nay, even smiled at Ainsworth's look of horror, when the devoted post of stoker fell to his lot. I drew the cook's place, Jenkins the cabin-boy; and that the joke might be thoroughly kept up, Lever undertook to be the gentleman of the party.

"Ainsworth, my lad, let me mix you a tumbler," said Cruikshank, who had had by this time emancipated himself behind a chevron de fize of bottles, flanked by two enormous basins of loaf sugar, and garnished with a large supply of shot in the shape of flies. "It will do you good before you turn in for the night. Warm work, you know!"

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Cruikshank; I've had one stoker tipy to-night already," here broke in George. "Not a drop left daylight. No, Ainsworth, the fire's getting low, I see," he continued, as he glanced through a wicket behind him, which commanded a view of the furnace. "You'll require to turn in and watch it."

"Good night, my dear fellow," said we all, pressing round the author of Rook-rook, and shaking him affectionately by the hand. "It might have been our own case, you know."

"I wish to know," said William Harrison, dashing into the engine-room, which Henson deliberately locked behind him.

"Upon my soul, Duggins," said I, "our friend Ainsworth was much to be pitied. I dare say he would rather have been in his own Well-Hole. But the bottle's done. Capital wine this, is it not? *Lieschen, mein Liebskind, kommen Sieheron! Ein anders Flaschen Gieschenesser.*"

"*Mit Vergnügen!*" replied the pretty Lieschen, our husband's daughter, placing another flask on the table. "*Schmeckt das gut? Nicht wahr?*"

"Hummeluck! Well, and how did you get on, after Ainsworth entered upon his fiery task?"

"Why, the fact is, after that we turned to, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Lever told capital stories—Cruikshank brewed capital punch;—was for Jenkins, who detached him to the steward's room to wash the dishes and clean our boots, far fear of his dangerous conversation into his next book. The notion of the vessel, which pursued its way steadily through the air, became very pleasant, after a little, and we were as merry as possible. I soon became very drowsy. Perhaps it might be the rarefied air that overcame me, although I believe we took no great altitude at first either; or perhaps it might be the punch, or both; but I believe I fell asleep about eleven, singing the chorus of

'We fly by Night,' which Henson led off with great taste and no small execution."

"I dare say your aerial chant was regarded as the music of the spheres by any gentleman of a poetical turn who may have heard you."

"Very possibly. But if you're done with that bottle! Thank you!" Duggins refreshed himself with a potent pull at the Gieschenesser, and continued.

"When day dawned, we found ourselves skimming over the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. The prospect was divine. To the east, on the very verge of the horizon, Malta appeared like a black speck against the brilliant orange hue which the rising sun set forth as the precursor of his coming. To the west lay the Sierras of Spain, still wrapped in the fog and gloom of night; whilst the snowy tops of the Atlas range, towards which we were approaching, shone with that ray-light, which the denizens of the Alps behold, ere gliding himself for the pursuit of the chamois, he prefers his prayer from the lowly valley to the blessed Saint, whose star rests like a halo upon the Jungfrau's snow-dusted summit!"

"That's very pretty, Duggins," said I, with a slight yawn. "but we haven't time for that sort of thing just now; so pray keep to facts, will you, and we'll imagine the poetry."

Having satisfied my curiosity with a view of the external landscape, I next directed my attention to my fellow-voyagers. Lever lay sound asleep with his legs stretching across the table. A purple velvet night-cap and gold tassel gracefully concealed his right eye; and the butt end of a cigar, with about an inch of grey ashes, was firmly fixed between his lips. The head of Cruikshank lay upon the table, under shelter of his right arm. Upon the thumb-nail of his left hand, which grasped an empty tumbler, I observed a sketch of myself. It was wretchedly drawn and therefore, before awakening him, I took an opportunity of erasing it. At the extreme end of the car sat Henson, wrapped in a huge pilot coat, his vigilant clear eyes dilated with the consciousness of superior genius, and the tiller ropes roared around his arm.

"Good morning, Master Duggins!" said he. "You've slept well, considering the precious row we had on board last night."

"Glorious heaven!" said I, "did anything go wrong with the machinery?"

"Shiver my vanes! no," replied Henson; "we've had a glorious run of it. Light airs and cat-paws from the north-west by north, since two bells. Only, if you see, there was something like a mutiny on board. Our stoker was going to strike work, because we refused him an allowance of grog; but he soon changed his mind, and we soon made him belay his jaw. He's quiet enough now, I reckon."

"A horrid suspicion seized me. Could they have pitched Ainsworth overboard? I believe the thought was legibly written on my countenance, for Henson gave a short grunt laugh, and continued—

"Why, no—we didn't do that exactly, for we couldn't spare him; but we shut him up in the boiler, and told him, that if he didn't work there like a horse, he'd never bellow. He never bellowed, but he went on half-and-half again. He roared a good deal for the first half watch, and wouldn't poke the fire, but I turned in a jaf of steam upon him, and that settled the business. He does his work now as handy as if he had been bred to it. Boiler, ahoy!"

"Butler it is, Sir!" replied a faint voice from the interior.

"Cluck on another half pound's weight of coke, will you, and then you can have a mouthful of fresh air."

"A sudden scrambling and scuffling in the bowels of the copper case evinced the increased activity of its occupant.

"Ha! Duggins, my hearty, how are you?" said Lever, awaking—

"Henson, my trump, how do you find yourself? Where the deuce may we be now? over the Mediterranean, eh? Well, that's some fun! That's Algiers, I suppose, in the distance—suppose we stoop down and take it from France. Hallo! Cruikshank, my buck, it's a new up, will you, and give us a bottle of soda water with a bottom of brandy in it."

"Cruikshank did as he was desired, and Lever rattled on—

"Devilish good stuff this, after a bad night's snoring! Duggins, do you think you could knock off a spar-rook, or a kidney with a slight sprinkling of cayenne? Try it—that's a good fellow. I say, Henson, what the deuce have you made of Ainsworth? I could hardly get a wink of sleep, his cawled belt being in the balance of ever treading on his toes."

"I dare say, Master Charley," said Cruikshank, a little offended at the cavalier manner in which Lever seemed disposed to treat his friend—"I dare say you'd rather alter to fellow yourself, if you were shut in there without a drop of anything to wet your whistles. He hadn't six stiff tumblers and a snore after them to keep him fresh."

"Which you had, at the very least, friend George," retorted Lever. "But, but, it's not right to murmur like this about side that treats out the coke, eh?—I say, Henson—do you think it would be safe to let the poor devil out for an hour or so? We can easily shove him in again, you know, when he's wanted."

"Henson swept the horizon with his telescope, noted down some figures on a scrap of paper, and then appeared absorbed in calculation.

"By the quadrant last seven," he said, after a pause. "I think he may come out now. There's no more of a squall on this side the equator, and there's a fair enough in the forecast to keep us going as far as the mountains of the Moon. Tumble out my kiddy!" and he drew back the bolt.

"Poor Ainsworth! When he entered the Aerial he was in a ripe and risky condition, plump as a Donatello lark, and full of fun and frolic. Now, he crawled out from his den, a spectral emaciated figure; his long hair, matted with ashes and sweat, hung around his cheeks like a bunch

the exertions which the great lion made to seize it. General in his youth, Mr. William Coward, the Flying Dutchman, or any other acrobat about the face of the earth would not have been so high. At length Lever dropped it a few feet lower down, and the monster with a prodigious spring caught him in his own jaws.

"Hurrah! I've hooked him," cried the author of "Our Men."

"These were the last words we heard him utter. Lever had made a slight miscalculation. The locomotive power lay in the car, not in him; and the backward bend of the neck, as he felt the true enter into his chest, shot the unfortunate officer from his perch like a stone from a catapult. I know not if he was dead when he reached the ground, but I hope he was. We left the monster tossing him in the air like a shuttlecock."

"All this passed in a moment. We remained horror-struck and motionless. For my own part I grew extremely sick. At length we were the first to break the silence."

"There goes one monthly serial at all events," said he, brushing off a tear from his eye. "I'm sorry for him, though, and still more for the *Dublin University*. But, after all, what does it signify. To my mind there's little chance between being snatched up in the clanking of a key by one of Wombell's pets, and being broiled alive in the heart of a blast-furnace engine."

"There might be a sprinkling both of truth and philosophy in this epiphany, but it sounded heartless at the moment."

"Howsomewar, d'ye see, Mister Ainsworth," said Henson quietly, "we can't do without a stoker."

"Cruikshank took a sketch of the catastrophe, for an etching to appear in the next number of *Booth's*. I picked up this pipe, a silver-mounted mess-chamber, you observe—a present, I believe, from Marshal Blucher to our poor fool, for distinguished military services,—and smoked it in memory of the deceased."

"The air now became perceptibly cooler, and before us, in the extreme horizon, we could distinguish belts and clumps of trees. Shortly afterwards, the tall trunks of the coco palm, like great factory chimneys with umbrellas on the top of them, became distinctly apparent. We had passed the zone of the Zibara, and were once more in the region of life. As we floated over the interminable jungles, it was beautiful to behold how nature luxuriated in gigantic growth, and put forth her full strength and magnificence under the tropical influence of the sun. The huge trees were bound by crepters of enormous size and length, which filled the intermediate spaces with twisted, dark green foliage, and innumerable blossoms of a bright scarlet hue. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, all crimson, green, and gold, flew and hovered around, or picked the ripe red fruit which hung in clusters upon every bough.—Countless groups of monkeys, some bigger than my hand, some larger apparently than the human race, slipped along the branches, that scarcely bent under them, with a noise like the rattling of iron wheels, and as they passed, gave us a glimpse of their white bellies, and the other productions of that unsophisticated Mangrove Garden. Sometimes the heads of the lordly giraffe might be seen thrusting itself through the matted covering of leaves, as if to decry what rare and wondrous bird was winning its way through the liquid realm of air; and once we observed a leopard slinking across upon a glide in an agony of fear and desperation, closely pursued by a unicorn, which, with banded neck and long levelled horn, seemed bent upon the fugitive's destruction."

"It was impossible to look down upon this rich and glowing region without experiencing an ardent wish to descend. Poor Lever had made such wild havoc among our stock of fluids, (having even used up for punch some of the water destined for the engine), that it became matter of necessity to procure a further supply. Our mouths likewise watered, even like the mouth of Eve, for a taste of the native delicacies, which lay in such vast profusion beneath.—"I'd give ten bob and a tizzy," exclaimed George Cruikshank, "for a quiet walk into a pine apple,"—and the sentiment was echoed by every man of us."

"The only difficulty was to alight in such a position as to procure a proper start for the Aerial in recommencing our flight. Henson was of opinion, that this might be accomplished by securing the machine to the top of a coco-nut tree; and, having selected one about a hundred and fifty feet high, which grew upon the bank of a huge lagoon, in whose waters the hippopotami were wallowing like pigs, we caught it with our grappling irons, and, shooting our rope-ladder, prepared to descend to term firm. My head had by this time got so accustomed to the elevation, that I did not feel the least giddiness or trepidation at the prospect of a descent, which might have appalled Malame Sals or Monsieur Gouffe."

"As we might possibly encounter some danger, we considered it expedient to arm ourselves. I stuck a pair of holster-pistols in my belt.—Cruikshank girded his loins with a cavalry scimitar. Henson carried a barrel of musk-powder and the blunderbuss of a mail-coach guard. Jenkins also carried a huge rolling pin, and also a orb, with characteristic propriety, armed himself with a crowbar. Henson looked the crew, three men and a boy, into the gun room, to prevent their leaving the Aerial in our absence, and Jenkins led the way for our descent. We waited upon him going first, in case of accident."

"On the principle, I need not say, *Fiat experimentum in corpore aiti!*"

"You have hit it. The literary would could afford to wait him better than any of us. Down he went, scrambling head over hand. We saw him reach the bottom in safety, and make the ladder fast to the stem of a gigantic magnolia. He had scarcely done so, however, when a loud scream rent the air, and looking over the rails, we detected him locked in the

embrace of a huge blue-nosed baboon, which lifted him in its arms, and carried him up into the branches of an adjacent orange-tree. In a trice the rest of us descended the ladder, to our embarrassment's rescue. The baboon was laughing him, stroking his whiskers, stuffing his mouth with oranges which he plucked from the branches about him, and every now and then kissing him with the utmost favour. Poor Jenkins's disgust at these expressions of endearment would at any other time have convulsed us with laughter—but it was too plain that his breath had far to be squeezed out of his body by the Caribbees' taste of his hireable lady love. We remitted both for his visits and his life."

"Stand by for a shot," said Henson, leveling his blunderbuss.

"Jenkins's screams now became a roar. But Henson was unmoved. Bang went the blunderbuss, and the baboon dropped to the ground with Jenkins in her arms. We all thought he must be dead; but before we could reach him, he had torn himself from the jaws of his fair friend, and started to his feet unharmed. Henson, however, had fairly finished the lady's emulous, having picked out her eyes with a branch of stick as neatly as may be, and she lay dead and grey, an awful warning to all future Timbers of the wilderness."

"After this little incident, our party strolled up and down, revelling amid the luscious fruits of that delightful spot. Seated upon a rich bed of the flowering columbines, I was sucking grapes at my leisure, and contemplating the fine features of Cruikshank, when, with a sudden start, I was startled by a sudden cry from Ainsworth. Leaping to my feet I beheld that distinguished author in the grasp of three naked savages, each with a copper ring, about the size of a quill, thrust through his nose; while about fifty more, armed with yataghans and assegais, had steadily surrounded us. We had no chance except to yield or to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Prudential motives induced us all, without concert, to adopt the former expedient; and we accordingly threw down our arms, and were pinioned without a struggle. Our captors, having placed us in the midst of them, executed a kind of extemporaneous waltz, accompanied with a song the words of which struck me as being rather remarkable. They were as follows:—

Timmanee bah, Timmanee boo
Seyankum yee, gougoungoum
Sengaree winnee, boogee nyee nyee
Melanice aqueenree, Timbuctoo!

"Was it probable then, that we were near the great metropolis of Africa, and could that dark hippopotamus-busted negro be the long sought source of the Nigri? The words too, which the savages sang, seemed somewhat familiar to my ears. Surely I had heard them, or something like them, elsewhere in some quarter of the globe,—in freedom civilised America. A brilliant thought struck me. I fixed my eyes steadily on the vicarious man, whom, from his account of the case, the cookman's father twisted in his weekly shawl, I judged to be their chief, and pronounced emphatically the monosyllable "LYCAN!"

"The effect was electrical. In an instant the savages were growling at our feet howling like demons.—"Fetish! Fetish! Lynch! Lynch! Lynch! Lynch! Lynch!"

"They seized us by the ankles—they licked the very dust off our shoes, they rubbed their heads and faces against our knees, they cut the withes that held us, and finally, raising us by main force upon their shoulders, they marched off with us in triumph, singing a hideous Fann, in which I recognised here and there a bar of "Yankee Doodle."

"Winding along by what I now ascertained was not a lagoon but a river, we skirted a clump of acacias, and came in sight of a cluster of men-looking huts, more like enormous dirt-pits, than anything else I know. Hordes of savages came rushing out of these, like bees, at the chorus of our conductors, and followed us into the principal square of the city, howling like a pack of hungry wolves, the fiercest music of which a savage seems to be capable. We had no idea whether they were hurrying us, but suffered, from their extreme courtesy, that they were either about to strike us up as slaves in their chief temple, or to introduce us to their king. The latter seemed the more probable conjecture of the two, as we now saw a right royal-looking savage, seated at some distance in front of us, with a score or two of savage foot-keepers around him. "Malanée Boah," cried our conductors, as they shot us from their shoulders in front of the divan."

"We found the Royal Highness seated beneath a shed thatched over with palmetto leaves. His costume was a strange mixture of the savage and the civilised. On his head he wore a huge straw sombrero, similar to that which distinguishes the Virginia planter. His legs were swathed in deerkin breeches, with a tawny fringe of seal-skins down the seams. A striped jersey-shirt completed his costume. His countenance consisted of a fat golden ring bound through the centre of the nose, and a necklace of amethysts entwined in triple folds round his throat. Before him was a huge bowl, containing a mess of hippopotamus tripe, and the thighs of a cold roast monkey. A fire of dried cod hung burned on a little altar beside him, near which lay a pipe, and a small stock of tobacco. A large bowie-knife was stuck in his belt of leopard's skin."

"His Majesty of Timbuctoo beamed rather young; and although his skin was as black as my boot, his eyes were of a bluish gray color, and his hair had a tinge of brown. Neither were his features altogether African in their expression; for the nose was long and pointed, and the lips clearly chiselled. We made our salutation with all due reverence to his Royal Highness, and I was about to speak, though with little hope of be-

lag understood, when the king, after staring at me for a moment, leaped upon his feet and exclaimed, "Fatal death to me, Duggins, don't you know me!"

"Oh, come now my dear Duggins," said I, "you're joking. You don't mean to say that it was—"

"Willis—the veritable Penciller, as I'm an author. Your surname, I can assure you, is not greater than was mine."

"But Timbuctoo, how the deuce did he get there? And king too? This is really too absurd."

"Not a bit more so than anything I have been telling you for the last half hour. He had gone out with the last unfortunate Niger expedition. There is nothing that our enterprising Penciller would not do for a subject. It went all to wreck, as you know. Willis, thanks to his robust frame and some experience as a traveller, bore up through seas, jungles, and all the other pleasant tilings of that sort, which form the staple commodity of the country. With marvellous impetuosity he made his way to the metropolis, with his wallet laden with unsearchable copies of his 'M-tain.' His fine figure pre-occupied the ladies of the capital in his favour. And when he produced his books and sang to them, the Timbuctoos, who surpass the Turks or Red Indians in their reverence for printed paper and poetical talent, hailed him as an inspired prophet. Willis had a fine stirring tale about the recent of the citizens, which ended in the overthrow of the reigning dynasty and his own elevation to the vacant throne. But, as he will no doubt publish it himself,—that is, if the Aerial ever reaches terra firma in safety—I need not go into the details."

"What! Did Willis come back with you in the Aerial?"

"To be sure he did. 'Duggins' and he, me, after we had fully explained to him how and by what conveyance we had arrived at his dominions. 'It's an everlasting fine thing, it is, to be a king, I can tell you; and I'll bet you a diamond to a snubbeam, there's not a happier monarch on earth, than myself. But the duties are very hard. There's killing me, that's a fact. *Letit angustia in herba*. And, if you've got a spare berth, I don't mind if I lay down the royal neck lace, and accompany you home."

"I dare say we might make room for him," said Alnoworth, his eye-lightening up at the happy thought. "The stoker you know poor fellow? He's good enough by this time, I warrant. You see Mr. Willis, he lost his balance and tumbled off the paddle box, as we were crossing the Zohar—so, if you have no objections to take his place—perhaps Hen-

"Oh, my dear fellow, I should be delighted," exclaimed Henson.

"Couldst you make the cabin-boy stoker on the home voyage? I'd take a spell at the stop-basin in his place," said the Timbuctoo voraciously importuning.

"That, my dear Sir," broke in Jenkins, who was taking an inventory of the contents of the royal wigwag, "that is utterly impossible. I am the cabin-boy."

"Suppose we swap places, then, stranger? you stay here as king, and I go home as cabin boy. It's an almighty right better employment to be drinking arrack punch with your harem here than choulding small beer at home."

"Jenkins however would not be confuted; and Willis agreed to accept the vacant throne and shovel, vice Alnoworth retired. The next thing was to manage to get away. The savages would never have allowed their beloved monarch to leave them. In fact, if his squaws, of whom he had fifteen—"

"No wonder then he wished to abdicate!" said he.

"If they had got the least hint of it, the Penciller would have found himself strangled by the way in fifty places. He therefore summoned his subjects to the great square, and harangued them with some cock-and-bull story about our being servants of the great Lynch—"

"The Great Lynch. You don't mean to say that he had made a god of that eminent judicial functionary of his native land?"

"To be sure he had. New dynasty, new religion! The savages were in ecstasy, and accompanied us to the tree where we had left the Aerial, dancing and beating the tom-tom, and yelling fearful verses, in which the words 'Mellasse Bith' and 'Jagglerce Bam' were constantly recurring. The latter, Willis told me, bore reference to the Aerial Machine, and meant in the language of the country, 'The Great Ham or Mocking Bird.'"

"And the scales of justice, I suppose."

"I can't swear as to that. But at all events, they believed that Lynch carried a wallet, out of which he scattered god and mischief among them, as a farmer's wife scattered corn among her chickens with one hand, while she bruises an interloping magpie with the other. This explains the magic influence of the monosyllable upon them. But to return. He told them that we had been sent by the great Lynch to his kingdom on the wings of a large bird, and that he was about to ascend to this bird, and pluck a feather from its wing, which would be a protecting deity to them against the war-knives of their enemies; ever after, greater than even the mighty Mumbo Jumbo himself. The savages were in ecstasy, and accompanied us to the tree where we had left the Aerial, dancing and beating the tom-tom, and yelling fearful verses, in which the words 'Mellasse Bith' and 'Jagglerce Bam' were constantly recurring. The latter, Willis told me, bore reference to the Aerial Machine, and meant in the language of the country, 'The Great Ham or Mocking Bird.'"

"We sent Henson up first to get everything in readiness, and Willis set his subjects to knocking down coconuts with the boom-rang, which they did with wonderful skill; for our amusement, till Henson rang the first bell for our start. We then scrambled up into the Aerial, tumbled up the ladder, cut away the fastenings, swoop went the machine till it came

to within twenty feet of the ground, when Henson lowered the tail, which knocked out the brains of some seven or two of the Timbuctoos as it descended, and we once more soared majestically into the firmament."

"For the first day and eight nothing particular occurred, except that we very nearly foundered upon one of the mountains of the Himalaya chain in a squall that took us suddenly as we were approaching them. Willis managed it, and turned it into a good deal for the first four and twenty hours, and it cost us no slight trouble to keep him pacified. But as he found the marrow crawling rapidly from his bones on the second day, in his own classic language his skin wouldn't hold him. Henson had his hands so full with keeping the machine tight, that he could do nothing to bring the Penciller under subjection. The wrangler, which had hitherto fattened us, with light airy breezes, became squally and tempestuous. Such bumping, pitching, shivering, cracking, straining, breaking, never mortal men were subjected to. We were reduced, Crank-shack, Alnoworth, and myself—to the last stage of imbecility. I have not even a random recollection of what became of Jenkins. I suppose he swallowed one of the blacking bottles, and put an end to his misery. Sea sickness! I thought I had touched the abyss of human suffering, in crossing the Atlantic. There is a slough of despond far below that, as I am now, and I am almost inclined to believe it."

"In the midst of these horrors Willis burst open the door of the engine-room, and rushed in among us, reeking like an artisan from Vulcan's smithy. He was wild, demonic, uncontrollable. Frantically he snatched the spigot from a beet-barrel, and throwing himself upon the floor, caught in his raging mouth the foaming, yellow tide as it gushed from the bung-hole; then sunk insensible, while the liquor spouted over him as he lay, like some drunken man before his cousin. I saw Crankshank turn up his thickly yellow eyes at this demonstration of the generous fluid. He would fain have asserted his rights as steward; but his eyes closed again, and he relapsed into a powerless stupor."

"Alnoworth was the first to recover, and it was well he did so. Our fire must otherwise have gone out, and then farewell to all our greatness. Good kind soul, he resumed his post as stoker, and behaved as if he had been bred to the profession. When Willis recovered, it was only to a state little short of insanity. Conceive the horror of being shut up in a flying-box with a maniac. Many and strange were his fancies, but he gave the preference to one, which turned upon the belief that it was necessary for his personal comfort, that he should have a gouging match with me. It was all that our sturdy friend Crankshank could do, to keep him down. My blood runs cold at the remembrance of these dreadful hours."

"At length Willis dropped asleep. We were crossing Mont Blanc at that time—and I resolved, come what might, that I should be out of the infernal machine. I remembered the fate of poor Cocking and his parachute. But it was better to die at once, than to die fifty times in one day, with the almost certainty of making a final exit at eight. Henson had a relay of parachutes, made upon the most scientific principles, and I might be as fortunate as Lunardi and Montgolfier had been in similar descents. So with the help of Alnoworth and Crankshank, I got one of them rigged out—embraced my friends affectionately—got into it—and you know the rest. Catch me trying to

'Ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm!'

again, and I'll make you a present of all my copyrights."

"A veritable revolution, my good fellow. But it wears late; and as we are to start for Mysence at five in-morrow morning, we'd better turn in for the night. Good-night, and a sound sleep to you.—And, Duggins, no dreaming; mind you! No more FLIGHTS IN THE AERIAL!"

March, 20th April, 1843.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A violet blossomed on the green
With lovely stem and bloom unseen,
It was a sweet, wee flower,
A shepherd maiden came that way
With lightsome step and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er to the green with song.

Ah! thought the violet might I be,
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Oh! but for one brief hour!
And might be plucked by that dear maid,
And gently as her bosom laid—
Ah! but—ah! but
A few dear moments long.

Ald! the maiden, as she pass'd,
No eye upon the violet cast;
She crushed the poor wee flower;
It sank, and dying, scarce she sigh.
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her foot I die.

IGNACIO GUERRA AND EL SANGRADOR;

A TALE OF CIVIL WAR.

On a June evening in the year 1832, four persons were assembled in the balcony of a pleasant little villa, some half league from the town of Logroño in Navarre. The site of the house in question was a narrow valley, formed by a double range of wood-covered hills, the lower limbs of a mountain chain that bounded the horizon some miles in rear of the villa. The house itself was a long, low building, of which the white stucco walls had acquired the mellowness that time and exposure to the seasons can alone impart. A solid balcony of carved unpainted oak ran completely round the house, its breadth preventing the rays of the sun from entering the rooms on the ground floor, and thereby covering them into a cool and delightful refuge from the heats of summer. The windows of the first and only story opened upon this balcony, which, in its turn, received shelter from a roof of yellow cove, laid side by side, and fastened by innumerable packstraps, in the same way as India matting. This sort of awning was supported by light wooden pillars, placed at distances of five or six feet from each other, and corresponding with the more massive columns that sustained the balcony. At the foot of these latter, various creeping plants had taken root. A broad leafed vine, pushed its knobby branches and curled tendrils up to the very roof of the dwelling, and a passion-flower displayed its mystical purple blossoms nearly as great a height; while the small white stars of the jasmine glowed among its narrow dark-green leaves, and every passing breeze wafted the scent of the honeysuckle and clematis through the open windows, in puffs of overpowering fragrance.

About two hundred yards to the right of the house, rose one of the ranges of hills already mentioned, and on the opposite side the eye glanced over some of those luxuriant rose fields which form so important a part of the riches of the fertile province of Navarre. The ground in front of the villa was tastefully laid out as a flower garden, and, midway between two magnificent chestnut trees, a mountain rivulet fell into a large stone basin, and fed a fountain, from which it was sprung to spray itself into the air, greatly to the refreshment of the surrounding pasture.

The party that on the evening in question was enjoying the scent of the flowers and the song of the nightingales, to which the neighboring trees afforded a shelter, consisted, in the first place, of Don Terribio Oñate, a wealthy proprietor of La Rioja, and owner of the country-house that has been described. He had then long used to pass the hot months of each year at this pleasant retreat; and it was so small a calamity to him when the civil war that broke out on the death of Ferdinand, rendered it scarcely safe, in Navarre at least, to live out of gunshot of a garrión. Sometimes, however, and in spite of the advice of his friends, who urged him to greater prudence, the worthy Rujano would mount his easy-going gig, quitted cob and horse the town for a few hours' rustication at his *Retiro*. After a time, being himself un molested either by Carlists or by the numerous predatory bands that overran the country, he took for companions of his excursions his daughter Gertrudis, and an orphan niece, to whom he supplied the place of a father. Five years of impunity were taken as a guarantee for future safety, and Don Terribio now no longer hesitated to pass the night at his country-house as often as he found it convenient. It was observed, also, that many of those persons who had at first loudly blamed him for risking his neck, and that of his daughter and niece, in order to enjoy a pure atmosphere than could be inhaled in the dusty streets of Logroño, at length gathered so much courage from his example, as to accompany him out to the *Retiro*, and eat his excellent dinners, and enjoy his cob-web covered bottles, without allowing their fear of the Carlists to diminish their thirst or disturb their digestion.

Upon this occasion, however, the only guest was a young and handsome man, whose sunburnt countenance and military gait bespoke the soldier, while a double stripe of gold lace on the cuff of his blue frock-coat, marked his rank as that of lieutenant-colonel. Although not more than thirty years of age, Don Ignacio Guerra had already attained a grade which is often the prize of many years' service; but his rapid promotion was so well justified by his merit and gallantry, that few were found to complete of a preference which all felt was deserved. Both by moral and physical qualities, he was admirably suited to the profession he had embraced. Slender in person, but well knit and muscular, he possessed extraordinary activity, and a capacity of enduring arduous fatigue. Indulgent to those under his command, and self-denying in all that regarded himself personally, his enthusiasm for the cause he served was such, that during nearly two years that he had been the accepted lover of Donna Gertrudis Oñate, this was only the second time he had left his regiment or a few days' visit to his affianced bride. He had arrived at Logroño the preceding day from a town lower down the Ebro, where the battalion he commanded was stationed; and Don Terribio, with whom he was a great favorite, had lost no time in taking him out to the *Retiro*; not, perhaps, were the lovers sorry to leave the noise and bustle of the town for this calm and peaceful retreat.

It was about an hour after sunset, and Don Terribio sat dining in an arm-chair, with his old black dog Mico coiled up at his feet, and his niece Teresa beside him, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of choice flowers, while at the other end of the balcony Gertrudis and her lover were looking out upon the garden. The silence was unbroken, save by a splashing noise of the fountain as it fell back upon the water-lilies that covered its basin. The moon was as yet concealed behind the high ground to the right of the house; but the sky in that direction was

lighted up by its beams, and the outline of every tree and bush on the summit of the hill was defined and set out, as it were, against the clear blue background. Suddenly Gertrudis called her companion's attention to the neighboring mountain. "See, Ignacio!" exclaimed she, "glorious bush on the very highest point of the hill! Could not one almost fancy it to be a man with a gun in his hand? and that clump of leaves on the top might be the brim of a view of those horrid Carlists!"

When she spoke the officer ran his eye along the ridge of the hill, and started when he caught sight of the object pointed out by Gertrudis; but before he could reply to her remark, he was called away by his father. At that moment the supposed bush made a sudden movement, and the long bright barrel of a musket glittered in the moonbeams. The next instant the figure disappeared as suddenly as though it had sunk into the earth.

The Christiano colonel remained for a moment gazing on the mountain, and then, turning away, hastened to accompany his host and the ladies, who had received a summons to supper. On reaching the foot of the stairs, however, instead of following them into the upper room, he passed through the house-door, which stood open, and, after a moment's halt in the shade of the lattice portico, sprang forward with a light and noiseless step, and in three or four bounds found himself under one of the large chestnut trees that stood on either side the fountain. Keeping within the thick shadow thrown by the branches, he cast a keen and searching glance over the garden and shrubberies, now partially lighted up by the moon. Nothing was moving either in the garden, or as far as he could see into the adjacent country. He was about to return to the house, when a blow on the back of the head stretched him senseless upon the ground. In an instant a silk kerchief was drawn tight round his wrists, and his person silently pinioned by a strong cord to the tree under which he had been standing. A cloth was crammed into his mouth to prevent his calling out, and the three men who had thus rapidly and dexterously effected his capture, darted off in the direction of the house.

Deprived were the efforts made by Don Ignacio to free himself from his bonds, and his struggles became almost fruitless, with the sound of a scuffle in the house, followed by the piercing shrieks of women, reached his ears. He succeeded in getting rid of the handkerchief that gagged him, but the rope with which his arms were bound, and that had afterwards been twisted round his body and the tree, withstood his utmost efforts. In vain did he throw himself forward with all his strength, striking his fist furiously against the trunk of the tree, and writhing his arms in the sharp cord cut into the very skin. The rope appeared rather tightened than slackened by his violence. The screams and noise in the house continued; he was sufficiently near to hear the hoarse voices and obscene oaths of the banditti—the prayers for mercy of their victims. At length the shrieks became less frequent and feebler, and at last they died away entirely.

Two hours had elapsed since Ignacio had been made prisoner, and still to him appeared realities. Exhausted by the violence of his exertions, and still more by the mental agony he had endured, his head fell forward on his breast, a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and he did not bethink of the cords that held him up, he would have fallen to the ground. He was roused from this state of exhaustion and despair by the noise of approaching footsteps, and by the arrival of a dozen men, three or four of whom carried torches. They were dressed in the sort of half uniform worn by the Carlists *volantes*, or irregular troops; round their waists were leathern belts filled with cartridges, and supporting bayonets and long knives, in many instances without sheaths. Ignacio observed with a shudder that several of the ruffians had their hands and weapons stained with blood.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed a tall, evil-visaged fellow who wore a pair of tarnished epaulettes. "Is this the negro you secured at the beginning of the affair?"

One of the men nodded assent, and the chief bandit, taking a torch, passed it before the face of the captive officer.

"An *militar*!" exclaimed he, observing the uniform buttons. "Your name and rank?"

Receiving no reply, he stepped a little on one side, and looked to the coat of arms for the usual sign of grade.

"*Teniente coronel*!" cried he on seeing the double stripes.

A man stepped forward, and Ignacio, who knew that death was the best he had to expect at the hands of these ruffians, and was observing their proceedings in stern silence, immediately recognised a deserter from his battalion.

"Tis the Colonel Ignacio Guerra," said the man; "the commands the first battalion of the Toledo regiment."

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from the Carlists on hearing the name of an officer and battalion, well known and justly dreaded among the adherents of the Pretender. The leader again threw a light of the torch on the features of the Christiano, and addressed him for the space of a minute with an expression of cruel triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "*el Coronel Guerra*! He is worth taking to head-quarters."

"We shall have enough to do to get away ourselves, *padre* as we are," said one of the men, pointing in a bag of various packages of plunder lying on the grass hard by. "Who is to take charge of the prisoner?—Not I, for one."

A murmur among the other brigades approved this cautious speech.

"*Cuanto tiro*," suggested a voice.

"Yes," and the leader, "to bring down the enemy's pickets *en sus*. They are not a quarter of a league off. Pedro, lend me your knife. Wo

will see," he added with a cruel grin "how the gallant colonel will look cropped."

A knife-blade glanced for a moment in the twilight as it was passed round the head of the Christian officer.

"There," cried "Ignacio," said to himself as he threw the ears of the unhappy Ignacio amongst his men. A forceful laugh from the banditti witnessed this act of barbarous cruelty.

The leader sheathed the knife twice in his victim's breast before restoring it to its owner; and the Carlists, snatching up their booty, disappeared in the direction of the mountains.

At daybreak the following morning the peasants going to their labor in the fields saw the body of the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and, perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logroño, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the Retiro, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the bodies of Don Toribio, his daughter, and niece, who were lying dead in the supper-room. — An old groom and two young servants had shared the like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of every thing valuable.

For several weeks Ignacio Guerra remained wavering, as it were, between life and death. At length he recovered; but his health was so much impaired, that the surgeons forbade his again encountering the fatigues of a campaign. Enfeebled in body, harrassed by the horrible fate of Gertrudis, and foreseeing the speedy termination of the war, consequently on the concluded treaty of Bergara, he threw up his commission, and left Spain to seek forgetfulness in his misfortunes in foreign travel.

In all French towns of any consequence, and in many whose size and population would almost class them under the denomination of villages, there is some favored spot, serving as an evening school for the inhabitants, whether, on Sundays and feast-days especially, the belles and gentlemen of the place resort to criticize each other's toilet, and parade up and down a walk varying from one to two or three hundred yards in extent.

The ancient city of Toulouse is of course not without its promenade, although but poor taste has been evinced in its selection; for, while on one side of the town, soft well-trimmed lawns, cool fountains, and magnificent avenues of elm and plane trees, are abandoned to nursery-maids and their charges, the rendezvous of the fashionable of the pleasant capital of Languedoc is a parched and dusty *allée*, essentially sheltered by trees of a poor growth, extending from the canal to the open square, formerly known as the Place d'Angoulême, but since 1830 re-baptized by the name of the revolutionary patriarch General Lafayette.

It was on a Sunday evening of the month of August 1840, and the Allee Lafayette was more than usually crowded. After a day of uncommon sultriness, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and a little before sundown the fair Toulouseans had deserted their darkened and artificially cooled rooms, and flocked to the promenade. The walk was thronged with galli attired ladies, and gentlemen in full dress. In the fields on the further side of the canal, a number of men of the working classes, happy in their respite from the toils of the week, were singing in parts, with all the musical taste and correctness of ear which the inhabitants of that part of France are noted; while, on the broad boulevard that traverses the lower end of the *allée*, a crowd of recruits whom the conscription had recently called under the colors, stood, gazing in open-mouthed astonishment and infinite delight at some rudely constructed booths and shows, outside of which, elms and palisades were rivaling each other in the broad humor of their laxity. Parties of students, easily recognizable by their eccentric and exaggerated style of dress, and the loudness of their conversation, were seated outside the cafés and taverns, or, in the intervals, puffing forth clouds of tobacco smoke; and on the road round the *allée*, open carriages, smart tilburies, and dapper horsemen were careering.

Among the various groups thronging the promenade was one, which, in Hyde Park or on the Paris boulevards, would have attracted some notice; but the persons composing it were of a class too common of late years in the society of France to excite any attention from the loungers. The party in question consisted of three men, who, by their bronzed complexion, rugged moustache, and sullen, dogged countenances, as well as their woollen air and *laserre*, were easily distinguishable as belonging to the excited and disappointed faction of the Spanish Pretender. Their shabby costume still exhibited signs of their late military employment, probably acquired at a battle of France in the last of the late wars. The closely buttoned blue frock of one of them still had upon its shoulders the small lace straps used to support the epaulettes, and another wore for headgear a *boina*, with its large starlike tassels of silver cord. The third and most remarkable of the party, was a man in the prime of life and strength, whose countenance bore the impress of every bad passion. It was one of those faces sometimes seen in old paintings of men of lowly rank, and in vulgar which one is inclined to suspect that the artist has outdone and exaggerated nature. The expression of the cold, glaucous, grey eye, and thin, pale, compressed lips, was one of unrelenting cruelty; while the coarsely moulded chin and jaw gave a sensual character to the lower part of the face. The scar of a saw cut extended from the centre of the forehead nearly to the upper lip, partly dividing the nose, and, on viewing which, one is inclined to suspect that that feature. The man's frame was bony and powerful; the loose sheepskin jacket he wore was thrown open, and through the imperfectly fastened shirt-front, it might be seen that his breast was covered with a thick felt of matted hair.

It was the moment of the short twilight that in the month of France intervenes between day and night. The Carlists had reached the upper end of the walk, and, turning round, began to descend it again three abreast, and with the man who has been particularly described in the text, in the center, the latter stopped short, as though petrified where he stood. His countenance, naturally dark and somewhat sallow, and as if to save himself from falling, he clutched the arm of one of his companions with a force that made him wince again, while he gazed with dilated eyeballs on a man who had halted within half-a-dozen paces of the Spaniard. The person whose aspect produced this Medusa-like effect upon the Carlism was a man about thirty years of age, plain but elegantly dressed, and of a proportioned but some what slightly comical countenance, the lines of which were now working under the influence of some violent emotion. The only peculiarity in his appearance was a black silk band, which, passing under his chin, was brought up on both sides of the head, and fastened on the crown over the hair.

"*Que tienes, Sangrador?*" What ails thee, man?" enquired the Carlism of the terror-stricken companion, addressing him by a name denigrating that he doubtless owed to his bloody deeds or disposition. At that moment the stranger sprang like a bloodhound into the centre of the group. In an instant El Sangrador was on the ground, his assailant's knee upon his breast, and his throat compressed by two nervous hands, which bade fair to perform the office of a bowstring on the prostrate man. It was but for a few brief moments that it required to narrate it, the astonishment of the Carlists at their comrade's terror and this sudden attack, was such, that although men of action and energy, they were for a moment paralyzed, and thought not of rescuing their friend from the iron grips in which he was held. Already his eyes were bloodshot; his face purple, and his tongue protruding from his mouth, when a goddam came all this had passed by half a dozen of the agents of the plain dressed half-breed and half-policeman, are to be found in every place of public resort in France, succeeded, but not without difficulty, in rescuing the Carlism from the fierce clutch of his foe, who clung to him with bull-dog tenacity till they were actually drawn asunder by main force.

"*Canalla! t'afanes!*" he shouted the stranger, as he writhed and struggled in the hands of his guards. "By yonder villos I have all my hopes in life lost, blasted, and ruined; misers outraged and murdered, myself tortured and mangled in cold blood!" And, tearing off the black flannel that encircled his head, it was seen that his ears had been cut out. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd which this scene had assembled. "And shall I not have revenge?" shouted Ignacio (for he it was) in a voice rendered shrill by furious passion. And by a violent effort he again seized the shaking of the man, and heaved him to the ground.

El Sangrador, whose first terror had probably been caused by astonishment at seeing one whom he firmly believed numbered with the dead, had now recovered from his alarm.

"*Adios, Don Ignacio,*" cried he with a sneer, as he walked away between two guardsmen, while his enemy was hurried off in another direction.

The following day El Sangrador was sent to a depot of Spanish emigrants in the interior of France. On his departure, the authorities, who had made themselves acquainted with the particulars of this dramatic incident, released Don Ignacio from confinement; but he was informed that no passport would be given him to quit Toulouse unless it were for the Spanish frontier.

At the distance of a few leagues from the town of Cleron, and in one of the wildest parts of the Pyrenees, is a difficult pass, scarcely known, except to smugglers and hard hunters, whose hazardous avocations make them acquainted with the most hidden recesses of these rugged and picturesque mountains. Towards the close of the summer of 1841, this defile was occasionally traversed by a detachment of the Queen's Lancers, Christian, entering Spain secretly and in small parties, to be ready to take share in the abortive attempt subsequently made to replace the reins of government in the hands of Ferdinand's widow. Not a few Carlists also, weary of the monotonous inactive life they were leading in France, prepared to join the projected insurrection; and, leaving the towns in which they resided, they were assigned their rendezvous at the defile of Cleron in the Pyrenees, where they might be *perdu* until the moment for active operation arrived, subsisting in the meanwhile by brigandage and other lawless means. Owing to the negligence, either accidental or intentional, of the French authorities, these adventurers, usually found little difficulty in reaching the line of demarcation between the two frontiers; but it was not till the day after to-morrow that the great part of the expedition to avoid falling into the hands of the Spanish *carabinieri* and light troops posted along the frontier.

Among those who intended to take a share in the rebellion, Don Ignacio Guerra occupied a prominent place. Being well known to the Spanish Government as a devoted adherent of Christianity, it would have been in vain for him to have attempted crossing Spain by one of the ordinary routes. Reparing to Cleron, therefore, he procured himself a guide, and one of the small but sure footed horses of the Pyreneans, and after a wearisome march among the mountains, arrived about dusk at a cottage, or rather hovel, built on a ledge of rock within half-a-hour's walk of the Spanish frontier. Beyond this spot the road was impracticable for horsemen, and dangerous even for footmen. The guide had arranged to send back his guide and horse and proceed on foot in which manner also, it was easier to avoid falling in with the Spanish troops. The night was fine, and having had the road minutely explained to him by his present guide, Ignacio had no doubt of finding himself, in a few hours, at a village where shelter and concealment were prepared

for him. Leaving the horse in a sort of shed that afforded shelter to two or three pigs, the Christiano officer entered the hut, followed by his guide and by a splendid wolf-dog, an old and faithful companion of his adventures. The guide was a stout, bearded fellow, who had grown accustomed to the dark and smoky atmosphere of the place, to distinguish the objects it contained. The smoke came from a fire of green wood, that was smoldering under an enormous chimney, and over which a decrepit old woman was flying tallow or mutton-fat cake, in grease of a most suspicious odor. The old lady was so intent on the preparation of this delicacy, a favorite food of the Pyrenean mountaineers, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed on to give any notice of what was going on around her. She was a stout, bearded fellow, who had grown accustomed to the dark and smoky atmosphere of the place, to distinguish the objects it contained. The smoke came from a fire of green wood, that was smoldering under an enormous chimney, and over which a decrepit old woman was flying tallow or mutton-fat cake, in grease of a most suspicious odor. The old lady was so intent on the preparation of this delicacy, a favorite food of the Pyrenean mountaineers, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed on to give any notice of what was going on around her.

Ignacio's first impulse, on discovering the absence of his four-footed companion, was to return to the cottage; but the risk in so doing was excessive, and as he felt that he could not afford to lose his guide, he decided that he should get it at some future day, he resolved to pursue his journey. Meantime the night became darker and darker—black clouds had gathered, and hung low—there was no longer the slightest trace or indication of a path, and the darkness prevented him from finding certain landmarks he had been told to observe, he was obliged to walk on nearly at hazard, and soon became aware he had lost his way. To tell of his difficulties, the low growlings of distant thunder were heard, and some large drops of rain fell. A violent storm was evidently approaching, and Ignacio quickened his pace in hopes of finding some shelter before it came on, resolving to wait at all risks till daylight before continuing his route, but he should run, as it were, blindfold into the very dangers he wished to avoid. A sort of cliff or wall of rock he had for some time had on his left hand, now suddenly ended, and a scree burst on his view which to him was common-place, however, but would have appeared somewhat strange to a person unaccustomed to such sights. The mountain, which had been steep and difficult to descend, now began to slope more gradually as it approached nearer its base. On a sort of shelving plateau of great extent, a number of charcoal burners had established themselves, and as the most expeditious way of clearing the ground, had set light in various places to the brushwood and fuses that cloaked this part of the mountain, the great conflagration from extending far and too far, they had previously, with their axes, cleared rings of several feet wide around the places to which they set fire. The bushes and ferns they rooted up were thrown into the centre, and increased the blaze. In this manner the entire mountain side, of which several hundred acres were overlooked from the spot where Ignacio stood appeared dotted with brilliant fiery spots of some fifty feet in diameter, the more distant ones assuming a lurid blood-red color, and through the fog and mist that now gathered over the mountain. Ignacio approached the nearest of the fires, lighted close to a crag that almost overhung it, and that offered a sufficient shelter from the rain which had begun to descend in torrents. Throwing himself on the ground with his feet towards the flames, he endeavored to get a little sleep, of which he stood much in need. But it was in vain. The situation in which he found himself suggested thoughts that he was unable to drive away. Gradually a sort of phos-magor passed before his "mind's eye," wherein the various events of his life, which, although a short one, had not the less been sadly eventful, were represented in vivid colors. He thought of his childhood, spent in the sunny vales of Andalusia—of the companions of his military studies, high-spirited, fire-hearted lads, of whom some had achieved honors and some, but by the greater part died on the battle-field—the scene of the glorious fire, the merry laugh of the insouciant soldier—the din and excitement of the fight—the exultation of victory, and the well-earned and highly relished pleasures of the garrison town after severe duty in the field—the graceful form of Gertruda now flitted across the picture—her jetty hair braided over her pure white forehead, the light of her swimming eyes, that mocked her coal-black veil, flashing from under the mantle. Her father, with his portly figure and good-humored countenance, was beside her. They smiled at Ignacio, and seemed to beckon to him. So life like was the illusion of his fancy, he could almost have sprung forward to join them. But again there was a change. A large and handsome room, a well-covered table—all the appliances of modern luxury—plate and crystal sparkling in the brilliant lights—a happy cheerful party surrounding the board. Ah, for the tragedy played on this stage! The hand of the spoiler was there—blood and women's screams, disheveled hair, and men's deep throats, the wild and broken accents of despair, the coarse jest and frolicsome exultation of gratified brutality. And then all was dark and gloomy as a winter's night, and through the darkness was seen a grave stone, shadowy and spectral, and a man, still young, but with breast caved and bones blighted, lying prone before it, his breast heaving with convulsive sobs of agony, until at length he rose and moved slowly away, to become an exile and a wanderer in a foreign land.

Maddened by these reflections, Ignacio started to his feet, and was about to rush out into the storm, and fly, he knew not whither, from his

own thoughts, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of a man within a few yards of him. The projecting eave, under which he had sought shelter, extended all along one side of the fire. In consequence an angle of the rock threw a deep shadow, in which Ignacio stood, and was thus enabled, without being seen himself, to observe the low corner, who seated himself on a thick stone close to the fire. As he did so, the flavor, which had been deadened by the rain, again burned up brightly, and threw a strong light on the features of the stranger—they were those of *El Sargador*.

With steadily pace, not uttering a syllable, lest his prey should take the alarm, and even yet, Ignacio did not afford his usual satisfaction. The house of the storm, that still raged furiously, enabled him to get within five paces of him without being heard. He then halted, and silently cocking a pistol, remained for some time motionless as a statue. Now that his revenge was within his grasp, he hesitated to take it, not from any reluc-tance, but because the speedy death it was in his power to give, appeared an inadequate punishment—a pity wasted. Had he seen his enemy torn by wild horses, or broken on the wheel, his burning thirst for revenge would hardly have been sated; and an angry, painless death by knife or bullet, he looked upon as a boon rather than a punishment. An end was put to his devastation by the Carlist himself, who, either touched by an evil conscience, or repelled by one of those innumerable and mysterious presentiments that sometimes warn us of impending danger, became restless, cast every glance about him, and at last, turning towards the corner where he saw Ignacio, almost before he was aware of it, a hand was on his collar, and the muzzle of a pistol crammed into his ear. The click of the lock was heard, but no discharge ensued. The man had dropped the powder. Before Ignacio could draw his other pistol, the Carlist gripped him fiercely, and a terrible struggle commenced. Their feet soon slipped upon the wet rocks, and they fell, each grasping each other's throat, forming with rage, and despairation. The fire, now nearly out, afforded little light for the combat; but as they rolled over the smoldering embers, clouds of sparks arose, their clothes and hair were burned, and their faces scorched by the heat. The Carlist was unarmed now with a clasp-knife which, being in his pocket, was useless to him; for had he ventured to remove one hand from the struggle even for a moment, he would have given his antagonist a fatal wound. Although the combat seemed about to terminate in favor of Ignacio, he was not so sure of it. He was hurled upon his breast, while, with a charred, half-burned branch which he found at hand, he dealt furious blows upon his head. Half blinded by the smoke and heat, and by his own blood, the Carlist felt the sickness of death coming over him. By the last effort he slipped one hand, which was now at liberty, into his pocket, and immediately withdrawing it, inserted it in his antagonist's side. His teeth gripped the handle of the knife as he pushed it in, and the next instant he lay motionless. A cold roll over among the ashes. The Carlist rose painfully and with difficulty into a sitting posture, and with a grim smile gazed upon his enemy, whose eyes were glazed, and features settling into the rigidity of death. But the conqueror's triumph was short-lived. A deep lock was heard, and a moment afterwards a well-directed, drenched with mud and rain, leaped into the middle of the embos. Plying his black mallet on Ignacio's face, he gave a long deep blow, which was succeeded by a growl like that of a lion, as he sprang upon the Carlist.

The morning after the storm, when the charcoal burners returned to their fires, they found two dead bodies amidst the ashes. One of them had a stab in his breast, which had caused his death. The other was frightfully disfigured, and bore marks of the fangs of some savage animal. In this wild district, the alarming ground of savagery and death, the mountainous thick thicket of such occurrences. A hole was dug, the bodies thrown into it; and a cross rudely cut upon the rock, alone marks the spot where the midnight conflict took place.

LOCOMOTIVE RESULTS OF A BAD CHARACTER.—"What a traveller you have become!" exclaimed an Englishman on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am obliged to run about the world to keep ahead of my character; the moment it overtakes me I am ruined; but I don't care who knows me so long as I travel incognito."

Boswell records an unhappy man, who having totally lost his character committed suicide, a crime which Dr. Johnson reprobated very severely.

"Why, sir," urged Boswell, "the man had become infamous for life;—what would you have had him do?"

"Do, sir," I would have him go to some country where he was not known, and not to the devil, where he was known."

ROTARY KNITTING-LOOM.—MR. ANASTAS French, of Springfield, Mass. (Cavallotti) has invented a machine which knits stockings and hosiery of all kinds, of perfect shape, without seam or blemish, with a rapidity and cheapness hitherto unparalleled. Each machine (says Mr. George Duracott, of Boston) will knit one sock per hour, while one girl can easily tend ten machines, and five hundred machines may be driven by one horse-power. Rev. John Pierpont declares it the greatest mechanical invention of the age. Unlike the clumsy and cumbersome stocking machines of former days, it weighs but three pounds, and may be placed on the extra table of the lady's dressing room. It will knit cotton, woolen, silk, or any fabric from the finest to the coarsest.

A MIDNIGHT STORY.

BY MISS BRETTON.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and light, moonlight, as I rode across the common, in the direction of my father's house; I had been dining with Sir Gregory Mallet, in the neighbouring town of W—, I had somewhat out-ridden my usual time of returning home, and, anxious to reach it as quickly as possible, and knowing my road well, I took the shortest cut across the moor: this was a bridle-path leading directly under the gibbet where the murderer hung in chains. The house was then at night, who had soon been in a respectable line of life, having, for many years, tenanted a farm on my father's estate; he had, however, fallen in to wild courses, and in the year '43, had suddenly disappeared it was supposed, to join the Pretender. Nor was he again heard of, until a murder, accompanied by robbery, having taken place on the highway adjoining the common, some seven or eight miles from the town, was ascertained lurking in the suburbs of W—: the watch and power of the murdered gentleman were found in his possession; he was tried, condemned, and executed.

Before his execution he discovered himself to be our late tenant, and received permission to see his only brother (my father's steward,) and bid him farewell.

Our steward was a strange character, though much respected and beloved by my father. He had long been suspected of an attachment to the losing cause. He and his brother were the last of an old and respectable family, the members of which had lost their substance during the civil war, by their loyalty to the house of Stuart. He was of a gloomy reserved turn of mind—singularly handsome in face, and almost gigantic in stature—but he wanted urbanity of manner and goodness of expression.

Notwithstanding the guilt of his brother and the rumors of his own connexion with the rebels, my father continued to retain him in his service, and to trust him implicitly with all his affairs.

About a month after the execution, our steward died—some said, by his own hand; but my father would not allow of this interpretation, and gave out that his death was the result of an apoplectic fit. At I have upon the subject, late, that going one evening into the room where the corpse was laid, during the absence of the watcher I raised the napkin from the face, and saw, that though the features still retained their beauty of outline and in life and expression, the complexion, naturally dark, had become quite black in color.

I rode at a shaggy pace, but, as I neared the gibbet, I heard footsteps behind me, and just as I came beneath it, a tall man stood to my side, and laid his hand upon my bridle.

"You have ridden fast!" he said; "but I think I am in time!" My horse stopped instantly, trembling in every limb; I urged with whip and spur, but nothing would induce him to pass the gibbet; the man had taken his hand from the rein the moment the horse ceased to move—I carried across his shoulder a staff to the end of which was attached an iron hook; with this he endeavored to disengage the corpse from the gibbet. My blood froze to my veins as I recognized the build, profile and black complexion of my father's late steward. "You need not urge your horse—I have need of him to-night!" and as he spoke, the body fell from the tree; he received it, crouched and all, in his arms—"Dismount!" he said.

"Dismount!—never!" And I raised my heavy riding-whip, and struck with all my force at the black face of the steward; the blow passed through air, and fell harmlessly upon the chains round the felon, and I, deprived of sense by some invisible power, fell forwards from my saddle.

When I recovered myself, it was broad daylight; I was lying beneath the gibbet, the corpse swung slowly in the wind above my head, but my horse was gone. I arose and walked quickly home. As I reached the gate, I met two of my father's servants coming in search of me; they had found my horse fastened to the stable door, and bearing marks of having been hard ridden.

In answer to their inquiries, I made some excuse of his having stumbled and thrown me, and that I had been assisted by the fall. Changing them not to mention the circumstance to my father, I entered the hall I told my story to none of my family; but immediately after breakfast, I proceeded to Chester House, to inform my friend, George Chester, of the events of the preceding night.

George Chester was as brave, as handsome, as gallant, and as true a friend, as ever trod this earth. We were sworn brothers in love, and hoped soon to be brothers in arms; and I had met him for the first time, as already engaged to my beautiful sister Rebecca, and I was paying assiduous court to the gentle Mary Chester.

George laughed heartily at my story. "Come, come, Tor, you have been dreaming: I see you were a little elevated by Sir Gregory's claret, and would fain make some creditable excuse for your tumble from Brown Robie."

"Robie!" I said, "you love a jest; but this is no joke. Will you ride with me to-morrow night, at the same hour, and in the same direction?"

"That will I, most valiant Tor," laughed George; "and if this black man be evil, I will ask him to supper."

"George," said I, solemnly, "you will not laugh in this way at this time to-morrow."

This I repeated his night; however, he promised to keep my adventure secret. We agreed to dine together at the neighbouring town, and to pass across the moor in the same direction, and at the same hour, as I had done the night previous.

Accordingly, twelve o'clock found us tuning from the highway on to the path over the common: before dismounting, we looked earnestly in every direction, but saw signs of nothing living; yet we had not been upon the moor one minute, when, on springing, looking back, we perceived a tall black figure following us, carrying on his shoulder a long staff.

"There he is, George, with the spectral back!"

"There surely is some one, Tom! Now let us give him some exercise!" and we rode up to the gibbet.

Five minutes at a hand gallop brought us to the gibbet; but the black man was there as usual, and laying his hand on Chester's rein, he said, "You ride hard, gentlemen! but I think I am in time."

"We ride as you bid; but you fly!"

"Mr. Chester, I shall want your horse," said the man, as he commenced the work of looking down the corpse.

George laughed scornfully. "Shall I walk, that you may ride?"

"Nay, then, ride also, if you will!" And the man, as he said these words, drew to the left the body (which had fallen into his arms) on the horse before George Chester.

George drew his pistol, and fired right in the steward's face. My horse, frightened by the report, fled across the common; in a few moments, I had reined him in and returned to the gibbet, beneath which I found my friend extended, gasping—the man, the body, and the horse, were gone!

Some time elapsed before George recovered his consciousness; when he did so, I could not induce him to proceed home; he would wait and see the return of the body, for we doubted not it would return. We joined backwards and forwards beneath the gibbet for some hours, and then cast ourselves on the grass, and leaned against its foot, keeping a sharp look-out to the right and the left. We remained in this position until the first streaks of dawn, when we were startled by a low neigh from my horse (whom I held by the bridle) and a slight motion of chains behind—both soon at once—the corpse was swinging violently overhead, as if from the impulse of a sudden jerk. George's horse, all reeking with sweat and rain, stood close behind him; but the black man was nowhere to be seen!

As we rode slowly home, we agreed to tell none of our enterprise, and to pursue it on the following evening.

In the course of the day we went secretly to a priest, in the town of W—, a priest of the old faith, and we asked him for a charm to charm evil spirits from the corpse of one who died in sin, and holy water to preserve the watchers from the assaults of the fiend; we obtained what we desired, and when evening fell, we proceeded to the gibbet on the common.

We first sprinkled ourselves, our horses, and their furniture, plentifully with the holy water; we performed the same operation on the corpse and the gibbet, and in addition, George climbed the latter, and attached the chain securely to the neck of the felon.

We then returned to the town, and again, at the hour of twelve, we entered on the moor, and again, on looking back, we saw the black man, and again, on our neck and again, laying his hand on George's rein, he said, "Gentlemen, you ride hard! but I think I am in time—but how is this?" for he found he could not check the horse.

We drew up by the gibbet, and watched his proceedings; his face was full of rage; he tried, ineffectually, to lower the corpse. It was a frightful sight; the black man pushed and hooked with all his strength, the whole gibbet shook with his efforts, but the corpse remained immovable.

"Good night, old boy!" shouted Chester. "Ha! ha! ha! you have met your match, I think."

The black man turned to Chester; he shook his clenched fist at him, with a slow, yet angry motion, and muttered—"We shall meet again."

"I am glad to hear it, old fellow; any rivalry I ran show you, pray command me. If engaged, will you sup with us to-night—or will you borrow my roan hunter, and ride with us to cover to-morrow?"

"I will borrow your roan hunter, but not to-morrow. For as yet we shall meet again." And he was gone.

As George and I rode home, we agreed to name our adventure to no one, not even to our lovers, and to take note of the whole affair.

About a month after these occurrences, we rode together to cover; it was the last day we should hunt that season. George was in high spirits for the beautiful Rebecca had at last named the period for their marriage; I, too, was happy, for Mary had half-promised to make it a double wedding.

George talked about the black man.

"He must make haste, if he wishes to ride my roan hunter this season."

"George, George, don't jest on that subject." But George only laughed.

We had a gallant ride, towards the close of which we found ourselves leading the field with one other rider (a stranger on a roan horse) over break neck country.

The stranger took the shortest cuts after the hounds, and we felt bound to follow wherever he led to lead. So we dashed over many a rugged bank, and took many a desperate leap, until at last we came to ground nearly level, but rising from us in a gentle slope. The stranger led, George and I rode abreast.

We gained the summit of this gentle slope, and then we saw our danger: we were on the edge of a precipice, some thirty feet in height; but as we were the foremost, we saw it all too late. Over went the stranger, and as his figure stood for the moment clear and distinct against the open sky, I saw the features, not to be mistaken, and the long staff in his hand.

CARBONIC ACID GAS MOTIVE POWER.—The wonderful invention patented by John Bagge, Esq., for London improvements in obtaining motive power by means of "carbonic acid gas," is one so peculiarly applicable to the present state of machinery for the purpose of transition through the atmosphere, that we do not deem it superfluous or unnecessary to furnish our readers with a brief explanation of its principles. In the first place, however, we would direct particular attention to the singular advantages which the inventor undertakes to achieve in the very outset of his specification; and these chiefly consist in the so arranging its mechanical portions as to render the entire engine comparatively simple and beautiful in aspect; while, from the singular nature of its chemical ingredients, the marvellous convenience is experienced in all steam locomotives, in the additional space occupied by, and enormous weight arising from the ordinary stock of fuel, will be totally surmounted—thus rendering the whole machine light and buoyant in the extreme. The principal excellence of this novel power, however, exists in the fact of the original materials, through the medium of whose propelling energy it is set in motion, being recovered in separate bodies by decomposition, and thus in a series of admissible operations the same identical volumes of gas being used over and over again, without the slightest diminution, and with not a particle of expenditure beyond the original outlay. On reference to the *Mechanical Magazine*, in which the editor publishes a very explicit account of Mr. Bagge's invention, accompanied by three explanatory engravings, and on examining the specification itself, we find the entire adaptation of carbonic acid gas clearly, though elaborately described. Yet from the extended nature of these two topics, we may perhaps be permitted to condense our own outline, cutting occasionally from each paper, as we deem it either necessary or advisable.

The object of the inventor, as before noticed, is to evolve carbonic acid in the form of gas, and after it has been used for the moving of a piston in a suitable cylinder, to absorb that gas by means of certain chemical matters. For this purpose, therefore, two materials are employed, namely:—sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of ammonia; the former being respectively contained in two vessels, are constantly introduced into a strong receptacle called the "generator." The gas, which is consequently evolved from this combination of these two liquids, is then conducted by a pipe to a cylinder having a piston like the steam-engine, with valves for opening and closing the ports for the induction and exclusion of the carbonic acid gas. This gas, after each successive operation of the piston, is introduced through the induction pipe into two vessels, containing a solution of ammonia, on uniting with which it is converted into carbonate of ammonia, which carbonate of ammonia is drawn off at intervals into the original receptacle of that material. This is one of the two ingredients recovered. In the meantime, the vessels receiving the carbonic acid gas from the eduction way of the engine, must be continually supplied with a solution of ammonia (for the purpose of taking off that gas), by a pipe connected with another vessel, from which the solution of ammonia is received from a "still," into which "still" the sulphate of ammonia is drawn, which is, from time to time, withdrawn from the generator, and conveyed to a separate receptacle not yet mentioned. The formation of sulphate of ammonia in the "generator" being the consequence of the evolution of carbonic acid from the mixture of super sulphate of ammonia and the carbonate of ammonia, and, by substituting the sulphate of ammonia to that in a suitable "still," or to set a portion of the ammonia is driven off in the shape of vapor, which is absorbed by water in an adjacent vessel, the remaining matter in the "still" being the super-sulphate of ammonia, which is drawn off into the original receptacle of that ingredient. And thus is the other material recovered.

For locomotive purposes, however, and likewise for engines of a yet more compact nature, the carbonic acid gas is used, without the whole process being carried on in the engine itself, in a *liquid* form, contained in iron tubes; for the same machine there are also another series of tubes, charged with liquid ammonia; each of these materials, on assuming a gaseous nature, exerts a pressure independently against the piston, and then escaping into a common reservoir, styled the "condenser," become united, forming carbonate of ammonia, which being subsequently decomposed (in a similar manner to the one described above) can be re-used.

Such are the clear and simple elements of this truly beautiful invention, at once scientific in its foundation, and self-evident in its applicability; being based on the incontestable laws of chemical affinity. And considering the extraordinary economy of carbonic acid gas, scattered in boundless profusion, as it is over the whole globe, impregnating the atmosphere, and the organs of animal respiration, and the delicious verdure of the whole vegetable kingdom; and taking into account also, the unequalled propelling power of this subtle element—we look forward with sanguine anticipation to the universal adoption of this wonderful invention, and the explosion (metaphorically, not literally) of all locomotives worked by steam.

A remarkable story is recorded of Zolman, the law-giver of the Lo crises, who was distinguished for his rigorous execution of the law against adultery. His own son, having been guilty, he determined to deprive him of his sight, and long continued unmoved from his purpose by the earnest and reiterated entreaties of the people. Considering the crime, however, as one that ought not to be forgiven, he submitted to the painful operation of losing one of his own, in order to reform one of his son's eyes; after which time, it is said, the crime of adultery was unknown in that state.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.—The following account of the death of Tecumseh, was related by Col. Johnson, in a speech delivered by him at Springfield, Illinois, a short time since:

Colonel Johnson said that at his age it was wrong to put on any false modesty; and as he had been called upon to relate that portion of the fight which took place with the Indians, he would endeavor to do so.—The Indians were 1,000 strong, commanded by Tecumseh, one of the bravest warriors who ever drew breath.

He was a son of Washington among the Indians; that is, they looked upon him like we did upon Washington. The Indians were in ambush on the other side of what we were informed was an impassable swamp; but just before the battle came on, a narrow passage across the swamp was discovered. Knowing well the Indian character, I determined to push forward with about twenty men, in order to draw forth the entire Indian fire, so that the remainder of the regiment might rush forward upon them while their rifles were empty. Having promised the wives, mothers, and sisters of my men, before I left Kentucky, that I would place their husbands, sons, brothers, in no hazard which I was unwilling to share myself. I put myself at the head of these twenty men, and we advanced upon the covert in which I knew the Indians were concealed. The moment we came in view, we received the whole Indian fire. Nineteen of my twenty men dropped in the field. I felt that I was myself severely wounded. The men I rode, staggered and fell to be known I had fifteen balls in my back, after the first attack; but the noble animal recovered but for a touch of the rein. I waited but a few moments, when the remainder of the troops came up, and we pushed forward on the Indians, who instantly retreated. I noticed an Indian chief among them, who succeeded in rallying them three different times. This I thought I would endeavor to prevent, because it was by this time known to the Indians that their ally, the British, had surrendered. I advanced singly upon him, keeping my right arm close by my side, and covered by the swamp; he took to a tree, and from thence he deliberately fired upon me. Although I previously had four balls in me, this last wound was actually more painful than all the other. His ball struck me on the wrist. I ran my left arm through the middle rib, for my hand instantly swelled and became useless. The Indian supposed he had mortally wounded me: he came out from behind the tree, and advanced upon me with uplifted tomahawk. When he had come within my man's length of me, I drew my pistol and instantly fired having a dead aim upon him. He fell; and the Indians shortly after either surrendered or had fled. My pistol had one ball and three buckshot in it; and the body of the Indian was found to have a nail through his body and three buckshot in different parts of his breast and head.

[Thus fell Tecumseh, cried out some one of the audience.]
Col. Johnson said he did not know that it was Tecumseh at the time.

SOUTHEY'S LIBRARY.—The library of the late poet laureate is about to be brought to the hammer. The sale of this very extensive and valuable collection of books will occupy between three and four weeks. This will give some idea of the comprehensive nature of this library; indeed, most literary persons will know, and most readers would infer from his works, that Dr. Southey was possessed of a very rich and large collection of works on almost every subject, including a great number in the dead and many of the modern languages. It is further stated, that it is to be removed from Kew, for the sale in town. Many of the works derive increased interest from being illustrated by manuscript notes and communications.

ABOUT A BEAR.—Give us steam-doctors yet in an emergency! Recently in the interior of the State of New York, a child got a bean in its throat, and the "anxious mother" sent for the nearest doctor, who was a "steamer." He examined the little sufferer a moment—looked grave—and then went to work. Porter bottles filled with hot water, hot bricks, scores of blankets, &c., were applied to the child, until it was produced a most profuse perspiration. The appliances were then removed, and the child exposed to a strong current of air. This brought on a "cold"—the cold induced a "cough," and the cough threw on the *bean* as quick as you could say "Jack Robinson." What became of the child afterward, our doctor said not!

THE WAR TIE OF WASHINGTON.—We learn from the Baltimore Patriot, that this venerable relic of revolutionary times, which has been carefully preserved by our patriotic countryman, G. W. P. Curtis, Esq., is on its way to Pittsburgh, where it is about to be pitched on the approaching Anniversary, near to the field of Washington's earliest battle. During the war it will awaken thrilling recollections of the scenes that occurred at Fort Duquesne and Braddock's fields, and other kindred spots where the Father of his Country acquired his heroic laurels.

A GOOD J.K.E.—The Journal of Commerce has the reputation of being "on both sides, in political matters; but an incident was related to us a short time since which we consider too good to be lost. One of the editors of that paper, while coming to this city in a steamer, amused himself with a game of chequers, in company with a wealthy gentleman, sometimes soon about the steamboat office. During the game, the editor, passing at its termination, inadvertently missed an opponent's men! "Take care, take care, Mr. H.," said the gentleman; "you are in the Journal office just now! you can't play on both sides in this game!" The hit was so palpable as to set the whole cabin in a roar.—
(New Haven Register.)

New-York :

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EDITED BY JOHN NEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD SEYMOUR.

THE TWO HEREAFTERS;

OR THE FIRST AND SECOND FUTURE.

There are two Hereafters—one lying within our reach,—the other beyond it. One is God's Hereafter—the other Man's. From God's hereafter we are separated by the grave—by death—and by all the mysteries of another and a spiritual world: from our own hereafter we are not separated at all. We belong to it—we have grown to it—and whatever mystery there may be is that of a transparent curtain at most, shimmering within our reach, and always ready to obey our will, if that will be earnest; varying from a hand's-breadth in thickness, through which no man may see, to that of kindling air when the bright sun is up, according to our wishes and the steadfastness of our faith.

Of the eight hundred millions who inhabit the earth, how many there are who ever think of this their first Hereafter? Hardly one, perhaps, in a hundred thousand or a million. The great multitude go toiling on for ever and ever, without a care, without a wish beyond the now, save where they wander for a brief moment or two over the boundaries of that other Future—God's Hereafter. Here and there one may build a house, or a temple, or plant a tree, or a state, or buy a grave-stone, or bequeath his goods to the People, that he may be remembered forever—among the countless thousands who are already forgotten: or found a charity, that his name may be had in "everlasting remembrance" among church-wardens, trustees and overseers of the poor.

But how few are these—even these—to the countless millions that have waked up—and turned over—and gone to sleep again with their fathers: beswirling themselves for a while above the earth, only that they might sleep the sounder within it: to the countless millions that have died after a long and wearisome life—toiling and sweating, and bearing and suffering, and trying to persuade themselves they were awake, through all their appointed years, without one thought of the only Hereafter that lies within the grasp of their understandings. Of the Second, or spiritual Future, they have talked much, and always the more the less they knew about it. Of that other world, before whose everlasting gates a shape like the shadow of the universe, which men call Death, abides for ever,—of that the few that think beyond the hour have sometimes thought. But to what purpose? Bewildering and vast contemplation of God's Hereafter, of what avail is it to the health of soul, or the welfare of the body, apart from its bearing upon Man's Hereafter? Ask the men that have lashed themselves to death, or starved and rotted by tens of thousands,—here cast into the fire, and there butchered upon the altar: at one time crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, and at another doomed to utter worthlessness within a temple of a different shape, and not on wheels,—ask them how much it profited creatures built in the likeness of God himself, to forget their relationship to man, or their duty to themselves and to their august lineage.

Between those who care about no Hereafter, and those who labour unprofitably alike to themselves and to others in preparing for a spiritual Hereafter, as if they had nothing to do with any other, a few may be found—a very few, faithful and fearless—who, trusting to the goodness of their Heavenly Father, take it for granted that He will take care of them, so long, at least, as they follow the solemn instincts of that nature wherein He has endowed them; and who, believing that whatever may be

the fate of those who labour only after spiritual good, nothing can be known of them till the great day of final account, (so that all the advantages of encouragement and example are lost upon their fellows) are ever labouring where their influence and example may be felt—that is, among living men,—sure that if they grapple with the enemy there, their purpose cannot be mistaken, and that he cannot be wrong who lays himself alongside of any great overbearing error, and battles with it to the last.

These are they who are labouring for the first Future—man's Hereafter. Can they be much in the wrong? Lies not the broad highway to the second Future, God's Hereafter, through this? Believing, as they do, that the only imperishable monuments for mortal man are the seeds of thought, dropped alive into warm and faithful hearts,—and that to just opinions and exalted virtues, belong the only self-perpetuating power that is allowed to flourish under Heaven,—can it be wondered at if they appear to shut their eyes to spiritual things, and to labour (in the judgment of the spiritual and the self-righteous) for that which profiteth not? Are not the ambitious, and the greedy of praise, and the covetous of wealth, all alike wandering from the true path?—unjust to the holy instincts of their nature, and given up to that which keeps them panting all their lives long; and hurries them out of the world at last in chase of a phantom?—and all alike besotted? And are not they who live neither for themselves nor for the world within their reach,—whether they be anchorites or idolaters, monks or nuns, of the priesthood or of the people,—are they not grievously in the wrong, and greatly to be pitied?

Is it unworthy of man—the Spiritual man—to seek to be remembered? If not, why reproach him when he labours to that end? There is only one way. To be remembered he must be useful,—and useful not to the spiritualities of another world—to the cherubim and seraphim,—not to God's archangels,—but to his Fellow-Man. But how to his Fellow-Man?—by holding himself aloof,—by stealing away from the world,—by denying himself all companionship with the perishing millions of Earth?—or by talking with them, face to face, in the highways?—by sitting with them on the hill-side?—by eating and drinking with publicans and sinners?—and by *thinking* with them? Thus did the Master whom we all acknowledge, or pretend to acknowledge; and therefore it is, that we find the riches he scattered so abundantly, as he went about dropping gold, not into the laps but into the hearts of men—endowed from the first with a self-multiplying power, which has well nigh filled the earth with thanksgiving, and made that which in his day was only man's Hereafter—a foretaste of the second Future—God's Hereafter. Why should we not profit by His example, and deal with the Living, and not with the Dead?—with mankind as our brethren, instead of dealing with them as heartless abstractions,—mere Spiritualities, who have nothing to do with companionship here—and not much with companionship hereafter?

A PAINFUL REMOR.—For the last two or three days there have been in Philadelphia rumors of the most painful character relative to the health and condition of mind of Mr. Nicholas Biddle. It is said that he is actually laboring under a species of mental aberration, brought upon him by sudden reverses of fortune and deep distress of mind. Mr. B. remains at his residence at Andalusia, on the Delaware, a few miles above the city.

GENERAL TOM THUMB created a tremendous excitement during his visit at Boston, especially among the girls. It is computed that he kissed five to the President's son. He has now returned to the American Museum.

THE committee of the public schools in this city, have adopted Cona's new school books as the standard text-books for these schools.



JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN ATTENDS THE PRESIDENT AT THE HOWARD HOUSE—VISITS THE PARK THEATRE WITH THE PRESIDENT AND HIS HARNESOME GALS—GOES WITH MR. ROBERT TYLER TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT AT CLAIRHUGH'S—TAKES REFRESHMENTS WITH THE LADIES AT THE HOWARD HOUSE—BEDCHAMBER SCENE WITH THE PRESIDENT—SERENADE, 4C

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Esq. Deacon of the Church and Justice of the Peace over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR:

I begin tu feel a leetle sort of better, but nothing to brag on yit. I raly believe that I'd a been a gone sucker, if it hadn't been for the musturd plasters and the onions that Captin Doolittle kept a fillin' into me, outside and in, till I can amost feel myself sprouting out greener than ever, and twice as strong.—My gracious! when this ere influenza does git hold of a feller, it aint a crimer that you can scare off in a hurry. It's the worst kind of a down east cold, double and twisted strong; and if you don't humor it like a cosset lamb, jest as like as not it ups and goes off, stubby, into a galloping consumption; and the worst on it is, it carries you off with it whether you will or no.

Wal, let me see; I was a tellin' you about the President, and how he seemed in enjoy the doughnuts and swichel aboard the sloop. The old chap took to it like a nussin baby, and if he wasn't clear grit, and no mislike, arter it, I don't know the symptoms of prime livin'.

Wal, we went back to the Howard Hotel, and she President he jumped out of the carriage as spy as a kitten, and both on us run up the steps that open out of Maiden Lane, to git rid of a hull swad of offis holders that was a hurrawing at the front door in Broadway.

The President, he took off his hat and slicked down his hair a leetle in the entryway, and I pulled up my dickey a trike and hauled but a corner of my yaller hankercher, and sez I—

"Capin, go ahead, I'm already."

Captin Tyler he shock out his white hankercher a leetle easy, and arter nussin his nose in it a minit, he gin a snorter of a blow, and in he went, right into the harnesomest room that I ever sot eyes on in my hull life. Nothin that I ever see at the Astor House was a primin to it. The carpetin was all flocked off and curlecuw with pizes and green leaves and morning glory vines went a twistyfiny all over it as natral as life, and all on 'em seemed kinder tangled up and trying to unsnarl all over the floor, till it raly seemed like treadin on a patch of wild

pizes, with the moonshine a streamin over it; you would amost smell the roses when a feller sot his foot on a bunch on 'em, they were pictered out so natral and tempin.

A great round table stood in the room like an alfred big toad-stool, cut out of a solid tree, and fancied over with the heaviest kind of mahogany work, and a great big kind of a brass consarn stood on it, with a glass wash bowl on the top, all figured off and chuck full and a drippin over with fire, that made the hull room look as light as day. You couldn't see the winders, for a hull dry good store of the finest sort of white shiny muslin fell all over 'em, tied up and streaked down with blue silk and tassels, and with great sticks of solid gold pinted off at the ends, stuck through the top on 'em and a shinin in the light. All the harnsome gals that I told you of aboard the boat, sot round so thick that you couldn't but jest see the way that the settees and benches were curlecuw off; the cushions were all tosselid out with silk and civered with velvet, as soft as a young gal's heart, and as blue as an old maid with tu much larnin. Golly-oppolus! didn't they shine and glisten, and sink down like a pory bed in a hot sun, when them gals they sidled along and slid into them, so kinder smoothe and lazy with their silk frocks on, them long shiny curls of their'n a streamin down their necks, and them consarned — I swan it makes me ketch my breath any jest tu think on 'em! I won't say no more Par, or it'll set your old blood a bilin, if you be a squire and a deacon of the church. As for the Captin, I swan tu man, I don't know how he stood it! He and I was jest like two stray shotes a runnin loose in somebody's else pun'kin viner, enamost starved, but afeared to take a bite, for fear the owners would yell out—shew! stubby!

The President, he sidled off to one of the cushioned benches, and sot down right in a swad of the harnesomest of the gals. They squeezed together to make room for him, and luffed so good natered and locked all in a twister they was so tickled tu git him among em; and there I was, enamost alone, a standin up parpendicular, and a feelin as stracked as a pair of old cotton trousers in washing time. That pesky harnsome ciiter that wore the checkered frock aboard the boat, she got nigh agin the door, so when she see me a standin there, she pinted with that leetle white hand of hers, and sez she—

"Why don't you take a seat, Mr. Slick?"

"Wal," sez I, a bowin, "I don't care if I do, jest to oblige you;" so down I sot, but the cushion give so, that I sprung right up on cend agin, and when I see it rise up as shiny and smoothe as ever, I looked at her, and sez I—

"Did you ever?"

"It's elastic," sez she, a puckering up her mouth.

"I don't know the name on it," sez I, "but it gives like an old friend, so I'll try it agin."

"These cushions are very beautiful and pleasant," sez she.

"Yes," sez I, a spreadin my handkercher over the cushion and a settin down, "they're as soft and blue as them ternal sweet eyes of your'n, but not half so bright."

She kinder larfed a little eczy, and begun to play with a tossel that hung to a corner of her seat, and then she went to talkin with the fat woman that sat tother side, like all possessed—the darned tantalizing varmint.

The capin he was as chipper as a blackbird, with the gals around him a smilin and a twitterin as tickled as so many trout around a bait. It raly made my dander rise to see it, and me a settin there as lonesome as git-out. There, jist afore me on the wall, was a great smashin picter,—a rale pen of gold, with a man and a woman a huggin and kissin, and a lookin into each other's eyes, right in the middle on it,—as if there wasn't enough rale live-temptin critters to rile a feller up without tantalizin him with picters tu.

There I sat, with old bell-crown atween my knees, fust a lookin at the President, then at the picter, and agin at that consarned handsome critter that I took sich a shine tu in the morning, till it seemed as if I should go off the handle, all I could do. There she sat, all dressed out in white, with them brown shinin curls of hers a hangin kinder loose down her neck, and them round plump white shoulders a shinin through the muslin that lay all in white shiny ridges over her bosom; and them blue eyes a looking at everybody but me. By Golly! it was enough to drive any human critter into a consarnin-fit!

—human natur couldn't stand it!—But yet I choked in, and tried to feel tu hum, anyway. I didn't want them to think that I felt bad, no nothing, so I jested slanted the old bell-crown a liddle downwards, and begun to drumont Yankee Doodle on the crown, with my thumb and fingers, and there I took it cool and easy, movin my head a trifle to keep time, and once in a while takin a kind of slanting-squint at the purty gal in white, to see how she'd act. The critter took tu music as if she'd been born a trainer—she gin up the fat woman about the quick-out,—and I could see that liddle foot of hers beatin time on the carpet, till the bottom of her fruck that lay in winrows all around the chair, begun to kinder heave and flutter about like a bed of seed-onions all in flower, when it's a blowin rather strong. Think sez I, if this ere leetle chance of music sets her feet a goin so, there's no knowin but a trifle more on it may git into her heart, and set that a jumpin arter the same fashion; so I jist gin my fingers an extra snap, and let off into Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle altarnately, till you couldn't but jist tell which was which; and all the while I kept my head turned kinder one side, and a lookin right in them ternal soft blue eyes of hers, till I saw the blood a risin up into her cheeks, and them rosey lips begin to flutter agin, and she kinder looked towards me as if she felt a hankerin to creep along, and git close up to where I sat, like the gal in the picter. I say, Par! did you ever see a checkerred afore a charmin a bird, with his head stuck up in the sun, and kinder slanted a one side,—his mouth wide open, and that are little forked tongue a tremblin in the middle on it, as if it was sot to dancin by that lazy hum, hum, hum, that comes eternally a bilin up from the pion critter's throat? Haint you never observed the purty bird, half scared to death, and jist a flutterin closer and closer to the varmint, till by am by, she lights right in his jaw, and lies a twitterin there while he's a swallowin it hull? Wal, Par, jist take away the pion, and you've some idea how I and old bell-crown come the soft soddier round that gal; but I didn't want

to git her tu hankerin arter me to much, for nothin' on arth is so likely to cure a chap of a love-sick fit, as to see the gal a git-ting tu strong a notion arter him; so I gin my fingers another snap, to change the tune, and tapered off into O'd Hundred with a touch of Greenbark, and that froze her down, eyes, feet and all in less than no time.

By am by, the chaps with the roses in their coats, they come into tother room, and so the President he got up and said it was time for us to go to the theatre. With that, the gals all huddled together, and follered the President and I into the great handsome room, where the free-born citizens had come, and it seemed as if they'd never git away; jist as I was a crookin my elbow for the handsome gal, Robert Tyler he come in, all dressed out, and a lookin as sharp as a two-bladed penknife, but his hair, it stuck out every which way, yellar, and a streamin clear down his back, till it raly made me crawl all over to look at him; I had kinder took a shine tu the critter, and it made me feel awfully to see him make such a boast of himself, so I left the gal to cut her own fodder; and I went right up to him, and sez I, in a rale whisper, sez I—

"Look a here, Mr. Bob Tyler, sposin you and I go and take a walk."

He turned round, as good natured as a pussy-cat, and follered me right into the street.

"Mr. Tyler," sez I, the minit I got onto the door step, a leanin agin the railin, and a settin both hands sot of easy in my trousers pocket, "Mr. Tyler, between you and I and the post, I don't like that hair of yours, it makes you look tu much like a manglewozzle beet a running to seed. A son of the President of these United States, ought tu be noticed for what's inside of his head, and not for such an eternal swad of swingin-tow as that are," sez I.

At fust, the feller seemed to rile up a liddle, but he raly has got a genuine head and heart tu, and such fellers may kiss in the traces when you go 'dun' a liddle with the truth, but they allers give in at the end.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, by am by, "Mr. Slick, you may be right, but some how, these free-born feller-citizens of mine, seem determined to find fault with me every way; some are jist as much sot agin my ideas as my hair!"

"Wal," sez I, "tu tell you the truth, and no soft soddier, they can't be expected to believe much more in one than that tother. A man that rurs so ginerally to hair must be a smasher if he produce much else; sich a crop as that, would wear out the richest sile on arth in two years. Now, the only wonderment tu me is, that sich a bog of swamp hay as that are, and sich poetry as that critter with the long name that you did up in varse, could a come out of the same premises."

"I hope you don't mean tu abuse Ahasuerus tu," sez he, all in a twitter.

"Darn me, if I du," sez I. "In the fust place, I haint got a jaw strong enough to grind out sich a consarned saxafix-root of a word; and then, agin, some of that poetry was prime, fust rate, and no mistake. There is one page there, about all creation a lyin in a sort of a sick, sleepy, darksome state, that no man, with a soul in his body, ought tu turn up his nose at. And then, agin, when you tell about scorn settin like a serpent on the lips of that long named chap. That is poetry, rale down-right poetry. I don't think I could write better myself!"

"Mr. Slick," sez he, a reachin' out his hand, is this your rale opinion?"

"I ain't a feller to say what I don't think," sez I; I don't look like none of your consarned office seekers du! Is there any ile on my tongue when I speak, or soft soap about my jists when I make a bow? As a general thing I take a shine to that poetry of yours; there's a liddle too much on it, and you

hain't hitched one part onto t'other, just accordiu' to Gunter; but if there's a trifle of chaff, it ain't without some plump ripe grain tu, and I'll stick up for it as long as I live; but now du go and have that hair cut off—it ain't harnsome nor democratic, and you can't afford it."

"Why, Mr. Dickens kept his'n just about as thick and long, sez he."

"Dickins be darn'd," sez I, "he's no great shakes arter all; besides, what on arth have we to do with the notions of these English chaps? That little fat queen of theirs can afford to have as many heirs as she's a mind tu, she don't have to grub down tu the hard work and support 'em—though if the scrippers say true, and 'they are all numbered' above, it seems to me that tha recordin' angel must be purty quick at figgers to keep the accounts reckoned up straight; but in this free land of liberty the heirs of the President or his children don't count for nothing, so it's tu much for you 'tu find keepin' for so many. Come along now, du! It raly makes me mad to see the little boys a pokin' fun at a fine chap like you, jist because you will make such a darn'd coot of yourself in the way of hair."

Mr. Tyler he put his arm through mine, and sez he—

"Mr. Stick, come along, I'll du it!"

"Come on," sez I, "jist up here is a place that I went tu once; the man that keeps it is a fust rate critter, and sings—oh, gracious, how he sings; there's more music in his throat than a hundred mowkin' birds would let off in a month of Sundays, and he'll cut your hair as easy as he can sing 'Green grows the Rushes O.'"

"What's his name?" sez Mr. Tyler.

"Wal," sez I, "I've eeanmost forgot, but it's a downright jaw-cracker—as long as a sarmon, and as crooked as a cork-screw; wait a minit and I'll tell you." With that I hauled in by a street lamp, and arter takin' that bottle of hair wash that I bought for you, par, out of my coat pocket, I tried to cypher out the name. *Clairehugh's Tricopherous*, sez I, a spellin out the words, letter arter letter, but arter all I couldn't twist my tongue into speakin' it out, and I felt streaked enough. "I saw, sez I, jist a coughin' a little, this 'ere influenza chokes me so I can't pronounce a bit."

"Let me see," sez Mr. Tyler, a holdin' out his hand for the bottle.

"Be careful now and don't take out the cork," sez I, "it's the clear critter, and enesjett the smell on it will set your hair a growin' till a four ox team couldn't hold it back. Oh, gracious," sez I, "now du keep your glove on, or the palm of your hand will beall civered afore mornin'." But he'd got the bottle close up to his nose, and was a readin' away like all nater.

"Clairehugh, that's the name," sez he.

"Wal, didn't I tell you so," sez I, "come along."

With that I ketched hold of the feller's arm, and in less than no time we were agoin' up a pair of stairs out of Broadway into one of the purtiest places that ever you sot eyes on. It was a long room, all carpeted off, and sot round with benches covered with shiney silk, and in the middle on it was a great round heap of silk pillars and cushions, one on 'em as big round as a cheese tub, and about as high, but all civered and sot off with streaked silk. All one eend of the room, and all around the walls was squared off in checkers, and more than fifty lookin' glasses was let right into the sides of the room, sot around with white and with gold sprigs a cuterlain' all around 'em. One eend was all winders, and tother was all lookin' glasses, and one took a picter of tother, till the hull seemed to be one consarned long room that would take a half hour to walk over, though it wan't so dreadfu' large arter all.

We hadn't more than got into the room when one of the biggest lookin' glasses swung open, and Mr. Clairehugh walked

in and made us a bow that I couldn't a beat myself. He's a proper nice feller, I can tell you; there ain't a member of our State Legislatur that's got better manners, or speaks more like a gentleman. He seemed tu know what we wanted on him the minit he sot eyes on Mr. Tyler; he jest gin his shears a twirl, and sez he—

"The last fashion, I suppose."

"Jest so," sez I.

I hadn't scarcely got the word out when down cum a great hunk of yaller hair caswash on to the floor. Mr. Tyler kinder gin a start and rolled up his eyes so sord a pitiful that I eeanmost felt sorry for him; but afore I could say so, down cum another bilin', and in less than no time the critter was transmogrified till you wouldn't a know him. Mr. Clairehugh he rubbed somethin' that smelt as sweet as a gal's breath all over his head, and when he got up, his face didn't seem more than half so much like a gun-lock as it did before, and there raly did seem to be some shape tu his head. Let me tell you that Bob Tyler ain't tu be sneezed at in the way of good looks when his head is combed and his face washed; he's a cute critter, tu, and I take tu him as flies du to a 'lassesup.

I wish you'd a seen the folkstare when we got back to Howard's Hotel; but they hadn't time tu say nothin' for the harnsome gals and chaps with the roses, and the President and all, was jest a gittin into the coaches tu go tu the theatre, so we folloered suit and cut into the fust carriage that had any room in it.

They've been a fixin up that Park Theatre quite a considerable, since I was there. The smashin great curtain that I wrote about once, is pulled down and a peaky sight harnsome one hung up instead, but I hadn't much time to observe it, for the theatre was chuck full of folks, and the minit we went in, the hull bilin on 'em got up and begun tu fling their hats about and yell agin like all possessed. I tell you what, Par, these ere Yorkers are nigh about tickled tu death tu think that I've cum back agin. The President and I, we both got up and laid our hands agin our vest pockets on the left side, and then we began tu grin like two whippoorwills in a black alder bush, and sot tu bowin and rollin up our eyes, till they went at it a consarned sight more farce than ever. Arter they begun tu cool down a trifle, the President and I we sot down on one of the front benches, so I jest gin the harnsome gal a wink tu set down close tu tother side, and then the hull on 'em begun tu pile in, till we cutabout as harnsome a dash as amon any body need to see.

The Mayor, he was a gint uset down by the Captin, but when he see me, of course he gin way and sot on tother seat. I swan tu man, Par, that as Mayor is a prime chap, a rale downright gentleman, and no soft sodder. I ain't jist sartin whether he's a Loco-foco or a Whig; but darn me if he isn't a fine feller, and numbers one on the scale of human nater. They say he's one of the cleverest critters tu poor folks that ever lived. And I believe every word on't.

Oh, Par, it was enough to bust a feller's heart to see the play that they was a actin out in the theatre. There was a poor old critter that they called Grandpa Whitehead, so infarn that he couldn't but jist walk, and he lived with a sun of hisen, and used to play all the time with his little grand son, and spent all his money to get little wooden hosus and such things for the shaver to play with—the old granddare had been rich once, and an ungrateful shote that he'd kinder adopted, cheated him out of all he had on arth, and then scrimped out a leetle money back agin, twice a year, jist tu buy back his eternal small chance of a soul from Old Nick. Wal, old grandpa's son got in debt, and he hadn't nothin tu depend on but the old man's money, and then the clever old coon up and spent the hull on it the minit it cum, for playthings and sugar hobies for his leetle gran son—for the good hearted critter didn't know that his son wanted

the money. Oh, dear, what mean critters this runnin in debt does make on us! When old gran pa's son found out that the money was gone, he bust it out a swain as mad as could be, and said he'd turn poor old gran sir out a doors—the old chap heard it, and it nigh about killed him—the poor old critter took his hat, and kissed the little shaver his gran son as if his poor heart was a bustin right there, and then he went strait off in a cold snow storm a cryin like baby without a house or hum to kiver him.

Oh, dear, suez, I couldn't hold in any longer, but boo-hoo-o-ed right out afore 'em all. I couldn't a helped it if every critter there had been a pokin fun at me for a great calf. The gals and women folks all around sniggered out to, and you never heard sich a sighin and sobbin is all your life! The harnsum gal that sot by me, she gin clear out and erid as if she raly would gointo a consipion fit. If I'd never took a shine to the tender hearted varmint afore, I should a melted down to see her take on so. Arter all, a gal may be as harnsome as a pictur, but if she haint got no feelin for others she never gins to the core of a feller's heart that's got the woth havin. I should n't a dared to tuch that little hand of hers with the tip end of my own grapple any other time, but when she bust right out a gin so, I took hold of her hand afore I knew it, and sez I a boo-ho-ing all the time—sez I,

"Don't take on so, now don't."

But she only bust out in a new spot, and like a great bossy calf I had to jine in agin.

Wal, by am by, a chap that lived with the scamp that had cheated old granpa Whitehead out of his money, he found the poor soul a lyn on the door eeanmost froze to death. So he took him in all shiverin and shakin with cold, and his grey hair and coat all kivered with snow flakes, and he sot him down by the fire and gin him a hunk of short cake and a glass of currant wine to drink, and that seemed to chirk the old critter up quite a considerable; by am by his grandarter, she was a lookin arter him and cum in, but when the old critter found out that his son had been sent to jail and the family had n't no hum, he flung up his wrinkled hands and his white hair flew about and he was as crazy as a wild bear.

Wal, while he was a knockin away at the doors and hollerin all sorts of things, the scamp that had cheated him he come into the room, a poor rick peaked lookin varmint he was, and he could n't stand the sight of the crazy old man, but went right down on his knees and owned that he was the damdest, consarned, eternal scoundrel on the face of the earth, which was the genuine truth and no mistake. Wal, the scamp he paid over all the chink, and there was a hull griat of huggin an kissin goin on and the old grandisr seemed to be about as near runnin crazy with joy as he had been with trouble.

Did n't that gal's face look harnsome while all this was a goin on? First it was wet with cryin, and then a smile would bust through that mouth and all over her face till it put you in mind of the sun when it comes a steering over a bunch of wild roses arter a shower. But the old white headed chap and the rest on 'em was a bowing to us from the stage; so as the President was to lazy, I got up and made them a prime bow, for if he did n't know what good manners was I did, and reeled it off without scrippin.

Just as I got up the curtain came down clunk, and the folks all ris and gin me three cheers that made the blood bile in my heart like maple sap in a sugar kettle. Then a little lunk cifer seekin chisp sich a himself up in the back seats and yelled out, "Three cheers for the President."

But lud a marry, cheers aint to be hanled out of a crowd of free born citizens like fish from a mill pond, two or three mean lookin shotas like him squeeled out "hurra," but that bait

was n't temptin enough for knowin fish. I did n't want to make the President feel bad, nor jealous, nor nothin, so I jist gin old ball crow a white, and bultered out, "Three cheers for my friend the Capin."

Gouri did n't they let into it then! The ruff with all its picters and curlevers seemed a lifsin right up from the walls, hairs and hankerchers atramed out, and sich a blast of human thunder aint heard every night at the Park Theatre.

"That will do," sez I, a slake a old bell crown, and lettin myself off in a bow like an illed jack-knife. "That'll do. Now Capin I guess we a better go hum."

"But I've got to go to the Chaiham Theatre yet," sez the Capin, a takin up his hat. "The Democracy, the Democracy, you know, Mr. Slick, that must be our first consideration."

"You aint a goin Mr. Slick?" sez the harnsome gal a lookin with them two eyes right into mine, and a clinchin them ere white fingers over the edge of old bell crown.

"I rather guess no," sez I, a droppin my yaller hankercher over that pesky white hand, for it looked so temptin that I was afeard the President would want to gin hold on it, and somehow a President alets does putty much as he's a mind to with the gals, except now and then one's that got a right idee of her place.

"Wall," sez I, "Capin, if you're determined to tackle in with that animal that you jist mentioned, make up your mind to cut your own fodder. I go for human nater in general—the best part of human nater I take to be the woman folks—so, if you'd jist as lives, I'll stay and go hum with the gals."

With that, the Capin Tyler and the Mayor, and the chaps with the silk roses went off; but Robert Tyler and I jist hitched onto the woman critters, and took them hum to the Howard Hotel. The landlora he sent us some drink that was enough to make your eyes water, besides a great dish of pine-apples sliced up, sugared off and with wine poured all over 'em that he sot right under the glass dish full of fire, where they lay yaller and shiney enough to tempt a teetotalar to break his pledge. The women they all drew up round the table, and while they were laying into the entables and drinkables, I jist sided round to the harnsome gal and took one of mara's doughnuts out of my pocket and I slid it into her hand. I gin her a wink, and sez I,

"Keep dark, I don't want to be mean, nor nothin; I haint got enough to go all round."

She was so tickled that she turned red all over, and eeanmost larfed out; but she took the hint and rolled the doughnut up in her hankercher, not to make the rest jealous.

Jest then, I jist slipped out and run down in the sloop, for I felt a dry agin, and them pine apples made me feel sort of womblecropped about the stomach.

When I got back the Capin he was there, jest a fixin for bed; the gals looked wilted and amost tuckered out, but I hope I may be kicked to death with grasshoppers, if Capin Tyler didn't up and buss 'em all—every darned one—afore he went.

With that, I got up, and sez I, a wipin my lips, sez I—

"Capin arter you is manners for me."

The women they buddled together like pullets under an old cart, some on 'em gin a leetle scream, and all on 'em was in a tarmal twitter—poor critters, I sposed they raly were afeard that I should n't kiss any but the harnsomest—but lord a marry they didn't know me! I allers du the fair thing—so like the old women with their winter tatters, I tackled the least temptin among 'em first, and gin 'em all a rale geousie Weatherfield smack that they seemed to relish for the unions I'd fed on a hull week, gin a flavor juir, that must a been prime, arter the Capin's tobaccoer lips. Besides the Capin's nose was so powerful long that he had to kiss sideways, which was rather awkward. Wal,

when I'd gouge round, straight ahead, and no flinchin, I tapered off with the handsome gal, but I couldn't kiss them lips of hers, for when a feller rally takes a notion tu a gal, he's as skerry as a year old calf. I only jist touched them red cherks with my pouters, but—ah, git away!—that one leetle touch made me tremble all over, and sot my blood a tiaglin more than all the other kisses I give that night, and some on 'em were prime, right on the lips and c-nsiderable lengthy.

Wal, jist as we got through, the landlord of the Howard Hotel, a nice handsome chap—he cum in with a great candlesick of solid silver in his hand, and sez he, a bowin sezhe,

"Does your Excellency wish to retire?"

Now my opinion is, that he ought to have spoken to the Captn, but as I've been called an excellent feller, ever since I can remember, in course it meant me, so sez I,

"Wal, is my natur to be rather retirin, so I don't care if I du, comealong Captn, you might as well begin to practice now."

The Captn didn't seem to hear me, so we follered the landlord into a room sot off as handsome as any we'd seen yet, with a great high bed pillared off and curtined over till it raley made one sleepy to look at it. There was another glass bowl on a stem that seemed chuck full of moonshine, and great chairs, all cushioned off, and a slab of solid marble that seemed as cold as a tomb stone, sot in wood—and on that was a great white Chiny bowl and pitchers, as big as all out doors, and brim full of Croton water—and everything else on arth that a critter could think on.

The Captn he offs coat and boots and gin a dive at the wash bowl, and if he didn't sudze his face and hands I never see one that did.

"Thera, now, I begin to feel better," sez he, a wipin' off with a towel that looked as fine as a gal's hankacher.

I was a pullin' away at them consarned new boots of mine, but the contrary critters wouldn't give an inch, heel nor toe. I was eenjest out of breath, so I jumped into a great handsome chair and histed my leg over the arm, and sez I—"Captn, give us a pull."

"That's it," sez he a larlin, "everybody wants me to give 'em a pull, but none on 'em think tu boost backer."

Bot he took hold and pulled away like a good feller. I hung onto the chair and worked my face round like a gun-lock, for he hurt consarned, but tu rights off cum the boot, and over went the Captn right on end with the stomper in his hand, and keeled up amost under the table. I jumped out of the chair and helped him up, and sez I—

"Dear suz, you ain't hurt now, are you?"

"Not a bit," sez he, "I'm used tu hard knocks in the service of my friends."

"Darn me if I don't believe that's the truth," sez I, them friends of yours will be the death of you yet."

"But never seem tu mind it—chirk up and jest look a here."

With that, I went up tu old bell-crown, that I'd sot on the table, and I took out a bottle of switcheal that I'd brought from the sloop and put handy, I shook it up, and arter takin a swig, I handed it over tu the President. He gin an alfred pull—then he took a long sigh and went atin agin, till you could hear the drink gurglin in his throat as it went down. I swan, it did me good to see him.

Arter the Captn had purty well satisfied himself, he sot the bottle down and went to the marble table; he took up a little white brush that lay there and began tu scrub away at his teeth. I kept a purty good lookout to see what he did, for I didn't want the Captn tu think that I'd a been brought up in the woods, and so the minit he'd done, I walked up, and sez I—

"I reckon mine won't be hurt by a leetle scrubbin."

He kinder held on a minit, and then he handed over.

"You're a free democrat, Mr. Slick," sez he.

"Jest so," sez I, a scowenin away at my grinders. "Jest hand over that are towel, if you've got through, wont you?"

With that, I dived into the wash bowl and made the water fly about right, while the Captn was a skinning off, and by the time I'd wiped the water out of my peepers, he was a standin there, all undressed, with a kind of silk pudden-bag drawn on his head, and a great heavy tassel a hangin down to the bindin of his shirt. Between you and I and the post, Par, Captn Tyler aint tu be sneezed at, in the way of good looks, when he's got his coat off—he's a prime lookin old feller, and no mistake.

Wal, the Captn he took another swig at the switcheal, and turned in, so I peeled off as fast as I could and follered arter.

I will say for the Captn, he gives a feller a good half of the bed and don't crowd. When I first inred in, the bed was so soft, and sunk down so that I heiched hold of the Captn tu keep from fallin through. But instead of bein mad, as some stuck up critters would be, he thought I wanted tu lie spoon fashion, and turned over as natural as could be. But the tassel of that silk consarn on his head begin to tickle my nose that sot my influenza a workin, and I had a purty severe coughin spell.

When I got over it, the Captn he begun tu ask my opinion of things in gernal, I talked right up to him, as a free-born American ought tu, and he and I, had a purty considerable confab—I'd tell you all about it, but don't think it jest the thing to get all a fellers secrets out on him, and then sell them out tu the world. We talked purty nigh on tu midnight, and jist as a genuine smore had lost its way a tryin to get through the President's nose, a hull storm of music bust out right under the winder. The President and I—we jumped right on end, and dived head forel tu the winder. There was a hull squad of fellers a rollin out the music, and a singin like so many good natured pussy cats shut out doors. When they see the President and I stuck our heads out, they bust off into Yankee Doodle, and reeled it off till the President and I couldn't stand it; but we took in our heads and broke down into a double shuffle, right on the spot. Oh gracious! didn't we put it down! It raly was a sight tu behold,—the leader they let off the music, the harder we put it down, till by an by they tapered off into another tune, and we broke right off short as pie-crust, and each took a swig of the switcheal. Then we stuck our heads out ag'n, and I took off the Captn's silk consarn by the tassel, and gin it a swing, while he waved his hand about, and I yelled hurra.

Oh, Lord a mussy! if there wasn't that fast-rate critter, the Mayer, cum all the way down to see if we'd got tu bed safe. Par, don't forget to send him a hull barrel of red onions by Captn Doolittle the next trip. I've took a shine tu that man.

The musiconers cleared out, and the President and I went tu bed agin. But let me tell you one thing, Par—Captn Tyler aint a man to be sneezed at—he balks at your consarned tangled up half foreigner music, but give him the genuine Yankee Doodle, and no demisemi-quavers, and he'll go through it heel and toe like a good feller; but if you once put him out, he'll cut in with a double shuffle, and as like as not, smash the fiddlers. I can't write no more tu-night, but remain

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

SCANDALOUS INSINUATION.—Not long since the Montreal Herald, in a notice of Mrs Gibbs, the vocalist, perpetrated the following paragraph:—"We hope our citizens will testify their sense of the esteem in which this talented lady is held by a bumper."

Those who have the pleasure of knowing this charming vocalist, will regret with scorn the insinuation conveyed. The Herald man must amend his punctuation.

COMMON SENSE.

Now for a page of downright prose! And that our readers may see how much in earnest we are, let it be the prose of Political Economy.

In all the *business* of life, theory is one thing—practice, another. To be able to get along without help, we should know something of both: and the more, the better, if we mean to help others.

Were a man, who never made a letter in his life, to lecture upon the mysteries of penmanship, he would be laughed at. Were a book to appear about horsemanship, or swimming, or shoemaking—or about anything indeed but the intuitive sciences,—Political Economy and Architecture—by a man who valued himself on being wholly unacquainted with the subject, how would it be received? Who, on earth, would think of buying it, or even of reading it? We have heard of a Scotchman teaching French—and of English statesmen trying their hands at Political Economy: but who ever heard of a Frenchman teaching Scotch? or an American statesman thinking for himself?

Suppose a man, who had learned horsemanship on a stuffed horse, or by galloping round a turfed paddock on a Welsh pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and just shont as unmanageable, were to call us together, and undertake to show, in a course of twelve lectures of one hour each, how to break wild-horses, and how to clear ditches and stone-walls and Virginia fences—what would our rough-riders think of him?

And suppose another, who, instead of jumping overboard, and buffeting the surges of the great Deep, and wallowing in the surf, had learned to swim on a table, should put forth a book on the *business* of swimming for your life—how would it sell, think you?

And if another should give lessons in shoemaking, as a multitude of women did but the other day—the utmost extent of whose knowledge amounted to this, that he knew the difference between the *fore quarters* and the *hind quarters*, the sole and the upper leather, and could tell where a shoe pinched him—how long should we bear with his presumption?

And yet—mark our words—if a man who knows nothing at all of *trade*, practically; who has no idea of what men call *business* beyond what he may have picked up from authors and talkers no wiser than himself, chooses to get up a book, or even to lecture at large—and there are a plenty that do—about Political Economy, that greatest of earthly puzzles, in the way it is usually explained, he will be listened to and talked about, and quoted with reverence and astonishment by persons, who, if they had their wits about them, would be able to show in five minutes, that his best considered propositions were miserable fallacies; that many of his leading maxims were downright nonsense, contradicted alike by all that we know, and all that we believe, as men of business; and that the authors he relied upon were neither more nor less than blockheads—pitiable blockheads; men who for the want of a little practical knowledge of business, had got bewildered between Adam Smith and Storehi, or Mill and Ricardo, or Say and Carey.

Some of these wretched absurdities have long since been put to shame, and others we shall do as much for, whenever they happen to fall in our way and we happen to be in the humor; and all we ask of our men of business—and of our statesmen, such as they are, is, that they will be good enough to listen patiently, to think for themselves and judge for themselves, after we have got through. Our motto shall be—*Strike, but Accur.*

To begin then. Political Economy, we define to be a system of National Book-keeping by Double Entry. Household Economy is the same thing on a smaller scale—an epitome of the

other. He, or *she*, therefore, who *understands* household economy in all its branches, understands Political Economy, in all its branches.

Not to waste time, however, we propose to begin at once, and without more words, upon the first of many leading absurdities, which we say, are getting possession of our people, through the instrumentality of men, who, at the very best, have only read themselves blind upon a subject they never did understand, nor ever will understand, till they have had something to do with business, and with men of business.

Not that a man of business must for that very reason be a good political economist. By no means. Although he may know much that no political economist, who is *not* a man of business, ever can hope to know; still, so far as the great principles of trade are concerned, the mere man of business, nineteen times out of twenty, is a child. So with the good housewife or the good manager—if her knowledge is confined to practice and she is unacquainted with principles—though less likely to go astray than her husband, she is rather to be pitied than praised; and in point of fact is neither a good housewife, nor a good manager, only so far as she does *understand* those principles. New cases are continually happening in domestic, as well as in National Economy.

Take an example. *Buy where you can buy cheapest* is the maxim, not only of the book-learned, but of the practical man.

But how is the maxim to be understood? with or without qualifications? *Buy where you can buy cheapest!* Ay—but where will you *sell*? Of course, where you can sell dearest. Such would be the answer both of the Political Economist, and of the every day consumer. Here Mr. Calhoun himself would not differ from the most accomplished man of business. But after all, what is the meaning of the maxim? or rather, of both maxims? Are they to be taken together or apart? One would suppose, to hear the prattle in the newspapers, and on the floor of Congress, that all we have to do, at any time, is to go to that country for our supplies where they sell *cheapest*, without regard to any other circumstances. And yet, this cannot be their meaning. They must mean, if they mean any thing, that we should go where you can *buy cheapest* and *sell dearest*. Otherwise, their maxim is only half a maxim; or downright nonsense. There are two members to it; and they are co-relatives—as much so, as the two blades of a pair of scissors. It should stand somewhat thus. *Buy where you can buy cheapest—and—where you can sell dearest.* Or—*Buy where you can buy cheapest—if—you can there sell dearest:* or again—*Buy where you can buy cheapest—provided—you can there sell dearest.* Otherwise, you have words without meaning; and mischief instead of advantage, from your maxim.

For suppose it should so happen that just where you can buy cheapest, you cannot sell dearest, but are obliged to sell *cheapest*: or suppose that just where you can buy cheapest, you cannot sell at all—what then becomes of your maxim?—what is it good for? Shall you continue to *buy* where you cannot *sell*?—and if you did, would that market, in point of fact, be the *cheapest* for you?—and if it would not, then do we ask you what the maxim itself is worth? and whether it is not calculated to *deceive*, rather than to help you?—and if only half-stated, as it generally is, by the leading politicians—nay, by the leading statesmen of our day—is it not of itself a mischief, as well as an absurdity, alike affronting to the common-sense and to the cultivated understanding of man?

Let us apply the doctrine. There live a community of farmers and mechanics. They want a variety of household comforts, which they cannot produce. They have more time than they know what to do with. In the winter and spring they and their wives and children have little or nothing to do. They

want shoes, hats, cloths, calicoes, and stockings. All these things they can buy of another community, a little way off, who manufacture them at one-half the price, or with one-half the labour, if you will, which it costs the farmers and mechanics to produce them, according to the computation of political economy: that is, the husbandman or blacksmith may be three or four days making a pair of boots, which the bootmaker, who has been brought up to the business, and does nothing else, will turn off in a day and a half, or two days at furthest: and it will take the farmer's wife another whole week, perhaps, to knit a pair of stockings, or to weave cotton-cloth enough for a shirt, which in the other community, by the help of machinery, and the division of labour, might be turned off in a few hours.

Here steps in the political economist, and begins to harangue the farmer and blacksmith about their shameful ignorance of political economy, and about the folly of wasting their time, and allowing their wives to waste theirs in the production of that which they can buy so much cheaper.

"Always buy where you can buy cheapest! my friend," says he.

"Agreed!" says the farmer. "But what is the meaning of *cheapest*?"

"Where you can buy for the least money."

"But if I have no money?"

"Ah! but you have money's worth—you have your wheat and your corn,—your hay and your cattle,—and whatever you produce upon your farm; in other words, you have your labour to exchange for the labour of the shoemaker and the cloth-weaver.

"True. But suppose the shoemaker and cloth-weaver do not happen to want any labour, nor the product of any labour,—neither my corn nor my wheat,—neither my hay nor my cattle,—what then?"

"Why, then, you must go to another market, where they do."

"But suppose I can find no such market? or only at such a distance that the cost of transportation eats up my produce before I get it there—so that farmers who live nearer can undersell me?"

"Why, then, to be sure—but *such a case can never happen*."

"Never happen! Why, sir, it happens every day—it happens everywhere. Did you never drive a nail for yourself—nor tighten a screw—not whittle a plug for a cider-barrel?"

"To be sure I have."

"And why? Why didn't you send for a carpenter?"

"Because it wouldn't have been worth my while."

"Just so, my friend, is it with the great majority of our husbandmen, mechanics, and our labourers out of our larger cities. It is not worth their while to go abroad for the little they want. They and their families have a great amount of leisure time—whole days and half days—thousand half hours—little odds and ends, which they wouldn't know what to do with but for this tapping of shoes and sugar-maples, and this whittling of ox-bows, and knitting of stockings, and weaving of cloth, instead of buying where they can buy cheapest. If they had all enough to do, and *always*,—and if what they produced could always be sold at a fair price,—then, to be sure, they might well agree to buy where they could buy cheapest, because *there*, by the supposition, they might sell dearest. But for this very wastefulness of which you complain, these farmers and blacksmiths and their families would lose weeks and months of time every year, which by their present thriftiness they manage to find for old age and future comfort. They had better work for nothing and find themselves, than be idle—and this they know. But they do not work for nothing when they work in this way. They have a comfort in wearing what their wives and daughters, or husbands and sons have made with

their own hands: and the *boughten* stuff stands no chance with it for strength and wear; and they feel *dependant* only upon their MAKER and themselves."

Now—to your maxim again. Suppose that the farmer, instead of buying where he *could buy cheapest*, should take it into his head to buy *where he could sell dearest*, and nowhere else—what would you think of him? Yet that is just what you—and our leading statesmen—recommend. You say—*buy where you can buy cheapest*—without regard to purchasers. Which of these two were the wiser man? Are not both *simpletons*—poor, short-sighted simpletons?

One word more—and but one. Suppose it should so happen that just where, if he had the money to pay for it, the mechanic or farmer could buy cheapest, just there he must either sell *cheapest*, or not sell at all: would not a new question arise? And if there happened to be another community where, although the articles he wanted were not sold so cheap, he could sell what he produced, or exchange it for a higher price than elsewhere—would he not, as a man of common sense, be obliged to fling all these maxims to the wind? or put a new interpretation upon them?—and judge not by the words *cheapest* and *dearest*, but by summing up the advantages and disadvantages and striking the balance? Instead of saying, *buy where you can buy cheapest*,—or, *buy where you can sell dearest*—it were about as wise, and might be much wiser to say, *buy where you can sell cheapest*,—the maxim, properly expressed, would be, *buy and sell both where it is most for your advantage*—all circumstances being taken into consideration.

Need we say another word to show the alarming absurdity of this particular maxim, put forth as it is, and generally understood as it is? And yet we venture to assure the readers of the *Brother Jonathan*, that this is but one of a hundred or so, as fruitful in mistake and mischief, that are now regarded as first principles in the *science of Political Economy*—as they call it. More hereafter.

MR. RICE'S HOTEL, at NEW RICHELLE LANDING.—We are acquainted with no public house in the vicinity of New York, that can in any way compare with the airy and precious hotel, kept by Mr. Rice, at the New Rochelle Landing. The house occupies one of the pleasantest locations on the river, and is surrounded by rural walks, shady retreats and facilities for every kind of enjoyment, that a country life can afford. To these are added the luxury of an excellent bathing establishment, conveniences for boating parties, and *bowers* for the accommodation of such visitors as prefer a morning or afternoon ride through the beautiful scenery to be found everywhere in the neighborhood—nothing can be more delightful than the prospect commanded from many of the finest sleeping apartments—a fine view of the river, with distant woodlands, and all the shipping as it passes to and from New York, can be obtained from almost every room in the house. While the indoor conveniences of newly furnished rooms—light and airy—with irreproachable linen, and chamber conveniences of every kind, render the interior of the Hotel, quite as agreeable as its attractions of water and scenery. We need say nothing of the table which Mr. Rice spreads for his guests. Those who have tasted its luxuries, will require no remembrance, and those who take our advice and run down to Rochelle during the hot summer weeks, may possibly meet with a pleasant surprise in this particular. The boats only charge 25 cents, for a trip to New Rochelle, and we have decidedly made up our minds to take at least two shillings worth of the steamboat, with as much fresh air, and cool scenery as these hard times will admit—especially as the mansion is brilliant with ladies, and offers such inducements, as attractive servants, good wines, and a lovely accomplished mistress to overlook the whole—with moderate prices too. Decidedly we go to the Neptune house this very season.

WARDEN LINCOLN.—We are gratified to learn, says the Atlas, that measures are in train for raising a sum of money, by subscription, in aid of the large family of this faithful public servant, left destitute by the murder of their father and protector.

MRS. SOUTHEY AGAIN.

The English paper which first published the preposterous charge, regarding the extract of Mrs. Southey's letter, to be found in Mrs. Sigourney's book on England, gives as his authority, a letter written by Mrs. Southey herself, to some friend in England. Now this matter does not resolve itself into a single question of veracity, resting between two distinguished ladies. There can be but one deduction drawn. Mrs. Sigourney has entrusted the original letters now in dispute, to several of her intimate friends, who have compared and perused them critically. That she did not give them to the world, word for word, was owing to her own delicate sense of honor—the letters contained some private matter which Mrs. Sigourney does not even now, deem herself justified in making public. But enough have seen the letters to answer for their contents—the editor of the *Harford Courant*—Mr. Wadsworth, and many others. There is but one reply to render back to this charge. We take the responsibility—and with full proof of what we say—instant that if Mrs. Southey has in truth given sanction to a report that our country woman has in any way gulled or altered a syllable of her letter, she asserts that which has no foundation in fact, and is either mistaken or is guilty of a premeditated untruth. If she is not blameable in having written the letter spoken of by the English editor, she has sanctioned an untruth by her silence. Mrs. Sigourney did not alter a word of the letter—an extract of which is published in "*Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*." The assertion is utterly without foundation, but who will repeat it. This is strong language, but not one whit more positive than we are prepared to sustain.

IF we understand that the Episcopal Convention recently held in this city, took the preliminary steps, for the erection of a mural tablet to the memory of the late Bishop Griswold. The tablet will be set up in Trinity church. We trust, and we doubt not, that Mr. Brackett, the sculptor, will have the execution of this work. He has a beautiful model for such a tablet, now on exhibition at his room.—*Boston Merc. Journal*.

We had the pleasure a few days since, while on a flying visit to Boston, of visiting the studio of our friend Brackett. We saw the model above alluded to, and are convinced that a more appropriate and beautiful memorial of that good man could not be obtained. We sincerely trust it will be adopted by the Convention; indeed we undervalue that such a decision had been arrived at. Brackett has improved much since he left this city, his conception and execution have become matured, and many of the works of art which adorn his studio, bear the stamp of true genius. One of the busts in particular, recently finished in marble, is worthy of the chisel of Thorwaldsen or Canova. The gem of the collection however is "Little Nell" an impregnation of that beautiful creation of Dickens. There is a pensive thoughtfulness, and a look of premature care in the expression of the face, an unstudied grace and harmony in the position of the person, which shows that the sculptor has caught and prized in his work, the true conception of the author. It is a sweet picture and we sat on hour gazing upon it drinking in its humble quiet loveliness, until we became lost to the world around us, and learned to love her as the poor old man did, in whose long and weary wanderings Nell went hand in hand. None should visit Boston without calling upon Brackett. We are truly happy to learn that his merits are being appreciated, and that patronage, which often finds no way to modest merit, has at last bestowed some of its favors on this truly great artist.

BUSKER HILL MONUMENT.—The summit of the monument affords one of the most extensive and delightful panoramic views imaginable. Seaward, it extends out to the broad Atlantic, embracing the harbor with the green islands sleeping on its bosom, and its overhanging water life, Massachusetts Bay, the rocky promontory of Nahant, the towns of Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, &c., Boston Light House, &c. Landward, the view embraces hill and valley, gardens, parks, cultivated fields, forests, and orchards, while Charles River, like a ribbon of silver, winds in tortuous sweepings through the green valleys, spanned by numerous bridges. Directly beneath you is the town of Charlestown, every street, lane, and garden visible as if marked on a map, and on the left, Boston, looking like an immense irregular mass of bricks, with not a sign of green thing to be seen about it excepting Copp's Hill and the State House looming up over all like a gigantic watchtower.

The view well repays the fatiguing ascent. Visitors, however, pan, by paying a small gratuity, be carried up the centre of the shaft in a car, by

steam power. The fixtures are all very strong, and there is no danger in the ascent. The gentlemanly contractor, Mr. Savage, is always in attendance, and gives any information desired by visitors.

LITERARY.

CLAY'S LIFE AND SPEECHES.—Messrs Greeley & McElrath, of the *Tribune*, have just published a complete edition of the *Speeches of Henry Clay*, from 1810 to 1852 inclusive, prefaced by an Original Memoir of Mr. Clay, written with great vigor and beauty. The whole forms two octavo volumes of over 1100 pages, with three Engravings, including a portrait of Mr. Clay, on steel, and is issued in paper covers at the exceedingly low price of *One Dollar*. In strong binding it will be \$1.25. As a contribution to the political and civil History of our country, this work has strong claims to public favor, since Mr. CLAY has been intimately connected with the government, and foremost in the discussion of every great question of National Policy for more than thirty years. Whoever wishes to see what can be well said on one side, or at least, of all those questions, will find it forcibly set forth in the speeches of Mr. Clay. By those who concur with him in sentiment, he is regarded as the Man of the Age; by all, his talents and effectiveness as a debater and legislator are cheerfully acknowledged. We presume, therefore, that an edition of his Life and Speeches, afforded at so low a price, cannot fail to secure a very general circulation. (160 Nassau street, New York.

THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK, by Mark Anthony Timmarsh: J. Winchester, N. Y.—All those who remember those capital articles "*The Yellow plush Correspondence*," published some three or four years since, will have a vivid appreciation of the treat they have in store in reading this book. Mr. Timmarsh, whose travelling life is Timmarsh, has given us a volume full of fun, sketches of Irish life and Irish scenery, anecdotes, personal adventures, &c., "with pictures to match," and from it we can probably get a better idea of the present condition of Ireland than from any other source extant. The author has evidently an eye to the humorous and ludicrous in all he sees, and has made a most capital book for a summer day's reading. The work is well got up by Winchester, and in a much more convenient shape than his previous publications.

CLONTARI; OR THE FIELD OF THE GREEN BANNER, by John Augustus Shea: Appleton & Co., N. Y.—Mr. Shea is well known by his fugitive contributions to the literature of the day, the most popular of which is probably, "*The Address to Ocas*," commencing—

Likeness of Heaven,
Agent of Power,
Man is thy victim—
Shipwreck thy downer,

and he has now ventured upon a long poem descriptive of a portion of the history of his native land. With the thread of the story is entwined some love passages of the Hero,—for what were poetry without a leaven of love—and the whole is wrought up with great power and beauty. We simply announce the publication this week, and shall endeavor to find room in our next for a lengthy notice.

LADIES' C. MAPLETON.—The July number of this favorite periodical is unusually rich in embellishments. It has three steel engravings,—"*Sir Roger de Coverly and the Gypsies*," "*Hyacinth*," and "*The Page*"; all are very beautiful, and of a more finished execution than magazine plates have of late exhibited. "*Hyacinth*" is a sweet picture of playful happiness. The countenance of the girl on the left is one of the most beautiful we ever saw in an engraving. The story of Mr. Ingham,—"*Carlota, the Nun of San Eliseo*,"—is a powerfully written tale of the horrible school. Mrs. Sigourney has furnished a sweet, touching article, which none can read without a warmer feeling for the author than was felt before. "*The Ship of the Palatines*," by W. G. Sumas, is worthy of the pen of this distinguished writer. The other contributors are Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Steele, G. G. Foster, Lieut. Pattee, Wm. B. Tappan, Wm. G. Howard, &c.

THE MAPLETON FOR JUNE. This magazine is really too good for the people of the South. Were it something sprightlier and pleasanter, tho' comparatively worthless, it would pay better. And by the way, speaking of pay,—Can it be possible that high minded men—the men of the South too—can suffer another of these Southern Literary enterprises to go down before their eyes; for the lack of what is honestly due the proprie-

ters! Shame on the wretches, who have so little of common decency, to say nothing of common honesty, as to withhold the miserable pittance they owe! Would they dole out their charities to publishers—as publishers are obliged to dole out theirs to authors, when they do it so grudgingly, and so late, as to render them almost worthless? Are magazine debts and newspaper dues no longer debts of honor? We beseech our southern friends to walk up and cast their eyes over Mr. Pendleton's STATEMENT, on the covers of their book, and see to what they have driven a man, having confidence in Southern promises, and Southern temper.

NEW MIRROR. Willie, we see, is getting in earnest. Now we begin to see that the Mirror must succeed. If G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis cannot carry a newspaper—and such a newspaper—triumphantly through, then the rest of the world may as well hang up the fiddle.

A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical and Historical, of the Various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World.—By J. R. M. Culloch. This is the commencement of another of those useful enterprises, for which the Brothers Harper, are becoming so justly celebrated. The work of M. Culloch is admitted to be one of the most comprehensive and valuable of its class, and the publishers in order to secure greater fullness and accuracy to those portions relating to America, have engaged the valuable services of Daniel Haskall, A.M., formerly President of the University of Vermont, a gentleman than whom there is none more capable of performing the task to the satisfaction of the public. The work is published in numbers, and is illustrated by several large maps, one of which accompanies the present number, being "The World on Mercator's Projection." We cannot commend too highly the publication of works of this useful character, and we trust to see them multiplied and cheapened until every family in the land has a library of them.

WORKS OF LORD BYRON: Cary & Hart, Philadelphia. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of this beautiful serial edition of the great Poet's works have been issued. It is illustrated with splendid steel engravings, and is printed on large clear type on fine white paper. It is really a beautiful edition and should be well patronized. The third number, now before us, contains *Lara*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Byzance*, and *Manfred*.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—We have No. 9 of this useful publication. We can warmly commend it to our agricultural friends.

SIR JOHN FROHART'S CHRONICLES.—We have received from Winchester, 30 Ann street, the third number of this work. We have before us spoken fully of it.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE ROMANS, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D.; Robt. Turner, New York.—No. 4 of these eloquent lectures has been issued.

THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.—By Harry Frodo.—Mr. Allen 129 Nassau street has sent us No. 3 of this well written and interesting tale.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD JOURNAL, for July, Edited by George C. Schaffer, and D. K. Minor. It contains much valuable information upon the subject it is devoted to.

SHAKSPEARE WORKS.—Harper and Brothers, N. Y. The eighth number is before us, containing *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, which finishes the plays. This number also contains several of Shakspeare's long poems, sonnets &c.

THE FIRE IN DUANE STREET.—It will be remembered that a short time since, a fire occurred at the corner of Duane and William streets, which extended to the hair-cutting establishment of J. P. ASTURY, 13 Duane street. In consequence of this fire, Mr. Anthony's business was broken up, his goods scattered and destroyed, and himself obliged to open a small shop on the opposite side of the street. We now learn that Anthony's old stand has been rebuilt upon a larger and handsomer scale, and that he himself is "back again." This is good news, for, individually, John is the most accomplished artiste in his line in the city—everything about his shop is always neat and clean, and in spotless order—and persons who once visit there are sure to call again. While on this subject we would also say that John has the reputation of being the best wig maker in town.

¶ We are desirous of knowing if Mlle. Marie Calvé, of Nîmes, is any relation to Ole Bull, the great violinist.

WRIGHT'S PEN.—If there is anything on earth calculated to try a poor author's temper, it is a steel pen that flings your ink about with no sort of deference to your wishes in the matter, and occasionally tears a hole in your paper, by way of ornament. We have got half a dozen boxes, and a whole regiment of cards, bristled over with pens and pen holders, of all stamps and polishes, but it is a miracle if one ever becomes useful in our hands, save those manufactured by, and bearing the stamp of G. C. Wright & Co. The variety produced at this establishment is truly astonishing. A while since Wright's National Pen was, in our opinion, the most perfect thing ever invented in metal, but now the Knickerbocker Pen, the Note Pen, and the Washington, each claim an equal tribute of praise though each has a distinct merit of its own, and is adapted to the different hands that are to wield them. A new quill cannot be more light and delicate than the Note Pen which we have just given a trial on rose scented paper, intended for a lady. Then give us the substantial Knickerbocker, or the elastic National for newspaper manuscript, and such business letters as one is constrained to write on foolscap, and seal with a broad red water. There is substance and durability in them! They never go snapping and flinging ink, at random over your paper, but wear out, when they do give way, reluctantly and in hard service. In short, the pens that come from this manufactory, last longer and work better than any article of the kind that we have ever experimented with. Mr. Stick, who never used anything but a thick goose quill in his life, has been persuaded to try one of the Washington Pens, and pronounces it "prime."

¶ Mr. Kendall, editor of the N. O. Picayune, is preparing for the press an interesting series of papers which appeared some time since under the title of "Santa Fe Sketches."

GREAT FIRE—A VILLAGE DESTROYED.—The Montreal papers of Wednesday announce the entire destruction of Boucherville, a village on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, containing some two hundred houses and about a thousand inhabitants. A fire broke out a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and is supposed to have caught from a spark from the steamboat Chamblay, which passed a short time before. The church, priest's residence, and indeed almost every house in the village were destroyed; and, says the Montreal Herald, a list of the sufferers will prove a census of the village. They had no fire engines in the place, and, strange as it may appear, none was sent from Montreal—although the fire was seen there almost from its commencement. After the fire was over and the destruction complete, the authorities of Montreal sent a quantity of provisions for the sufferers.

The fire at Boucherville, near Montreal, as was supposed, was caused by a spark from the steamboat St. Louis, which set a stable on fire, whence the flames spread in every direction. No lives were lost, but one child was very severely wounded. Much property was plundered, and several boat loads were taken away. The church was insured for £300—about one fourth of the loss.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—During a thunder storm on the 16th, the Norwich C. C. Telegraph station, that a lady named Cooper, residing near South Berlin, was struck by lightning. She was sitting in a chair at the time, with a young child in her arm, which was not hurt or even stunned. She remained in a sitting posture, but her husband, discovering something unusual in her appearance, approached and found her senseless. Dr. Blin Barile, of that village, having passed the house a short time previous to the calamity, was sought, and arrived at the dwelling in some 20 minutes afterward—a circumstance to which she probably owes her life—There was no mark left on her person, nor was it possible to determine where the fluid entered the house. The husband escaped, except a slight injury to his heels.

EDITOR MURDERED.—An affray took place at Vicksburg, on the 7th inst., between Dr. Hagan, the editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel, and G. W. Adams, son of Judge George Adams, of Jackson, Mississippi. As Dr. H. was passing from his boarding house to his office, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Adams walked up behind and struck him with a cane; a scuffle ensued, both falling to the ground. Adams drew a pistol from his pocket while down, and placed it at the back of Hagan's head; the ball entering the spine, caused instant death.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.—The Committee on Military Affairs in the New Hampshire Legislature, to whom was referred a resolution in relation to West Point Academy, reported several resolutions, declaring the institution to be unworthy of support, and instructed their Senators and Representatives to vote against any appropriations for the support of the institution, and to vote for, and use their efforts to have the same entirely abolished. The resolutions were read twice.

Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, has presented the Astronomical Society of that city a site for its Observatory. It consists of four acres of ground, on one of the highest hills on the eastern side of the town.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

REPLY TO MR. NEAL'S LECTURE.

BY MRS. T. J. FARRHAM.

[Concluded from our last.]

There are other grievances named, such as are the growth of bad legislation, for which redress must be sought at the hands of the other sex. They are responsible for these, and must take the censure which they call down. Thus, women are very insufficiently protected in their property rights. Every penny which a woman has laboured or earned may be taken from her through the villainy or misfortune of her husband—nay, such a nonentity is she in the eyes of the law, that while she is weeping over the nullity of her husband, the merciless clutch of a legal process may be laid on her long-loved home, and she be made a stranger in it. Almost everywhere, too, when a man dies, his heir may render the woman who has helped to amass his fortune a dependant in the very home her hands have made! These are wrongs, and wrongs, too, of so small moment. They should be protested against by every honest person until redress is granted.

But, that woman "is excluded from all offices of honor or profit" (if her holding them would bring her into relation with the civil or political existence of the people)—"that she is denied all participation in government," is precisely as *One* wiser than we are, ordered it. It is to be hoped that the official records of this Republic may be handed down to posterity without the monstrous anomaly of a female name appearing upon them. We may be proud to trace the annals of our history as the mothers and wives of freemen—as office-holders and politicians, rever! Here, probably, lies the gist of the whole question. A few social grievances, which we alone, or we best, can abolish,—a few civil wrongs, which some persuasion on our part would induce our legislators to amend,—and the question is left to stand upon the exercise of equal "political rights."

Here again recurs the question—what is Freedom? It is answered in the words of our Revolutionary Fathers, viz., that people are free only when they make, expound, and execute their own laws. True—but our fathers had not then discovered what it has remained to this age to announce—that the interests of those men who shed their blood in the Revolution were directly opposed to the interests of the women who staid at home and cheered them on! There is a grand distinction to be made hereafter. When the historian speaks of a revolutionary struggle among a people, we shall ask, among whom?—the men, or the women?—because he should know that if the men fought, their interests being directly opposed to those of the women, whatever rights they secured have not at all meliorated the condition of their wives and daughters. Of course it must follow that the interests of the women are directly opposed to those of the men, and consequently one or other of the parties must be in the ascendant, or struggling for it. There can be no harmony between two parties whose interests are opposed to each other, except so far as they sacrifice or exchange them for the benefit of union. And as man has acquired "the supremacy merely by the ORIGINAL ACCIDENT (!!!) of superior strength, it is very possible that this accident may eventually turn in favour of women, and then let the gentlemen take care of themselves! Where they have rendered no mercy, they can expect none. When we by accident become six feet high, and possess the wide shoulders, brawny arms, and iron muscles which they now wear, and they walk forth in onemore delicate proportions, they must expect to vanish before us by battalions, and meekly bestow themselves to making, mending, dishwashing, dusting, nursing, and those numerous other occupations which we have so long and patiently performed! When that time comes let them remember that they had far warring from one of their contemporaries in the Brother Jonathan. Of course this change will be accompanied by a similar one among the lower species of animals, for it must have been by the same accident that the male lion, the horse, and other quadrupeds, to say nothing of the feathered tribes, obtained their superior strength. When the accident jumps into the opposite scale, there will be some scenes worthy the genius of Hogarth.

But, seriously, in regard to the exercise of political rights, it seems scarcely possible that any person acquainted with the physical economy and structure of both sexes could for a moment believe they were designed for the same sphere of action. Will any one undertake to say that young females are as fit to enter our military academies,—our

naval or merchant ships and whalers,—is a youth of the other sex? In the matter of suffrage, they might have separate polls, and each lady deposit her vote without molestation—at least from the other sex; but it cannot be supposed that we should continue to vote for any length of time before we carried in some of our own candidates! And then, how readily a qualified to perform their natural and domestic duties as wives and mothers, and at the same time of filling the chair of President, Senator, Judge, Sheriff, or the inferior offices.

Will the health and condition of a woman elected to one of these stations permit her always to attend to its duties? Would it be practicable for her to share these offices with men under all circumstances in which she might be called to them? And if there were no personal objection on the part of the lady, who, meantime, is to perform her domestic duties? Who is to take care of her family while she is eight or ten months at Washington, or three or four weeks on the bench, or at the bar? Who is to cherish her infant?—or with her more delicate nature, how is she to get through a stormy season, or a capital trial, and avoid the excitement and scenes of violence not unfrequently connected with them? How gracefully and tenderly could woman preside at the household altar, and train the tender sensibilities of her young children, when she had just returned from tying the fatal rope on the scaffold? How sweetly would her feelings harmonize with the pious efforts of the domestic circle, when she had been sitting for weeks on the bench, and perhaps closed her labours by pronouncing the highest penalty of the law upon a fellow-being? How would an appointment to the office of Police Magistrate, or Constable, abate, and purify her spirit? How sweetly her voice would fall on the ear in the parade-ground, or amid the earnest and deadly conflict of the battle-field! What music in the mother's footfall when her boot and spur ring upon the threshold! What tenderness in the caress, with the sword at her side, and the knapsack on her shoulders? Oh, these would be charming positions to develop woman!—these would make her the tender and gentle wife, mother, and friend!—these would give her skill and compassion in the sick chamber!—these would prepare her admirably to rear and cherish, with gentle touch and patient affection, those frail buds of being whose lives for a long period depend upon her ceaseless love and care!

If woman were to share all these arduous duties with man, and the additional burden of rearing her family, why was she made less capable of endurance? Why should nature impose a double task upon the weaker agent?—for it cannot be denied that of the two sexes, man is physically the more feeble—he has less muscle, and a smaller osseous system. But she is appointed to all the labour and responsibility of rearing into maturity the human family; and is it rational to suppose that the Creator has added to three, with her weaker person, the same tasks for which he calls upon the strong frame of man, unassisted by any of these?

But if she be thus physically disqualified, she must necessarily be mentally so. Duty would never have endowed any being with desires and mental capacities to do what its physical constitution rendered impossible. Woman cannot perform both these classes of duties—she will not—God never intended that she should. From the creation she never has performed them. If also be a true woman, her time and energies are occupied as the wife and mother. When she becomes the governor, the legislator or the politician, she is no longer a woman,—she no longer performs the natural duties of woman.

But one of the principal grievances complained of, is, "that women are taxed without representation or without their own consent." This was what drove our fathers to shed the first blood of the revolution; and if the women of the United States are as deeply wronged as they were, they have a good right to raise the revolutionary war-cry. Let us see.

Taxes are regulated by statute. With us the statute-makers take themselves as well as the people; and the rates are always supposed to be adapted to the necessities of the State and the condition of the citizens. In the United States, the law-maker is never exempted from the taxes he levies on others. We never hear of any special enactment, levying rates on the property of an individual or of a class, such as are not demanded of all for the welfare of the State. Where the right to legislate is hereditary, and the noble legislator may lay burdens heavy and grievous to be borne on the backs of the people, without so much as touching their finger to them, this may be done; but even then, we never hear of special enactments, by which women holding property, are oppressed, merely because the sex is unrepresented in the law-making body. Nor is any such thing to be

apprehended, while man retain any sense of justice, honour or self respect. In what nation on the face of the earth can that body of men be found so steadfastly as to lay any burthen upon women of property, which they do not equally submit to for the public good? Nowhere in Christendom. Such is the identity of interests between the sexes, that where a tax is laid on all for the general benefit, or on any class for the same purpose, women who hold property are no more aggrieved than men in the same circumstances. Nor can any discrimination be made, by which taxes levied on the property of females, shall be more oppressive than those imposed on males, while there is left any sense of obligation or decency among men.

Except in a few matters, some of which have been previously specified, the laws afford as perfect protection to women in their personal and property rights as to men. The same laws of contract and partnership bind her and those with whom she contracts; the same courts redress her wrongs, the same laws allow her to receive and hold, or sell and devise real estate, until she merges her civil existence in that of her husband, and then she is shielded by him from imprisonment for debt or punishment for crime (except wrongs done to the person of another) if she act in his presence; and in case of separation he is compelled to maintain her unless she be the guilty party.

She is then equally protected while she is exempted from all services which man performs for the public good. She is never required to do military nor any other public duty, and never pays a capitation tax. So much for the protection afforded to woman by laws made by those whose interests are directly opposed to hers. This assertion of opposite interests is a bold error, but what is intended by it? How can the interests of either portion of the human race, without which the other would be a nonentity, be opposed to those of the other? Are the interests of the husband and wife, the father and daughter, the brother and sister, so diverse, that when the former are making those laws which their patriotism and best knowledge dictate for the public weal, they must necessarily be oppressing the latter? Who, in Christian countries, legislates to secure freedom and happiness to himself at his friends and table, and does not at the same time secure them to the woman who shares them with him?

The law-making power is vested wholly in the hands of men, and as far as mere legal enactments go, they hold all our personal and property rights at their disposal. It is not denied that the existing laws afford to some of these very inadequate protection. But this is not because woman has not exercised the law-making power, for it has been already seen that she is not so constituted as to exercise it; and full provision must therefore have been made for her protection without it. Beside there has never been a kingdom or state since the creation of the world, where this power has been equally divided between the two sexes; yet we find as the principles of justice are more fully recognized in the policy of governments, that woman approximates nearer to a perfect enjoyment of her rights, and this fact shows that as the popular mind becomes more enlightened, and man more willing to substitute justice for tyranny, right for strength, he voluntarily offers her the full benefit of the change.

As the Genius of Liberty spreads her piousions over the nations of the earth, woman equally with man shares their protection. With every step that he advances towards her sacred temple, he leads women at his side.—Nor does he ask her to put forth her arm to clear away the obstacles that lie in his path? He fares onward with what advance he may, levelling forests, bridging oceans, spanning continents. Sometimes he lies fettered at the feet of Power for ages—starving, hopeless, helpless. Granted the privilege of existence only because without him the jeany or the loom might stop—or Tyranny be troubled with importunate visits from its neighbors. He lies so tightly bound that he becomes almost unmindful of his fetters—so blinded to his wrongs that he does not see that all are not like him, and woman is with him; such rights as he has she partakes. But anon some more sensitive heart is touched; some stronger arm is shackled; some bolder eye, looking out, catches the light of freedom, and reflects it upon the lowering brows around. Like lightning darts the subile influence into the very elements of the nation's being. Its first flashes are faint, dim, and distant, but anon they approach nearer! Clouds roll up above the firmament—portentous to the leader eye of power only—but rich, bright, glowing and full of promise to the hearts that see their light. Then comes the sultry growl of demand; the cool denial and rebuke; another voice is answered by re-

monstrance; another and the gentle tones of promise break upon the ear—but no bow appears in the clouds! Anxious eyes look still for the realisation which comes not. But there is woman at man's side, watching the ominous workings of his brow; all that he has is shared by her! His bondage or freedom.

The elements grow more agitated. The light of hope which has been spread over the firmament mounts to the very zenith, and concentrates before the nation's gaze, into one intense and kindling star!—the only point of promise in all the surrounding gloom:—too bright to be hidden from a single eye, and exalted, thank God, beyond the reach of tyrants. The air is now filled with groans and shrieks, and fierce, stern marmars, such as but once fall on the ear of power. Now comes the clash of arms,—the flood of gore,—the thunder,—groans and shouts of man's stern determination. This is a fearful scene, but woman's eye looks not upon it. She sees the little star, and hushes the beatings of her heart. And when the clouds have rolled away, and the sunlight breaks over the earth, and familiar harmonies gather on the ear, and flowers breathe their fragrance around him,—man finds himself free,—his strong arms unshackled,—his growing soul unoppressed,—his home what he will make it—Liberty all around, and his happiness its promised growth. Thus was it when our Fathers drew the sword in defence of our liberties. Where was woman then? Had man toiled through all this blood and darkness, and emerged, himself, into the clear sunshine, leaving one who had unshared and watched for him, under the cloud to achieve her own escape? No! with his sword in one hand he shielded her with the other, from the violence and horror through which he passed, asking from her only the light of her smile and the music of her voice; and now she is there with him under the very sun of liberty, there where the free home is made. Say not that man can be free and woman a slave! Her freedom must ever be measured by his,—her slavery by his. The one must include the other. But in this age man has not so long dwelt in the Temple of Liberty, that he will trust himself with all her secret counsels. The genius of Democracy, when she struck off his fetters, found him somewhat awkward, and withal cautious and prudent in the use of his new-found power:—for as he acquires a knowledge of its principles gradually, so must he diffuse it;—but doubt it not, the time is approaching when woman will enjoy her fullest share of it. Barring from the bondage of the old world as we did, little more than half a century since, with a wilderness to reclaim and a nation to build, we are yet but experimenters in the doctrine of Human Rights. Man must advance to the realisation of his own rights slowly, but as fast as he does, so fast will woman come into the enjoyment of hers. How many abridgements of his might even now be named to which he submits, while he is progressing through the busy ages of experiment? Why then should we demand that the theory of female rights should be at once perfected? It can only grow with the growth of man's, and must necessarily keep pace with his. Such is the identity of her interest with his, that he can enjoy no increased degree of liberty which does not bring like freedom to her—not because she has not actual rights independent of his, but because in all despotic governments these are to be wrested from the hand of tyranny by violence. This is the work of man, and with every step that he takes he must, while woman is his wife, his mother, his sister, his daughter, bear her with him. The true rights of man and woman can never be opposed to each other: for even in the wrongs which are confessed to exist, man has no interest; to oppress woman. He does it ignorantly, not knowing what is best, just as he oppresses himself. Nor is it the granting of equal political privilege to woman, but the enlightenment of man, that will remove these evils. There is not a legislative body in these twenty-nine States and territories that would refuse to pass a bill securing any right to woman which they could deem consistent with the welfare of all. That they are mistaken in thinking that as a right of either sex should not harmonise with the interest of all, is their ignorance, not their tyranny. Until it is demonstrated that woman is wiser in the principles of liberty than man; a more profound legislator,—a more sagacious statesman,—and therefore capable of advancing more rapidly to the consummation of human rights,—it will not be easy to see that the exercise of civil and political power by her is the proper remedy for these grievances. Still more irrational is it to entertain these opinions in the face of the fact (clearly demonstrable), that she was not made to exercise these powers, and that she cannot exercise them without doing violence to her nature. The remainder of this lecture goes to show that because

our Fathers fought the Revolutionary War, therefore women ought to vote, man slaves, &c.; and that if we do not so, that freedom for which they fought has not been secured to the people of this country. But it is asked, "Are women people?" If an, according to the Declaration of Rights, they have certain inalienable rights. So they have; and the freedom of man secures these to their women. But our fathers did not fight to secure to the women of the Colonies the same rights for which they contended for themselves. That was not the issue on which the revolutionary brand was thrown. They fought for liberty,—to make the homes of their wives and daughters such as they pleased,—for liberty to make the laws which should govern themselves and these,—for liberty to bestow their earnings, and efforts for the happiness of those, instead of being compelled to throw them into the Treasury of an overgrown and rapacious Tyrant; and this liberty they secured. In order then to make all the arguments advanced, available on the question, it must be shown first, that woman is mentally and physically capacitated for all the rights and duties contended for; and, secondly, that our fathers fought to secure this kind of freedom to her.

The true rights of women, like all other "actual rights," can never consist in doing those acts, which will injure her peculiar capabilities, for the performance of her peculiar duties as the wives and mothers of the race. All acts and liberties done and assumed by women, which lead to this result, are wrongs, not rights; violations of the natural and divine laws; and bear with them moral and physical evil to the human family; as the reward, of transgression. Let the advocate of "Equal Rights," or rather the *same rights*, to woman and man, ask himself, under the high responsibilities of one from whom we should look for instruction and gallant protection, if he does not recognize as the physical and mental structure of the sexes, a clear indication of the Creator's will, that, while the different and stronger frame of man is battling with the tempest, and levelling the rude asperities of the external world;—building his home and planting his fields, on the brow of the retiring wilderness, woman, by the very infirmities and caretakings which her physical duties compel her to endure, is to fill his home and perform the gentler duties of the wife and mother, shielded by him from the rough necessities of combat and extermination, and returning his kindness by the sweet and indispensable offices of love and domestic affection. So is it not probable that Woman's Rights, go hand in hand with her natural duties? What right can exist in woman to do that which her known nature and her conceded duties, render it impossible for her to perform?

But woman has wrongs to be redressed, and rights to be claimed,—which are indispensable to the proper discharge of her true duties, and to the welfare of society. These rights could be specified, but not at the end of as long a chapter as this. They point to another ballot box for her, than that opened on our election days; they point to another Hall of Legislation, than those in which our representatives and senators assemble; one in which woman is supreme and exclusive. They point to the highest duties which human beings are called upon to perform; duties on the proper discharge of which, depends the welfare of men and of nations, and these are such, as woman alone can perform, and such as furnish ample employment for all her physical and mental powers. O! but such a story could be told of what woman should do, and how she should do it, and the confidence which her Maker reposes in her; but this is not the place, nor the time.

The half of the truth has not been told, nor can it be on an occasion of this kind; but if enough has been said to show that woman to be free must be allowed to preserve her distinctive sphere of action—in short, to be woman, not man—the object of the writer is gained.

YUCATECA EVACUATED.—The schooner *Dover* reached New Orleans on the 13th with 3200 slaves on the 10th—several days later. The war has closed; the Mexican troops evacuated the entrance into Comanchy and were to leave San and Toluca as soon as they could procure transportation for them to Laguna or Tampico. They tried to get the Americans from Cuernavaca, Mexico, and Puebla, but failed. The Yucatecas had returned from their forays and demanded their guns.

Gen. Moore was to sail shortly with the Texas fleet at New Orleans or Gibraltar.

The New York Democrat says that Thomas W. Dorr is about to return to Providence not resume the practice of the law. It adds that he has no intention of disturbing the existing authorities of the State. Whether the authorities will allow him perfect impunity for his high officers remains to be seen. The Democrat expresses the hope that they will.

HARTFORD AND ITS LIONS.—No. I.

BY MRS. ANN B. STEPHENS.

We left the sturgeon at Hartford refreshed by the scenery which had gladdened our eyes since daybreak. The breath of green fields and flowering orchards still fanned our cheeks, and the cool verdant tint of the spring foliage reflected every thing we looked upon delightful to the eye; but all this had increased our appetite, and when we sat down at the beautifully furnished breakfast table in the United States Hotel, it was with a disposition to render justice to the fresh eggs and broasted shad, large and plump, just taken from the Connecticut river, which really is better than the fish of any other stream, or was rendered so by our own healthy appreciation. So I was in Connecticut again, quietly taking breakfast in my dear old native state, for the first time in thirty years; healthy, cheerful, and not particularly burdened with sentiment on the occasion. Why should it be so? I loved the old State, and was rejoiced to find myself in its green bosom once more. I could have wept, as the ascent of the line trees swept toward me on our way up the river that morning, for it was the first perfume I ever remember to have noticed in my life—it had a breath of home, a whisper of the past—of change and care—a dispersed household, and memories that might well bring tears from the deep well-springs of the human heart. But, thank God! if time has brought change and anxiety, it has brought many a useful lesson also. Tears—like the prayer which a pure heart offers to the Almighty—are the luxury of solitude. One who has thought and suffered—and who ever felt and thought deeply without suffering—will soon learn to avoid excitement, and catch the sunshine of life as it flashes out, nor pause to mourn over the clouds that have been swept away into the dim past.

Unhappy, indeed! if time brings its sorrows, does it scatter no blessings from its bright store-house? Was my girlhood more happy, more useful than now? Did the fresh leaves and the fragrant shrubs and a more delicious thrill to my heart! Was the capacities for enjoyment even half so strong within me as at this moment! No, no. Notwithstanding all the sentimental poetry written of infancy and youth, maturity brings a deeper, more calm and solid sense of enjoyment. I would not, were it possible, return to my native State the same, the very same as when I left it. The peach tree, that looks so beautiful in the soft breathing time of spring, would be strangely out of place when the fruit grows ruddy beneath the warm kisses of a July sun! Let the blossoms of life pass away; the rich, mellow fruit that follows has all the odor and sweetness of the flower, with a substance which time and warmth can alone create. When the autumn comes—ye, then may the fruits of life be garnered up, carefully and well, that I may sit down and watch the ripe leaves drop one by one over my pathway to the tomb, calmly and without regret, as I have now seen the beautiful springtime of existence passing away.

It is seldom that you can find a hotel that seems entirely home-like and "comfortable"; but in one hour after our arrival at the "United States," we were perfectly domesticated. The drawing-rooms were spacious and well arranged; we had but to open the piano, place the guitar of my beautiful young friend, in a corner, bring an extra rocking-chair from our bed chamber, shake up the sofa pillows, and arrange the fresh bouquet of household flowers, presented even at that early hour, upon the marble centre table, and nothing was wanting—nothing which a single touch of the bell-handle would not bring from a set of well-trained servants, who heard their summons, as usual, from one of the most quiet and gentlemanly landladies on earth.

"The lions of Hartford," said he, smiling at our passion for sight-seeing. "We have but two lions here that we are particularly proud of—Mrs. Sigourney and the Corner Oak." Mrs. Sigourney and the Corner Oak! Of course these were familiar words, familiarly associated. To see these two objects, the one a matter of history; the other, so long held in story and off-handly reverence—was but this almost daily we had taken a pilgrimage to Hartford. Just as we were talking it over, an old friend entered—a public man, an liberal reformer we may safely call him—Mr. R. H. Hooper, the ex-Secretary of State, a lawyer of eminence, and author of some valuable books—among which is a record of the old Blue Laws, compiled with much research from the records so long under his charge as Secretary. Twenty-nine years since when you clearly had a change in the ex-Secretary. It would be difficult for a man to grow old, surrounded by a family so cheerful and lovely, and living in a place so tranquil as this. Do not tell me that this woman has the force of old friendship, or the memory of kind acts. Such feelings, if true and pure, are like old wine, gaining strength from every passing year.

And so we have an invitation to visit the Secretary's office. The original charter is there, and some curious autographs. The state house—a

white and noble building for a country town—is only divided from our hotel by its own grounds and the breadth of a single street. From its roof, a view of the vast basin in which Hartford stands may be obtained, and nothing more lovely can well be imagined. We required but a moment to sit on our balconies, and found ourselves in the Secretary's room. Mr. N. A. Phelps, the present gentlemanly incumbent, has many valuable state documents in his charge; two of them bearing the signature of the first Charles. The third is a bold one, and not entirely unlike that of the present Queen.

The Charter occupies a frame of dark wood at one end of the room.—It is elaborately written in old English letter, and in one place the parchment is stained through by the sap or other moisture gathered in the old tree which concealed it. It was granted by Charles II. in 1636, and when Edmund Andros assumed the government, and threatened to remove the charter, it was concealed eight or ten months in the old oak to which its name is given. Though now hundred and eighty-one years old, every word on the broad parchment is distinct, and the whole fabric remains as firm as if manufactured yesterday. In the same department, and framed like the Charter, is an old military flag of crimson silk, and bearing this inscription in letters of tarnished gold:—

11 (second) Battalion
11 (second) Regiment
Connecticut
Raised 1646.

This relic was found a few years since in the attic of a house formerly occupied by the Winthrop family, in New London. The substance of the flag is still firm, but one or two breaks can be discerned in the rich fabric. Perhaps few states have preserved their documents so perfect as those of Connecticut. The entire records are complete and in good preservation since the year 1659. A chamber over the Secretary's room is devoted to the state papers; and Mr. Judd, a patient searcher after ancient manuscripts and antiquarian curiosities, spends his time among this world of interesting documents, busy with his scissors and paste, fling them away, volume after volume, with a faithfulness and perseverance only to be found in the true antiquarian. Faithful he certainly was, for our young friend was taken with a most desperate attack of the autograph fever, the moon had entered the room, but all the persuasion of the most eloquent eyes and sweetest mouth in the world was completely powerless on the kind compiler. All that she could obtain was the autograph of some remote justice of the peace which had been hung under the table.

The Hartford state house does in truth command one of the most beautiful prospects imaginable. The town lies in the bottom of a mighty basin overflowing with verdure. On every point of the compass the scenery grows greatly up to the horizon, inter-spersed with beautiful garden-like scenery. There was one spot, lying a few miles from the town, which reminded me of the middle distance in Daugherty's "Indian Summer"—a stream of warm sunlight fell upon a plain of rich meadow land, and touched a clump of trees with a tinge brighter than the young leaves of spring could give—oh! some soft, hazy atmosphere floated around it, and in all things it was exactly like my impression of this picture.

A pleasant sight even than this quiet scenery, awaited us in the Secretary's room when we entered it again. The sight of an old friend and neighbor—a friend almost from the time that I knew a meaning for the word. At that time he was a lawyer of surprising talent, not one of the best judges that ever honored the Connecticut bench, Judge Chapman; now he is United States District Attorney for his native state—and never was office more judiciously given. It seems but last week since I sat trembling and frightened half out of my wits, while this same gentleman read over, with kind and encouraging criticism, my first rudimentary attempts at verse. Well, well—time has changes for all—a pleasant change it has proved to him. A few brief years have only added to the power of his genius, to his usefulness, and his worth. How may rail at time; but when well used, he is sure to ennoble the human heart and exalt its purposes. This same old man, an accomplished and firm spirited wit, with a family of good and lovely children, has done wonders for the promising lawyer of other years.

After an excellent dinner, saddle horses were brought to the door, and every thing was in progress for a ride; but I seated myself at the window, gazing raptly at a beautiful black horse, with a saddle on, but holding forth no longer of a ride. There I was, in the land of steady habits once more, but with no habit of my own, good or bad, save that which hung in my wardrobe at home more than a hundred miles distant, but the Connecticut Gines were busy in my habit—a riding dress was volunteered by some kind inmate of the hotel—into which thanks be given now and ever more. This suit, with some little alteration of hanks and lugs, fitted admirably; but alas! the habit was quite too small, every way, totally, hopelessly small—in the bodice of a black velvet dress was hastily fitted over the grey skirt, and all things taken into consideration,

this specimen of Minnie really did not look a very bad, particularly after the pretty velvet cap, intended for a head extra more diminutive than the one it adorned, was elated out with an extra quantity of lace in front, and disguised with a flowing veil. No matter. The least hand glove that gave way half a palm's length, to the spirited pull of my first little horse, was decidedly *my own*, so there was no apology to make on that score. Well—all these difficulties being at length overcome, and our party in a horseback, we had only to decide on one of the hundred pleasant rides that surrounded the town. There was "Love Lane," shadowy and verdant as an embowered walk of paradise—"Prospect Hill," East Hartford with its avenue of stately oaks, or Weather-head. Weather-head, the residence of Jonathan Slick! That classic name decided us, and away we rode, through the principal street, and along the rich turf, with orchards in full blossom on either side, and with a glimpse of the Connecticut flashing through the trees now and then, as we followed the windings of the road. While the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and the air came more refreshingly from the water, we found ourselves on the public green in the heart of Weather-head village. There we sat gazing round among the most buildings for "the humsted," rendered immortal as the home of the distinguished Yankee. We found a house in the suburbs, at least, that exactly answered his description. There was the apple orchard, the peach trees, and the old well, with a field of onions close by, and two females on their knees weeding them with great diligence. Having decided that this must be "the Slick Humsted," we turned our horses and rode back to Hartford, resolved to linger about the outskirts of the town, nor return home till we had seen the roof with its shelters that illustrious woman who has given to the female literature of America its highest and most holy character. It had been arranged that we should visit Mrs. Sigourney on the morrow; but it seemed impossible to sleep quietly in Hartford, without first looking on the roof that sheltered her. With my companion this was a simple tribute to genius, but with me it was a deeper and more complicated feeling. There was not a green spot or a pleasant memory connected with several years of literary struggle, with which some kind act, some encouraging new age or expression of pleasant sympathy, from this gifted woman, had not blended itself. I knew and loved her thoroughly and well, but had never looked on her face or heard the tones of her voice.

So there was Mrs. Sigourney's cottage—that pretty white building, with a verandah in front and a thrifty old grape vine creeping and coiling all over it, up to the very roof. A tiny flower garden, completely dotted over with violets, pansies, and creeping myrtles lay between the verandah and a tasteful white fence which ran along a green bank sloping down to the road. There is a field attached to the dwelling, green and elastic with thick meadow grass—a footpath skirts the field, and runs along the side of the house, shaded with lilacs and fruit trees, till it is lost in a little clump of trees, grouped far back in this miniature park—two or three garden seats stood under the trees, and as we rode by, the twilight shadows lay cool and dim all around them. Every thing was tranquil, and we looked in vain through the shady footpath, beneath the budding grape vine, and even at the half-closed blinds, for a glimpse of the lady inmate. But though our spirited horses grew restive beneath the curb which forced them to a walk as we rode by, we returned to the hotel rather disappointed at having seen nothing but the cottage, yet unanimous in the opinion that no more appropriate dwelling could be found for a mother and a poetess.

If a sail in the morning gave us an appetite for breakfast, our ride in the afternoon rendered the fine trout with which our attentive host had graced the supper table doubly acceptable. With a circle of old and new friends around us, conversation, music, and the fresh country breeze sweeping through the blinds—the evening went pleasantly by. We sought our airy chamber at last, quite too cheerful for wine-sauces, and yet well pleased with the well appointed dressing tables that awaited our rising, and the pure whiteness of the bed linen that invited us to rest. No with tranquil sleep, pleasant dreams, and bright anticipations for the morrow, we closed the first day of our sojourn in Hartford.

MURDER IN CHICAGO CO.—For a week or more, reports have been current that a young man, named Alex. or Alvin, employed by Angus & Co. of Chicago, in a trading firm, was murdered in the town of Chicago. It appears that he had been to West Chicago, with a loaded firearm, and had received two or three hundred dollars. He left that place on Saturday, the 10th inst., and the next morning his body was found lying near Lawrence's tavern. Marks of blood were found in the wagon. A large number of inhabitants crowded out to make search for the body. The last report of the case was found in a reliable paper, with published evidence of the victim's name, and that two or three men had been arrested on suspicion of having perpetrated the horrible crime.—*Bureau Co. Republican.*

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK is on the eve of closing, and the few last nights, have been devoted to benefits (!) John Fisher, a sterling actor, took one on Wednesday night, the first for fifteen years, and we rejoice to hear it was a capital one.

We believe it is really a fact that Simpson is going to England to effect engagements—and we are inclined to believe furthermore, that the Park is to be regenerated, altered, cleaned and purified: that money will be forthcoming to perform its magical wonders, and that the Park is destined to become *the Theatre par excellence*. Now we venture to predict, that should all this be carried into effect, we shall yet see some glorious sights within the walls of Old Drury.

NIBLO's. The opera of L'Eclair (The Lightning) was produced by the French company on Friday the 23d inst. for the benefit of Mlle's Calver, and was received with great applause. The composer (Halivay), now we believe dead, was comparatively little known, although, judging of his talents by this opera, and that of *La Joice*, they were of no common order; indeed, L'Eclair, in our opinion, affords evidence of unobscured genius, and is in itself, sufficient to confer upon the composer an enduring reputation. The fact that four persons only are introduced in the opera, and that they sustain it through three acts, developing a simple and interesting plot, and carrying the feelings of the audience with them to the end, speaks more for the talents of the composer, than any praise a critic could bestow, because it proves him to have been a master of the science—thoroughly acquainted with the effects it is capable of producing, and with all those grand and beautiful combinations which result in tender and beautiful harmonies. This is strikingly exhibited in L'Eclair—it was evidently composed not so much for the persons, as the instruments; indeed throughout, the vocal parts seem only second to the instrumentation, which is truly magnificent, and to which the fine orchestra at Niblo's does ample justice—the only fault, and which, by the bye, is a very great one, being that of playing much too loud—M. Prevost should remedy this. In giving rather the preference to the instrumental portion of the opera, we would not be supposed as intending to detract from the rest—the opera abounds with musical gems, both solos and concerted pieces, particularly those sang by Lionel—(M. Locouret) the romance in the third act is the sweetest thing we have heard for many a day. But among so many beauties, and carried away by our feelings, as we have been, on both occasions of witnessing the performance, it is really difficult to say, which is the most beautiful; and so equally does the weight of the piece rest on each performer, that it is equally difficult to tell which is the chief. As a singer, of course Calvé stands pre-eminent, and who certainly never appeared to so much advantage as in this opera, although, strange to say, she does not sing one solo in it—but the character is peculiarly suited to her style—there is a winning sweetness in the whole performance, that charms and captivates the audience. She occasionally sang too with great force—in one instance particularly so; we think it is in the last act, when she discovers that she is beloved by Lionel—the sudden outbreak of joy with which she receives the announcement, was perfectly electrical, and called down loud and reiterated applause.

Of Madame Locouret we cannot speak in terms of commendation too high for her deserts—she is one of, we might say, the most talented artistes we have met with for some time. Whatever she undertakes she does infinitely, and even in opera, for which she evidently has not been educated, it is surprising how well she acquits herself—she is a treasure to any manager. These remarks will apply also to Mons. Locouret and Richer, who act their parts well, and sing respectably: it is indeed a matter of astonishment how the opera can be made so effective, when only one of the performers is really a singer. But Locouret sings with judgement—he knows well what his voice is capable of, and he never taxes it beyond its power—its tones are sweet, and his falsetto is excellent.

We are perfectly aware that the opera could be infinitely better played, and one cannot fail to make the comparison in his own mind—what it is, and what it might be, with four operatic stars, Grisi, Albertazzi, Rubini, and Tamburini for instance; but we have no right to judge of this mode by comparison—they have given us a great deal of pleasure, and we earnestly recommend all who have souls for music, not to miss an opportunity of witnessing the performance of "L'Eclair."

Barton has been delighting the folks at Niblo's with his fun and drollery—there is a richness about this gentleman's acting—a John Rerre success,

if we may be allowed the expression, which pleases us much—we think it a pity that he does not adhere more closely to his author, we firmly believe more than half his dialogue is original—we think it would puzzle the author frequently, to discover his battling, after the transformations Mr. Burton has effected upon it. We don't think it right, and we know it isn't in good taste. Mr. Welcut is making rapid strides to popularity—he is a talented and gentlemanly young man, and a most useful actor.

Miss Ayres, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Horn are the stars of the English—we regret that as regards some, their talents are not equal to their beauty.

It will be a matter of rejoicing we dare say, with a great many, that the Ravens commence next week. They are undoubtedly a talented company, but the public must have novelty—the old pieces are worn threadbare—they may do for a short time, but novelty is the order of the day, and without it, the public won't be satisfied. We shall see.

The Chatham has closed for the present, and we believe some doubt is entertained if Thorn will re-open it—it has been an unprofitable speculation for some time past.

The Bowery they say is paying its expenses, a new piece by Mr. Gratton called "Manassah" has been played there during the week, but with what success we know not.

WE perceive by the Madisonian that the Honorable ASA F. URAND, Secretary of the Navy, has been appointed Secretary of State *ad interim* in place of the late Honorable H. S. LEONARD. Secretary Spencer published an order to the officers of Government in the Treasury Department to wear craps for thirty days, and the Secretary of War orders runs to be fired every half hour, and the national flag to be displayed at half staff at all the military posts of the army on the day of the receipt of the order, and the usual badge of mourning to be worn for six months.

THE TRAITOR TUD ROBERTY.—John M. Breedlove, one of the persons engaged in the robbery of the Treasury Notes from the Custom House in this city, and now in the jail of the Second Municipality, yesterday made a full and unqualified confession of the whole affair. He implicates Halliday directly, but says nothing of any other of the individuals charged with being accomplices.—*New Orleans Paper.*

TALMAGE.—We learn that the losses sustained by the citizens from the late fire, so far as they can be ascertained by a committee appointed for the purpose, amount to \$1,000,000. The citizens of the adjoining counties contributed liberally in provisions to the relief of such as were dependent upon their daily labor for their subsistence.

The President and suite reached Washington at 11 o'clock on Friday. The Madisonian says that Mr. Tyler's health is entirely restored.

MARRIED.

On the 20th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Nichols, James M. Thomson to Miss Amanda Barton.

On the 9th inst. by Rev. William M. Stillwell, Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of Warden Hayward, of the city, to Mr. John B. Warden of New Jersey.

On the 30th inst, by the Rev. N. J. Marcello, Mr. Alfred K. Howard, to Miss Catherine Ann Votey, all of this city.

On the 24th by Rev. Dr. Leverage, Mr. Geo. T. Veenburgh, to Miss Lydia F. Turnbull, all of New York.

On the 22d inst, by the Rev. Dr. Ashton, Samuel Tredwell, M. G., to Miss Amanda M. F. Smith, both of Long Island.

On the 21st inst, by the Rev. J. Kellogg, John Skillens to Miss A. Greves, both of this city.

On 23d inst, William B. Buckhout to Cornelia Ann, daughter of the Rev. Henry Chase, all of the city.

On the 31st inst, by Rev. G. R. Colt, Henry Brooks, of New York, to Emily A. daughter of Joseph Cooke, Esq. of Bridgeport, Ct.

At Bohlen, N. Y. on Tuesday, the 25th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Isaac, Jas. E. White, Esq. of New York, to Lucy A. daughter of James Lynch, Esq. of the former place.

At Madison, N. Y. on the 17th inst, by Rev. J. S. Marston, John Hagen, Esq. of New York, to Ann Margaret, daughter of Joseph Masters, of Rensselaer Co.

DIED.

On the 22d inst, Elias, wife of George Walter, in her 27th year.

On the 23d inst, Benjamin Carter, Jr. in the 36th year of his age.

On the 22d inst, Mrs. Ann Bradford, aged 53 years.

On the 22d inst, Sarah B. Reynolds, aged 46.

On the 23d inst, Mrs. W. E. Housh aged 60 years.

On the 23d inst, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Ward, aged 66 years.

On the 21st inst, Amelia, wife of William M. Lott, aged 21 years.

On the 23d inst, John Hunter, aged 61 years.

On the 23d inst, John Morrison, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 23d inst, William F. Park, aged 30.

On the 23d inst, Armstrong Carlson, renter aged 70 years.

On the 23d inst, John Johnson, aged 70 years, a native of Italy.

On the 23d inst, Cecilia, youngest daughter of Eliza Thomas, aged 13.

On the 23d inst, in the 23d year of his age, James A. Van Vleet.

On the 23d inst, Erasmus J. Van Vleet, aged 16 years.

On the 23d inst, Alice D. Baldwin, aged 27.

On the 23d inst, Charles Jordanman, aged 56.

On the 23d inst, Jacob R. Clark, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 23d inst, Mary M. Cox, aged 40 years.

On the 23d inst, Julia Ann, daughter of the late John Stanton, aged 17 years.

Great Improvements IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheets, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most Interesting of its class, in casing about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. BENTLEY, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any novelette tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. BENTLEY.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "honest," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their special objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ship, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural sub jcs, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "love us the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

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JY16

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JY 1

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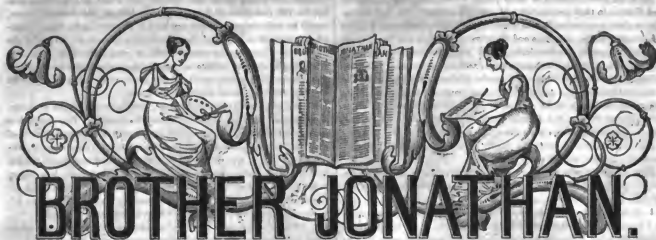
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N. Y. May 19 1843

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J. PERKINS, Administrator.
R. H. DAY, Administrator.

86m



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VOL. V.—NO. 10.

NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 208.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

We proceed to conclude what we have to say on the subject of *Truss Bridges* as invented by Mr. Town. We give a cut showing the manner in which the top of the bridge is supported, when it is designed to have the road way above. This is often found to be economical, as the bridge may be placed some twenty feet lower, and thus, in some instances, materially shorten the span. When bridges are constructed on this plan, (that is, the road upon the top, as is probably best for a railroad) a very light and elegant appearance can be given to the structure, as will be seen by the perspective view given in this article, where it has all the apparent lightness of an iron bridge.

This improvement possesses the very important advantage of exerting no lateral strain upon piers or abutments; an advantage that cannot be too highly appreciated in aqueduct bridges; to completely avoid this lateral pressure, becomes immensely important in their *cost and safety*. This mode of construction is perfectly suited to the purposes of aqueduct bridges, as well as all others, especially for railroads; it being continued horizontally, and admitting in the principle and practical execution, of any degree of strength that may be required, for any span which is practicable under any circumstances; it also presents the advantage of having the trunk or canal so suspended, as to preclude all possibility of self-destruction, by the leakage coming in contact with any of the important timbers, besides rendering other facilities, of the greatest importance in the mechanical execution as connected with the top and side bracing. When the great facility and ease with which this kind of bridge is covered, is considered, its adoption for all purposes of bridges, aqueduct bridges, railroad bridges, canal bridges, &c. is beyond all question desirable, as the strongest, most durable, and by far the cheapest mode of construction, and so keep in repair.

It may again be stated, that the wider the spans are, over which this kind of bridge is extended, the greater, by far, is its advantage over other modes, both in principle and practical execution. These two points, in a general system of bridge building, are of the greatest importance; for they alone are the *only test of merit*, in a principle which is worth regarding, or can, in the least, be depended on. Hence it may be stated most truly, that if most bridges were built with spans of 200 feet or over,

there would be a much less number of different principles in bridge building used, than at present; for although a very different principle, or execution of a principle, or even *both*, will answer a considerable purpose for a time, for bridges of 75 to 120 feet spans, yet, it is always apparent *very soon*, and beyond all question, whether the principle or execution of bridges having spans of 200 feet or more, are sufficient or insufficient, here is no room for doubt—no disguise; the principle and practice, *both*, must be good, or the defect will soon exhibit itself in some shape not to be misunderstood. The reason of this difference between large and small spans is evident—it is for the same reason that a model of some modes of building bridges may have considerable strength, and appear to many to be good, yet when executed *full size*, will either fall down when the stages are removed, or soon thereafter. Perhaps the most ob-

vious explanation of the reason of this fact may be thus explained, viz: suppose a piece of pine wood, half an inch square and 15' long, supported at the two ends, and resting in a horizontal position; it is easy to perceive that it would have strength to sustain its own weight, and probably something more. Conceive this to be an exact model of another stick of the same kind, the dimensions of which should be every way increased in a twenty fold ratio, viz: 300 feet long and 10 inches square; let this stick be supported at the ends, as the model of it was, and what would be the result? *Nay*, cut it into three pieces of 100 feet each, and thereby, if supported in the same manner, bear their own



A section of a bridge, with the floor, side railing, &c. on the top of the trusses. The floor may easily be made to turn off the water. With a scale; which, with side boarding, would secure it from the weather effectually.

weight? Most certainly not.

Thus, then, the idea or belief that models are good representations of the strength of bridges when built, is erroneous in the extreme, and leads to sure disappointment and the destruction of property. Models of bridges only show the *relative strength*, or merits of different modes or principles; this they show pretty accurately, when made to the same scale, to the same width of spans, of the same materials, and in all other respects similar. Perhaps no one error has done more mischief, in the hands of unscientific and ignorant mechanics, than the misunderstanding of the nature and real use of models, in illustrating the strength and goodness of bridges. Millions have been sacrificed in this country, either in this manner, or in a way so similar as not to need a later distinction.

How are great national or other public works conducted in England and France, in their preparation and commencement? Do they not apply to their most scientific and practical architects, engineers, &c., for information, advice, drawings and directions? Do they not, in many cases, institute courts of scientific, ingenious and practical men—produce all the facts, testimony and experience, and use every other mode by which the most critical knowledge can be obtained, relating to all the points and bearings of a work of such great national consequence, in its effects and usefulness, to the present as well as future generations? Most certainly they do this, and thereby avoid immense sacrifices of capital, and the just ridicule that awaits those who do otherwise.

Here follows some formula, for the investigation of models, in accordance with the best writers on the subject:

From an experiment made to ascertain the firmness of the model of a bridge, or of an edifice, certain proportions are necessary, before we can infer the firmness of the structure itself.

1. If the side of a model be to the corresponding side of the structure, as 1 to n , the stress which tends to draw asunder, or to break transversely the parts, increases from the smaller to the greater scale, as 1 to n^2 ; while the resistance of those ruptures increases only as 1 to n . The structure, therefore, will have so much less firmness than the model as n is greater. If w be the greatest weight which one of the beams of the model can bear, and w the weight or stress which it actually sustains, then the limit of n will be $n = \frac{w}{w'}$.

2. The side of the model being to the corresponding side of the structure as 1 to n , the stress which tends to crush the parts by compression, increases from the smaller to the greater scale, as 1 to n^2 , while the resistance increases only in the ratio of 1 to n . Hence, if w were the greatest load which a modular wall or column could carry, and w the weight with which it is actually loaded; then the greatest limit of increased dimensions would be found from the expression $n = \sqrt{\frac{w}{w'}}$. If retaining the length or height n , and the breadth n , we wished to give the solid such a thickness x t , as that it should not break in consequence of its increased dimensions, we should have $x = n^2 \sqrt{\frac{w}{w'}}$. In the case of a pilaster with a square base, or of a cylindrical column, if the dimension of the model were d , and of the largest pillar, which should not crush with its own weight when n times as high, x , d , we should have $x = n \sqrt{\frac{w}{w'}}$. These theorems will often find their application in the profession of an architect or an engineer.

Suppose, for example, it were required to ascertain the strength of a bridge on this improvement, from experiments made with a model. In this construction the truss-work is carried across from pier to pier, so that the road-way entirely across, shall be in a horizontal plane, and all the parts shall retain their own respective magnitudes throughout the structure. Now, let l represent the horizontal length of the model, from interior to exterior of the two piers, w its weight, w' the weight it will just sustain at its middle point a before it breaks. Let n be the length of a bridge actually constructed of the same material as the model, and all its dimensions similar: then, its weight will be $n^3 w$, and its resisting power to that of the model, as n^2 to 1, being $n^2 (w + \frac{1}{2} w')$. Hence $n^2 (w + \frac{1}{2} w') - \frac{1}{2} n^3 w = n^2 w + \frac{1}{2} n^2 w' - \frac{1}{2} n^3 w = (n - 1) w'$, the load which the bridge itself would bear at the middle point.

This mode of construction will have the same advantages in iron as in wood, and some in cast iron which wood has not, viz: that of reducing the braces in size between the joints, and of casting flanges to them where they intersect, thereby making it unnecessary to have more than one bolt and nut to each joint or intersection.

When it is considered that bridges, covered from the weather, will last eight or ten times as long as those not covered, and that the cheapness of this mode will admit of its being generally adopted, with openings or spans between piers which are composed of piers, and at a distance of 150 to 300 feet apart, then the construction of long bridges over mud bottomed rivers, like those at Washington, Boston, Norfolk, Charleston, &c., on this principle, will be perceived to be of great importance; especially as the common mode of piling is so exposed to freshets, uncommon tides, drift-wood and ice, as not to insure safety or economy in covering them, and consequently continual repairs, and often rebuilding them, become necessary. There is very little doubt that one half of the

expense, computing stock and interest, that would be required to keep up, for 100 years, one of the common pile bridges, like those at Boston, would be sufficient to maintain one built in this new mode, kept it covered, and have all or nearly all the piers built with stone at the end of the 100 years. If this be the case, it would be great economy to commence rebuilding by degrees, in this manner. The saving in the one article of floor-planks, if kept dry, would be very great, as by being so much wet they rot, and wear out in about half the time.

For aqueduct bridges of wood or iron, no other mode can be so cheap, or answer as well, for various reasons before stated. This mode has equal advantages also, in supporting wide roofs of buildings, centres of wide arches in masonry, trussed floorings, partitions, sides of wood saws, steeples, &c., &c., as it requires nothing more than common planks, instead of long timbers—being much cheaper, easier to raise, less subject to wet or dry rot, and requiring no iron work. In short, some of the advantages of constructing bridges, &c. according to this mode, are the following, several of which have before been stated more at length.

1. There is no pressure against abutments or piers, as arched bridges have, and, consequently, perpendicular supports only are necessary.—This saving in wide arches is very great; sometimes equal to two thirds of the whole expense of the superstructure.

2. The shrinking of timber has little or no effect, as the strain upon each plank of the trusses, both of the braces and string-pieces, is an end-grain strain, or lengthwise of the wood, that is, a tension or a thrust strain.

3. Suitable timber can be easily procured and sawed at common mills, as it requires no large or long timber. Defects in timber may be discovered, and wet and dry rot prevented much more easily than could be in large timber.

4. There is no iron work required, which at best is not safe, especially in frosty weather. This fact has, of late, been abundantly and most satisfactorily proved.

5. It has less motion than is common in bridges, which is so injurious and frequently fatal to them, and being in a horizontal line, is much less operated upon by the winds, than high arched bridges are.

6. A level road-way is among the important advantages of this mode of construction, saving thereby much weight of timber, and especially for railroad bridges.

7. The side-trusses serve as a frame to cover upon, and thereby save any extra weight of timber, except the covering itself. And the importance and economy of covering bridges from the weather, is too well understood to need recommendation, after the experience which this country has already had. The objection, that the covering is an exposure of the bridge to wind, is not correct nor does experience show it.

8. Draws for shipping to pass through, may with perfect safety be introduced in any part of the bridge, without weakening it, as in arched bridges, where the strength and safety of the arches depend so much on their pressure against each other and the abutments, that a draw, by destroying the connection, weakens the whole superstructure; this advantage is of the greatest importance.

9. The great number of nearly equal parts or intersections, into which the strain, occasioned by a great weight upon the bridge, is divided, is a very important advantage over any other mode; as by dividing the strain or stress into so many parts, that what falls upon any one part or joint is easily sustained by it, without either the mode of securing the joints, or the strength of the material being insufficient. Such is the advantage of this mode in this respect alone, that no substitute in other modes, that can possibly be introduced, will ever equal it; this is equal to mathematical truth, and cannot be erroneous.

10. The expense of the superstructure of a bridge of this kind, would not be more than two thirds that of other modes of constructing one over the same span or opening. This is a very important consideration, especially in the southern and western States, where there are many wide rivers, and a very scattered population, to defray the expenses of bridges.

11. This mode of securing the braces by so many tree-nails, gives them much more strength when they are in tension strain, than could be had in the common mode of securing them by means of trusses and mortises: for trusses being short, and not very thick, compared with this mode, or having so much hold of the pins or tree-nails, as in this case, will, of course, have much less power to sustain a tension or pulling strain, and it is obvious that this strain is, in many cases, equal to, and in others

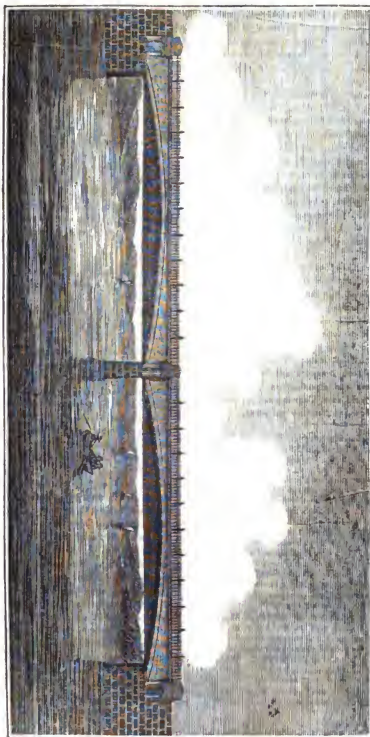
greater than, the thrust or pushing strain. It is also very obvious, that this pushing or thrust strain, in the mode of tenons and mortises, receives very little additional strength from the shoulders of the tenons, as the shrinkage and compression of the timber into which the tenon goes, is generally so much as to let the work settle, so far as to give a motion or vibration, which, in time, renders them weak and insufficient.

12. Should any kind of arched bridge, for any particular reason, be

preferred, however it may be arched, either at top or bottom, or both, still this same mode of combining the materials, will have all the advantages as to cheapness and strength, over the common ones of framing, as in case of the horizontal or straight trusses before described. In cases where abutments are already built, it may sometimes be preferred; yet no strength would be gained thereby to repay for the extra expense.

I shall here add a few ideas, taken from the celebrated Robert Fulton's

A view of one of these bridges, with the road way in the top, with flat arches, formed in the covering, and top-railings, to appear like a light and elegant iron bridge.



Treatise on Canal Navigation; the soundness of his opinions will not now be doubted.

In crossing the rivers in such countries as Russia and America, an extensive span seems to be a consideration of the first importance, as the rivers or even rivulets, in time of rain, suddenly swell to a great height; and in the spring on breaking up of the ice, the immense quantity which is borne down, with a rapid stream would, if interrupted by small spans

and piers, collect to such a weight as ultimately to bear away the whole. It is therefore necessary, that in such situations, a span should be extended as far as possible, and so high as to suffer every thing to pass through, or the inhabitants must, without some other expedient, submit their passage to the casualties of the weather.

The important objection to bridges of wood in their rapid decay, and this objection is certainly well founded, when particular situations are at-

luded to, where timber is scarce and consequently expensive. But in such countries as America where wood is abundant, I conceive it will be a fair criterion to judge of their application by calculating on the expense of a bridge of stone, and on of wood, and then compare the interest of the principal saved in adopting the wood bridge, with the expense of its annual repairs; in such case, the principal saved may be applied in other purposes.

I have before exhibited the necessity of constructing bridges in America of an extensive span arch, in order to suffer the ice and collected waters to pass without interruption; and for this purpose it must be observed, that a wood arch may be formed of a much greater length or span, than it is possible to erect one of stone; hence, wooden bridges are applicable to many situations where accumulated waters, bearing down trees and fields of ice, would tear a bridge of stone from its foundation.

It therefore becomes of importance, to render bridges of wood as permanent as the nature of the material will admit.

Hitherto, in bridges not covered from the weather, the immense quantity of mortises and tenons, which, however well done, will admit air and wet, and consequently tend to expedite the decay of the weak parts, has been a material error in constructing bridges of wood.

But to render wood bridges of much more importance than they have hitherto been considered, first, from their extensive span; secondly, from their durability; two things must be considered: first, that the wood works should stand clear of the stream in every part, by which it never would have any other weight to sustain than that of the usual carriages; secondly, that it shall be so secured as to exclude as much as possible the air and rain.

When the true principle of building bridges of wood is discovered, their progressive extension is as reasonable as the increased dimensions of shipping; which, in early ages, was deemed a great work, if they amounted to one hundred tons burthen. But time and experience have extended the art of ship-building to two thousand tons, and in the combination and arrangement of the various and complicated parts, there certainly is more genius and labor required, than in erecting a bridge of five hundred feet span. But the great demand for shipping has rendered their formation familiar, and their increased bulk has gradually grown upon our senses. But had a man, in the infancy of naval architecture, hinted at a vessel of two thousand tons, I am inclined to think his contemporary artists would have branded him as a mad-man.

FLOWERS.—Their growth is always over their grave. The spot of their bloom is so quickly the sepulchre of their beauty!

The lady who has been absent during the farrowest month of summer, may return in the scene of her laughs and joys, and find the street, the house, the chamber the same—the circle of friends unbroken by a death or a sorrow—no trace, in the teeming life around her, of time's changes. But that evidence will meet the eye in the flower-garden. The weeds that have thickened in the alley, have choked the choicest flower. The moss tufts have withered with the heat of August. The lily waves its graceful leaf sadly over its fallows. The dahlia which her "sweet and cunning hand" had reared and cherished with affection, has fallen beneath the deep shades of the growing vine that frowned away its life and its radiant colors. The place is more changed than any other. It is beautiful but for its treasured memories—still beautiful, though clothed in the drooping Fall robes of the year; but clear it is, that

Time's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingered.

Hence, then, where delicate taste directed the culture in May—where soft hands caressed the June rose-bud, and brushed away the early dew—on the spot dressed with enchantment, and the anticipated home of renewed enjoyments—a soothing picture of melancholy rises in the view. The maiden laugh is suppressed—but why should it be! What though

"The shadows of departed hours
Hang dim upon her early flowers."

They, in their day, smiled and blossomed—and so should she who represents the delicacy of the flowers—the modesty of its unfolding petals—its bloom and its purity.

A MUSEUM AT NAUVOO.—The organ of the Mormons at Nauvoo, addresses a few words "to the Saints of all nations," respecting a Museum of Curiosities which the Prophet is anxious to establish. The invitation is as follows:—"According to a Revelation, received not long since, it appears to be the duty of the members of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, to bring to Nauvoo, their precious things, such as antiquities, and we may say, curiosities, whether animal, vegetable or mineral; yea, perforations as well as inscriptions and hieroglyphics, for the purpose of establishing a Museum of the great things of God, and the inventions of man, at Nauvoo."

IDIOSYNCRASIES.

BY JOHN KEEL.

(Continued from page 25.)

CHAPTER II.

Be seated. You shall have the story. There's a storm brewing off yonder; the waves are tumbling over the rocks, very much as they did, when I—no matter; I'm in the humor, I tell you, and come what may, you shall have the facts, just as they happened, without disguise, or palliation.

Did you ever hear of a father being jealous of his own child! Look at me—poh, poh—don't be frightened! don't make a fool of yourself—I am that man. But that you may understand the origin, the growth, and the strange history, of what must appear unnatural to you, cold-blooded as you are; I shall go back to the time when I was first acquainted with her mother.

Men have loved children, and little children, grown men, heretofore, with a purity and a strength, beyond all comparison—greater and holier, than you of the North can have an idea of. Talk about the love of men and women! I tell you that, that between the mature and fully grown of equal age, there is no such thing as love—high hatred, strong, and pure, unconquerable love. Men and women have other and very different feelings toward each other, and wholly mistake the divine impulses, and the deeper and warmer sensibilities, that belong to the pure of heart, the faithfully by nature, and the wholly inexperienced. Well, well; I was a man—a full grown, serious-looking man, I had gone by forever, and almost forgotten, forever, the feelings and the allotments of youth. I had loved the society of women, believing it to be a safeguard against every sort of debasing and seducing temptation. That I found them weak, changeable, frivolous—and everything but faithful, and heartless, and treacherous, I acknowledged. But, with all their faults, I always found them better than men, better heated, more trustworthy, and altogether more self-sacrificing—more unselfish. And so, I began to look about me, and tried for a long while to understand why it was, that women were so changeable, and weak, and frivolous; and having found it in the *Institutions of Society*, as we men call them, w.e. the founders, framers, and supporters of those very institutions, which imprison the soul of woman, and set a seal upon her faculties—and seven seals upon the fountain of her thoughts; forbidding her to reason for herself, to enquire for herself, to judge for herself—may even to believe for herself; and allowing her no share whatever in the glorious birthright we claim, of governing ourselves: Having found the cause, I say, in these institutions, the head-work of Man, and believing in my heart, as I hope to be believed hereafter, that where the evil was, there the remedy must be sought for, I went to work, with a determination to help the first woman I should meet with, having the courage and the steadfastness of purpose, needed for such a struggle, up—and into the place she had been created for—that of entire companionship with Man.

Think not I meant to make her the less a woman—a lovable and loving Woman—by uplifting her from the degradation she had grown so familiar with. She was to be only the better wife, the better mother, and the better housekeeper, for being the better and the truer woman. I saw—I still see—no harm in giving to Women healthy minds; no mischief in strengthening their faculties, their reasoning powers, and their self-dependence; and not much, in teaching them to breathe freely, to walk freely, to think boldly, to judge for themselves, and to take care of themselves, without Man's help.

Well, it so happened, that one day, as I sat near a young and lovely woman, reasoning with her upon her duties to herself; I wondering at her beauty, and gazing into her serene eyes, with a look, I am sure, of uncharitably admiration—for I saw nothing, and felt nothing, as my look wandered over her divine countenance and richly-moulded person—but a magnificent flower: a spirituality in blossom; a creature whose wings, if they were let alone, would grow visible before she left the earth. I had just finished a carefully considered answer to a question which she had put to me, touching the equality of the sexes; having satisfied her, as I supposed, that equality was one thing, identity another, in the mind as well as in the body; that although I held Women to be fully equal to Men, take all their properties together, of mind and body, I did not hold them to be equal in every thing, nor alike in anything—woman being inferior to Man in some things, if you take man for the standard; man inferior

to Woman in others, if you take woman for the standard; while if you allow Woman to have a standard of her own, she is so much inferior to him, than he is inferior to her. I had just endeavored to maintain, that you cannot if you would, had ought not if you could—compare two beings created for such different purposes: How would you compare fruit with blossoming herbage?—rivers with seas?—or clouds with autumnal foliage?—a bird of prey, with a nightingale? how would you do so, I mean, if your object were to show which of any two were superior to the other, not of the same sex, nor of the same species? My eyes had been turned away for a few minutes, not more than five, at the most, I should think, and I was comforting my self with the idea that I had made a profound impression; that I had been listened to as I deserved—in short, that I had been helping a woman to reason for herself—when—would you believe it!—a slight gleam at my ear, followed by a pious, made me look up, and there was the fair girl I had been talking to, fast asleep on the sofa; a little lump I had upon my knee, enjoying my confusion, as if she understood the whole drift of what I had been saying, and almost pitied me. Before I well knew what I was about, I had risen from the chair—how I got rid of the child in my lap, I never knew—but as I reached for my hat—I felt her little warm hand stealing into mine; and when I looked down upon her, I started, for tears were in her eyes and her sweet mouth trembled, as if I had been rough with her. God help me!—I cannot go on—I see that child before me now: I hear the delicate chiming of her low clear voice! I see her soft eyes changing color, as I stoop to kiss her forehead—another kiss—but her forehead, for the first time in all my life. Again I sit by her, watching the growth of her mind—the first flowering of her affections—the first signs of a womanly nature. Need I say more? That child understood me; and after a few years, we were married, and she became the mother of a child, so like herself, when I first saw her—Or she had been in my lap forty times I dare say; and I had kissed her a thousand times, and romped with her by the hour—and yet I can truly say that I never saw her; that I never looked into her eyes, till I was about to steal away on tip-toe, from the presence of a woman I had just put to sleep, while reasoning with her of temperance and righteousness, and a life to come; and found a little hand comforting and soothing me—Yes, of another child! so like herself when I first saw her, that I never could bear the thought of her loving anybody on earth but me. You are amazed—and so am I, that I should take the trouble to open my heart to you in this way; that I should be fool enough to acknowledge—and to a stranger—that I have been made miserable, by the love that my own child felt for another of her own age.—But mark you, she was my only child, and, as I live, the only thing I had on earth to care for, after the death of her blessed mother, who died—

"I dare not tell her the how,
But look, 'tis written in my brow."

Stay! Before you can be fully prepared to understand me, I must tell you something about her mother's death, and of the narrow escape I had from the hands of a jury, before I knew what injuries were made of.

CHAPTER III.—THE STORY.

Well, sir, since you have made up your mind for the worst, you shall have the story. Enough to say that I married the child. I pass over the season of courtship, and the season of trial that followed our marriage. We were happy. I loved her as no man ever loved woman—I know what I say, and I mean it—for I loved her, not because of her womanhood, but because of something yet holier; because, happen what might, I knew well that I could depend upon her. Whether she loved me, I cannot take upon myself to say. If she did, her love was unlike that of any other woman, I ever saw, or heard of. You may believe me, when I tell you that she seldom spoke to me above her breath, when we were alone; that even up to the birth of our second child, if I but touched her hand, she would tremble and quake, and her eyes would fill and she would lean upon me as if her heart were brimming over with unutterable emotion. She thought she loved me—poor girl—she perceived that she believed all her life long, though I labored mightily to undeceive her, and she died at last to prove that I was mistaken.

God help me! Here she stopped and turned away his head for a moment, and flung up the window—and walked to and fro, the whole length of the room, five or six times; but he neither drew out his pocket handkerchief, nor wiped his eyes with his hand, as they do upon the stage.

Yes, sir—God help me! I know what I'm saying; and I mean it for a prayer. It is long since I gave up the habit of using words lightly, and without reference to their signification. "She died—I dare not tell thee how—but look! 'tis written on my brow!" May be I've said that before—I think I have?

I nodded.

No matter if I have. The lines have a meaning, and so have I. She died—that's the simple fact.—She died; and left me to quarrel with mankind for having allowed such a creature to belong to me. Much as I loved her, I knew nothing, absolutely nothing of her real worth, 'till I had lost her—and was tried for my life, because I had lost her, when I would rather have lost myself. In a word—I did not deserve such a woman. She was too good for me. She was altogether a Woman—I, altogether a Man; and I therefore it is, that I deserved her not.

Well, sir—not to waste your time, nor my own breath, which is getting to be very dear to me—now that I have nothing else to care for, let us come to the period of our first and mightiest trial, after we had linked ourselves with the cherubim. Two children sprung from our loins—a boy and girl—a man child and a scarp. The boy was a large, handsome, resolute fellow whom his mother found it impossible to manage, even by kindness. And therefore, it was that I, his father—an iron-hearted man, if God ever made anything so fruitful—used to try him as with fire and water, almost every day of his life. My purpose, I acknowledge to you. I wanted to make a great and good man of him without help. I said to myself, without lifting my eyes to my father, and to his father, sufficient for the boy are the wisdom and strength of the man who beget him—and the mother that bore him. Have I not told and triumphed?—and am I not qualified to teach? Are not our offspring a part of ourselves? And may we not do what we will with our own? My wife elined with me. So—we forgot God, and called the child ours. And now, mark the consequence.

But first, let me tell you of the girl. She was of the second blossom and the dearest, the truest, the most lovable child you ever saw. Everybody took to her: everybody remembered her; and all the little children she had ever played with, used to cry for her. How often have I heard strangers, who had forgotten her name, ask after her as that child, with the soft eyes—and the sweet mouth. Well, sir—she lived and blossomed up to her tenth year; and we so yearned after her, when she was away, though for a single hour, that when she had reached her tenth birthday, I doubt if she had ever been out of our sight for a single month put it all together.

Well, sir. It was in the dead of winter. We were travelling. And it so happened that we stopped one night, within a few miles of a mountain covered with snow. My wife mentioned to me, as we were standing at the window—with our eyes fixed upon the top, all red with the catch fires of a setting sun, that she had often heard of mountain scenery, in the depth of winter; but had never seen anything to be compared with this. One thing led to another, till our boy, who had come in to bid us good night unperceived by his mother, put up his mouth to 'kiss her; and in doing so, I heard him whisper something—and then 'my new—daddy's tell father.

And pray, sir, said I—what is it you would not have her tell father?

My wife smiled, and the boy—poor Willy—looked up as if he could bear anything better than a smile from his mother at such a time.

Remember your promise mother.

I have made no promise, my dear. Go to bed, and your father and I will talk the matter over, and you shall know in the morning.

The boy growled—

Go to bed Sir! said I, and to bed he went, without kissing me.

Whereupon I called after him, saying, hark ye Sir! you are not to kiss me for a month. Remember what I told you—this is the third time—and was turning away from the window, when I felt something at my side, and looking down, saw little Biddy in her night-gown, barefooted, and half-asleep, standing by her mother, and pulling at her apron and trying to engage her attention, without being seen by me.

Ab Biddy! is that you? said I—what are you up for at this time of night, hey?

She looked at me, and her soft eyes filled—and her sweet voice trembled—and then she whispered half sobbing—for a whole month father?

Yes my dear for a whole month. I have warned your brother about this time and again.

Yes father.

And I will not be trifled with?

No father—but a whole month, father.

Whereupon her mother caught her up to her bosom, and half-smothered her with kisses.

Go to bed, my child, said I, somewhat seriously; for I felt that I had a duty to perform.

Yes, father—and then she put up her little damp mouth to kiss me—but do forgive Willy, this time father—do now!

I was obliged to turn away my face, while I answered. No, my dear—Willy must learn to command his temper.

Yes father, but—

But what? said I, somewhat anxiously I fear.

My wife turned away; and the child whispered *good night father!* and *good night mother!* and we were alone once more.

Well, wife—

Well, my dear. The mystery you are waiting to have cleared up, is only this. Willy wants to go up the mountain to-morrow morning, and see the sun rise:

And what said you in reply? I hope you didn't encourage the suggestion.

Encourage him! no indeed—not I! on the contrary, I said everything I could to discourage him.

And why so?

Because I thought it a foolish, and to say the truth, a somewhat dangerous undertaking.

But how dangerous, my dear?

Indeed—I wish I could tell—wouldn't the snow be very deep?

Undoubtedly—but what then? There is a fine strong crust over it, all the way up—you may see it glitter now, in the starlight like frozen water running afloat from the skies.

And wouldn't the crust be dangerous, my dear? And then what if he should break through!

Dangerous my love!—pooh! Break through indeed, pahaw! I hope you didn't discourage the boy.

Well! upon my word, Mr. Lee!—it was always my dear with her, except on very serious occasions, when she called me Mr. Lee, as if I were an elderly gentleman she had just got acquainted with. There's no understanding you to day. One moment you blame me for *encouraging* the boy—she had never said so much to me in all her life before—and the next you *hope* I haven't *discouraged* him!

There was but one answer for this—on the part of a husband, (who knew his rights, and knowing, must maintain them.) So, I went to the door, and called for Willy to get up, and come down to his mother directly.

He had been listening, I fancy—at any rate, he was wide awake—for I heard his step on the floor, almost as soon as the words were out of my mouth; and, the next moment, he was standing before me in his night-gown with shut lips, and eyes that looked as if their color had changed to that of glittering steel, since we parted.

My son, said I—I like to be impressive at such times—my son, said I,—I am about to ask you a question. Let me have the simple truth in reply. Take your time—don't be in a hurry—and answer me, as you would, in a matter of life and death. Are you ready?

Yes, father.

Do you really want to go up the mountain, to-morrow morning, before day light?

Yes father.

But why before day-light, Mr. Lee? said my wife, growing rather pale. That he may see the sun rise, my dear.

Oh—true said she. And will there be no danger? I saw her tremble, and I vexed me.

Willy, said I—are you afraid?

No, father.

Would you like to go up alone?

Alone, father!—no; not unless you desire it.

Well done, my boy! I shall go with you.

Oh, I am so glad! whispered my wife; and then laying her hand gently on my shoulder, she added; if the crust is strong enough to bear you, my dear—of course, it will bear me.

I kissed her, and was just on the point of bidding her mind her own

business—or go to bed and not make a fool of herself, when all at once a strange fancy seized me; and I thought I should like to see how she would behave; and how far the courage of a woman's heart would carry her, in spite of all her qualling and shivering; and I said—yes, my love; and if you feel strong enough to-morrow morning, we will go together.

God bless you for that, said my wife: Yes—for that. Surely she must have meant something; we too, father! me too father! I sent little Biddy, from the top of the stairs, where she had kept watch. I verily believe, from the first moment I had called her brother up; thinking I meant to forgive him, perhaps, or wishing to be ready, for another appeal, whatever might happen.

Yes, my love, and you too, said I.

Heaven and earth! whispered my wife—that child!

That was enough. Wase! I a husband and a father? And why not? said I. Haven't that child walked off a dozen miles upon the stretch, without stopping or complaining? and if her strength and courage are ever to be tried on earth, can we hope for a better opportunity?—Would you believe it!—instead of shutting up, after what she knew I meant for a—*that's enough, my dear,—the thing is settled*—she came out with—But if anything should happen!—and you know how frightfully cold it must be up there. Of course you have made all proper inquiries about the best path?

I was nettled at this. The question itself implied a doubt, and a reproach—for I had never thought of making the inquiries; so, husband-like, I answered her as she deserved—the blessed woman!—very much as if it was none of her business.

Here he turned to the window, and flung it up, and thrust his head out into the open air, and drew a long breath, and looked up and down the river, as if he saw something in its depths—and whispered to himself “you scarce would start to meet a spirit there!”—and it was a good while before he got a going again. At last, after a hurried remark about the weather, and the expression of a fear that he was tiring me to death—to which I answered, by no means—on the contrary I—though I hardly knew what I said—he continued as follows:

No, my dear, said I—I have not inquired, nor do I mean to inquire I am well acquainted with this neighbourhood—my father used to live within a hundred miles of it. I have Greenleaf's Map and the Gazetteer. I should no more think of troubling the landlord or anybody else with questions about the best way of getting to the top of that hill yonder, than I should about the best way to my bedroom.

Hill! said my wife—wouldn't you rather call it a mountain?

At another time he would, mother, whispered the young rascal at her elbow; and how would he ever find the bed-room, if he didn't ask the way!—whereupon I ordered him off to bed, and repeated, with considerable emphasis, I acknowledge the word *Hill*.

Her mouth was finely stopped, Ley! Didn't I make her know her place! And then, having indicated the authority of a husband, I proceeded to give my directions for the morrow.

Then we're all a goin', father! cried Biddy, clapping her little hands at the top of the stairs, and half-screaming for joy—all a goin', father! Pompey and all, father!

Yes, baby—Pompey and all. Here, Pomp, here! up sprang the dog from under the bed, and away he went up stairs; and the next moment there was a loud scream—and a laugh—and both came down stairs together, tumbling head over heels. But Biddy was safe, and the first thing we saw, Poor Pomp was limping away, with one foot held up, and Biddy after him, rubbing her shoulder with one hand, while she was trying to pat him on the head with the other. Ah! you are getting impatient, I see—no wonder—you are not married? I bowed. Never had any children of your own, hey?

None to speak of.

Well, well—I pity you—and you must bear with me. I dwell upon the incidents of this evening, and upon the innocent prattle of that child, and the bold, manly bearing of her brother, and the language of my dear, dear wife—poor Jenny!—for a reason you will understand after we get through, if you don't before.

I began to feel strangely. I foresaw by his manner that something was to happen; and I almost held my breath as he continued. But we may as well break off here, and begin to-morrow with a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, sir, continued he. Well, sir, I waked the landlord, who stared at me with his pale, sleepy eyes, when I told him what I wanted, as if he thought me beside myself, and hinted that I had better be careful, though for his part he didn't think there was any danger—the crust being strong enough to bear a loaded ox-team below; and if we did happen to break through, why, we couldn't go far—sink very deep; and being together, it would be the easiest thing in the world for one to pull the others out. Half ashamed of the littleness of the undertaking, after what he told me, I verily believe I should have abandoned it, hadn't I caught my wife saying something with her eyes to Willy, who appeared to understand her as I did—for he looked sheepish and dissatisfied. But what business had she to anticipate her husband? So I said nothing more—and there was an end of consultation. Wrap yourselves in the warmest and seugest clothing you have, said I—and put on thick shoes—and be ready when you are called.

By five the next morning we were afoot, well prepared for whatever we were likely to meet with—hard frosts, deep snow, high winds or rough weather. You look at me with amazement. I understood you—but hear me through, and then judge for yourself. Aware that such a thing might be useful if we found it slippery, I took with me part of a bed-cord which happened to lie in my way, and slipped it into one of my outside pockets, without saying a word to my wife or anybody else—for if the truth must be told, I was half ashamed of myself—and took it I hardly knew why, till after the day was over—and wouldn't for the world have had even the youngest know that I had thought it worth my while to make any sort of serious preparation for a thing I spoke so lightly of.

Here he stopped a moment as if to take breath; and when I looked up, I saw large drops of sweat standing upon his forehead, and a dampness about his mouth never to be mistaken. His deep eyes grew deeper and larger and clearer—and there was a sort of swarthy flame—a deep inward burning, like the half-smothered fire of a carbuncle, within their innermost depths. As the man himself said many times in the progress of the story, I know what I mean, and I know of no other language that can express what I desire to say. Within the deep of his eyes there was a lower deep—glowing with fire. At times I declare to you they were like live coals—and I have trembled to think of them alone, when I have been sitting alone by the river-side, or the sea; and have more than once perspired myself, on waking suddenly, at midnight, that I could see them in the darkness fastened upon me, and shining like fire.

Well, sir—bear with me for a few minutes longer, and you shall have the truth and the whole truth—and that is what no mortal man ever had before. I only wish you were a father—his voice trembled—you never will understand the feelings of a father till you are; nor ever, till you have undertaken to help forward your other self—the image and ascription of a man—along the dreariest and most dangerous paths of life. You must have a man-child born of your highest hope, in the flower and majesty of your strength, while the woman you love is altogether a woman, doubting, trusting, overflowing with hope and joy, and ready to die with you, or for you.

The eloquent man! How I gazed upon him, and listened to him, as he broke out upon me in flashes like these, every half hour, while going on with the story.

Well, sir—we reached the top of the mountain. We saw the great sun leave his bridal chamber, and come forth rejoicing in his strength. And all had happened as we wished, and we were on our way back, wondering at ourselves that we had been able to endure so much: for I had carried little Biddy, and dragged my wife, more than half the way up, knowing they would both find it easy enough to get back; and leaving the boy to take care of himself. We had been three hours and a half on the way, when happening to turn my head, I saw Biddy's fur cap flying over the snow, and Pompey after it, and Willy trying to overtake Pompey, and Biddy screaming and clapping her hands like mad, and her mother pale and speechless with terror—which always vexed me. Suddenly the dog stopped—. Have you read that poem by Longfellow, where he speaks—

“The half-frozen sowed,
Which the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on!”

I started, and looked again into the man's eyes, wondering which of the two were the maddest, he or I?—he, to be opening his heart before a

stranger,—and I, listening to such talk in such a place, and at such a time of night, beyond the reach of human help, if he should happen to be what I had good reason to believe—a mono-maniac, and perhaps a murderer.

After wiping his forehead, he went on to say—Well, well—you have never met with it, perhaps—but I have! or you may have forgotten it, but I never shall—never, to my dying day. It is only a month ago that I saw it, and if the apparition of my dear boy had started up before me, I couldn't have been more taken by surprise. *The poor whimpering hound!* He stopped short, and the cap lodged within a few feet of him just on the verge of what appeared to be a large overhanging snow-drift. Willy kept on, laughing and shouting to the dog. Afraid he might slip, I called to him, but he did not hear me; and I should have repeated the call, hadn't his mother, like a simpleton, caught me by the arm, and whispered, for God's sake, don't let him go any further! Encouraged by the cries of little Biddy, who was running along hither and thither, and screaming for Pompey,—and lured by the cheerful sound of the rattling crust we had disengaged a long way above us, now slipping past them by cat-tails,—the boy kept on till he seemed almost near enough to touch the dog, and then he stopped, and both stood stock still and seemed frightened. My wife could hardly stand,—poor Biddy called out *they're slumping, father!* and seemed just ready to drop. What I might have done at another time I hardly know; but now—having satisfied myself at a single glance that even if the boy and dog did slump through there would be no danger,—and that if the whole body of snow gave way and carried them with it, a little steadiness and self-possession would save them both—while a too hurried interference might be fatal—I called for Biddy to come to her mother. She obeyed, trembling from head to foot, pale as death, and sinking at every step.

Stay where you are, my brave boy, said I. There is no danger—and don't be frightened. Lie down at your whole length, and keep still.

Yes, father—and then he said something else, which I couldn't make out; but his mother told me afterwards that he wanted me to call off Pompey, for the snow was slipping away from under them. I remembered then that I saw it move, though I didn't think of it at the time—God forgive me! Aware that the boy was beyond my reach, and wroth to see the dog stand whimpering as if afraid to move, I had begun to fumble in my pockets for the bedcord which I had so providentially brought with me, when my wife interfered again—Oh, for the love of God, save him! save him! she cried. This frightened the boy, and vexed me more than anything she ever did in her life.

Nonsense! I said—and put the line back into my pocket. And then, to punish her for such untimely interference, I called out to Willy to send Pompey for the cap, and make him fetch it.

Yes, father.

But the dog wouldn't stir an inch. He would neither go for the cap, nor leave his young master.

What ails the dog? said I.

He's frightened, father.

Well, and what if he is?—and are you frightened, my boy?

Yes, father.

Well, then, fetch me that cap!

Yes, father. And the brave boy stood up, and looked over, and pushed forward one foot, and the dog whimpered again, and my wife shut her eyes and fell back upon the snow, and I stood up “alone—all—alone—alone—alone on that wide, wide sea,” awaiting the consummation! Twice, my three times, I had upon my lips to cry out—come back, my dear boy!—come back to your father!—but the ecstasy of man stopped me, and smothered my voice.—I tell you nothing but the truth—don't I know?—haven't I felt his grips here!—so that I couldn't have made the child hear me if I had called to him. At last, while I was watching him, and his hand was actually outstretched, and in another moment he would have seized the cap—his mother woke and screamed—and then—oh, Lord God of the childless, be merciful to me!—I heard him say, *father! father!*—and he was gone!

For a few moments, or minutes, perhaps, I was so completely stupefied with amazement and horror, that I lost my self-possession, and was about rushing after my poor boy to the very brink of the precipice where he had vanished so unaccountably,—and over into the abyss below, perhaps,—when something in the appearance of the dog brought me to my senses. He had withdrawn but a very little way from the spot, and now

stood there leaning forward, with his neck stretched out and one forefoot lifted, like a pointer, as if listening to sounds afar off. The idea instantly struck me, that he might hear my poor Willy struggling in the snow—and I was the more convinced of this, from the fact that every now and then he would give a short, quick yelp, as if he saw something he was afraid to go near. Finding my wife insensible, and poor Biddy cuddled up to her, with her face buried in her lap, I determined to know the worst, before they could possibly interfere; and fetching a turn round some bushes, the tops of which were just visible above the snow, with one end of the line, I took the other in my hand and slid to the spot—aye, sir, to the very spot where my dear boy had vanished. In fact, I couldn't well do otherwise after I had got a going, for I couldn't stop myself, though the laces blistered my hands. Judge of my horror when I had reached the place, and on looking down could see nothing but a vast and gloomy hollow, as if the whole broadside of the mountain had given way at once underneath our feet. I stopped and listened, and after a few moments I persuaded myself that I saw something more—nay, that I heard a voice calling *father! father!*—and the dog must have heard it too, for he ran about over the snow yelping for joy, so that he roused my wife. She started up, and before I had time to speak, or lift my finger, I saw her coming towards me. I shouted to her to stop,—I commanded her to stop,—I flung myself athwart her path,—but all in vain. Before she could stay herself, and before I could put forth a hand to save her, she was hurrying past me, as if swept along by a whirlwind. My mind was instantly made up—we would perish together!—and I started to my feet, took another wide sweep, and flung myself towards her with so much strength, and with so heavy a wall, keeping hold of the rope as I did so, that I swept by the utmost verge of the great gulph like a weaver's shuttle; and before she had quite lost her breath, I held her clutched to my bosom, with my feet planted upon the living rock—the rock of ages! My wife! my dear wife! I cried—be thou my companion—my equal—forever and ever! Awake! and stand upon thy strength, oh woman!—Awake! and help me to save thy child! Awake! the boy lives!—I have heard his voice!—I have almost seen him! Bear up—yet a little while and with God's help, he may be restored to us like one from the dead!

Whereupon, O, stranger! all the women awoke within her at my bidding!—all the mother!—and she stood listening, with lips apart, and eyes brimful of awakened strength and unquelling hope. They were the eyes of a mother gazing devoutly upon her first-born, for the first time. The golf cannot be very deep, said I, finding her prepared to labor with me to the last. It appears to be the bed of a torrent, which has long been undermining the snow. Here—watch me—you see how I fasten this end of the rope to the tree. The other end I take in my hand, that I may avail myself of its whole length. Instead of answering me, she clutched at my arm, and pointing to the spot where she had left Biddy, screamed, or rather tried to scream—it was only a loud gasping for breath; and when I looked up, there was the baby!—(we used to call her the baby then, and I always called her the baby after the death of her mother, and up to the time when she took it into her head to leave her old doating father for a stranger of yesterday, who happened to ask her to marry him)—there she was, trying to come down backwards, on her hands and knees, to the help of her mother! Stop! I cried—stop, my dear,—not another step for your life!—and well it was that I did, for she was but just able to stop herself, with Pompey's help, upon the outer edge of the very drift along which her mother had been swept with such fearful swiftness a few minutes before.

My dear Jenny, said I—I believe I told you what my wife's name was!—Well, well, no matter if I didn't—others called her Jane, but nothing would do for me but Jenny, though I never could persuade her to call me William, or Southard—for I had a sweet-sounding middle name as heart could wish—or husband—she never could make up her mouth for that she—no need to say, no! that isn't it. Poor Jenny!—it was too much of a mouthful, she used to say—that's it!—Stop!—where am I—?

You were speaking to Mrs. Lee, I believe.

To Mrs. Lee!—po! poh!—to my wife, you mean,—to poor little honey. Well, said I to her—beginning to breathe freely, now that Pompey was quiet, and the baby safe—we must depend upon ourselves, my dear, and upon ourselves alone. She shook her head, and looked up the overhanging skies. I knew what she meant, but continued—There is no human help within our reach. Now, hear me! Everything de-

pends upon you. I shall take the other end of the rope, and let myself down into the gulf with it, as far as it will let me go.

My wife shuddered. Can it be strong enough, dear? Hadn't you better double it?

Give yourself no uneasiness about the strength of the rope—a fishing-line will bear double the weight of a man, if made of a good material. When I touch the snow, or get a good foothold, or see a good chance for dropping—

For dropping!

Just hear me through, if you please, my dear. When I want the whole rope—no matter for what reason—I will give it a twitch, and then you must promise me to unfasten it. All you have to do, you see, is to cast off one turn, and let me drop.

And let you drop—you! my husband!—into that unfathomable gulf!

To be sure, said I. Upon no other terms can I answer for the boy.

Never!—never!—I never should have the strength to do it.

You will need no strength, my dear. Stay—I will fix it so, that when you feel the rope shake, or hear my voice, you will only have to let go.

To let go! she screamed, covering her face with her hands, and shaking all over.

Hear me, Jenny! said I. There is no sort of danger, if you will only do as I wish.

But how are you to get back? If you fail to reach the bottom, or find it deeper than you now suppose,—or if you should want to get back, no matter for what reason,—my strength would be of no use to you.

Well thought of, my dear. I can climb up.

But your hands are already blistered, and you might be unable to climb so far—and then—oh God! what would become of me?

Faith, but the woman was right after all, and at another time, perhaps, I might have acknowledged it, as I always did when she was wrong—but there was no time for it now.

Couldn't you tie the knots in the rope? and wouldn't they keep you, my dear!—and wouldn't it be well to secure it round your waist, in such a way that if your hand slipped you would still be safe.

A plague on the counsels of a woman! If she had let me alone, I should have thought of all these things myself.

No, no, said I—don't you see that would shorten the rope?

That's true—and you want every inch of it, don't you? Stay—and she fell upon her knees. Oh, my dear husband! (It was the first time she had ever called me husband in all her life)—oh, my dear, dear husband! you are strong,—I am weak—you are heavy,—I am light. You can draw me up with ease. Nay, nay, I beseech you to bear me!—let me go down for the child. Fasten the rope to me, and let me go down first, and look about me; and then if I fail, something else may be thought of.

Was the woman mad? I determined to try her. Will you promise to shut your eyes, and not scream? said I.

Yes, yes—growing very pale.

But if you should faint, or grow dizzy?

That you must provide for by fastening the rope to me in such a way that I cannot fall, even if I should let go; and oh, I beseech you to be quick!

And you are serious, are you, my dear?

Serious!—try me—and she took the rope and passing it twice round her waist, and saying, now, my dear, the such a knot as you think will be safe, and one, that upon a pinch I may be able to untie—and let me show you whether I am serious, or not.

Oh, father! father! what are you going to do to mother! screamed Biddy, when she saw me tying the rope; and down she came—at full speed, followed by Pompey, at such a distance, however, from the edge of the gulph, that we had nothing to fear.

Instantly a thought struck me. The lamb had offered itself for the sacrifice. The hand of the High Priest had been lifted as with a bloody knife—and lo! an offering had leaped forth from the midst of the snows and rocks.

I told the sweet child what her mother was going to do. She turned deadly pale, and running up to her mother, clasped her round the knees, and began to cry, Oh, mother! Oh, father! Oh, dear Willy! and then her mother having loosened her arms, kneeled down by her in the snow, and kissed, and kissed her, as if she never expected to see her again alive, and undertook to tell her what the reasons were. Having heard her through, the little creature jumped up—she did!—as your wife's living

man—she did, as I hope for mercy!—and said to me, growing paler and paler, at every breath—let me go down, please; but, O, father! do tie the rope strong—won't you, dear father? and then she began to tremble so, she could hardly stand. It would be easy for you and mother to pull me up—wouldn't it?—and then, you know, there's no danger, is there father?

Not much, dear—you might be a little bruised.

Oh, I shouldn't mind that father; and I'm all ready now—you're sure you heard brother Willy—just call to him, father, and say, I'm coming down to see him, will you?

The thought was happy, and I shouted at the top of my lungs for him to keep a good heart, and we would soon have him out. His mother followed—and then the baby—but, alas, alas! we could hear no answer.

Now father, now! said the dear child; growing impatient, and trying to fasten the rope, with her own little trembling fingers. You won't let me slip, will you father? said she, just as we were about to swing her off.

Are you very much afraid, my love?

Yes, father—I suppose I am; but then, I am all ready and willing to go—kiss me mother—kiss me again, dear father—I want to kiss you both, more than ever—and then! Oh, Willy, Willy! and here she fell a sobbing, as if her heart would break—oh brother Willy!—If I shouldn't find him after all! Come, come, father—let me go—I must go—stop a moment—and she dropped upon her knees and said over that little prayer; now I lay me down to sleep.

Wishing to have her entirely prepared, I said to her, while taking a double turn about her waist, and making a loop for her feet, and another for her dear little hands. It is very dark down there, Biddy.

Yes father; but I am not much afraid in the dark, though I do want the blinds open after I'm asleep; but Willy always goes to bed in the dark you know; and he isn't afraid of anything; is he, mother?

I looked at my wife—and she at me—and then we took up the dear child in our arms and kissed her again and again, and breathing a prayer over her, such as none but a father and mother could breathe; and finding her unterrified and firm, though she shuddered when I trod with her on my arms, upon the slippery verge of the abyss, we wrapped her about with shawls and a fur cape, so that she couldn't be chafed, and hiding her shut her eyes, let her down slowly and steadily from a rock, into what seemed the bed of a torrent, and very near the place where Willy had vanished. Not a word—not a single moan or cry escaped her; but the dog whimpered, and when he saw her shut her eyes, as she went swinging to and fro in the darkness, it seemed as if he could bear it no longer; for after a short struggle with himself, he leaped after her headlong into the abyss. For a moment, all my strength was gone—I felt as if there was no hope; and but for the timely interference of my dear wife I don't know but I might have let the rope go, or tumbled in myself. It grew dark so suddenly, and my knees trembled so, when the dog leaped yelling past our child; but the next! O, merciful Father! We heard the yelping of the dog underneath our very feet, as it seemed to me, and the cry was full of comfort and assurance.

The dog did not fall far—and it was clear that he couldn't be much hurt, and if so, the chances were—God! how I tremble, when I call to mind, the first thought I had of his being buried alive in the snow! In the midst of the strange, sickening terror that followed, depriving me of all strength for a moment, we heard a noise from below, as of two children whispering together—no, no! we could not be mistaken! and a moment afterwards, there came up a cry of joy from poor Biddy, saying—there's Willy, father! I see him, father!

I fell upon my knees, and my wife came staggering to my side—before either of us knew whether the child were living or dead.

All right father! shouted Biddy—he knows me; and he's trying to get up—and he wants you!

I crept to the edge of the precipice, and looked over; and finding the rope loose, called out to Biddy to know what she was standing on.

I'm in the snow father—up to my middle! and every time I move or speak, down comes more snow tumbling upon me from the roof; and there's brother Willy, just down there, father—and he wants you—and he wants me to ask you if he has been a good boy; and he says he's got the cap, and he's very sorry the snow fell in before he could get away—and hopes mother isn't much frightened.

Poor Willy!

But I'm growing dizzy father—and I can't see Willy, now; and now, oh, dear! oh dear, what's that! oh father! father! here it comes! and then there was a furious barking, and a loud scream, followed by a tremendous avalanche.

Not another word, my love—I'm going to draw you up now! cried I, beginning to pull; but to my unspeakable horror and amazement, I found the rope fast! with all my strength, I could but stretch it a few inches—and every time I did, I fancied I heard a low growl.

An idea of the truth instantly flashed through my brain like a thunder-bolt. Having ascertained that more than half the rope was left, I took a turn round the stump, and clutching a knife that had never failed me—here it is now—down I went, determined not to be spoiled of both children at one swoop, though I had to battle with the she-bear, among the holes of the rocks, for them.

On reaching the great bed of snow, into which the child had partly sunk, I found her lying upon her face, and literally buried alive in it.—I soon liberated her; and the first words she spoke—poor thing!—were, I knew you would help me out father; and I felt safe, when I saw it was a coming.

Saw what coming dear?

I don't know father—maybe 'twas the snow. Pompey was frightened too—and, O dear father, where's Willy! I don't see him now! Brothers Willy! brother Willy!

Where did you see him last—show me dear.

The child pointed to a place twenty feet lower; a sort of ledge covered with rubbish, drift wood, and loose earth.

Will you be a good girl, and stay here—just here, under this overhanging rock, while I go for your brother! You mustn't cry nor be frightened. No father—yes father—but I'm very cold.

Courage wife! courage! mind the rope, and be of good cheer! I shouted.

A scream of joy followed from above; and choosing my way, along by the rough edges of the rocks, I soon reached the place where Willy had been lying a few minutes before. It was very dark, and while I was straining my eyes to see farther down the bed of the torrent. Something moved so near me, as to make my very blood curdle. I grasped my knife and shouted with all my strength;—and instantly there was a loud windy rush—a furious barking, a hundred feet below it seemed to me, and another avalanche, vast, and heavy enough to overwhelm a city. For a few moments, I was nearly stunned; and as the barking continued, and I knew little Biddy was safe, I determined to follow it. And well it was that I did so; for after a few plunges, I saw light below, and feeling my way along, came to a place where I found my poor boy, lying stiff and stark upon the snow, speechless with cold and terror—but otherwise unharmed.

The dog was lying over him; and when I lifted him up, and began to rub him and speak to him, he knew me, and saying may I kiss you now, father! I knew you wouldn't leave me here!—laid his cheek to mine, and began to sob with a violence that frightened me—he was only twelve, you must know.

I tried to soothe him, and calling out to Biddy that I had found him, was waiting to hear the voice of her mother in reply—when he whispered I couldn't help it father! I am very sorry—but some how or other I've lost the cap. God bless the poor fellow!—what cared I for a cap—or for ten thousand caps, filled with diamonds—when I had him once more safely in my arms!

At this moment, I heard the voice of my wife. Our arrangements were soon made. On going a little further, I found we could creep out on the side of the mountain, and make our way down without much difficulty through the trees. Having satisfied myself upon this point, I returned to Biddy, and lifting her in my arms, called out to her mother to make her way down by the path we came up—as Biddy, said Willy, and Pompey and I were all safe, and would go by another way. In short she—here he drew out his watch—it is not yet my hour, and perhaps, I may as well finish the story.

If you please.

Well then, the boy was saved; but he died within a twelvemonth afterwards, poor fellow!—perhaps of fright, and perhaps of something else; but however, that, may be—I never could bring myself to forgive his mother.

To forgive his mother! what had his mother done, I should like to know?

Why, don't you see, that she was the death of the boy? But for that confounded scream, just as he had his hand upon the cap, the boy would have got back safely enough, and all would have been well.

I rose to go.

Stop sir! I have not done with you yet. You know, I suppose, that I put my wife to death for that very scream.

Sir! said I, and my very blood ran cold, as I looked into his eyes.

Yes, but I did though—much as I loved her, and while I was ready to lay down my life at any hour to make her happy.

Pity you dear! I was just on the point of saying: but I forebore—

anxious to hear the end of the story.

Let me tell you how it was. We had often talked about our brave boy—sitting side by side, and holding each other by the hand, till our eyes were streaming with tears—but I never could make her believe that she was to blame. I could see, though she never said so, that in her opinion, his death lay at my door. Well, it so happened after many years, that we were walking together one day, near Wentworth falls, and the subject of our boy's death came up—and the behavior of poor little Biddy, just then flowering into womanhood—and I happened to say something like this—I do in my heart believe, that if I had commanded either of those two children to leap into the whirlpool yonder, I should have obeyed instantly.

And if you were—what then I said she.

Why then, said I, somewhat nettled, I acknowledge, at the strange propriety of the question; and the difficulty I found in answering it: "Why then said I, with a bling emphasis, and looking into her large clear eyes, as if I could see into the very depths of her heart—I wish to Heaven I could find any other living creature capable of such obedience.

You would!—said my wife.

Yes—I would.

And it would really make you happier?

It would indeed, I replied.

We were walking together, a few feet from the bank. She stopped and kissed me—and whispering: *Be happier then! Sprang into the whirlpool.*

I started up from my chair. And what did you do, said I.

I!—Oh, I followed her.

You did!—give us your hand!

Yes—and with what advantage to myself think you?

To yourself!—to her, you mean?

No, but I don't though.

And you saved her?

No—but I didn't. She was drowned—and I had the narrowest escape you ever heard of—only to be tried for my life.

Tried for your life!

Yes—they charged me with pushing her in. Fools! when I would rather have been pushed in forty times myself. Poor Jenny! what a simpleton she was, to be sure! but then, lord help me, what business had she to drown herself without my leave! what a fool to do so at the bidding of a husband! and such a husband! I declare to you, my heart bleeds for her. She has been dead a good while now; but if I live these dozen years, I never shall forget my poor dear Jenny. But the best of the joke after all is—the narrow escape I had afterwards, at the hands of the law—I came very near swinging for it: and how do you think I got clear!

Can't imagine. The circumstances were all against you—and we have only your own story now to explain the matter; and that never goes for much, you know.

That's it!—that's the very thing! I told my own story, instead of employing a lawyer to speak it for me; and the jury, bless their hearts, said the bench and the bar took it for granted that I was mad, from that circumstance alone, I verily believe. Wholly innocent, I should have been hanged beyond a doubt, because appearances were against me. Guilty—I had nothing to fear. Stop! hold on! I have't quite finished. I told you, if I do not mistake, that I was a jealous father,—jealous of my own daughter. So I am. That very child, Bridget—I have done calling her Biddy now, and for all this world wouldn't call her *Baby*, now that she has forsaken and forgotten her father—that very child, what do you think she has been guilty of?

Cannot guess for the life of me.

You can't! Well, then, she has fallen in love, as they call it, the

simpleton! without consulting her father; and now she wants to be married. To be married! d'ye hear!—that child,—a little wee bit of a thing but the other day, wholly dependant upon me, after the death of her poor mother, for every moment of happiness in life,—that child, over whose bed I have passed a hundred sleepless nights,—a creature who, till within a few months at furthest, would have laid down her life for me without a murmur,—even she wants to be married, and to a man——

Bless me! would you have her marry a woman?

A man, sir, old enough to be her father.

Horrible!

Yes, sir, to a man. Did you ever see a man in your life you would be fool enough to marry, if you were a woman? I never did. They are all alike, selfish and heartless and excusing. No, sir—no—nothing would serve that child's turn but a husband. It was not enough that she had a father,—a fond, faithful, donating old father, who never could bear her out of his sight! No, no—what are fathers good for when husbands are wanted? "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" Poor thing! a father would not do, though he had nursed her with his heart's blood!—though he had worshipped her as the image of a beloved wife! She must have a man to herself,—a man of her own,—that child! Of course, I could have nothing more to say to her! That's one of my idiosyncrasies—and you're another!

God bless me! I cried, jumping up, and making for the door,—the gentleman after me, as if he had not quite finished the job he had in view. Happily for me I escaped; and the next day I satisfied myself that his strange story was true—substantially true, that is; that he had been charged with the murder of his wife, a most beautiful woman, and actually tried for his life upon that charge; and that he had been lately put under guardianship; and finally locked up in a madhouse for life, by his only child—the dear little Biddy he had been telling me of. That broke his heart, and crazed him, poor fellow! beyond all hope; and now he spends most of his time in making speeches to the jury, and telling over the story you have just read, to every stranger that falls in his way.

DEATH OF A PIER.—We are sorry to read in the morning papers the decease of the well known pier at Greenwich. The deceased had been long in a sinking state, and has been subject to water on the head, as well as other ills of a very distressing character. The ailment sometimes made by sailors to their legs, when invoking a coolness in the lower extremities, was faithfully realised in the case of the late pier, whose timbers were shivered between 7 and 8 o'clock, on Thursday morning. The pier of Greenwich had the second title of Baron of Dividends, and though never known to be in hot water, was on several occasions nearly swamped in the cold element. The pier, which had been proceeded against for a nuisance, has left no issue, but the issue, which is pleaded to a declaration served upon it when in *extremis*. Father Thames, the mortgagee, in procession, has carried off several of the timbers, and invested this, the only property of the deceased, in a bank of all sorts of deposits.—*Fench.*

CONMENDABLE PERSISTENCE.—On Saturday evening last, at the entertainment given by Mr. Tassitro, a person was engaged to blow the organ for Mr. Maeder, who was announced to play a prelude. He attempted to; but after Mr. Maeder had played a few bars, gave out—the consequence was, the organ gave forth a most dismal note, and Mr. Maeder's music was at an end. Mr. M. went from the hall, and Mr. Tassitro apologised for the non-performance of his music. Mr. M. soon after returned, and commenced playing an accompaniment on the piano, for a song. The organ blower determined to atone for his previous lapse of duty, commenced blowing the organ, and, for two hours, whenever Mr. M. played the piano, manfully tugged at the bellows! Such perseverance is highly commendable.—*Boston Merc Advertiser.*

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGNS.—We are gratified to learn that Col. Lehmanowsky is about to publish a work on the Campaigns of the Emperor Napoleon, whose standard he followed during the whole of his eventful career—from the successful siege of Toulon to the disastrous battle of Waterloo. There is probably no man living who is more thoroughly competent to undertake the task of giving a history of the great campaigns and giant battles of Napoleon than is Col. Lehmanowsky, who is not only well versed in military science, but was a prominent actor in the scenes which he is to describe. That the work will be an intensely interesting one, no one can doubt who listened to the war worn veterans' recent lectures at the Marlboro' Chapel.

ELECTRO MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have given permission to Professor Morse to use the track of the Washington road, for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the Act of Congress in reference to his important invention of Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.

THE TWO TOMPKINES—AN EQUIVOQUE.

BY R. B. PEARE.

How many a dull error has occurred by the incident of two different persons, bearing the same name, happening to reside in the same street! And yet, in many streets of London, there may be three or four Smiths, or half-a-dozen Joneses, or Browns. Letter and parcels are constantly delivered at the wrong houses, and great confusion created; sometimes important and disagreeable secrets are divulged. The first of our story will rest on the fact, that in a Crescent not a hundred miles from the Commercial Road, there lived two persons of the name of Tomkins: we shall call the crescent "Commercial Crescent": at No. 20, dwelt Mr. Jonas Tomkins; and, at No. 30, resided Mr. Josiah Tomkins. They were both professionally occupied in the mercantile way; but in their manners and habits were very distinct persons. Jonas Tomkins was a quiet, primitive man, who, absorbed in his business, had mixed very little in the world, though he was not without an inclination to partake of the good things of it. Mrs. Jonas Tomkins, his *cara sposa*, had of latter years been tinged with the methodical persuasion that the sins of mankind are so enormous, that it is quite impossible that any one can be saved; therefore, it is indispensable that all human beings should remain depressed, miserable without hope, and without enjoyment. These principles were strongly inculcated by the pastor of the neighboring Ebenezer Chapel, who contrived to make a very good living out of the weakness of the nerve of his flock, which consisted principally of females.

This minister's name was Ghoule.

Now, as for Mr. Josiah Tomkins, he was a portly, sleek fellow, with a profusion of whiskers, quite a contrast to Jonas Tomkins; very much attached to cigars and port wine, and a little to Thoms, shilling promenade concert, trip sippers, and whisky punch.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Tomkins were seated at breakfast one morning, the lady busied with the teapot, the gentleman with the *Times*, from which he was culling the "ship news."

He read, "ARRIVED the Illustrious, from Batavia," and began to wonder if there was any consignment for him, for he had endeavored to extend his connections to all parts of the inhabitable globe. "Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Tomkins, "I wish you could avoid an annoyance, where we really have no connection. Here we live at No. 20, Commercial Crescent, and, unluckily for us, there is another Tomkins resides at No. 30, and the mistakes that continually occur between the two houses are perfectly unbearable. You, my love, are generally a well-behaved person, but, as for the other, he is little better than a bear."

Jonas Tomkins acknowledged that there had lately been some odd coincidences occasioned by the same names in the same corner.

Mrs. Tomkins sighed, and said, "I know that our Christmas Norfolk turkey, and the sausages, went by the 'Parcels Delivery Company' to the Tomkins at 30, in the crescent, for we never saw any of them."

To which Jonas replied, with a smile, "But you know, my dear, we were even with him, for we took in an immense odd-bird, and a barrel of oysters, here, from somebody up town; it was directed 'J. Tomkins, Esq., Commercial Crescent,' and was extremely good to me."

Mrs. Tomkins sighed more deeply than before; she pondered whether, or not, unpremeditated or accidental sin would be venially visited by condign punishment.

The postman knocked at the door, always an interesting occurrence to a merchant.

The first letter opened by Mr. Jonas Tomkins was one that had undergone fastidious; and Mrs. Tomkins regarded it with some alarm, for she remarked that it looked as if it had the yellow fever. But Jonas pacified her by stating that it came from his Batavian correspondents, Messrs. Murgatroyd, Crombie, and Crossline, and that it was perfectly safe from infection.

The letter was addressed to "Mr. Tomkins."

"Sir,—Per Illustrious, we beg to introduce to your notice the Rev. T. Faraway, who has been for some time a zealous missionary at this and the neighboring settlements, and as a man of unexceptionable merit, and has been at incredible pains in educating the natives. He is accompanied to England by a young prince of Bantam, who, from the best of motives, a desire to increase his knowledge, has voluntarily taken the long voyage. The prince is of a most amiable disposition, agreeable in his manners, and mild in his deportment; any attentions that you can bestow on him will be thankfully acknowledged by—"

"Your most obedient servants,"

Sec. Sec. Sec.

Now Mr. Jonas Tomkins had every reason to show civility to the firm of Murgatroyd, Crombie, and Crossline, and Mrs. Tomkins was rather pleased with the notion of an introduction to the learned missionary.

Benjamin, Mr. Tomkins's footboy, brought in a note, which he stated had been left at the door by one of the Dock porters.

Tomkins glanced his spectacles eye over it; it was worded as follows:—

"Mr. Faraway, Asiatic missionary, begs to inform Mr. J. Tomkins, that he is at the Dock Hotel with his protégé, the Prince of Bantam."

Mr. Tomkins could not conveniently leave the house himself, expecting persons to call on important business, so he determined to send one of his clerks, a young comely puppy, named B-light; so he told Benjamin to go into the counting-house and tell Mr. Bright he was wanted.

This Mr. Bright was a character, a downright cockney, but who

imagined that he overflooded with talent, though in reality there never was a greater oaf.

Mrs. Tomkins said, "If I were you, dear, I would not send Mr. Bright."

"Why not, my love?" replied Tomkins, "Bright is a clever fellow!" "Too clever," continued the lady; "so accomplished, he is always making some absurd mistake."

"My dear," said Tomkins, "Mr. Bright marries with the march of intellect; and notwithstanding that he clips his English a little, he can deliver a lecture on any subject, from mesmerism to meteorology."

"I grant," replied Mrs. Tomkins, "that Mr. Bright knows quite as much about one as the other; he has lately been reading the articles under letter M, in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' Benjamin just now came in with a slip of paper; Mr. Bright had just stepped out, but had left this notice on the desk:—"

"Gone down to the singing-class; back in ten minutes."

In ten minutes Bright returned, when Jonas Tomkins gave him a slight reprimand for selecting a time of day for his singing-lesson, when his presence was necessary in the counting house.

"Here, Sir, read these two letters," said Tomkins, handing them to Bright; "you must run down to the Dock Hotel, and meet the persons mentioned in this letter, a Mr. Faraway a missionary, and a young Prince of Bantam, who have just landed from a vessel in the river. Behave with all possible respect to them; don't stare in that way, nor get into one of your theories, as you call them; don't make any mistake, and be back as soon as you can."

Bright set off, smiling with contempt at the bare idea that he could possibly make a mistake; he who was a sort of minister for foreign affairs for the whole house—who went and tasted cheese for Mr. Tomkins; bought balls of cotton, peppermint lozenges, and all the new tracts for Mr. Tomkins. He had been lately employing his thoughts on the varieties of the human race, and it much gratified him to find that he had to make the acquaintance of a real Bantam.

Bright had a great notion of becoming a scientific lecturer, but in what branch, he had not made up his mind.

The same day that the missionary and his pupil arrived, an American ship came into the port of London, the *George Washington*; she had some passengers on board, amongst whom was a Mr. Charles Langford, rather a dandy Englishman, who had journeyed over the United States, and a Yankee wise and spirit merchant, by name Ichabod F. Buggins, who was accompanied, in the shape of "help," or servant, by a free negro, who was known at Boston by the elegant cognomen of Apollo Hyacinth. These three persons took up their quarters, on landing, at the Dock Hotel; to which house of entertainment we will now change our scene.

Mr. Faraway, the missionary, had sent to an emporium for ready-made clothes, that the young prince under his charge might not suffer from the change of climate, in the slight vestments he had brought from his own country. As the prince had a very shaggy, flexible figure, like most Asiatics, there was a great difficulty in fitting him, and ready-made clothes rarely fit well at first; one of those small-waisted suitors that are strained tightly over a sort of block at the tailor's door to attract the admiration of exquisites, however, was tried on, and succeeded; but the waistcoat and trousers, poor things, had to be discarded into the notion that they would fit, and they were very much "taken in."

When the missionary had got his prince disguised as a gentleman, he rang the bell for the waiter, who, on making his appearance, was asked if he had sent a porter with the letter to Mr. Tomkins; the waiter replied in the affirmative. Mr. Faraway then inquired if the waiter knew Mr. Tomkins. The waiter said smartly, "Yes, Sir; lives at No. 30, Commercial Crescent; often comes here, Sir, to sup and smoke his cigar." "Will you show us the way to Commercial Crescent?" "Yes, Sir; certainly, Sir; not far to walk, Sir. Go now, Sir, please." And the waiter preceded the missionary and the prince towards the premises of Josiah Tomkins.

Josiah had also finished his breakfast, read herrings and toast, eggs and hung beef, water-cresses and a small glass of brandy, and had lighted a cheroot to digest everything. He then opened his letters, one from a New York correspondent was thus indited:—

"DEAR TOMKINS:—I beg to introduce to you Mr. Ichabod F. Buggins, an eminent wine and spirit merchant of Boston, who is proceeding to the port of London; you will find him a fellow after your own heart, and of a very jovial turn."

"If you can induce him to tell you some of his crack stories, he will make you split your sides with laughter; ask him to relate to you the comical history of the Mulatto girl. Mr. Buggins is accompanied to England by a free black, who is a great character in his way, but he is so confoundedly shy, that it is not easy to act his tongue in motion."

"Ay, ay," said Josiah; "I suppose they will call, and I must give Mr. I. F. Buggins a bit of dinner, and a bowl of port."

"We will now return to the Dock Hotel, where Mr. Charles Langford was inquiring of the waiter where his companion was who had come on shore with him from the *George Washington*. The waiter replied that Mr. I. F. Buggins had gone to the Caroline Coffee House, but had left word that he would soon be back, and that his black servant was waiting himself in No. 5."

Mr. Charles Langford now proceeded to state that, if it had not been for the interference of that black man, he should have been drowned that very morning; for as the ship was being towed by a steam-tug, pass

Blackwall, Mr. Langford perceived some beautiful ladies, and such a time had elapsed since he had seen an English lady (the most comely in the world,) he was anxious to peep at them; but, overbalancing himself with the weight of his telescope, he slipped over the side of the vessel into the Thames, where he decidedly would have become food for white bait, if Blacky had not jumped after him like a large Newfoundland dog, and positively saved Mr. Langford from a watery grave.

"The brave fellow," continued Langford, "as well as myself, was completely soaked through; I had my change of clothes at hand on board; but as I was apprehensive that Apollo might take cold after so devoted an action, I immediately made him strip, and dress himself in my silk dressing-gown, cap, trousers, and slippers, in which he came ashore. Ask him to walk in here."

The waiter went to call Apollo, and when he entered, an extraordinary looking being he was. He had a shining black face, like a new iron stew pan; a beautiful set of grinders, perfect masters of their business; and an expression of rich humor was spread over the ebony countenance. He was attired in a showy silk dressing-gown, tied round the waist by a Bandana handkerchief; he wore over his black woolly head an embroidered Greek smoking-cap; had white worsted stockings, and yellow morocco slippers. These habiliments were all the property of Mr. Langford, whose taste as we have before hinted, was somewhat of the splendid order. When Apollo Hyscinth came in, Langford exclaimed with emotion, "My brave benefactor! how can I ever repay my debt of gratitude to you to which my negro replied, "I tell you, Massa Langford, if we shipmate agree; sponse I fall overboard; I will den you jump and dive for me."—"I will, my generous fellow," said Langford; "that is, if they ever catch me at sea again." Apollo grinned, and showing all the white ivory keys of his piano-forte, replied, "Hi, hi, Massa Langford, de salt water no agree wid you; you not brought up to de sea; though you brought up ebery thing else;—weary bad derangement, dat." Here Mr. Bright had walked into the Dock Hotel, to make his own observations.

Charles Langford continued his expressions of gratitude: "You, for your glorious and gallant conduct, deserve to be a prince."

Bright instantly thought to himself, "That is the Prince of Bantam—that a picturesque costume!"

Langford said: "But for your arms I should decidedly have perished." Bright's ideas quickened; "Saved him from the savages, I suppose."

"But I do not think I shall ever venture on the ocean again," remarked Langford.

To which Apollo replied, "Aander tims, come oberland—dat my wies."

"Long overland journey from Bantam," thought Mr. Bright.

"After your prize-worthy exertions," said Langford, "you would probably like some refreshment." The eyes of Apollo glaucated, and he answered, "No derjection to 'tittle rum, Sir."

Bright who was a Temperance Society person, reflected on the barbarous acquired taste of royalty.

Langford rung the bell for some rum, and carelessly inquired of Apollo, where was the companion of their voyage.

"O! he is far away," replied Apollo.

Bright glanced at his letters, and muttered, "Faraway, the missionary's name;" and now he was convinced that it was all correct.

The waiter re-entered with the rum in a decanter, and glass; Langford, pouring out, said, "Now, my noble hearer, will you have it mixed with some water?"

"Thank you, no," rejoined Apollo; "me teok da water dis moroin." Try de rum, now, all by oneself.

"It is not that I would grudge it you," said Langford, but rum is a powerfully acting spirit: so, in regard to your precious health, do not take too much."

"Nber fear," answered Apollo, "my pinlon is, too much rum is just enough."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Bright, "this friend the missionary has not inculcated the principles of temperance in his pupils;" and he was not a little astonished at beholding the prince swallow down, with great apparent zest, several more glasses.

Here a plain-looking man, in a dark suit of clothes, and with a very shaven eye, and a broad-brimmed hat, entered the room. He had the appearance of foreign travel about him.

"Oh! you are both here, I guess," said Mr. Ichabod P. Buggins (for it was the worthy spirit merchant.)

"That's the missionary," conjectured Bright; and he determined to have his ears open, as to the mode in which he would address the prince, his pupil.

"What an eternal confounded smell of New England rum," remarked the venerable missionary.

Apollo was uneasy. The Prince of Bantam whispered to the waiter, "Take 'um dam bottle ashore."

"What, you've been at it, have you?" said Ichabod, in a peremptory tone.

Mr. Bright saw that his reverence was about to rebuke his highness. Ichabod continued, "I calculate that rum will set you chattering; now what's the use of all my preaching to you?"

At the word "preaching," Bright was positively assured that he was correct in his suppositions.

Mr. Buggins fixed his eye on his highness, and said sharply, "Do you happen to know the reason why monkeys are no good? Because

they chatter all day long. How many years, you dingy rascal, have you been under my paternal care? How many larrupings have I been compelled to give you, to keep you under proper control?"

Bright could not avoid thinking that the missionary was very severe on the young prince, and he recollected the treatment of the poor South American Indians by the Spanish Jesuits. When Mr. Langford, seeing Apollo rather cast down, exclaimed loudly, "Remember, Sir, the noble daring of the person you are abusing, who possesses, I know, noble qualities of heart."

On hearing this eulogium, Bright imagined it to be just the precise time to introduce himself; so, as we that the missionary was very severe on the young prince, and he recollected the treatment of the poor South American Indians by the Spanish Jesuits. When Mr. Langford, seeing Apollo rather cast down, exclaimed loudly, "Remember, Sir, the noble daring of the person you are abusing, who possesses, I know, noble qualities of heart."

"I had a letter of recommendation to Mr. Tomkins, Commercial Crescent, though I never saw him," replied I. P. Buggins, "and I have sent my letter to him."

"We are quite aware of the letters, much revered Sir," remarked Bright. Buggins started; but was more astonished when Bright added, pointing to Apollo, "his royal highness will of course accompany you."

Buggins whistled, thinking to himself, "This dandy clerk believes himself a wag."

Bright turned now to Apollo, who, from the effects of the rum, was holding himself steady by the back of a chair, and said, "I am quite ready, your highness, to obey the lower orders of the native as much as he."

Apollo Hyscinth was half affronted. "Do man of culter, Sir, know him place in society, and behave himself 'condemning'! (and here he hiccuped in the clerk's countenance;) "rum gone de wrong way; so when I address a gentleman, I always (another loud hiccup) say—waiter, bring de nigger glass of rum."

"Well," thought Bright, "if these are the manners of the royal family of Bantam, what brutus the lower orders of the native must be."

Mr. I. P. Buggins now shook his fellow traveller, Langford, heartily by the hand, and told Mr. Bright that he was prepared to accompany him to Mr. Tomkins's, in Commercial Crescent. He then addressed the negro, "You keep a little distance behind, d'ye hear? for I don't fancy to be seen in the streets of a foreign and enlightened country, tramping about with such a scare-crow."

Here Bright observed the royal highness, who, when they got into the street, staggered as if he had had business on both sides the way. It is but justice to say that Mr. Bright did all he could to ingratiate himself with royalty, by pointing out the steeples of Poplar and Limehouse churches, the rotunda of the Thames Tunnel, and that wonderful route through chimney-pots and beggarly bed-chambers, the Blackwall Railway.

The waiter of the Duck Hotel had left Mr. Faraway and the native of Bantam at the door of Josiah Tomkins, No. 30, Commercial Crescent, where they were admitted by a smart-looking housemaid, and introduced into the presence of the fat and flound Josiah.

"I received the letter of recommendation this morning, and I am happy to see you: are you going to make a long stay in London?"

Mr. Faraway replied that his stay entirely depended on the Colonial Ministry Society.

"Oh, do business with them, eh? Well, it is all right, they must eat and drink too, like other people. Perhaps you would like your young black fellow to go down in the kitchen?"

Mr. Faraway appeared surprised, but stated merely that the young man was his constant companion.

Josiah now rung for the luncheon-tray, being of opinion that eating and drinking go a great way to fill up gaps not only in the stomach, but in conversation, for Mr. Ichabod P. Buggins did not appear to be very communicative, and his free negro never opened his mouth, and was particularly ill at ease in his new clothes.

The tray appeared with cold fow, wine, &c. &c., and Josiah insisted that his visitors should partake of the fare, and he poured out some port for them. But he was rather astonished that Mr. Ichabod Buggins, the jovial companion, should arise, as did his negro, who had recited the longest "grace before meat" that he had ever heard; in fact, Josiah thought that it never would have ended. So, wishing at his supped humorous guest, he said, "Come, that was a tolerably long-winded one!" Faraway looked as if he found himself in very ungaily company, but tasted the wine.

"Will you allow me to ask you a professional question, Sir?" said Josiah Tomkins, smacking his lips, and after sipping his wine glass.

"I am all attention, Sir," meekly replied Faraway.

"Well, now, give me your candid opinion; what do you think of our port?"

The missionary answered, "The port of London is considered the finest in the world."

"They put such a quantity of brandy in it, for the London market. Fill your glass, Sir; but you never drink that wine at New York?"

"I cannot say I ever did, Sir," said Mr. Faraway.

"Ay, you are more in the spirit way," remarked Josiah.

The missionary owned that it was the calling he had followed for some years past.

"Then," said Josiah, with a knowing wink, "you must be up to a thing or two in whistling?"

"I do not rightly comprehend you, Mr. Tomkins."

"Why," continued Josiah, "you get through all your business so easily—your have no duties to care about."

"Prime East India Madeira, 56 to 64.

"Guinness's Dublin Stout } Quarts, 8.

"Hodson's Pale Ale } Pints, 4.

"Brandies, Rums, Whiskies, Gins (No. 1, Letter A),
"Nora Bazz.—Bottles, jars, and hampers to be returned."

Mrs. Tomkins dropped the articles, and she might have been knocked down with a straw.

A loud rapping at the street door, and Mr. Josiah Tomkins sent up his card; he was accompanied by Mr. Faraway and the Prince of Danham. A long explanation of the absurd mistake took place, and as dinner was ready, Jonas Tomkins begged the whole party would favour him with their company, which invitation was accepted. Apollo Hyacinth being consigned to the care of Benjamin at the kitchen fire.

The result was a merry afternoon; the only really loof face in the company being that of poor Bright.

From the Democratic Review for July.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Provinces. The rainy twilight of an autumn day; a parlor on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished as becometh the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after as hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were infinitely calmer, quiet, yet not forgotten, turned to recollect the precepts of religion, and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not like to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the head of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister; you have not eaten a morsel to-day," she said. "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more!"

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind round to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had experienced the effect after the consequent upon grief quite borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of wind; that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two lumber seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love, a power that love had made. The cheerful radiance of the fire had been the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befriended their

union now. While Margaret groined in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fruitfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and anger as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more so coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window gazed on its hinges, a man in a broad-brimmed hat and blanket-coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, Goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret. "Why, there has been an express through the town this half-hour," said Goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported alive, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the prisoners back, and I think you may have some of them. I judged you would at mind being broke of your rest, and so I stert over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, blurring to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming through the past. Margaret stood by the window, nursing these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bed-side of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness! No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its bed had sunk down so far within. Happy it is, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delicious than the wildest, like the breath of winter (but what a cold companion!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had lately involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her dream. She listened with impatient consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking; and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unfastened, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Wilt thou rise?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The answer was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little

lake of the fallen rain, cutting into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognised him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I speak to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to initiate the first wife of Zedek.

"But, stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago!"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"He was your husband himself!" continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the *Blessing* turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the house, or emerged into the broad streak of moonlight. Gradually, however, a conviction took possession of her heart, in the strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to arouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and we, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosier-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; so expressive of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will awaken too soon from that happy dream!" thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

In the year 1810, business called me into the lower part of the State of Kentucky—that part which lies south of the Green River, and which at that time was but little advanced in improvement and population. One day—and a very hot day it was,—the rapid approach of a thunder storm induced me to relax my staid at a log tavern in the town of

——. Though a stranger in the country, I could at once discover by the signs that something more than usual was going on in the village. A large number of people were crowding around the door of the inn.—Horses, of all sizes, colors, and conditions, whose equipments were as various as themselves, were tied to the branches of trees that still grew upon the public square. The occasional discharge of a rifle indicated that some of the company were "cutting the centre," for half pints, while others, who had the "best quarter bags in all Kentucky" were prancing them up and down the streets. The conversation of those around induced me to believe that the court was holding its usual session in this seat of backwoods justice, and had a doubt received the stenographic voice of the sheriff, issuing from the door of a log school-house, with the usual, "Oh yes! oh yes!" The occasional discharge of a rifle indicated that some of the rights of men and women was about to take place. I felt a curiosity to witness this scene, and having disposed of my corn and bacon, which I found at a table surrounded by a promiscuous throng of jurors, witnesses, suitors, lawyers, indictees, spectators, and country officers, I concluded to spend the little time I had to remain, in personally viewing the dispensation of justice in so rude a people.

The house was of a single story, built of logs unshewn. The judge was elevated on a small plain frame, a little raised upon the puncheon floor. The clerk was placed at a small table directly before him. The members of the bar were seated around on temporary benches made of rough planks, placed upon blocks of wood, but could not be distinguished by their appearance from the people who sat with or stood around them. The usual forms, and ceremonies were gone through with a celerity that would have astonished a Westminster lawyer.

The first case on the civil docket was an action brought by a father, (an old soldier and early settler,) as "guardian and next friend, for words falsely and maliciously uttered, published and spoken," by the defendant, "of and concerning" the plaintiff's daughter, a lovely girl of about 17. On the calling of the cause a person's name was mentioned which I distinctly heard; there was a bustle in the crowd, and after a time of post-

ing and elbowing, an individual appeared who announced that he was ready to proceed as counsel for the plaintiff. He was a tall athletic man, of about 35 years of age, with a fine, manly countenance, dressed in a hunting shirt of deep blue, trimmed with a yellow fringe. His face bore the indubitable marks of genius, and those traces of study and reflection, which cannot be mistaken, while his fine form bore evidence equally strong, of habitual exposure to the elements.

I gave over the facts of the trial—the evidence which fully sustained the plaintiff, and left the pretty client of the buckskin lawyer pure and spotless as the divine snow—and the several speeches, which though strong and forcible, did not strike me as extraordinary. During all this, the manner of the stranger in the hunting shirt, was distinguished by little else than the appearance of indifference; but when he rose to make a concluding address to the jury, every eye was fixed on him—while the deep silence, the suppressed breathing, and the eager looks of the audience, attested that a sense of the presence of a superior being pervaded the whole assembly. Even that rough and miscellaneous crowd, composed of men, some sober, some half sober, and some not sober at all, was at once awed into silence. The orator commenced in a low tone of voice, and recapitulated the evidence in a style of colloquial brevity and plainness, not even in doing this, there was something about him that convinced the audience that he was more than an ordinary man. But when he began to warm and rise with the subject—when the fire began to illumine his eye, and his voice swelled to its fullest tone—when every sentence was filled and rounded with rich thought and richer language—when argument and satire, persuasion and invective, burst from him in rapid alternative, the orator stood confessed in all his powers. He spoke of the beauty, the delicacy of his fair client, of the beauty of the female mind, of the nobleness of her nature, as described her parent as a sagacious warrior, now trembling on the brink of the grave; and of the truder he spoke—I cannot tell how—but all who heard him shrank and trembled under the force, bitter and overwhelming pillage of the indignant advocate. When he finished, the success of his effort was shown by a triumphant verdict from the jury, and by the indignation, the tear and the exclamations of the audience, who rushed from the house when the orator sat down, as if unable to suppress their feelings.

I followed them out. The charm was broken, the people had resumed the use of their own faculties, and were now collected in groups. Passing a little party, I heard one say:

"Did you ever hear a fellow get such a skinning?"

"It was equal to *campfire*," said another.

"That's true; and well he deserved it," added a third, "there's no two ways about it."

"Can you tell me," said I, addressing one of them who leaned on his gun, while he wiped his eye with the fringe of his hunting shirt, "can you tell me the name of the gentleman who has just spoken?"

"You are not a resident in these parts, I reckon," said he of the rifle.

"I am a perfect stranger," replied I.

"That is well seen," rejoined the hunter, "otherwise you would have asked that question. What man is all Kentucky would ever have brought tears into my eyes by the *in-fall* but Jo Davies?"

I had seen in the guise of a hunter, the highly gifted Joseph Hamilton Davies and had heard in the obscurity of a log cabin, one of the choicest efforts of a man who has seldom been excelled in genius, in generosity of heart, or manliness of character.

Ten years afterwards, business again called me to the West. Anxious to view the improvements of this promising country, I extended my journey to the beautiful valley of the Wabash. At that period the population had not extended a great distance up the river. Here and there, even as far up as the valley of the Mississippi, was seen the log hut of the settler on the public land, but the country generally was but scarcely populated. It was the spring season, and no country in the world presents a richer scenery or more diversified landscape than the valley of that lovely river at this period of the year. Along the plain which I pursued, one small prairie, skirted with the finest timber, and covered with a profusion of beautiful flowers, succeeded another, and the eye was continually refreshed with the graceful stream and its clear waters. The richness of the grass, beauty of the forest, the mildness and brilliancy of the spring weather, and the enchantment of the whole scene, induced me to linger for a time in the wilderness. One evening I occupied the cabin of the most remote settlers, and hearing that the battle-ground of Tippecanoe was but a few miles distant, I determined to visit it. On the following morning I reached the spot consecrated by the valor of our countrymen; and having tied my horse to a bush at the skirt of the prairie, ascended to a small plain of table land, in the form of a horse-shoe, where

"Many a valorous deed was done,
And many a hand laid low."

But few vestiges of battle were remaining. Here and there the bleached skull of some noble fellow lay in the grass, and more than once I stumbled over the logs, which formed part of the temporary breast-work thrown up after the battle, and have since been scattered over the field. At an angle of the camp, and where the courage had been greatest, was a slight mound of earth, scarcely raised above the surrounding surface. Near it stood an oak tree, on the back of which the letters J. D. were rudely carved. This was the only memorial of one of the most favorite of Kentucky's sons; for under that mound reposed all that remained of the chivalrous, the generous, the eloquent, and highly gifted "JOE DAVIES."

New-York: SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN NEAL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STILES.

IRELAND FOREVER!—CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

There is an old story in the spelling-book—everybody has heard of it, although he may never have heard of *Æsop* or *Pit-pag*—about a farmer and a lawyer. 'My unlucky bull,' says the farmer, 'has gored your ox—what am I to do?' 'Do!' says the lawyer, 'why, pay for the ox, to be sure. What else could you expect?' 'True—but I have made a slight mistake. It happens to be your bull that has gored my ox—did I say it was my bull and your ox?' 'Oh, ho!' says the lawyer, 'that's another affair. *Circumstances alter cases.* We must look into this.'

Now for the application. Our brethren of the British Empire—and our *brethren* are they, after all, and a people of whom we are, and ought to be proud—have always been in the habit of sympathising with the oppressed, the quarrelsome and the discontented of all the earth. *No questions asked.* Our armies are on the march—our fleets under weigh—we cannot afford to lie still, in their language, and has been for hundreds of years, whenever called upon, by interest, by a meddlesome, a watchful, or an ambitious temper, by a thirst for wealth, or a love of power, to make themselves busy with the affairs of other nations.—The more of a domestic or household nature—the more private and personal, the better. Look at her movements in the East, among the great household of princes—behold her intermeddling with their laws, their religion, their government, nay, with their holiest feelings, and with the very sanctities of the domestic hearth—having to do with marriages and births and deaths and burials and the distribution of property.

Follow her step by step, and age after age, through all northern and southern Europe—dividing empires—upsetting thrones—blowing trumpets in the ears of the people—and moving her fleets and armies in every direction over the face of the earth; and always, if we may believe her own story, *always* on the side of liberty. And what kind of liberty? The liberty of wearing British cloths and whittling with British penknives. Behold her at work everywhere, and everywhere at the same time; at home and abroad; in the north and in the south; in the east and in the west: now occupying Spain, now Portugal, and now France: Now strengthening Hanover and now helping to overthrow Saxony; to-day, warring, that the people may be at liberty to govern themselves—in other words, to choose their own masters, subject nevertheless to the approbation of Prince Metternich and Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and to-morrow, that monarchs and thrones may be safe—Poland crushed—Austria re-established forever—and France alike helpless and harmless; the next day that some hundreds of millions of men may be allowed to poison themselves with opium, and wear British broadcloth; now grinding her own people to the dust, that Greece may be set free from the intolerable oppression of Turkey and cast adrift upon her own resources, with a sceptered shadow at the helm; now that Turkey herself may not be crushed and trampled under foot by the power of Russia; and now that Russia may not be swept from the earth, by the legions of France. Now you may see her take the field, as a *sympathizer*, on account of the Spanish possessions in the New World—that some three-fourths of all North and South America may be enabled to govern themselves—and wear the printed calicoes of Great Britain; and now that Belgium shall not be obliged to wear the manufactures of Holland. Ships are built—armies raised—millions lavished in loans and subscriptions,

year after year, from the days of Marlborough to the days of Wellington; and no people on earth are allowed to say—*why do ye so?*

But the moment we talk of *sympathy*, on this side the water—bless your soul! how the feathers fly! and this, whether our sympathy be for our brethren in Texas, who, starting from their sleep, not of ages, but of days, are trying to upheave the lifeless, overwhelming pressure of Mexico; for our brethren of Canada—to whose fathers our fathers owed so much, while they are struggling to right themselves under the shadow of the British constitution itself; or only for Ireland—the breeding-place of the Irish—the warm hearted, brave, thoughtless, unselfish, headlong Irish—mercy on us! what a hubbub there is to be sure, on both sides of the water! You would think the world was coming to an end! The newspapers are out by tens of thousands, because of our intermeddling with the British empire—the whole sky in a blaze—the whole earth rocking with indignation—at a penny a line.

How can people be so foolish; and so forgetful! or rather, how can they hope to *make-believe* so absurdly, with any advantage to themselves, or others? Stripped of all its roundaboutness, the question is a very simple one. It is only whether the Irish are, or are not like every other people upon the face of the earth, entitled to judge for themselves of that which most nearly concerns themselves. We say they *are*. The newspapers and the ministry and the leading statesmen of the British empire say they are not; and that we have no business to encourage them in such a belief.

If the Irish are *not*—then we are wrong; and our sympathy, sheer wastefulness and mischief: and we have no more business to meddle with Ireland, than we have with the corn-laws, the gold spoons, and the crown jewels of the present royal family of Great Britain. But if the Irish are *MEN*—if *as MEN*, they are entitled to think for themselves, to judge for themselves, and to decide for themselves, then, with Great Britain herself to justify us, alike by her encouragement and her example, what have we to fear? and what has she to complain of?

But our sympathy, unlike that of the British, is not a *wear* sympathy. Do not the Irish themselves say, by the mouth of their Daniel—a man, by the way, for whom we have no sort of respect, beyond that which is due to his understanding, his hardihood, and the management which enables him always to escape, while he involves everybody else—do they not declare that no drop of blood shall be spilled? that neither wrong nor outrage must be allowed? and that they rely altogether upon the righteousness of their cause—the might of public opinion, and the blessing of God?

Are their taskmasters, the British, afraid of this? Do they see in this boding tranquillity, a something more terrible than the masters of Russia saw in the destruction of Moscow? Then why these alarming threats and outcries—why the mustering of troops—and the muttering of thunders in the British Parliament? Why are the whole British ministry in the field, with Wellington at the head upon his war-charger? Of course, to frighten the Irish. But the Irish are not to be frightened; and though the British may be ready for strife, still if the Irish are not—nothing can come of nothing—and no quarrel can happen. If the Irish are determined not to spill the blood of their brethren, the English and Scotch and Welsh, how are their brethren to spill their blood, otherwise than as they spit that of Emmet and his companions—at *law*? And as for the *law*, with such leaders, the Irish will take care to be always a few inches in advance of that, we may be sure.

But of these things, war may come. Granted. If the Irish persist, war *will* come. Granted, if you please. And if war should come, Ireland may be overswept by British soldiery—

O'Connell hanged—and the whole country garrisoned for another thousand years. We don't believe a word of this. But if it were all true—what then? Shall they not be allowed to judge for themselves. And are we—*wz*, the men of America—to be denied the liberty of speech? Must we not be suffered to think for ourselves, in this country—lest our thoughts—our close corporation thoughts may wander away and run wild among the liberties of Ireland? May we not say to our friends, the British—even as they say to the rest of the world, and as we say to the Irish—*Help yourselves!* May we not do as we will with our own? May we not reply, as they do, when sorely pressed—*Friend we do thee no wrong. Help thyself.*

But the policy in view is another question. Right is one thing—common-sense another. For ourselves, we should have no hope,—we should put no faith whatever,—in an Irish Parliament. Unassociated with Irish sovereignty, what could it do, either in peace or war?—would it keep ships or armies,—levy taxes,—coin money,—or make laws for *Ireland*? Nothing of the sort. It would be a shadow wrestling night and day, and forever and ever, with its own substance, for mastery. The British Empire would be then, as now, *everything, or nothing.* Why then do we sympathise with her?—why strive to help forward the schemes of Daniel O'Connell? In good sooth, it were no easy thing to say. Believing, as we do, that Ireland can be helped only in one way—that is, by the flow of British capital into her exhausted treasures,—which capital would soon find itself represented in the British parliament—how can we bring ourselves to encourage a system of agitation calculated, beyond anything and everything else under Heaven, to keep British capital away. Simply because we—*THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA*—do not understand the question. Jealous of our own rights, we claim the right to intermeddle with everything and everybody—like our fathers, the British. Most of us acknowledge, were we questioned apart, and by ourselves, that if O'Connell were out of the way, and Ireland herself at peace within her own borders, there would be nothing to fear. She would wake up, like the roused giant, "refreshed by her slumbers," shouting for joy, and shaking her "invincible locks"—to say nothing of her bolts and chains.

But O'Connell is not likely to be out of the way very soon; and how could such a man be better employed while he does live, than in teaching his countrymen to *act together,—to feel together,—and to think together?* As to thinking first, that were out of the question with the noble Irish for a hundred years to come. But by and by he will be in his grave, and the good he has done will be remembered,—the evil forgotten; and then, after they have buried him, and built a pyramid over him, and a temple to Father Matthew, and written for Emmett the epitaph he died for, Green Erin, having profited by these heavy tribulations, and strengthened herself, and made the British Empire feel her worth, will stand up redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled,—not a nation by herself, for in that case *her* epitaph would be written before the sun went down,—but a nation making a part of the proudest and greatest of all the nations of the earth. *Erin Go Bragh!*

P. S.—By the way, though, the answer of that lawyer to the farmer, notwithstanding all we have said upon the subject, was a very honest and proper answer. He might well decide upon the testimony of the farmer, while testifying against himself; but when he found the boot upon the other leg, and the honest farmer testifying in his own favor, it was high time to look about him. No wonder, therefore, that instead of shelling out the cash for the ox, he found it proper to suggest, respectfully enough no doubt, that *circumstances alter cases.*

Just so here. There are always two sides to a story, if no more. The wrongs of Ireland are not to be taken for granted,

when her champions go before the American people—with nobody to take the other side—to contradict them, or bespeak fair play and a patient hearing. And we, as Americans, when told by the British, that *circumstances alter cases*, had better look to the character of our witnesses and to their position. Few indeed are they who can be allowed to try their own cause—and the Irish, God bless them! are not of these few. Though England be wrong—it does not follow that Ireland is right: much less that Daniel O'Connell may not be mistaken.

MARVELS THAT HAPPEN EVERY DAY.

Probably, within the experience of every man you meet with, cases have happened, of a nature so wonderful, as to justify *hope*, under almost any circumstances. Would that people might be persuaded to remember and tell them! They would be of the greatest value, in trials in courts of justice—in questions of circumstantial evidence, and in all that relates to chance or probability. Mathematicians would find them of more worth indeed, than our romance writers—badly expressed and rather equivocal; but choose a meaning for yourself, reader, and let it go.

We have all heard of the man—John Dunn Hunter, who made such a stir among the nobility and gentry of England, some fifteen years ago, to say nothing of Princesses and Reviewers, the Duke of Sussex, the Marchioness of Conyngham, and Mr. Coke, now Earl of Leicester: And we have all heard of the *fact*—a most undoubted fact, that the first letter he took out from the heap he carried with him, on his arrival at London, happened to be for the very first man he spoke to—Mr. Charles Toppan, the Engraver. Having read the letter in his hand, with a direction upon it for Perkins, in Fleet-street, he looked up and asked a stranger then passing, where Fleet-street was. I am going that way sir, and will show you, said the stranger. Having led him along the street, a little distance, he stopped suddenly at a door, saying, to what part of Fleet-street, sir, do you want to go? To the establishment of Perkins and Co., Engravers, &c. &c., said Hunter. This is the place, sir—whom do you want to see? Mr. Charles Toppan, the Engraver. I am Charles Toppan the Engraver, said the stranger.

Now, if we calculate the chances—of a hundred letters, perhaps, to select one, which happens to be directed to a stranger at that moment passing—one of at least 400,000—the population of London being about 1,600,000, and the males about the age of Mr. Toppan, as one to four—we shall find that they were as *forty millions to one*, or thereabouts, against the happening of such an event.

Another case, which also occurred within our own knowledge. For certain reasons, not worth mentioning here, we were once in the habit of writing for the British magazines under the name of *Carter Holmes*. Not willing to use our own seal, we used to borrow from any body that happened to be near; and within the course of three months, were not a little astonished to find the ciphers *C. H.* twice on the wax, after the seal had been withdrawn: the first time it was the seal of *Chester Harding*, the American painter, then at London; the second that of *Charles Holloway*, a person who had been dead several years. In both cases, the seal was applied to the wax, without looking at the cipher—and in both cases without any reference to the fictitious signature within. Now, if we take the London Directory, and count up all the *H's* who have but one name, and that name a *C.*—whether Charles, Caleb or Cyrus, we shall find the chances to be nearly as a million to one against the happening of such an event *once*—and of course two millions to one against its happening twice.

One other case just occurs to our recollection. Some twenty years ago, a poor woman, who had lost a little boy on her pas-

sage to the western country, many years before, grew so unhappy, and dreamed so much about him, that she could not rest night nor day; and at last, nothing would do, but she must leave her family to shift for themselves, and start off afoot and alone to look for her boy, among all the young men of the country for thousands and thousands of miles. There was no mark to distinguish him—and all her hope rested upon the single circumstance that a child had been met with, about the time her little boy went astray on their pilgrimage, in the company of a young Indian, journeying toward the sea. We saw the woman herself at Baltimore, after she had travelled hundreds of miles afoot, and tried our best to dissuade her from the search,—for how was she to know her child, even if he passed her in the street? “Oh, never fear!” was that mother’s reply—“I shall know him whenever I see him; and if he is above ground I will see him.” Within a week, she found her boy (apprenticed to a cooper, in Wilmington, Delaware,) if we do not mistake.

THE DRAMA.

The Park has closed, and will we are informed remain so, until the commencement of the regular season, in September next—the remorse to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Simpson sailed for England, on Friday last, in order if possible to effect certain measures, which if successful, must materially change the aspect of affairs at Old Drury. We hope for the sake of the drama, that he will accomplish the object, and we moreover urgently desire that the appearance of the house, within and without, may undergo improvement. We cannot but think, if proper measures are adopted, that the palmy days of this theatre, may be restored.

Niblo’s has experienced a revival, since the commencement of the Revels, who play only twice a week however, until the close of the engagement of the French company.

The opera of *Le Pre aux Clercs*, was produced on Monday night, to a full, but not a crowded house, but the performance was not an effective one. The company has not the material to make it so, indeed it is contrary to common sense to suppose, that two female singers can alone sustain an opera like *Le Pre aux Clercs*—for really there is not a male singer in the company—Lecourt and Richer and Bernard, and in truth, all sing, that is, they have some sort of voice—but there is not a tenor or a bass singer among them—under these disadvantages therefore, the opera was only partially successful.

The opera itself is a beautiful composition, it abounds with light sparkling music, and never fails to please an audience, though it be only tolerably well sung. Mlle Calvé did ample justice to the portion assigned to her—the different airs were given with exquisite taste, and that sweetness of tone, which peculiarly characterized this lady’s singing. Madame Lecourt also sang very well, and her acting, as it always is, was imitable. Of the rest, we can only say, that their efforts were respectable. We are bound to say, however, that the choruses were given with great precision, and reflected much credit on the conductor—they only required a little more force.

The Revels appear to be unchanged—their performances are the perfection of the art. Miss Wells dances better than ever—Doutreville looks prettier than ever—Javelin jumps higher, and does more extraordinary things upon the tight rope than any other man could do on the ground, and Gabriel is—we hardly know a word sufficiently expressive to convey an idea of what he is—he must be seen to be appreciated—to use a new and original expression.

The Chatham has been re-opened under the management of Thorne, and the Montre Paul has been going through his extraordinary performances, to the astonishment of the boys. It is indeed a wonderful, though not a very pleasing exhibition.

The Bowery was believe is doing a very fair business, at least report says so, and we know nothing to the contrary. If quantity can satisfy, then the public may be quite sure of getting enough for their money at the Bowery.

To those who are fond of the Circus business, and we certainly like the smell of the sawdust, and the jokes of the clowns, for we feel amidst its associations as though “we were a boy again!”—well to those who are fond

of such exhibitions, we would commend the Bowery Amphitheatre. The performances are excellent, and the clown’s jokes are purely legitimate.

MUSICAL.

MADAME CASTELLAN.—We regret that our notice of this lady’s first concert was crowded out last week, as little is left for us to say at this time, since our contemporaries have, one and all, published exactly our opinion with regard to the merits of Madame Castellan.

Her second concert took place at the Tabernacle on Thursday last, when a large and brilliant audience was attracted, who testified their delight by loud and oft repeated applause. If possible, she sang better than on her first appearance, and if the shadow of a doubt had remained, as to her extraordinary powers, it must then have been dispelled from the mind of every one present. We have not yet, however, nor perhaps shall we have the opportunity of forming a proper estimate of them—her sphere, we are informed, is the stage, and that truly is the place to test the powers of a vocalist. We are sorry that there is not a probability of our wishes being gratified in this respect.

In all that has been written in praise of Madame Castellan we heartily concur, save and except that portion, which gives her a higher standing than Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, &c. In judging of this lady’s merits, we institute no comparison—that our judgment may be influenced by the recollections of these singers, we admit—that our standard of excellence may be regulated, in some measure, by the experience of former years, we do not deny—still we care not whether this lady be better than Malibran, or inferior to Grisi,—we know that she possesses a voice, peculiar in its sweetness, its compass and its power—that her style and taste are exquisite—that her execution is brilliant, and that there does not appear to be a difficulty she cannot overcome with ease and facility. With such qualities as these, then, can she be other than a great and wonderful singer?—this she certainly is—we may, indeed, be justified in saying, that she is the only prima donna we have ever had in this country, excepting Malibran, of whom Castellan frequently reminds us; and we feel assured that a similarly brilliant career is now before her. She is still young—we should think, not more than two or three and twenty—and from what she is at present, we may judge what she may become.

A gentleman whom we understand to be a Mr. Fry, of Philadelphia, kindly volunteered a song on this occasion, and favored the audience with a very beautiful ballad. The gentleman has a fine tenor voice, and sings with extraordinary sweetness and taste. He received an unusual encore.

We hope, from the success which has attended Castellan here, she will be induced to give us another treat before her departure.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.—Captain Josiah Cleaveland, the venerable patriot of the Revolution, died at Charleston, Mass. on Friday last, at the advanced age of 90 years.

He was an Ensign under the immediate command of General Putnam—served through the war and closed his military career at Yorktown, at the capture of Cornwallis. The deceased was present, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and travelled a journey of nearly 500 miles, to be present at the last celebration. It is well remarked by a contemporary, that it seems like the arrangement of a Holy Providence, that this venerable relic of the Revolution, should in the dim twilight of his worn-out life, travel like a pilgrim to the shrine of his early idolatry, and lay it down in sight of the very spot, which had been the scene of its greatest and most patriotic act.

✂ A rumor having been circulated that Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is about to connect herself with an association of ladies for the purpose of publishing a daily paper in this city, we are authorized by the lady herself to give the rumor an unqualified denial.

At the commencement of the University of the City of New York held on Thursday, the 29th ult., Thomas Picton Milnor, Esq., received the degree of Master of Arts.

✂ The Boston Post says that recently it is to be pled in defence of the prisoner Rogers, who recently murdered Mr. Lincoln, the Warden of the Prison. The same plea was urged by the counsel of Glover, who pleaded guilty to the charge of assaulting Miss Austin, in mitigation of punishment. The papers are very indignant, and justly too, at the mildness of his sentence—eighteen months in the House of Correction, for one of the most brutal, outrageous assaults ever committed.

For the Brother Jonathan.

SKETCHES OF ARTISTS IN NEW YORK.

We design to give brief biographical notices of the artists of this city, with some account of their best works. A selection of them will of course be made, and we shall take them up in any order in which they may occur, or rather as we have the materials on hand.

In the execution of this task we are aware that much danger exists. Artists are proverbially sensitive, generally morbidly so. They cannot well be otherwise, if they are absorbed, as they should be, in their profession. Generally of retired habits, often fond of seclusion and in many cases utterly averse to society, they live in a sphere of their own, and it is attributable to this cause that many of them are in the estimate of the space they individually fill in the eye of the world. We do not take up the pen to praise or censure any special artist—we have received no favors which we are called upon to repay, nor do we entertain feelings of dislike to any. Our sole object is to convey to our readers some information respecting a few in whom they would take an interest, and we shall endeavor with perfect impartiality to express an opinion of the grade of each. In this we shall undoubtedly offend those who are not extravagantly praised. Nor is this unusual or to be wondered at. To be an artist, presupposes a certain amount of poetry and enthusiasm of character; and what poet or enthusiast, ever placed a just and true estimate upon his own capabilities. It is the nature of an artist to be ambitious. He aims at celebrity, and hopes for fame; and few are the instances where a mere love for gain has spurred him on to success in his profession. We do not infer that gain is not as desirable to him as to the merchant, whose soul often has no other desire, but it is as a necessary means of existence, or for procuring those elegant comforts and luxuries of life which it is natural for men to desire, and most of all for men of genius.

Not all who pursue the profession of an artist, are likely to be successful. Thousands, we regret to say, have mistaken in themselves the feelings of genius, for its creative power. Good education, a knowledge of the state of the arts, and a cultivated taste (which last is a natural concomitant) are often deemed by their possessor to be genius itself, when they are but the ability to recognize and appreciate it. With this error a large number of persons waste years, if not all of their lives, in the attempt to rise over to mediocrity in some branch of the arts; continually threatening for the distinction which is the just reward of the great, and for ever mistaking the pinings and the restlessness of disappointment, or hope deferred, for the burnings of genius. Their ideas running in one channel, soon know no other course. They become wedded to their profession, which like the Romish church seldom admits of divorce. They do not receive in the applause of the world, the meed of success, and hence believe themselves wronged. They grow morbidly irritable and unquestionably suffer more mental anguish than any other class of men. On the other hand those whom nature has fitted for the pursuit of art, by giving them quick and clear perceptions of the powers and qualities of existing things, a capacity of mind to form and contain great ideas, a certain power, exclusively that of genius, to gather from the chaotic materials around them those best suited to the purpose, and form new and beautiful combinations, these are the true artists, those who can never fall of success. They may for a time have intense yearnings for fame, which like the money of a poor paymaster, almost always comes long after it has been begged for, or not at all, and they too may grow morbidly sensitive, but if they "mourn, it is not as those without a hope;" for it is the peculiar nature of genius to give its possessor the assurance of success—the more than hope—the absolute certainty of a glorious immortality.

We have selected for our first subject the name of

FREDERICK R. SPENCER.

We shall without preface, proceed to give a short memoir of his life, before speaking of his works. Short the notice of an artist's life must necessarily be, for few are the incidents to be described, in that of the most eventful. A few things are common to them all—early hopes and early disappointments—long and patient toil, but indifferently remunerated—one or two encouraging friends, perhaps, at the start, who are never in life forgotten by the artists and always more than repaid, when they have met with success—and lastly to be seldom appreciated till long after they have deserved fame, and often leaving the work of their genius

to be first seen by the world, gleaming like the gem of Sarrahh, from the darkness of the tomb.

The subject of this sketch, is the son of General Ichabod S. Spencer, an eminent lawyer of Massachusetts. He was born 7th June 1811, and is consequently but thirty-two years of age, at the present time. Like most artists who have ever succeeded, the profession of a painter was his own choice, notwithstanding that a different path had been marked out for him by his father; and we may safely infer that it will almost always be from choice when a youth takes the profession for which his intellect is best adapted—since few persons fail of acquiring competence and celebrity, who enter from ardent choice upon a profession and pursue it with industrious perseverance.

The subject of this notice, deemed from the first, that diligence in the labor and business of his art, was requisite to success. He did not fall into the common error that genius is independent of labor, but believed rather that it is only persons of genius, who do toil patiently and perseveringly in the avocation they have chosen. General Spencer ceased his son Frederick to be educated in classics and mathematics, at the best academies, and had good reason to be satisfied with the progress he made. Nevertheless, it was generally observed, that young Spencer's natural inclinations were more to sketching the portraits of his fellow students, and particularly that of his preceptor, than a likeness would be least flattering, than to hard study of the rounded periods of Virgil; and many anecdotes are told of his remarkable success in catching in a rapid sketch, the very spirit and character of his subject.

Young Spencer was, however, in spite of all his predisposition to the arts, kept at his classical studies until his father deemed his education sufficiently advanced, for him to enter upon the study of law, to which profession it was his intention to devote him.

We find by referring to *Dunlap's History* that Spencer commenced painting in oil as early as 1822, and that he then made good likeness.—In 1823 he was, by his father, released from the confinement of a lawyer's office and sent to this city to become a painter. He became a student in the American Academy of Fine Arts, where he diligently practised drawing from the antique models, and soon drew the attention of the President, Col. Trumbull, who treated him with much kind consideration and pointed out to him the best course to pursue.

In 1827 Spencer commenced the profession of a portrait painter in a country village. Here his sanguine expectations were met by disappointment, notwithstanding that he was willing to perpetrate the "counterfeit presentments" of the villagers for ten dollars each. But money is often valuable in small country towns, and Spencer received so little encouragement that his father thought proper to "set him up" in Albany. In that city he was successful—meeting with more profitable but sines in the way of his profession at this early age than many good artists find in the decline of life.

It was in Albany that he may be said to have begun his career, and the success which there attended him, as it were, on the very threshold of life, is undoubtedly still remembered with gratitude. Many are the rude or thoughtless unkindnesses bestowed on an aspiring artist in the commencement of his profession—many are the words and acts of kindness and encouragement which he receives from the gentle or the good—but neither the civilities nor the rudeness can ever in after life be forgotten—they make impressions upon his memory imperishable as enamel.

Full of sanguine hope, destined not to be disappointed, after a three years practice in Albany, Spencer came to this city, and here permanently established himself. For the last fourteen years he has had a regular and uninterrupted succession of business as a portrait painter; so much so, that he has scarcely had a leisure hour, for indulging in the more poetical departments of his art, which would have been time more congenial to his taste; but he feels, perhaps, that there will be time to luxuriate in the regions of poetry and romance—to embody upon canvases the essence of his dreams, or eternize the events of history in colors, when is the plenitude of his success he shall have laid the foundation of a fortune.

We come now to speak briefly of his works and of his style. The latter may be judged of in some measure by those who have seen the publicly exhibited pictures of Huntington, who was a pupil of Mr. Spencer, and evinces in his style the source whence he drew his ideas in the art. Mr. Spencer has painted an immense number of portraits, many of them of distinguished individuals, and a good many of them in

full length. His pictures of children have been eminently successful.—His manner of grouping them is peculiarly natural and picturesque, while he never loses sight of the important matter that a perfect and striking likeness is the first requisite.

In his portraits of women there is one thing almost peculiar. They are all beautiful and yet all striking likenesses. They seem at first sight to be flattered, and yet on examination, it is found that the artist has only taken the lady's face when in its most beautiful expression—(for every face has a good expression to the eye of the genuine artist,) and this, perhaps, will afford the clue to his extraordinary success. This is probably the distinguishing trait of Spencer's pictures—they are strong likenesses, without being caricatures, and are always taken in the most pleasing expression which the face ever wears. The same, though in less degree, may be said of his portraits of men. He does not attempt so much to represent them fine looking as to convey in the countenance the very soul and spirit of the man.

In his coloring of flesh he is second to none in this city—and he is particularly happy in his draperies. All his figures and costumes are easy and graceful. His women seem naturally gentle and beautiful, and his men as naturally spirited and intellectual. His pencil seems to possess the magic power of making elegant and graceful whatever it touches, and the cause of all this lies in the directing mind where the type of the beautiful exists.

Among the pieces which may now be seen at his studio, 115 Canal street, is a large portrait of the celebrated Thiel Town. There is also one of his fellow antiquarian, John Allan, both splendid specimens of painting. There is one group of children upon a large canvass in which the artist has introduced a bunch of flowers, which, though merely thrown in, in an off-hand manner, is unsurpassed by any thing of the kind we have seen by an American artist. The picture, however, which will have most public interest is the portrait of Mrs Ann S Stephens. The painting has been made for an engraving to illustrate Graham's Magazine, and if the engraver does it justice the print will be beautiful indeed. As a portrait and picture combined, it is not surpassed by the work of any New York artist, and we can assure the lovers of painting that it will reward them for their time to visit the rooms,—it is only there that the public can find his pictures, as Mr. Spencer has long since ceased to send his works to the annual exhibitions of the Academy.

THE CELEBRATION.—Another anniversary of the birthday of American Independence has passed away, and so far as we were enabled to judge, it was celebrated in a more rational, becoming, and indeed altogether better manner than used to be the case in years gone by, when the orderly portion of the community dreaded the approach of the day, knowing that their feelings would be shocked by the scenes enacted around them—unworthy as they were of the occasion, and utterly unworthy of the actors as American citizens. The declaration of Independence is an event well calculated to command the attention of every liberal and philanthropic mind, of every nation upon the earth—but to an American it is so replete with lofty and sublime associations, that it should call forth the best feelings of his nature, and induce him, instead of degrading his soul, to uphold it on that occasion particularly, with the dignity of national pride, and to show himself worthy of that independence his forefathers bled and died to achieve.

We remarked with much satisfaction rather a different order of things on Tuesday last. Markets were, however, still fired from the stoops of the houses, and little boys amused themselves, and frightened the timid, with their crackers and squibs. This species of amusement may appear trifling and frivolous to some, and for our own part we should rather the practice were discontinued, as it is fraught with danger, and frequently produces disastrous results. We had quite a little fair around the park,—booths setting forth their temptations in different shapes and in diverse manners. There was root beer for the temperate, and tea and coffee, we presume, for the te-totalers,—and there were strong waters for the anti-te-totalers, and those who take a little wine for their "stomach's sake,"—but there was comparatively little intoxication, and not a brawl or riot disturbed the quiet of the night, so far as we could learn. And yet, perhaps, for many years past there has not been so general a turn out of our citizens; but they begin to seek enjoyment elsewhere. Instead of besotting themselves at the booths, or loafing about in bar-rooms, thousands left the city with their wives and families,—and thus the

money they would once have spent in drunkenness, gave a day of healthy and rational enjoyment to their wives and little ones. How different the feelings of that changed man when he awoke the next morning, refreshed in spirit, strengthened in body, and his heart made glad by the recollection of a day well spent. We sincerely trust this improvement will continue, and that every succeeding anniversary will exhibit a still better feeling on the part of the people, and a due regard for the day. It should be, and we like to see it made, one of public rejoicing, and if our Common Council had an eye to this, we think they might make their annual appropriation conduce more to that object than at present.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—An official communication has been made by Mr. Fox, the British Minister, to the Secretary of State, informing him that the seizure of the Sandwich Islands by Lord Paulet was unauthorized by the Government, and that inquiry will be made into the proceeding which led to it.

Her Majesty had signified to certain commissioners from the King of the Sandwich Islands, her intention to recognise their independence, at the same time she claims the right to "compel the chief of the Sandwich Islands to redress whatever acts of injustice may have been committed against British subjects by that Chief, or by his ministers or agents, either arbitrarily, or under the false colour of lawful proceedings."

The real intentions of the British Government may, however, be gathered from the closing paragraph of the communication:—

"It has not been the purpose of Her Majesty's Government to seek to establish a paramount influence in those islands for Great Britain, at the expense of that enjoyed by other Powers. All that has appeared requisite to Her Majesty's Government has been, that other Powers should not exercise there a greater influence than that possessed by Great Britain."

This in our opinion reveals the secret, and will partly explain the orders Lord Paulet received, and under which he no doubt acted. England will respect the independence of those islands so long as other Powers do the same, but she will jealously watch over them, and be ready at any instant to avow and maintain her supremacy if necessary.

The nature of the communication will however be gratifying to all parties, inasmuch as it shows the desire of the British Government to promote peace between England and America, and evinces a readiness on their part to explain any conduct of their servants, which might appear to reflect upon the national character. We would rather put this construction upon the affair, than suppose they have been frightened into the explanation by the denunciations, the piratical act, as it is termed, has called forth.

FOUNTAINS.—We made a few remarks the other day in respect of the Fountain in the Park, and we thought from the preliminary laudations, its proposed rival of the Bowling Green had received, that it was to put, if not our fountain, at least our Common Council to the blush. We have to apologize to the Park puddle for the reproach we cast upon it—we retract all we said in favor of the heap of dirty stones down town, for we have arrived at the conclusion that it is the most unsatisfactory apology for a fountain, mind ever conceived—the one in the Park may spout higher now, and assume more fantastic shapes for the "day of her rejoicing is come"—she is pre-eminent.

BATHS.—The practice of bathing, is the most delightful and beneficial one, at this season of the year—salt water bathing we mean, for we believe it is conceded that its qualities produce greater benefits upon the body, than can be experienced from fresh water. To those who are in the habit of performing their ablutions in sea water, and desire clean, comfortable baths, and indeed all those little nameless *et ceteras*, which enhance one's enjoyment so much, we commend the Franklin Baths, Castle Garden, kept by Mr. Thomas as the best and most complete in the city.

LIABILITY OF STEAM BOAT AND RAILROAD PROPRIETORS.—The following important decision has been made by the Court of Errors, establishing the doctrine of the common law:

1. That all common carriers are responsible for goods put on board of vessels or conveyances, without reference or respect to any notice that they may give that they will not be held thus responsible.

2. That a notice on the part of the owners of any steamboat or conveyance, that they will not be accountable, unless a receipt is taken, does not exonerate them from responsibility.

ABUSING THE WASHINGTONIANS.—We perceive that the Washingtonian Society has petitioned the Common Council for protection, and complain of being assaulted whilst lecturing in the markets. It is said that a brutal assault was committed upon one of the lecturers by a son of one of the present aldermen and another. The affair it seems has been hushed up, as no notice has been taken of it by the public authorities, which is much to be regretted. No one will deny that temperance brings with it innumerable blessings, and every well-wisher of his fellow man must desire to see its principles spread throughout the land—its apostles have a right to protection when in the exercise of their praiseworthy calling, and we trust it will be amply afforded them.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—The County Court has decided that it is inexpedient at this time to accept the resignation of Mr. Whiting—the reason, however, is withheld. It is said that the applicants for the office were so numerous, and each of them had so many friends, that it would be difficult to appoint a successor.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—Godey & M'Michael, Philadelphia. Messrs. Burgess and Stringer, have sent us the July number of this popular work. It is certainly the cheapest way of obtaining new and fashionable music. The number before us contains twelve pieces.

The Evening Post contradicts the statement of the *Intelligencer's* N. Y. Correspondent, that Miss Sedgwick is to edit the *Ladies' daily* this city. It adds that "the project is in other, and very good hands."

ST. PETERSBURG.—Rubini is performing at the Russian Opera House, and producing an unprecedented sensation. The pieces in which he has appeared have been *Othello*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Il Piratino*, and *La Sonnambula*. The Emperor has presented him with a valuable diamond ring. It is believed that Labiche and Tamburini meditate a visit to England, drawn, no doubt, by the success of their countryman; but they will not be able to give but concerts, as the Imperial Court will be at Peterhof, and then the theatre is closed. Mlle. Lucile Grahn, by command of the Empress, has appeared in *La Sylphide* in *L'Ombre*, the ballet composed by M. Taglioni, for his daughter, and in the *Abbeas in Robert le Diable*, and has obtained great success. The Empress made her a present of a valuable diamond necklace.

M. Ducher, who has been giving concerts at Copenhagen, has just left that city for Paris, in consequence of the death of his father.

—Rossini, whose medical advisers have pronounced his illness not to be of a dangerous nature, will, it is said, superintend the reproduction of "La Donna del Lago," should his health permit him. The performance intended to be given in honor to him has been postponed, as he is, for the present, not to witness any spectacle which might excite him. Spontini, Donizetti, and also, Meyerbeer, are to produce novelties for the Academie Royale; but the latter composer is, by virtue of a contract, not allowed to deliver his work till after the two former composers' operas have been represented.

—Litz, who is at present at Moscow, has subscribed to the Society of the Musicians in that city an annual contribution of 1,000 francs.

NAVAL.—A letter published in the *Baltimore Patriot* of the 29th ult. afternoon, from an officer of the U. S. Navy, dated Port Mahon, May 6, states that the whole Mediterranean squadron, including the Columbus, would get under way on the 7th of May, and after performing a few day's manœuvring in first exercise, gunnery, and acrobatics, under Com. Morris, would separate in obedience to orders, and pursue their way as previously directed—the Congress, it is said, to Syria—the Fairfield to France and along the Italian coast, and thence up the Adriatic to Athens and Smyrna—the Columbus to France and Brazil—the Delaware to Gibraltar, Cadix and Lisbon—the Priebe to Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, Gibraltar, and thence to Port Mahon, to receive the sick and in the hospital—then to rejoin Com. Morris at Gibraltar, Cadix or Lisbon.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE ART OF PAINTING.—Mr. M. Lumborg, a well informed and accomplished German painter of this city, has at last succeeded in composing a paint identical with that found on the ruins of Pompeii. After the expiration of 1800 years, the colored portions of that city are still fresh as when first decorated by the Latin artist. It has long been an object of solicitude throughout Europe to discover the composition of this rare paint. Depositions have been sent, composed of chemists and painters, having unlimited means. Books have been written, and much discussion had, but the secret was hitherto beyond discovery. Last winter the compound of Lumborg was tested in this city by the engineer, and specimens are now in preparation for the Grand Duke of Saxony. Mr. Lumborg is now prepared to paint houses in Louisville, in a manner as durable, he thinks, as those of the ancient Romans.—*Louisville Whig*.

The husband of the late gifted Mrs. Ware was originally a sail maker on board the frigate *United States*, and is now a prosperous ship Chandler in Liverpool.

A HEROINE.—A few days ago the dining room of a boarding house at Jersey City was entered by a robber soon after the servant had prepared the table for dinner. The girl was absent but a short time, and when she entered the room she observed the fellow very actively engaged in putting the silver spoons and other plate into his pockets. She advanced toward the table, when she was confronted by the robber with carving knife in hand, declaring that if she spoke he would cut her throat. By her movements she drew him toward a pantry door which he supposed opened into the street, and made a dart into it, when she, with great presence of mind, closed the door and turned the key on him, and gave the alarm to those in the house, who immediately came to her aid and the fellow was captured.—*Cou. Adv.*

MELANCHOLY EVENT.—On Saturday last, shortly after the S. B. "Corair" left our wharf, being in the middle of the channel, a deck passenger, a beautiful German girl, about 18 years of age, in attempting to draw from the river a bucket of water, was precipitated overboard and drowned in sight of all on board, and great numbers on shore. A circumstance that added much to the distress of the scene, was that of a young German on board who had crossed the ocean with the unfortunate girl, and was engaged to be married to her on their arrival at St. Louis. It was with difficulty, and in fact force, that he was prevented from jumping overboard during the time she floated, and in fact after she had sunk. He appeared nearly distracted during the whole night.—*Cincinnati Times*.

MR. BIDDLE.—This gentleman, who so recently was enjoying the unlimited applause of a great party in the United States, is represented as "in deep distress of mind, brought on by sudden reverses of fortune." Mr. Biddle is sick, and has been for some days, with a fever, and perhaps his mind may have wandered. He is also poor, but still in influence, for Mrs. Biddle has inherited from her father, brother, and other resources, a fortune of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which, though diminished by the reverses of the times, cannot be inadequate to the sumptuous supply of all their family wants.—*Journal of Commerce*.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF THE HUMAN WILL.—A long time ago we recollect hearing of some experiments performed by two ancient graduates of Ecole Polytechnique. A drop of quicksilver hermetically sealed in a small nut shell, covered with wax, and attached to a thread on being held in the palm of a parcel of dimes placed in the palm of one end of the silver to another, and its motion can be stopped by a mere effort of the will. If this ball be held over a gold watch a rotary movement can be obtained, and the motion reversed by the action of the mind. We tried the experiment yesterday, and found it to be perfectly successful.—*New Orleans Crescent*.

TREMONT THEATRE.—We understand that in the new arrangements which are to be made in reference to this edifice, there are to be four stores fitted up in the basement in front, and over head and in other parts of the building about twenty offices and two small lecture rooms—all which will let for a considerable sum, and serve to lessen the interest on the amount paid for its purchase. The old temple of the Drama, when these alterations shall have been made, will hardly be recognized by its former patrons and visitors.

A LUCKY MAN.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, writing from Washington, says "Mr. John Dade, the warden of the Penitentiary of this country, has, I learn, received information from Lord Ashburton, through the hands of the President, that he is now the Marquis of Townshend, with an income of £20,000 per annum. Mr. Dade is a genuine old Virginia gentleman, and will know exactly how to enjoy such an income."

ELDER KNAPP.—It is stated in the *Congregational Journal*, on the authority of a gentleman of Boston, of high standing in the Baptist denomination, that Elder Knapp, the celebrated preacher, during a period of fifteen months, received for preaching in various towns, a sum exceeding seven thousand and five hundred dollars, in cash, besides a large amount in presents of various descriptions!

Some penny a-liner has got up a paragraph of no little interest to the effect, that eight additional cents to Byron's *Don Juan* have been found at Genoa. It is singular that Lord Byron did not inform his friend John Murray of Abbeville street, that he intended to write these "eight additional cents!"

STERN AND GARRICK.—Storne, who used his wife very ill, was talking to Garrick in an exuberance of sentimentality, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

Mr. John H. Sadler, of Holbeck, in Leeds, has invented a loom for weaving each sail of a ship, even of the largest class, in one entire piece, thus greatly increasing the strength and diminishing the weight.

NOT SO BAD.—The Philadelphia Forum gives the reason of young John Tyler's visit to China. It says, "he has heard that the locusts will eat up every thing green in the country this year."

An Editor and printer down South offers to sell his whole establishment for a clean shirt and a meal of vicuals. He says he has lived on provisions till his very whiskers have stopped growing.

Correspondence of the Brother Jonathan.

Rio DE JANEIRO, March 11th, 1843.

Yesterday we made preparations for the ascent of the SUGAR LOAF, and this morning after drawing up the following document,—“The undersigned congratulate their next followers who may arrive at this spot, on having attained the summit of their desires,” and having signed it, myself and four companions, with the intention of leaving it on the summit in a bottle, we sat down at 5 o'clock, A. M., to a preparatory breakfast; while drinking our coffee many jokes were cracked at the expense of one of the company, who was one of that species of *homo* whom nature had endowed with a body of goodly length, but *legs* not in proportion, they being rather short, and whilst a little inclined to leave a wider space at the knees than at the extremities. In consequence of these peculiarities of construction, it was almost unanimously predicted that the owner of them would never see the top of the LOAF; but he knew very well that if he succeeded, he also should be able to surmount all difficulties. After breakfast we took water, being provided with ropes, hooks, hatchet, and provisions, and a letter of introduction to the Commandant de Fortaleza de St. João, which is at the foot of the Sugar Loaf. This last requisite was necessary in order to pass free of detention. At 7 o'clock we arrived at the Fort, and were invited into his house by the Commandant, who received us politely, and after much bowing and scraping we were seated, and the object of our visit stated. The Commandant opened his eyes very wide when he found we intended ascending the precipice, and almost said we were a set of fools; however, he assured us no obstacles should be thrown in our way by him, which being all we wanted, we arose to take our leave, and between the middle of the room and the door each of us made six distinct low bows, making a sum total of thirty bows, to which the Commandant politely responded with a like number, we setting him down as a trumper of a Commandant, and he so doubt thinking us a very polite set of Americans, although somewhat foolish about the Sugar Loaf business. After a heavy laugh at the ridiculous figures we cut bowing in a row and knocking one another's hats out of their hands, we again started. For our comfort, at this settlement we met a gentleman who pretended to know something about the excursion; he assured us that it was useless for us to proceed further, that we had better take breakfast with him, and then return to the city,—that we could not pass Fort St. Cruz, that even if they allowed us to pass, the surf was so high that to land was impossible, that in case we should land, the late heavy rains had made the rocks soapy, that several had tried and not succeeded, and finally, that a man was once upon a time killed in descending; but all these arguments did not fright us; we determined to try at any rate, so embarking we pulled around the Point, off which there being a tremendous swell, two or three of the party wished to turn back, but they were overruled; as we approached the spot we wished to land on, the surf was frightfully high as it beat on the rocks where we must land. Placing the blacks in the safest position at their oars, D. and myself stood ready in the bows to jump as the boat approached the rocks between the seas; this feat we successfully accomplished; seeing us safely landed, our companions, with our help, also landed, one by one, together with the basket containing our apparatus and provisions. We here opened a bottle of ale, gave three cheers for having surmounted, thus far, the difficulties of the expedition, and dividing the contents of the basket among the party commenced the ascent at 20 minutes past 8. We found it much steeper than its appearance indicated from the sea, but a species of rank grass, growing very thick and long, assisted us much in ascending. At the first bit of table land we stopped for breath, and looking around missed our companion with the short legs and the long body; looking back, we caught sight of him about half way up, actually stuck at a really dangerous pass. We shouted to him not to give it up, with the usual consolations, advice which did not meet the matter much, at last we were obliged to wait while he made a detour and came on the other side. We had now attained some 500 feet altitude, or about one third the height of the Loaf; casting our eyes upward, the prospect of reaching the top was far from flattering; the rock ascended for some distance very steeply, and then appeared to present a perpendicular face which would defy all our efforts; nothing daunted however, D. and myself started leaving the remainder of the party to follow more leisurely. We scrambled on, held now by a bunch of grass, then an air plant, (which

grew here more luxuriantly than I ever before had seen,) and sometimes by accident coming in contact with a cactus, whose thorns would make us cry out with an expletive the opposite to blessing. After ascending some time, now and then stopping to extract a thorn whose torture called for instant relief, we sat down and refreshed ourselves with half a flask of water, drinking each other's good health with all the bows of a diplomatic dinner. By this time our companions joined us, and being refreshed in like manner, we took up our line of march for the summit. The next feat to accomplish was to climb a tree, from the top of which to set foot on the rock above. I here did a most charitable act, in assisting our short friend (who by this time was completely used up,) in surmounting this difficulty, and landing safely above. “Can't go any further,” was now the unanimous remark. D. was the highest, and when he said he could get no higher, I began to think our trip was ended. When I reached his side it did look impossible to proceed further, the precipice was perfectly perpendicular, with but now and then an air plant to rest hand or foot on, and those of course very insecure, being held only by their roots to the face of the rock, while if a person should lose his hold, his body would not stop short of the sea. Of all this I did not stop to think, but placing a foot on one plant and holding by another, I gradually worked my way about half way up. It struck me then that a decent burial would be preferable to being thrown *miscellaneously* into the sea, so fastening the rope around my waist, I passed the cord down, and situated as I was, I could not help laughing to hear them, as they all took hold, say, “All hands hold fast.” At last I had the pleasure of placing my foot on firm ground. Looking about I soon found a strong shrub, to the roots of which I secured the end of the cord, and soon, one by one, had all the party beside me, save our short-legged friend, whose physical strength was not commensurate with his mental, so he decided to await our return. We now went forward more rapidly, and soon came to a brake, the thickest I ever saw; the branches and shrubs were literally woven together, and to pass thro' them required a regular path hewn out by knives; this brake extended nearly to the summit. When about half way through, we again halted for rest and refreshment; one of the party left us, and in about 15 minutes we heard him shout, a signal that he was at the top; this set us all in motion, and a few minutes sufficed to find us standing in a row, hats in hand, and giving three hearty cheers for our success. The burras appeared to be ebullient back, and looking far below, we saw the garrison of Fort St. João collected, and responded to us, apparently with hearty good will. We arrived on the top at half past eleven, having been three hours on the journey.

From the summit we had a view, I think, not to be surpassed by that from Corcovado. That is higher, and one can see further if it is true, but the Sugar Loaf is more finely situated, affording a front view of the city and harbor. We looked about for a place to plant our flag staff, and found on one side a hole in the rock, as if cut by nature for the purpose. Having secured the staff, we gave our signal to the wind. National flags being looked upon with so much jealousy, we had a red and white signal, with a single star on the white. We next proceeded to close the bottle in which was the document before referred to, after marking, “arrived safe,” opposite the names of all present. We found a sheet of lead, left probably by our last predecessors, who ascended in 1840. It was marked “Charles Binns,” “Fred. Fry.” Having remained on the summit an hour and a half, we commenced our descent. Following the path through the brake, we soon found the rope, and now for the first time did my head swim, and an involuntary shudder came over me as I threw myself off that precipice holding by the rope. Dashing on, down the steep descents, sometimes holding on by the grass and letting the feet go first, sometimes sitting down and sliding with the loose dirt, we all finally arrived safe at the foot. Having found and awakened our little friend, who had passed the time of our absence taking a siesta, we embarked, one at each surge of the boat, and then up sail for the city. On landing at the steep it would have puzzled an “Oleto” man to have told the original color of our garments, so completely were we washed in mud.

Adm.

J. E. S.

A CHERFUL PHILOSOPHY.—The following truthful and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books: “There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is so disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world.”

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY AUGUSTUS BODDARSS.

The noon of night hath set its seal on high,
And the bright stars look from their jewell'd halls
Along the slumb'ring earth; and plain and hill,
Wrapt in their silv'ry mantles, sweetly glow;
And the old forest, from whose solemn shade
Looks out the wild flower, into calm repose
Soothes the loud winds which make their dwellings there.
Eurytion to-night would breathe anew his love,
And woo the cold, chaste breath of the skies
With flames rekindled!

Spirits of the Night!

Ye, who along the silent air make glad
The beauty of the world, I dwell with you!
Ye are, who in the olden time, (in halls
Made desolate by conflicts with dread Time,
Who came with tented crowds of dark-browed years,
And sapped their strong foundations,) fiery revels,
Held in the moonlight air, and clothed again
Their blacken'd battlements with smiles and joy!
Ye are, who dance in shadows on the plain,
And in the forest shrink, as the black cloud
Veils your Queen! Ye beautify the night
With gladness spiritual. Ye touch the heart
With melody which it alone can bear,—
By outward sense unheard,—and in its cells
Stir up the holy messengers which make
Their secret habitations there. I walk
With ye along the dawy plain, and feel
New life spring plumed and blessing to my soul,
Which cold Reality knows not, and Day
Veils with its brightness!

And in such an hour,

The soul, far-reaching, gathers to itself,
From the dim void of past and future time,
Scenes which do swell into a mighty thought,
And chain us with their smiles. Then the fond wish
Seems like reality: and Hopes taken form,
And leads us by the hand with kindling songs,
Unto a beautiful land, where on the hill
And from the valley comes the scent of flowers,
And songs of birds; and flying shades are seen
To scatter dowy sweets from their cool wings.

In such a night I gazed upon the sea:

And the high waves, crowned with the moon's pale beams,
Came dancing to my feet, and fell, as tired
With wanderings long, and lay exhausted there!
A molten sheet of gold the ocean seemed!
And gazing on the vast vacuity,
Where, save, at times, some vessel wing'd, flew on,
Palated upon the sky, sat Solitude,
In beauty terrible. I learned to feel
The mighty beatings of the inward life
Which bears us unto things impalpable
To sense, but glowing to the soul! The Heaven
Seemed mingled with the flood; and Fancy saw
The Throes rush o'er the waves,—and Power and Fear
Ride on the created waters!

Boundless Ocean!

My spirit now is on thee, winged forth:
By love of thee, and him who on thy breast
Seeks with thy mighty stirrings! The loud winds
Which come from their high halls and dance on thee,
Or rush embattled to thy heaving plain,
And shout their onsets,—hear him in their arms
From wave to wave, while stern his soul goes forth
Riding the tempest!

There my fond heart dwells,
And bound to his, we pass the coral cells

Where sleep the sea-nymphs on their pearly beds,
And wait the ship-wrecked mariner; and where
Deep in the ocean-valley, lifts the rock
Its blackened head, strown with the gather'd bones
Of ocean's children! Spirit of the waters!
Let not my prayer be vain—let each fond wind
The nearer waft him to the smiling shore,
Where beat a thousand hearts to welcome him
From his long wanderings!

Stars of the Night!

Eternal sentinels! whose steadfast gaze
Is fastened on the world! A hauntsome dream
Was that which, hid within your bright beams, saw
The destinies whose iron forms look out
Unchangeable; where Mars rolls his proud car,
Or Venus soothes the corrupted soul to love.
But now we read a purer lesson, draw
From the immortal poetry of Heaven,—
And in your forms behold brightness and joy,
And seats of deathless myriads! With ye
I keep my night-watch, and my soul goes up
Unto your burning globes, whose songs of joy,
Which the old Grecian heard, awake the sky,
And find sweet response in my heart!

Night wanes:—

And the pale morning shoots its beams on high,
Its grey light gleaming on the crowned hills,
And so my long watch ends. From out the night
We may a lesson learn, and as we live
Remember it alway. O! as your life
Becometh dark, and storms and tempests fly
Around your tumbling path, until your heart
Feels desolate amidst a groaning world,
Look up, and know that there are stars which shine
Forever on thee, kindled by the smile
Of Him who ruleth man's heart and the world!

Norwich, N.Y.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—The Boston Atlas announces the death of Capt. Josiah Cleaveland, the venerable patriot of the Revolution who traveled nearly 500 miles from his home on the Susquehanna at Oswego to attend the celebration of the 17th of June on the spot where he fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill under the immediate command of Putnam. He died on Friday morning, at the residence of Mr. Samuel C. Hunt, in Charlestown, where he had been kindly received and entertained since his arrival to that town.

The Atlas says that he was born in Canterbury, Ct., December 3d, 1753. He volunteered his services in the Army of Freedom immediately after hearing of the fight of Lexington, and entered the army at Cambridge. He was engaged as a soldier in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and received an Ensign's commission soon after. He served through the whole war—was in nearly all the prominent actions—and closed his military career at Yorktown, at the capture of Cornwallis. He was present when the Corner Stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid, June 17th, 1825, and was recognized by Lafayette—who, on perceiving him, exclaimed—"My God!—there is Captain Cleaveland!"

He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence—strictly honorable in all his dealings, and uniformly correct in his deportment, never having contracted the once fashionable vice of dram-drinking and profanity. He was universally esteemed, and it is not known that he ever had an enemy. Above all he was a Christian—and gave conclusive evidence, to a friend who attended him in his last moments, that he was prepared to meet his Judge.

He was buried with appropriate ceremonies, under military escort, at Mount Auburn.

IMPORTANT TO FASHIONABLES.—The Inst Court Journal informs us that in consequence of hints having been given by the Premier to the highest personage in England that canes were carried by shop boys, lacqueys, chimney sweepers, and constables, and that the lady alluded to has prevailed upon her husband to abandon the use of them. The young nobility have also entirely discarded walking sticks, and they are now only to be seen in the hands of those who try to ape the fashion and manners of the lower ten.

A SKALE.—"May it please your honors," said an uncouth looking chap the other day to the county court, "my Pappy died lately drownded, and left four little infidels, of which I am the oldest. I want to be appointed executioner, and if you will grant me letters of commendation, I will go about diminishing the property as fast as possible."

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN AND HIBERNIA.

The arrival of these steamers, puts us in possession of files of papers to the 20th ult. inclusive, we find nothing in them however, of particular interest.

It appears to be the general opinion that the Government will avoid if possible using any forcible means to prevent the Repeal meetings in Ireland, although it is said that the Duke of Wellington's recipe for quieting the Irish by force had found the greatest number of supporters in the Cabinet, leaving Peel and the moderate party in a minority. The language used by Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, during Friday's debate, in contradiction to that of Sir Robert Peel, is calculated to strengthen the latter impression. A little time, however, will decide the question.

Mr. O'Connell declared, at the great meeting at Ennis, that the Government were more disposed to conciliate than to coerce, and that if they were prepared to sever the Church from the State in Ireland, he would meet them in "excellent humor." He stated that Peel and the conciliatory party in the Cabinet had prevailed.

The rest was expected on the week ending the 24th ult., to reach the stormous sum of £3,000.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a circular to his countrymen of all creeds in politics and religion, which proves, at least, that the old man's vigor is undiminished, whatever it may say for his wisdom. In that extraordinary document, the objects of the repealers, both present and prospective are set forth, and in terms sufficiently alluring and specious. They are, in substance these:—The institution of an Irish parliament elected by a household franchise—the retention of the House of Lords as a branch of the legislature—the absolute independence of Ireland judicially and executive, but the general acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Crown of Britain—the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property, and the separation of the proprietary laws, and the enactment of a fixed tenure, or something like it.

The Derry Standard says the government are watching for materials for prosecuting Mr. O'Connell for high treason. The Herald, the only ministerial organ among the morning papers of London, calls this statement "fudge."

Sir Robert Peel touched on the affairs of Spain on Monday night the 20th ult., in the House of Commons, and from the purport of his reply, it would seem that all his sympathies and feelings, are, as was anticipated, in favor of the Regent. But it is also clear that while he seems to give the chance of Espartaco dispersing the clouds which are now burning over Spain, he has nothing better to offer him than his good wishes. The reply of the Minister seems to set at rest the question which has been a great deal canvassed, that he intended to despatch the greater part of the naval armament now assembled at the Cove of Cork and other parts of the coast of Ireland to the Peninsula.

The State of Spain has seriously affected the French funds, and to some extent the English.

The Monitor publishes the following paragraph, in contradiction of the alarming reports in circulation respecting Spain:—

"It has been reported that serious events had occurred at Madrid, and that the Regent had left that city, carrying with him the young Queen. The Government has received no information furnishing even a pretext for such rumors. According to the last reports, the principal contents of which have been already published, the insurrection continued in Catalonia, Valencia, Malaga, and Granada, but no disorder, no new incident has taken place in Madrid, and the situation of the Government and of affairs are still the same."

CHINA.—The news from China is not abundant. Eleppoo's death, which took place on the 4th of March, is attributed to poison or suicide. Ke Ying was spoken of as his successor.

INDIA.—The latest date from Bombay is the 1st of May, and from Calcutta 14th of April. There had been another important affair in Sindh. Sir Charles Napier, at daybreak on the 24th of March, set out with the whole of his force, 6000 strong, to meet the Scindians. He found them about half past 8 o'clock, 25,000 strong, or more, posted behind one of the large nullahs or dry water-courses, by which the country is intersected in all directions. The battle lasted three hours, and resulted in the defeat of the enemy, who had 400 killed and a large number wounded. The English had 39 killed and 231 wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A cloud of locusts appeared in the province of Sharkie on the 13th ultimo, and spread over the country thence to Alexandria. The corn having been reaped, they destroyed the cotton crop. It was hoped that the approaching inundation of the Nile would destroy them.

Notwithstanding the injury caused to the cotton crop by the locusts, some cotton offered for sale by the Facha on the 26th ultimo, could not find purchasers at any price, but very handsome Arabian mares were about to be shipped at Alexandria, as a present from Mehemet Ali to the King of the French.

The Augsburg Gazette quotes a letter from Rome, stating that swarms of grasshoppers had suddenly made their appearance in the country ad-

joining Palo, and on the western coast, and laid the fields completely waste. Thence they extended their ravages to the plains of Campania. The means adopted for their destruction having proved unavailing, the Pope ordered processions and prayers in all the churches to implore Divine protection against the scourge.

THE LUTHERIAN STEAMSHIP GREAT BRITAIN.—This noble vessel was floated into dock on the 1st ultimo, and every thing so far proved highly satisfactory. With all her machinery, boilers, &c., she draws only twelve feet aft and nine forward, a tolerable proof of the extreme buoyancy of an iron ship. Her intended draught, with coals, stores, and all on board, is 17 to 19 feet.

The cost of this vessel, including her fitting up, is stated to be £90,000.

THE QUEEN NURSING HER OWN CHILD.—Her Majesty the Queen—whose health, by the blessing of providence, was never better—has had the good sense to break through the cold forms of court precedent, and set an example to mothers, by nursing the royal infant whose safe and happy birth has caused such general joy. This is only another proof of those domestic amabilities and sympathies which pervade the royal bosom. The sagacity of the step cannot be questioned. It is the opinion of all practical and eminent medical men, that the course which nature dictates is that which is most beneficial to the parent and the child. Many weakly constitutions among the titled and the wealthy, are probably due to the opposite line of conduct; and many, we are assured, are the examples of the future health of parents or might have been sacrificed to the artificial claims of fashion or to the frigid laws of etiquette. How many mothers in the upper circles will bless the noble dictate and sagacious resolution of her Majesty's maternal love!—*Court Gazette.*

CITY ANTIQUITIES IN CATENATON-STREET.—In the course of the excavations going on in Catenton street, for the erection of the houses which are to form a part of the new street leading from the Post-office to the Bank, the workmen discovered a quantity of Roman tessellated pavement. A great quantity was broken up by the pickaxes of the men.

Many square pieces, however, have been taken out entire, and some Roman earthenware ornaments, the coloring of which is as clear as if only recently put on. The most remarkable of the discoveries consisted of several bottles of wine, most of which were unfortunately broken. One has been preserved, and found to contain wine. The bottle is believed to be a composition of horn, from its solid form. It is about five inches deep, and tapers to the neck, and is decorated with the most beautiful designs. The cork is said to have been as hard as a stone. It was extracted and the contents, which were a pale green fluid, tasted, and found quite insipid. The above ancient relics, with some of the coins, &c., are in the possession of a tradesman living opposite the building. It has been stated that there were some piles placed there in the ground, which were in two sets, forming each square of nine in each set, at about the distance of four feet apart, in which were several transverse trunks of trees. The piles have been pulled up, but nothing has been discovered to lead to a supposition for what object they were placed there.

As Wombell's manager was proceeding from Lancaster to Kirby Lonsdale, one of the townsmen whelped three fine cubs, the spotted hyena one cub, and the wolf none!! all of which, with their dams, are now alive, and doing "as well as can be expected."

SALE OF THE EFFECTS OF LATE DUKE OF SURREY.—His Royal Highness, it seems, possessed no less than one hundred and sixty small boxes, all of which will be submitted to public competition. He also had some very valuable services of plate, the weight of which exceeds 44,000 ounces. Among other prominent articles is a gold inkstand, formerly the property of William III., and an antique gold casket, belonging to the King of Candy. His Royal Highness's armoury, though not extensive, was selected with great care. Amongst other objects of interest are the swords of the great Lord Peterborough of his late Majesty William IV. Several specimens of the celebrated Andrew Ferrara Claymore, presented by heads of clans to his Royal Highness as a Peer of Scotland; together with a great number of Damascus and German swords, of exquisite workmanship. There is also a great variety of curious clocks, watches, and other time-pieces, remarkable chiefly from their novel and scientific construction. The catalogue does not include the library, pictures, or prints, which will form a separate sale.

MONUMENT TO MILTON.—Considerable curiosity was created on Monday in Walling street, by the erection of a large tablet on the walls of All-ballows Church, to the memory of Milton, the poet. It bears as an inscription the following well-known lines:

"Three poets, in three distinct ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
The first in infancy was thought surprised,
The next in majesty: in both, the last.
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third the join'd the former two.

John Milton was born in Bread street the 9th day of December, 1608, and was baptised in the parish church of All-ballows, Bread street, Cheap-side, on Tuesday, the 20th day of December, 1609.

There are now twenty shops opened daily in the Thames tunnel, for the sale of fancy articles, refreshments, &c., giving a lively appearance to the submarine thoroughfare.

Mrs. Montgomerie, the widow of the celebrated aviator who was the inventor of the first air balloon called "Montgomerie," is still living, and has just entered her 110 year.

The Three Days to July are not to be celebrated, owing to the yet unforgetting grief for the death of the Duke of Orleans. Two hundred thousand francs are asked to be distributed in charities on those days.

The Money Market.—We find in Charles Wilmer's American News Letter of the 20th ult., the following monetary intelligence:

"The intelligence recently received from the United States, of the improved condition of monetary matters on the other side of the Atlantic, coupled with the arrival of Mr. Jay's Loan, has caused some attention to be directed to the American State Securities, but as yet there exists in the country a great want of confidence in every description of American bonds, and consequently nothing has been done in them as yet. New York Five per Cent. 8½. Pennsylvania Five per Cent. 42 to 43. Ohio Six per Cent. 75 to 77. Massachusetts 94 to 96. Indiana 26 to 27. Illinois Six per Cent. 26 to 27. South Carolina Five per Cent. 80 to 90. Louisiana 50 to 51. Virginia Six per Cent. 85 to 86. Kentucky 85 to 86. New York City Five per Cent. 53½. The United States Bank Shares are quoted at 204, each.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Drury-Lane and Covent Garden are closed for the season.

A pretty strong operatic company is now assembled at the Surrey theatre, comprehending Miss Romer, Miss Betts, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Lefroy, who are nightly performing *La Sonnambula* with success. The other entertainments, as usual, consist of those tremendous melodramas, full of love and murder, for which the Surrey theatre has so long been distinguished. The piece of this description now "running," is called *The Lost of the Murdock*.

The Strand theatre opened on Monday last, under the management of Mr. Maywood, a gentleman of much talent as an actor, who has peculiarly distinguished himself by his excellent representation of Scotch characters. His company is well adapted to do justice to the little pieces of light comedy which, we presume, will form the staple of this theatre. The principal performers are Mrs. Stirling, Miss Daly, Mr. Balls, Mr. Wigan, and Mr. Maywood himself.

THEATRICAL PREMIUM.—Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket theatre, has advertised his intention of giving £500 as a prize for the best five-act comedy illustrative of British manners and customs. The merit of the comedy is to be decided, on the first of January next, by a committee formed of dramatic authors and critics (not competitors) and actors. In addition to the £500, the successful author will be entitled to a third of the gross receipts on the twentieth, fortieth, and sixtieth nights of representation.

The performances of the opera of *Linda di Chamouni* have been suspended in consequence of the illness of Madame Persiani.

Donna Lola Montez, the new Spanish dancer, has made quite a sensation in London.

The *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, has been performed at the Italian Opera. The principal singers were Gris, Mottini, Brambrilla, Mario, Fornasari and Lablache, elder and younger.

Charles Kean is playing an engagement at the Haymarket. Mr. Warner is also engaged there to support him in tragedy.

Various novelties are announced at the Strand theatre, including a burlesque by Thomson Townsend, Esq., and another by Mr. Joseph Luan, the author of the *Rights of Woman*.

A clever actor by the name of Euston has been engaged to occupy the position usually filled up by Mr. Balls, whose "ill health" has obliged him to withdraw from the theatre. Mr. Euston is a good substitute for the more experienced actor, and is an artist possessed of sufficient ability to render him in time a popular favourite. He is qualified, it would appear, to play an old man and a young gentleman on the same night! Surely the London managers must hitherto have been blind to allow such versatility of talent to pass unrewarded!

It has been said that Charles Kean is in negotiation for Covent Garden theatre. Soch is not the fact; but Mrs. Abbott has been in treaty, and it is not improbable that she may become the lessee of that establishment. Drury Lane will be without a tenant, but the committee have had some communication with Mr. James Wallack, who is willing to come in to the concern, not as the lessee, but as the manager. Mr. Macready, we have heard, required that he should be allowed to take two thousand pounds for his own services before the proprietors took any rent, and after the payment of all the other expenses.

It is said, that Mr. Serle is endeavoring to form a company of actors, whose object will be to work on the principle that "union is strength." The English Opera House will, it is believed, be taken for the performances, and many of the popular artists, whose engagements at Drury Lane have now ceased, will be amongst Mr. Serle's most active adherents. In the present unfortunate condition of the two national theatres, it is to be hoped that this speculation will meet with every encouragement.

Mr. Percy Farren, brother to Mr. William Farren, of the Haymarket, died last week at Brompton, in his 64th year. Mr. Farren was stage manager at the Brunswick Theatre, near Goodman's-fields, at the period of its destruction in 1836. He was also stage manager under the late Mr. Morris, at the Haymarket.

Mr. H. Young, pantomimic director and writer, of Drury Lane theatre, expired, at his residence, Burton-croft, on Thursday evening, in the 37th year of his age. The deceased enjoyed a considerable reputa-

tion in the department of pantomime and spectacle writing for the theatres royal, and few men have contributed more to the stock of harmless amusement during the last ten years.

There has been a complete revival of the drama in Manchester, in consequence of the good management of the theatre. Friday closed the season, which was of six months' duration, and double the usual length. During the whole of that time the house has been well attended, more especially the dress circle, and on many occasions has been crowded. The manager represented that notwithstanding the great outlay incurred in decorating the house, and the heavy expense of the company, the season had been profitable as well as pleasing to him. Shakespeare had been played forty-two nights with great success.

The Queen and Prince Albert attended Drury Lane theatre in state. The performances commanded consisted of Shakespeare's delightful comedy of "As You Like It," and young Morice's very laughable farce of "A Thumping Legacy."

Madame Cinti-Damoreau, a delightful singer, whose clear, ringing tones have been aptly compared to the tinkling of a silver bell, lately gave a grand concert at Paris, which she announced as the last prior to her departure on a tour in the United States and Havana. She will be accompanied by M. Artois, a violinist of much talent.

A second son of Lablache has just made his debut at a party of the nobility, given by the Baron de M—, in Paris. Nicolo Lablache sang an aria from *Boisgiron*, and a French ballad, in a pleasing style, and gives promise of supporting his father's fame at a future period.

A letter from Vienna of the 15th ult., says, "Yesterday took place, at the Grand Imperial Theatre, the presence of their Majesties and of the whole Court, the first representation of Donizetti's new opera buffa, *Don Pasquale*. Its success was most decisive. The new opera, in three acts, by Donizetti, written expressly for the Imperial Theatre, was to-day put in rehearsal: it is called *Maria di Rohan*."

At Naples, Fioravanti's opera *La Lotore di Vienna*, has proved a failure.

At Barcelona, the new opera of Ricci, entitled *Conrado d'Altamura*, has just been produced.

BERLIOZ.—The music of Euripides' *Medea*, which was said to be by Mendelssohn, is by M. Taubert. It is not true, likewise, that M. Mendelssohn is engaged in the composition of a new work on Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

At Dresden, a grand Musical Festival, under the direction of Meissner, Reissiger, Wagner, and Muller, will shortly take place, consisting entirely of men.

The French capital is at the present moment the focus of an unusual number of celebrated composers; amongst the number at present there, are Rossini, Spontini, Frederico Ricci, besides Auber, Halévy, Berlioz, A. Adam, &c. Meyerbeer and Donizetti are also expected to arrive in Paris next month.

A French lady, Mlle. Dabedilke, has recently appeared at Naples, and, as a prima donna, at the San Carlo, has reaped golden laurels.

Wagner's *Rienzi* is shortly to be produced at Hamburg.

Genevra is the title of an opera, of which the music is by M. Nuth, and which has obtained a brilliant success at Sonderhausen, where M. Nuth is *maître de chapelle*.

The Musical Festivals are announced to take place during next autumn, at Birmingham, Hereford and Edinburgh—the last under the direction of Sir Henry Bishop, the Musical Professor of the University.

Van Amburgh, we understand, realised £170 from one afternoon's performance at Loughborough.

The sum of £1,300 has already been subscribed for a new theatre in Birmingham.

The receipts collected in France for the sufferers at Guadeloupe exceed two millions of francs.

Mlle Cathinka Heinemann, the heroine of the recent Brussels tragedy, does not at all seem inclined to take the veil. She intends performing in some towns in France, and then proceeds to Italy.

Berlioz is returned to Paris from Germany, and is actively employed in composing a grand opera, the libretto of which is by Mons. Scribe.

The celebrated composer, Ricci, whose last work, "Corra d'Altamura," has met with so much success at the principal Continental theatres, has left Paris for Italy. He will, however, shortly return there, to be present at the rehearsal of the opera, which is to be produced at the opening of Les Italiens in the ensuing season.

Marmaduke Wyvil, or THE MAID'S REVENGE, an Historical Romance, by Henry William Herbert, J. Winchester, N. Y. We have not had time to read this work at length, but from dipping into it here and there, we believe it will go far toward building up a reputation for Mr. Herbert, of the highest order, as a novelist. The language is strong and characteristic,—the personages well drawn,—and, as far as we have traced it, the plot is very interesting. It is certainly one of the best original novels published for a long time. It is got up in excellent shape by Winchester.

Deceitful hopes that point to bliss and make him long the more,
Like Tantalus, to quench the thirst, (that but with life is o'er,)
At that false wave of happiness, which, when he stoops to sip,
Becomes a flood of liquid flame upon his burning lip—
Must he not feel the *passions* dire that oft make life a hell—
The loss of friends that long the heart had loved and cherished well—
The bitterness of wounded pride—and love without return,
Whose ceaseless hopes within the breast like deep volcanoes burn.
Then oft, disease and, during pains, that make of every day
An age, while life grows dim and faint and trembles in decay,
With crumbling flesh and withered form—the short and painful breath,
And, worse than anguish of the frame, the shuddering fear of death,
The reading of affection's ties, when life from death must part,
And the extreme of human ills, a worn and broken heart.
Oh, could he bear these countless woes, did not his spirit know
That bliss above would well repay for misery below!
Did he not feel that all the woes which drug his portion here,
Are kindly given by the One to whom his soul is dear;
That having tasted in this life the bitterness of gulf,
Heaven's bliss upon his ransomed soul a sweeter draught might fall.
I feel—it is resistless truth,—away all sceptic thought!
I need not doubt the cheering hopes thus to my spirit taught!
I'd rather be the worm that creeps dim human mouldering clay,
And wears the season of its life of nothingness away;
I'd rather be the clod that sleeps upon the earth's cold breast,
Than see archangel's trump shali wake from its ordraming rest,
That feel the doubt and the dismay forevermore enshrined
Within the secret chambers of the unbelieving mind.

God formed man's spirit like his own—eternal and pure,
And with its great Creator 'twill eternally endure.
Yet it may sleep, perchance, when death has fallen upon the frame,
Lie with the body in the earth, tho' changeless and the same—
May sleep, as if it e'er had been a heaven-created soul,
Unawakened, unfired, unconscious all while ages o'er it roll;
And when its sum of time is full, and matter shall decay,
And even the fires of heaven burn out and vanish all away,
Then may it wake from its long sleep, unknowing of its rest,
And join the countless millions of the army of the blest—
All rising from the same deep sleep—so long upon them cast,
Deeming that but a point of time had o'er their slumber passed.
So too in life, the slumbering thought, by fancy's chariot driven,
May soar above and range abroad and compass earth and heaven;
May pass thro' all the joys and woes, the turmoil and the strife,
That fall upon the heart of man through an eventful life;
May suffer all the miseries and may taste of all the bliss,
That ere man reach a higher state he must receive in this.
Though but a moment may have passed—for time itself is naught,
'Tis from the tissue of events the spirit's life is wrought.

Eternity! bewildering thought! how far thou seemest to be,
Yet, oh, how near thou ever art to frail humanity!
In contemplation of thy thought—with reason for our guide,
We seem with gentle airs to float above time's ebbing tide,
On either side the rise and fall of men and realms we see,
Till widening far, the shores recede and from us seem to flee;
And we move out upon th' expanse of this dread water, o'er
Whose slumbering wave the barque of life must ride forever more.
But not alone we then shall ride upon that ocean dark;
For, far and near, on every side, will slumber many a barque,
Filled with its freight of human souls—that thro' th' unnumbered years
That form the past Eternity, have bathed their woes in tears.
All will be there, from all the worlds that in unbounded space
Almighty Power from chaos hurled to their unflattering race,
All, all will come to join us there upon this ocean wide,
That ever flowed down the stream of Time's resistless tide.

With Revelation's beam of love we see more palpably
The nature of the future—yet, they're visions that we see.
No one returns to tell of death—none rises from the grave
To tell the dreams and mysteries that spirit's journey gave.
If unlimbied by the ray of Revelation's light,
How vague and dark the visions all that rise upon the sight;

And oh, on what a sea of doubt the troubled mind is tossed,
How deep the cloud of darkness when its guiding star is lost.

We know not whither flies the soul when death the frame lays low.
But that it is immortal in its being well we know.
All evidence, even from the grave (could that give up the dead,
And show the world in letters fair what never yet was read,
Our future fate) were even less strong to any Christian's heart,
Than is the certainty of bliss when soul and body part.
Yes, on all minds untainted by truths no human finger traced,
Doubts dark and fathomless at midnight's pall must rest,
Till Death's dread hand has to all eyes the awful scroll unfurled,
And shown the destiny prepared in the eternal world.

Death no distinction makes on earth—he gathers to the grave
The young and old—of all degrees, the monarch and the slave.
The good or evil doer—all, at his stern maadate, must
Give in the skies the spirit and to dust return the dust.
The monarch's mould cannot be told from that which formed the clay
Of the victim that he here oppressed—they're equal in decay.
The spirit of the conqueror goes not into the grave
His mouldering flesh in form and shape to animate and save;
He too must rot—his brain, once filled with thought's sublimely high,
That moved his lips to eloquence and fired his haughty eye;
His heart, spurred by a throng of joys, that beat too full of life,
With warm desires—with loves of earth—with every passion ripe;
The expansive brow, where majesty as on a throne was shined;
The eye, where sat persuaived th' omnipotence of mind;
The lip that curled in haughty scorn—the proud and kingly air,
All, all are gone, and naught remains to tell us that they were.

Sleep, the mighty despot, whose sole word was sovereign power
O'er a realm that had the tribute of all nations for its dower,
Deeming his spirit would exist but while his earthly form
Remained uninjured by decay and by the charnel worm,
Poured out with lavish hand the wealth (that through preceding years
Had filled Egypt's coffers) drawn from toil and blood and tears—
And through long years of slavish peace, self-styled his glorious reign,
Wring the hard task of labor from a million captive men;
And reared upon the desert sand that mighty pyramid,
Where close within its very heart his sepulchre was hid—
That his embalmed and honored dust, deep buried, there should be
The vesture of his spirit proud throughout eternity.
Where is the monarch's dust—since now the sea of abbing years
Along its mighty breast has rolled the wave of human tears?
Some grains, for relics kept, in various realms are stored,
In antiquarian's cabinets, and silently adored,
As records of the past,—the rest the spoiler's hand has given
To visit every spot of earth upon the winds of heaven.

To die—if that were all, 'twere naught—where human life is pain,
A refuge in the quiet grave to mortals would be gain;
But death has mysteries unrevealed,—the nature of that state
Assigned to man beyond the grave by everlasting fate.
Life here is but an infancy,—a brief probation given
To taste of toil, and teach the soul to seek for rest in Heaven;
To wake it to its innate strength,—for oft in slumber deep,
Its varied and unmeasured powers till death are lulled to sleep,
And all the sum of human strength, its proudly vaulted powers,
Scarcely exceeds the ephemera's might, that lives a few brief hours.
In this short life the spirit-plant but strikes to earth its root.
The sunshine of another world must bring the flower and fruit.
Thus oft the mind seems not the spark that by God's high behest,
Was, when he gave it being, called of all his works the best.
The royal gem, of wondrous price, veiled in a shell of earth,
Lies hid for ages, and men pass and dream not of its worth;
Yet, brought to light by cunning art, it is to mortal eyes,
Concentrate wealth, and nations great off battle for the prize.
So, freed from clay, th' immortal soul shall prove to be a gem,
Worthy to shine amid the stars of God's own diadem.

Far wandering Thought that earth chains not, whence is thy mystic birth!
What mighty hand upon the track of being sent thee forth?
Whence that high power which makes divine all thou hast looked upon,
As if a part of these were left where'er thy light had shone!

'Tis that 'tis part of Deity—I feel, it cannot be
That such a spark can die—or sleep in all eternity!
It most aspire; its essence is of an immortal birth,
Ethereal in its nature, and must upon the soulless earth.
Come to my soul, undying hope! o'er chaos dread abyss,
Thy wing sublime must bear me to the realm of perfect bliss.
Thy guide is Revelation's star, throned proudly in the sky,
Like a beacon light o'er ocean's wave it beams upon the eye;
And thou shalt bear my spirit ill upon that peaceful shore,
It hail the land where God is love, and reigns forever more!
Then spirit: of myself, thy beam becomes itself a star,
Less bright, but like that orb whence both thy birth and glory are.
And when all circling auras have sunk to their eternal rest,
Like clouds of earth that sleep upon annihilation's breast,—
And life's terrene existence all, that here so dimly burned
For a brief painful season, has to God's own breast returned;
And when all-conquering Death, subdued, at length shall find his grave
And prison-house forevermore, beneath oblivion's wave,
Then shall the soul begin anew its life, all fresh and pure,
With an overflowing bliss that most eternally endure;
And, freed from every clog, 'twill soar, unaided by the wing
Of hope—which it shall need no more to all its journeying;
And all undazzled by the beam of Heaven's unclouded sun,
See all the realms in boundless space that orb shall look upon;
Its glance, parading all, shall reach the Past eternity,
And through the Future's midnight realm what is to be shall see;
Shall know all mysteries of art,—all that the inquiring mind
Had sought in vain through human life by science's aid to find;
(For of the spirit soaring high, like Icarus, is but'd
Back from the heaven it vainly sought, to this inglorious world)—
But now its wing shall never tire, however high or far
It range from world to world, or speed its flight from star to star;
The universe will be its home, and there forevermore
'Twill find but brighter realms of bliss wherever it may soar."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—We find the following very laughable story in a late Liverpool paper:—

A gentleman-like personage, walked into the house of Mr. Turretta, the Seraph Hotel, and accosting the waiter with a patronising air, asked what he could have for dinner. He was informed there was some soup, and some nice roast beef and boiled mutton ready. "Is there nothing better? I can have those things at home any day; but say, what can you provide? I want the best dinner I can have for my money." "With pleasure, sir; by five o'clock," said the waiter, "you shall have a very good dinner: turbot sauce, (good, said the inquirer) turbot and lobster sauce, (good again) a couple of spring chickens boiled, and a little ham with new potatoes, (that will do) beautiful lamb chops, sir, and asparagus, (ay, now you are on the right track) apricot jam and other tarts a custard and jelly, (ay, ay) a little salad with a nice dressing, and some Siles (very good) and a choice dessert." "That will do; and what of wines?" "Sparkling champagne, sir,—but perhaps you will like a little cold punch to the turbot!" "By all means." "And a little nectar to the tarts!" "Certainly." And then we have a capital bottle of Burgundy! "Excellent! that will do—that will do."

At the appointed time the gentleman was in clover. He enjoyed a dinner worthy of a Nabob, and quaffed the best beverage which "the vine covered hills and gay valleys of France" could afford. On rising to depart, satisfied to his heart's content with good things, he threw down a shilling and took up his hat. "Thank you, sir," said the waiter, eyeing the little coin, "would like the bill sir?"

"The bill? I want no bill," was the cool reply; "I have paid you!" Yes, sir, my fee, sir, and thank you. "No, sir, it is for the dinner, according to the bargain. I ordered you to bring the best dinner you could for my money; you did so, and I am satisfied; that's my money; it's all I have, and you cannot have more." In a moment the waiter was down stairs with his masters; the bill was made out—twenty-five shillings—and on being assured that only sixpence was offered in payment, Mr. Turretta was soon in "the presence," vehemently remonstrating at such a trick being played upon him. He discovered, however, that there was no profitable remonstrating with an empty pocket—the gentleman quietly struck to the express terms of his bargain—and the worthy host at length decided, instead of sending for a police officer, to laugh himself out of the difficulty, and compliment his unreluctant guest, who, he could now easily perceive, was "a man about town," and one who lived on his wits. "Well," said he, "I'm done—I'm a clever trick, and I will forgive you, and give you a half a crown besides, if you will only go to-morrow and favor my friend, Mr. Westwood, of the Imperial, with a similar visit." Our hero drew himself up; his pride seemed hurt at the very suggestion; he laid his hand upon his heart, and shaking his head in conscious dignity he exclaimed:—"Pardon me, sir,—honour, sir,—honour; don't say one word

more on such a subject. It was only yesterday that Mr. Westwood, after I had patronised him in a similar way, gave me five shillings to come and play the trick upon you!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. SIDDOES.—Sidões was then witching the world—witching, in its more solemn sense; for though her smile was exquisite, she might have been for the picture of a Sybil or a Pythonesse. The stage had never seen her equal, and will probably never see another so completely formed to command all its influences. Yet her beauty, her acting, even her movements, were characteristic, and their character was noble melancholy. I never saw so mournful a countenance combined with so much beauty. Her voice though grand, was melancholy—her step, though superb, was melancholy; but her smile was melancholy; and yet there was so much of living intellect in her expression, such vast variety of passion in her look and gesture; she so deeply awoke the feelings, or so awfully impressed the mind; that it was impossible to escape the spell, while she moved upon the stage.

In this language there is not the slightest exaggeration. I have seen a whole audience burst into tears at a single tone of her voice. Her natural conception was so fine, that the merest commonplace often received a living spirit from her lips. I have seen a single glance from her powerful eye hush an audience—I have seen her acting sometime even startle and bewilder the actors beside her. There is, perhaps, a reason for every art, and here was the genius of the stage—a faculty of instantaneous communication between the speaker and the hearer, some unaccountable sympathy, the power to create which belongs to but one in millions, and which, where it exists, lifts its possessor to the height of the Art at once, and constitutes perfection.

It may be presumed that I saw this extraordinary being whenever it was possible. But her *chef d'œuvre*, in my eyes, was the "wife of Macbeth." The character seemed made for her, by the solemnity of that instinct which, in olden times, combined the poet and the prophet in one. It had the ardour and boldness, mingled with the solemnity and mystery, that belonged to the character of her beauty.

Her entrance was hurried, as if she had but just glanced over the letter, and had been eager to escape from the crowd of attendants to open the letter alone. She then read on, in a strong calm voice, until she came to the passage which proved the preternatural character of the prediction. "They have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt with desire to question them further, they made themselves into air and vanished." As she was about to pronounce the last word, she paused, drew a short breath, her whole frame was disturbed, she threw her face eyes upwards, and exclaimed "Vanished!" with a wild force, which showed that the whole spirit of the temptation had thrunk into her soul. "Hail, king, that shalt be!" was the wailing cry of the spell. It was pronounced with the grandeur of one already by anticipation a Queen.

Her solitary summons to her distant lord followed, like an invocation

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden road."

The murder scene was the next triumph; her acting was that of a triumphant feast. I must follow these recollections no further; but the most admirable piece of dumb show she perhaps ever conceived was her "Banquet scene." That scene, from the terrible business on the stage—the entrance of Banquo's ghost, the horrors of Macbeth, stricken in the moment of his royal exaltation, and the astonishment and alarm of the courtiers—is one of the most thrilling and tumultuous. Yet Sidões, sitting at the extremity of the royal hall, not having a syllable to utter, and simply occupied with courtesies to her guests, made her silence so expressive, that she more than divided the interest with the powerful action going on in front. And when at last, indignant at Macbeth's terror, stung by conscience, and alarmed at the result of an upbraiding of the banquet with such rumors in their lips, she rushed towards her unhappy husband, and burst out with the words, still though but whispered, yet intensely poured into his passive ear—

"Are you a man?
This is the very painting of your fear!
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan!—
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool!"

In those accents all else was forgotten.

But her sleep-walking scene! When shall we see its "second or its similar!" Nothing so solemn, nothing so awful, was ever seen upon the stage. Yet it had one fault—it was too awful. She more resembled a majestic shade rising from the tomb than a living woman, however disturbed by wild fear and lofty passion. It is a remarkable instance of the genius of Shakespeare, that he here found the means of giving a human interest to a being whom he had almost exalted to the "dread eminence" of a magnificent fiend. In this famous soliloquy, the thoughts which once filled and fired her have totally vanished. Ambition has died; remorse lives in its place. The diadem has disappeared, she thinks only of the blood that stains her face for ever. She is the queen no more, but an exhausted and unhappy woman, worn down by the stings of conscience, and with her frame dying by the disease of her soul.

But Sidões wanted the agitation, the drooping, the timidity. She looked a living statue. She spoke with the solemn tone of a voice from

a shrike. She stood more the sepulchral avenger of rigids than the sufferer from the convulsions. Her grand voice, her fard and mable countenance, and her silent step, gave the impression of a supernatural being, the genius of an ancient oracle—a tremendous Nemesis.

I have seen all the great tragedians of my day, but I have never seen an equal to the sublime of this extraordinary actress. I have seen beauty, youth, touching sensibility, and even the most complete of actors; but I have seen no complete an union of them all—and that union was the sublime. Shakspeare must have had some such form before his mind's eye, while he was creating the wife of Macbeth. Some magnificent and regal countenance, some movement of native majesty, some imaginary Siddons. He could not have gone beyond the true. She was a living Melpomene.

A RAILROAD MARRIAGE.—On Saturday week last, the Pacific sailed from Scrabble's Head, Quebec, carrying only 33 passengers, a proof that emigration is not proceeding so briskly this season as last. The day before she sailed, one of the passengers, a young man, seeing how comfortable those appeared to be who were possessed of wives, grew very uneasy and restless thereupon, thinking how much better off he should have been had he a helpmate. He at length unburdened his mind to a fellow passenger, a young man lately married, who informed him that he knew a young woman, who was in possession of a man of money amounting to between £60 and £70, then residing in service at Thoro, who offered to state that if any decent young man asked her to wed and emigrate to America, she would accept his offer without the least hesitation. So far so good. The next thing debated was whether it was likely that a young woman would consent to take a perfect stranger for a husband, and dispense with the tedious process of courtship, &c. for this was absolutely necessary, seeing that the young man was to wait 10 hours; however, "faint heart never won fair lady," so it was determined to make a trial. Above, therefore, the two young men came on their matrimonial trip. Having, with many circumlocutions, introduced the young man, and the delicate mission on which they were bound, the young lady was found not to be quite so elaborate as had been expected. They were consequently left together to arrange matters, and to "do the going to" for an hour, that being the utmost extent of time that could be allowed. At the expiration of that period the companion of the young man returned. Everything had prospered, and nothing remained but to arrange matters with the parson, and to purchase a few necessities for the voyage. These were satisfactorily accomplished; but, alas! when did the course of true love ever run smooth? The mistress of the young woman having gained an inkling of the matter, and not being exactly satisfied that all was correct, determined to break off the match. Accordingly, on the maxim of "safe bind safe find," she sent the betrothed on a pretended errand into an upper room, and, when there, turned the key, intending to keep her close prisoner until after the vessel sailed for America. Tears, prayers, entreaties, all were alike unavailing. The impatient bridegroom, who was waiting for his bride near at hand, was surprised at her not appearing according to promise, and went to discover the reason. When he informed of the desperate plot in which his "lady love" was placed, at he was reduced to a state bordering on despair. The hour of sailing approached, and both were, of course, in a condition of mind rather to be imagined than described. At length the mistress of the fair dame yielded, and the happy pair bolted off to the parson to get the indisoluble knot safely tied; which done they hurried down to the beach; when another misfortune awaited them—the ship was under weigh! For a consideration, a boat and a stout crew were obtained; and, by dint of hard pulling, they reached the vessel before it got out of the roads, and stepped on board the Pacific by 10 o'clock. Thus was this important matter settled to every one's satisfaction, with railway speed—the introducing, courting, proposing, accepting, and wedding, all accomplished in the short space of six hours, which some take as many years to bring about.—*John's Great Journal.*

AN INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCE.—Gen. Dearborn has communicated the following to the Boston Courier:—

"When I entered the room, at Concert Hall, on the morning of the 17th, where the members of the Society of Cincinnati were assembled for the purpose of joining the procession, I found several old soldiers of the revolution, who had come there, by mistake, instead of going to the State House.

While in conversation with one of the members of the society, I was surprised to hear the notes of a life in the room, and turning in the direction from whence they proceeded, discovered an aged man, seated among the old soldiers, who was performing on that instrument. I immediately went and took a seat beside him and listened until he had concluded playing *Washington's March*, when the following conversation ensued:

Were you a fifer in the revolutionary army? "I was." In what corps? "Nixon's Regiment and Nixon's Brigade." How long did you serve? "Three years." What was the campaign in the Jerseys, and was present at the execution of Major André? "How old are you? "I am in my 83d year." Where do you live? "In Springfield." What is your name? "Thaddeus Perry." He then played Yankee Doodle, and remarked well. He had a grandson with him, who appeared to be ten or twelve years old, and who had accompanied his grandfather, apparently, to take care of him, as the veteran was feeble, and so deaf as to render it difficult to converse with him.

How remarkable, that after the lapse of time which had intervened

since the close of the revolution, there should be heard, in the Society of the Cincinnati, on the 68th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, a fifer of Washington's army, playing the march of that illustrious patriot, and the spirit-stirring national air of Yankee Doodle, which had so often cheered the American camp, during the glorious struggle for liberty and national independence."

FORGOTTEN IN LONDON.—If you stroll down Regent street, the Quadrant, and Waterloo-place, any fine afternoon, you cannot fail to remark vast numbers of exotics in glossy black silk hats, with mountaineas and whiskers to match, hard, inexpensive coats, flash satin vests, unwashable plaids ridiculously over the hips, glazed leather boots, and a profusion of Birmingham jewelry and Bristol stones. These gentry smoke very fast, talk very loud, or rather chatter interminally, and look killing and impudent at ladies as they pass.

There is a polished brass knocker at the corner of Grosvenor-square, which, when we have touched it with a burned cork, as we usually do when passing that way, seems the common ancestor of these gentry; certainly they are great fellows, and it is difficult to conceive that the town is not their own. Like Sampson, their strength lies in their hair; flowing locks, well oiled, brushed and curled, form a fair proportion of their general stock in trade. By their fashion of wearing their hair, they may get at their pollies. The Bonapartist is known by a short bristly moustache and starting hair; la Jeune France is represented by young gentlemen wearing their hair clubbishly, after the fashion of the Jacobins; those posteriorly bisected gentry are republicans to a man; parts of the existing dynasty wear whiskers à la Louis Philippe, and cut the moustache; the Legitimists may at once be recognised by dressing like good gentlemen.

The avocations of these capillary peripatetics are mysterious, and not to be got at without difficulty. It is to be feared, that the commodities they deal in are chiefly contraband, and, like themselves, very much in the fancy line: artificial flowers, ladies of pleasure, rouge et noir, smuggled lace, loaded shoes, Chantilly veils, fiddle-strings, gamsters, or-molu clocks, and Chevaliers d'Indulgence. The habitat of the animal, as naturalists would say, lies almost altogether about the Quadrant, Waterloo-place, and Leicester-square, especially the latter, where Horla France and Cales à la mode de Paris abound, and where may be had diners à la carte, vins à tout prix, and pain à discretion. Heronaboute, moreover, are most of these inferior gambling houses, or "silver hells," where so many young men about town get relieved of their superfluous cash; houses of no particular reputation, cigar shops, where other commodities are sold—cheap pipes, cheap cigars, trinkets, trumpery, and small shellish shops—and equivocal emporia of every description.

In the coffee-house about this Frenchified neighborhood, the gentlemen we have been introducing to the reader abound in such numbers, as to make it necessary to set aside a "petty France" in each for their particular accommodation. Here, under the auspices of a "Napoleon le Grand" in plaster of Paris, crowned with a wreath of immortelles, the informed dandy smokes, reads the *Obéissant*, *l'ami du Peuple*, and *Le National*; and may be heard any night of the week, especially on Sunday, discussing politics and things in general, somewhat in the manner and form following:—that is to say,

"Parlons donc de la guerre?—Vil! you bring me une demi-tasse café, et un grand circonférence de toast, bouter on de von side and de oder?—Le gros l'été, Louis Philippe!—Ah! Bah! Mon Dieu—Sacre bleu!—Ha! Ha!—have you never got two pennies to give me for von halfpenny?—A bas les tyrans;—dem bad café!—apropos de bottes, parlons de—vous la trouverez, j'en suis assuré, la Socie é d'Assurance du Roi, hommes pleins d'honneur;—shall it rain yesterday?—I tink it vash!—Le grosse polir, Louis Phil!—Sacre nom de—Too-too, my littel deer, vill you not give me von littel kist?—be! be! be!—Chantons—vira la la—vira la la!—Serrvons, mon ami, que la République toujours!—parlent!—que le diable farce avec aus truffes c'est la belle chose.—O'Chial! L'Empereur n'était pas mort, il serait là!—jamais!—quatre sous pour deux demi-tasse de masty café—c'est éppouvantable, tira la la!—Le National aujourd'hui dit, que Madame Mimca c'est—quelle naïte aux tous les diables!—Nimporra, I have paid for you to-morrow before yesterday—Shakspear, bah! le Grand Corneille émit le seul homme du monde qui—vira la la, tira la la—(regardez vous le diabolisme de ce morceau de pain—Anglterre c'est, sans doute, vîsra raye pour le musique et la danse—bring me la change, trois sous, von halfpenny deux pennies—Vive la Charité!—Ecoutez, demidouzaine huitres de Cancale—bon—trois plats au choix—néi bon—Vive la Revolution Eternelle!—A bas Louis Philippe et les propriétaires de tous les Café de quatre sous!—Hi! hi!—J'y suis d'accorde!—I prescribe to dat."—So run they on until the hour of shutting shop.

It is said, that Dickens wrote the *libretto* of an opera, which was brought out by Brabant at the St James's Theatre. It was called the "Village Coquette," and the music was by Hullah.

A VALUABLE BUTTLE.—It is said that when treasurer Graves sloped, in female attire, in order to be fashionable, he had a buttlet made of United States Treasury notes and State Paper amounting to \$145,000, the which he stole out of the Treasury.

One of our homeopathic physicians attributes the prevalent influenza to the *Cornet's* Tonic. Such being the case, it is worth suggesting the enquiry whether it may not be cured by the essence of moral iron.

A QUEER TRIAL.

A legal correspondent of the *Sandersville* (Geo.) *Telegraph*, thus relates one of his adventures at the Bar, in a certain District of Georgia, near Hawkinsville, known as the "Third Kingdom of Dooley."

"Sometime since divers claims were placed in my hands for collection by Jilters McPhillters and Co. of the city of New York, and amongst them a small note on *Screws*, of the aforesaid district of Dooley. I banded it to Squire Markill, one of the Justices, and took his receipt for the same. The claim proper was regularly on to judgement; but some time since I was informed that *Screws* had filed an affidavit of illegality to the Execution, and being the 'Attorney General' of the aforesaid firm, and not having much to do I determined to go down and see to it. When I arrived at the court ground, the court had been in session sometime, but upon inquiry, I found my case had not been reached, but was the next and last. I called for the execution and affidavit, and found the grounds of illegality was the fact that the Plaintiffs lived out of the State. Squire Markill was on the bench, and as to his intelligence farther than the following will show, it is only necessary to add that he was in the Legislature of 1842.

He was really a polite man however; particularly so in his manner of speaking.

"I should suppose, may it please your honor," I remarked, "that the court does not wish to hear from me on the subject of this illegality."

"Well I reckon not squire," he replied mildly, nodding his head to me for it seems plain that the execution ought to be killed.

"Do I understand that your honor intends to sustain this illegality?"

"Yes squire that's the law."

I expressed my astonishment at this and made a speech of some length showing the absurdity of the decision, and wound up by using *Screws* pretty roundly for daring to take such an oath. When I concluded the bench went on:

"The Court is free to hear you talk Squire Nubbs—very fine indeed—you talk well, and the court hopes that you will come down often. But Mr. *Screws* is our neighbor—we know him—and besides he has sworn that the execution is illegal and must be killed Squire Nubbs!"

"Yes, but may it please the Court, I will swear that the execution is not illegal."

"Well but squire, you can't do it. Now if Jilters McPhillters & Co. were here, and would swear it, then it would be oath, again an oath, and it would be tried by a jury!"

Seeing nothing could be gained by the adherence to the principles of law, and unwilling that my clients should be swindled out of their money in this way, I took considerable pains to show that in a recent many cases the attorney would act for the principal, and finally got the justice to let me swear; which I had no hesitation in doing. A jury was immediately empaneled, and we went to the trial. *Screws* said nothing but I went into the case warmly. The jury retired, in about five minutes brought in this verdict: "We the Jury find the execution dead."

I was about retiring in dignified disgust, when a bushy headed jurymen asked who was to pay the jury fee.

"Stop squire," said the Court to me, "you must pay the Court and jury fees."

"The jury fee comes out of Mr. *Screws*," I replied as mildly as I could; "the verdict is in his favor."

"That's true, squire Nubbs, but it ain't law that a man that gains his case shall pay cost."

"May it please the court," I replied entirely out of patience, "if I pay it may I be damned."

"Thank you squire, that settles the matter; the court fines you a dollar and a half for contempt of court. That will pay us all boys and treat us in the bargain."

I launched out the one and fifty, and left the "Third Kingdom of Dooley," with a considerable degree of rapidity.

THE LAST FROM "ARKANSAY."—Capt. Raft, of the steamer *Hurricane*, was one of those eccentric men that took a great deal of pleasure in running his boat, whither they were bound, as a kind of show. In one of his eccentric humors, he run the *Hurricane* up Red River into Arkansas, as his pilot observed about "a feet," which in the Southwest means several hundred miles. Among the patrons of the *Hurricane* was old Zeb Maistion, a regular out-and-outer frontiersman, who seemed to spend his whole life in settling out of the way places, and locating his family in sketchy situations. Zeb was the first man that "blasted" a tree in Eagle Town, on the Mountain Fork. He knew every snag, sawyer, snook and corner of the Sabine, the Upper Red River, and their tributaries, and when "bar whar race," he was wont to declare war on the Cumanches for excitement, and "use them up terribly." But to our story. Zeb moved on Red River, settled in a low, swampy, terrible place, and he took it as a great honor that the *Hurricane* passed his cabin; every trip the boat made there was tumbled out at Zeb's yard a barrel of new whiskey, (as regularly as the post,) for which was paid the proper amount of cord wood. Now, Capt. Raft was a kind man, felt disposed to oblige every resident that lived on his route of travel, but it was unprofitable to get every week to Zeb's out of the way place, and as he landed the fifteenth barrel, he expressed his surprise at the amount of whiskey consumed at his "settlement," and hinted it was rather an unprofitable business for the boat. Zeb, at this piece of information, "flared up," raised his mane, "shot his" manies," and told Capt. Raft he could

whip him, and the pilot, and deck hands, and if they would give him the "under grip," he would let the pilot and the engine punch him in the side all the time the sight was going on. Raft, at this display of fury from Zeb, cooled down immediately acknowledged himself "angged," begged Zeb's pardon, and adjourned to the bar for a drink. One glass followed another, until the heroes got into the mellow mood, and Zeb on such occasions always "went in strong" for his family. After prating their beany individuality and collectively, he hoked into the peribetic, and set the captain crying by the following heart-rending appeal—"Raft, Raft, my dear devil, you talk about the trouble of putting out a barrel every week at my digges, when I have got a sick wife and five small children and so on?—what's your heart?"

THE RATTLESNAKE—INCREDIBLE STORY RELATING TO ITS POISON.

"To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well substantiated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago:

A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot, by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-field, that the pain felt was thought by him, to have been the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, and died within a few hours.

Twelve months after this, the eldest son who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours afterwards, he was awakened by violent pains, attended with a general rigors, shivers, frequently, and expired before any anodyne could be applied with success; the cause of his illness was also quite a mystery.

In the course of time, his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them on he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband, on the like occasion. The youth suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother died before him.

These repeated and singular deaths, being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased, to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by the bite of the boots that had been the cause of complaint, were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it, the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans, that arrows dipped in rattlesnake venom, would carry death for ages after.—*Anderson's Notes.*

WHAT A NAME.—What's in a name. A Rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet," quoth one of Shakespeare's characters; but notwithstanding, there is something in a name, length and oddity at least, which we find in the Delaware County Republic, viz: "Mynbeet Heaster, drick Van Slaebidicwreahwennawaser." It is the direction of a letter in the Chester Post Office, and Mynbeet is requested to come forth and get it.

An article in the "Literature of the Negro," in the *Magdalen* for November, states it is a significant fact, which has been strangely overlooked, the words *Ham*, *Shem*, and *Japhet*, mean in the original Hebrew, black, red, and white.

MARRIED.

On June 26th by Dr. Browne, Alexander Barry, to Caroline Underwood, all of this city.

On the 1st inst., New Baltimore, Greene Co. N. Y. by the Rev. S. Van Santvoord, Wm. C. H. Waddell to Charlotte A. McCurry.

DIED.

On the 3d inst., Margaretta Houston, widow of the late Hugh Houston, aged 73 years.

On the 3d inst., Sophia, wife of Robert Perrie, aged 73 years.

At Geneva, N. Y. June 30th, Rev. John Middleton, in the 26th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Michael McGrath, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 20th ult., George W. Anderson, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 20th ult., Louisa Graham, wife of W. C. R. English.

On the 30th ult., Eugene Bannier, aged 2 years and four months.

On the 25th ult., Ann Hackett, aged 51 years.

On the 1st inst., Augustus Anderson, in the 13th month.

On the 1st inst., James D. Bennett, Jr. in his 63d year.

On the 30th ult., Mary Louisa Hall, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 30th ult., Eli McClellan, in the 7th year of her age.

On the 30th ult., Philip Remond, aged 54 years.

On the 30th ult., in Woodbury, N. J. the Rev. Samuel D. Ripley.

On the 30th ult., Nicholas N. Wyckoff, of Bushwick, aged 60 years.

On the 30th ult., Ekrohm Fortois, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 30th ult., Elizabeth Corwin Milla, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 30th ult., Charles McCreary, in the 43d year of his age.

At Painesburg, Pa. Rev. Joseph Kerr.

At Wicksburg, R. L. on 21st ult., Elizabeth Shaw, aged 9 years.

Great Improvements IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRIBUTES for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any *nouvellette* tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "humsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the ribibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall cull the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn up the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers as *fail* as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

BEST LITERARY PAPER

IN THE COUNTRY.

And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

TERMS.

The BROTHER JONATHAN is published weekly on an immense mammoth sheet of paper, and each number contains thirty-two very large octavo pages. The fifty-two numbers comprise three yearly volumes of 544 pages each, commencing on the First of January, First of May, and First of September respectively.

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IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Honorable the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Joseph Perkins, late of the City of New York, bankrupt, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereon to the subscribers, at B. H. Day's residence, No. 75 Duane-street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixth day of August, 1863. Dated New York, the twenty-ninth day of January, 1863.

C. PIERCE, Administrator.
BENJ. H. DAY, Administrator.

The London Lancet,

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN TWO VOLUMES ANNUALLY.)
EDITED BY THOMAS WAKLEY, M. P., SURGEON.
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REPUBLICATION of the SECOND AMERICAN VOLUME

The first number of the new Volume was issued on Saturday, May 27th, with a list of over two thousand subscribers, cash paid in advance. The American publishers may therefore safely announce that the republication of the work is established on a firm basis.

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W WARREN & JACKSON, No. 30 in the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, Wall-street, in addition to the ordinary business of their profession, attend to the drawing Specifications for obtaining patents, both in this country and Europe. Mr. Jackson, who is a practical draughtsman, will execute all drawings necessary to illustrate the documents, and will also give lessons in Machine Drawing. W. & J. have had long experience in procuring patents, and are familiar with the operation of the new laws of Congress in this matter. Gratuitous information will be given to persons who wish to apply for patents, by calling as above.

New York, May 19, 1843.

m37f

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The proprietors having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them, and the public in general, the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing, shower-baths upon an improved principle, and boys' swimming-school, that were ever offered to public patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of salt water, all surface matter is completely excluded.

The Franklin Baths is now ready at its usual station, the north side of Castle Garden Bridge. Books are open for the season subscription, and the inspection of citizens and strangers is respectfully solicited.

July 1

IN PRESS

The Scottish Heiress!

"A woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not!"

This work is issued ANONYMOUSLY; but it is one, on the success of which, the author might with safety hang all his hopes of fame and reward.

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July 6

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Wilson & Company, Publishers. Office 162 Nassau Street, New-York. Price \$3a.year.

VOL. V.—NO. 11.

NEW YORK, JULY 15. 1843.

WHOLE NO- 209

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

We propose in this number to treat generally of domestic architecture, and to the furnishing of houses in an appropriate manner; we shall also take up Mr. Town's method of rendering dwellings fire-proof, introducing a beautiful piece of architecture in the cut of his own house at New Haven, which contains his magnificent library, and which is perfectly fire-proof, without arched ceilings.

All persons of cultivated taste know that there should generally be some correspondence between the exterior and interior of a house. This correspondence should extend not only to the finishing and decoration, but to the furnishing. In a Grecian villa or cottage the strictest simplicity may accord with propriety and beauty. The furniture, however, should be simple rather in the general features than in detail. Its character is always plain and simple—often solid and massive—and never deviates from the most beautiful proportion,—yet the forms are infinite.

A dwelling in the Tuscan style should be similar in all important features, but would admit of more ornament, and might be much more elaborate without destroying the general harmony of the whole.

The style of interior decoration, so much in vogue in the days of Louis XIV., has been lately revived. It is elaborate and gorgeous in the highest degree—an immense quantity of gilding being used. In France, in the time of that monarch, it was not unusual to see rooms almost entirely coated with gold. The walls and ceilings were richly, though often fantastically, painted, in gold and silver, upon a ground of ultramarine; the frames, to mirrors and pictures, grotesquely sculptured and gilt; and the woodwork of all the furniture tortured into the shapes of things and creatures unseen and unknown in heaven or earth, and all glittering with burnished gold. In the revival of this style many of the excesses of bad taste are avoided, and hence it is less to be censured now than formerly. It is adapted about as well to one style of building as another, not being strictly appropriate to any. The Elizabethan character best accords with it, and the florid Roman seems to claim some consanguinity.

In the pointed styles there is almost infinite variety. The forms are originally multitudinous, and their possible combinations without number. In alluding to this style of building, we will refer to the villa of Mr. Rathbone, near Albany. The building in its exterior is unequalled in this country for beautiful effect; and probably there is not in the world a building of its extent and cost which by cultivated minds would be thought to surpass it in all that is desirable in the exterior of a villa. The whole interior beautifully corresponds in the finishing and embellishments, and the same architect (A. J. Davis) that designed the villa has designed every piece of furniture. This is as it should be. Every piece of furniture should seem to be a part of the house, and who can tell so well as the architect what will correspond with the design, and

be appropriate in the details. We will take the liberty of alluding to another villa lately designed by Mr. Davis—a allude to that of Philip R. Paulding, Esq., of Tarrytown. This is a perfect specimen of the most beautiful of the pointed styles, and the whole interior is in keeping with the style. Mr. Davis has designed every article of furniture, so that every chair and every table would appear to a guest in the house to be at home in its place, and inappropriate for any other place—as if belonging to the room or the spot, and as a necessary part of the whole. In this villa and grounds—which in a late publication has been styled *Paulding Manor*, (though without the consent, and against the will of the quiet, gentlemanly, and unpretending proprietor)—the same fitness and beauty of proportion are found to pervade every part. The stable and outhouses are equally beautiful in their way, and when the estate is put in complete order, and the lawns and shrubberies in growth, it may be made a model of convenience and luxury, combined with good taste. There is one thing in this villa which we would not omit to mention. Every window is of enameled glass, and the panes made of the small diamond shape. The coloured light thrown into the rooms when the sun shines upon the windows, carries back the association to the olden times. There is, too, something aristocratic, in the best sense of the word, (which we take to be *gentlemanly*) in these gorgeous windows of enameled glass; the lofty halls with ribbed ceilings of oak; the gothic sculptures; the regular irregularities of the rooms; the luxury of bay windows and oriel, covered carriage-way and broad umbrage—towers and piazzas, lawns and terraces,—all these are found in the estate of Mr. Paulding, and they will remain a perpetual monument of a pure and cultivated taste.

Those who are not able to build villas need not therefore erect tasteless boxes and kennels to live in. A very small house may be made beautiful. We will instance the cottage of Mr. Harvey, on the Hudson, at Hastings. This gentleman has distinguished himself both in this country and Europe as an artist of high order. It was once our good fortune to look over his portfolio of water-colour paintings, illustrative of the changes of weather in this country and climate. They were sketched in the west, the south, and the north, and are all *portraits* of the scenes they represent. We shall take this opportunity to speak our opinion of these elaborate paintings; we have never seen any paintings in water-colour at all comparable to them. They surpass all that we had previously conceived of the power of the art. There is an extended series embracing every variety of scene in the country, and all the phases of the heavens in this changeable climate. Never in our lives have we been so much pleased with the contemplation of works of art, and never shall we forget the impression made on us at the time.

These views of "weather" by Mr. Harvey are to be engraved and published in numbers. One number was published in England, and

elicited the highest encomiums of the noblest and chief dilettanti; the others are, we believe, in progress. We must not omit to say that it is not water-colour that Mr. Harvey deems his forte,—he paints landscapes, fruit and flowers in a style which leaves him no superior in this country. This, we are aware, is high praise—but it is merited. A fruit-piece which we saw on his easel would have outshone the best piece by Van Ost.

Begging pardon of the reader for this involuntary digression, we will return to the subject. Mr. Harvey's cottage is what would be expected from the taste of the man. It was designed by himself, and fitted up under his direction, and is altogether what every one pronounces it to be, a gem of a cottage.

There are several new houses now being finished at Hastings, which merit a passing notice. That of Mr. Birnie is in the rustic cottage style. It is built of granite, unhewn, except at the joints. It has dormer windows set in. The cottage orné of *Maestro Baglioni* of this city, intended for a summer residence, is a plain structure in the Tuscan style, with no ornament whatever. This place, which is called *Rock Hill*, is in the most beautiful situation imaginable, commanding a view for many miles up and down the Hudson. Its chief excellencies are, that it is the perfection of convenience, plenty of room, with entrance at the south side on a level with the ground, to the kitchen, dining-room, bathroom, bedrooms, storerooms, &c.; and on the east and west sides, to the floor above, where are the parlors and remaining bedrooms, and all at a cost which would seem incredible for the amount of room. On the top there is a *Belvedere* or observatory, which is really a luxury. We remember some lines perpetrated there by one of our city poets, part of which we will insert as a specimen of the kind of inspiration to be drawn from a splendid view:

And Hudson, that I now behold
From this fair Hill, immortal River!

Thy waters rolling as they rolled

In ages past, and will forever,

On thy fair face the hand of Time

Lays not his furrow-wearing fingers,

But over thy expanse sublime,

At noon or noon or night he lingers.

And I have sunned me day by day

Upon thy banks, to look and wonder

How first thy waters forced their way,

And burst these mountain rocks asunder.

How—many thousand years ago—

Thy waters, with impetuous motion,

Began their never-ending flow,

In grandeur onward to the ocean.

Oh, Cara Lisa, from this Hill,

When we gazed on the wood and water,

And dwelt upon the scene, until

The sky glowed like "a field of slaughter;"

When all around grew beauty—when

Each tree had something to endure it—
Each wood a charmed spell, and then
You Palladise its master spirit—

When from this hallowed spot we turned
Our raptur'd eyes, beneath and o'er us,
And where the sun's rich glories burned
Above yon mighty wall, before us;
Did we not feel that whoso'er
Heaven deigned the kindling rays to scatter,
Nought was so grand and nought so fair
As Hudson's banks and Hudson's water!

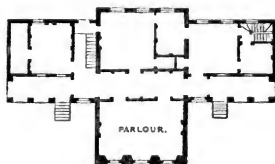
Proud Palladise! I've seen at night
The silver moon smile down upon thee;
I've seen thee in the noon-tide bright,
In Heaven's sublime effulgence sun thee;
At noon, the soft red light of day
Lingers upon thy brow delighted;
At eve, as twilight fades away,
And thou art all in gloom beighted;

Yet art thou grand and yet sublime,
And be it eve or be it morning,
Some deep-felt charm, what'er the time,
Is still thy calm, proud brow adorning.
The hail, the rain, the lightning's play—
The bolt, at which the world is frighted—
Scathe not thy brow; Time turns away
From that bold front, and dares not blight it.

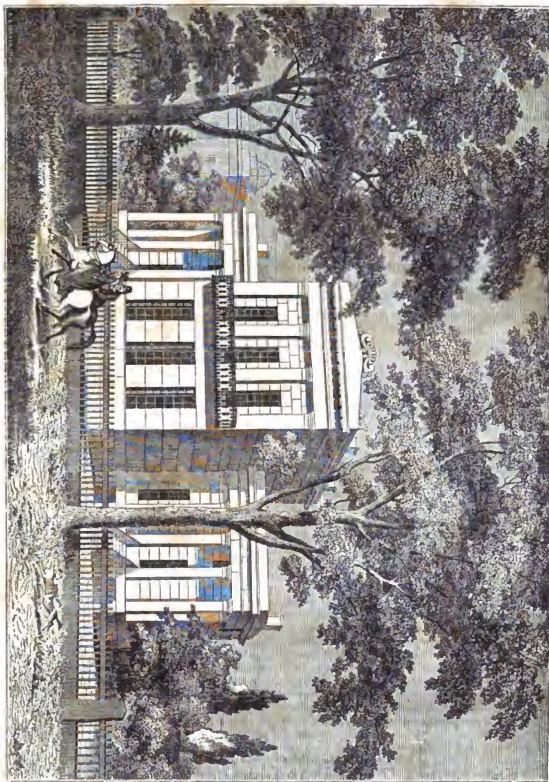
Our readers will pardon us for this freedom. We wished to show the estimate we place on fine scenery, and believe that the situation of a house is at least *half* its value. To us, the cottage of Mr. Baglioni, or of Mr. Harvey, would be worth double its cost for the beauty of its site, and would not be worth half, if deprived of a beautiful view and a salubrious air.

There are other cottages and villas on the river, that we shall take occasion to speak of in another article. As we introduce the house of Mr. Town, we will briefly describe the manner in which it is rendered fire-proof.

In the first place, the spaces between the floor beams are filled with dry rubbish, such as old mortar and sand, making a compact filling.—Over this and over the beams is spread a thick coat of mortar, and upon that, when dry, another, floated off perfectly level, and on this a board flooring is laid, which whole flooring might burn up without setting fire to the timbers. There is a similar precaution used at the junction of the partitions with the floor—all connection with the wood parts is cut off—but we will refer the reader to Mr. Town himself, as he would, perhaps, not thank us for divulging his secrets. In this building is the celebrated Antiquarian Library, which has been collected in the last twenty years by Mr. Town.



RESIDENCE OF ITHIEL TOWN.



The world, with all its boasting, is scarcely out of swaddling clothes, and has little notion of throwing off the prejudices in which it has been nursed. Among its fallacies, can any be more gross than the principle on which it awards superiority? The mechanist and mechanic, who are the principal organs of human greatness, are, forsooth, of the inferior class; while the monarch and his court minions, wrapped up in the chrysalis of pomp, like insects in the pupa state, are of the superior class! Woman, whose soul is "as fine an emanation from the great fountain of spirit as that of man," who has higher responsibilities, more important duties in the world, and pays a heavier tribute to it, is in the inferior sea.

NOBODY TO BLAME—A steamboat blew up once on a time and several persons were killed. A meeting of the survivors was held soon after

and resolutions passed complimentary to the captain and all the hands, which contained the usual stereotyped clause "that no blame could be attached to any of the officers of the boat." A yankee on board remarked that he did not believe the story would "go down, and be warn't 'gain" to put his name tew anythin' that warn't 'bout right." He moved the addition and acceptance of the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, That nobody's to blame but the biler.

"*Resolved*, That the biler kn w better than to 'go on a bust'.

"*Resolved*, That no recon it got just about what it deserved for blow in' up in such a seewigious manner.

"*Resolved*, That we bury the dead and pay their passage and own."

The resolutions passed unanimously.

WOMAN!

Having had to do with POETRY, one week, and with POLITICAL ECONOMY another, our readers will not be astonished, we hope, to find us now, upon something between both—namely, THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN. And by this we mean their reasonable, just and proper rights; and among others, the right of making fools of themselves, if they please; a right we claim for ourselves, *we*, the MEN; we, the builders of empires—we, the rulers of the country—we the laughers—and we the guardians of all the rest of the human family: a right we never allow to be questioned, and a right we are always ready to spill our blood for.

But stay—instead of arguing the whole question at length, in the shape of an essay, suppose we take a pleasanter and more familiar way of doing it, as if we were sitting side by side with our readers, and talking the matter over with our adversary—Mrs. T. J. Farnham—face to face! The Adversary, we should have written, with a view to distinguish her from all others, but for the fear that we might be supposed to mean the great adversary of man. Let what we have to say, therefore, appear in the shape of a—

LETTER TO MRS. T. J. FARNHAM,

ON THE

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Being a Reply to her Argument in the Brother Jonathan of June 24th, 1843,

BY JOHN NEAL.

MADAM,

Allow me to thank you, with all my heart, for your able and happy answer to my lecture. And I am the more grateful, because, if you prevail in the controversy, you will have established my side of the question. You will have clearly proved the strength of woman's understanding, her powers of argument, and therefore, not only her right to judge for herself, but her right to govern herself.

On the contrary, should I prevail—and I not only hope, but conscientiously believe I shall, even to your conviction—I mean to find in the fact, that you are conquered—you, the champion of Woman!—or rather of Man—for much of your argument goes to show that the MEN are most to be pitied, under the present organization of society; that the law-makers have not had wit enough to protect themselves; and that the holders of all power, are simple enough to take the place of drudges to their slaves—I mean to find, I say, in the simple fact, that I have prevailed against you, unquestionable evidence of two things!—first, that, by the present course of female education, the finest understandings are perverted; and secondly, that nothing more can be said in favor of me, or against women, than you have chosen to say! And now to business!

And so, you don't like my definition of liberty! And in reply to my question—"What is Freedom, or Liberty—that freedom or liberty for which all the nations observe the word, I beseech you—that freedom or liberty for which all the nations are struggling? Is it of two sorts? Are there two kinds of liberty?" You say, "Liberty is of as many kinds as there are differently constituted species in the world to enjoy it. What is liberty to one, would be slavery to another. To be equally free, is not to be free to do and enjoy the same things; but to be equally free in what the Author of our being has appointed us to enjoy or accomplish. And thus follows a gush of poetry—of pure and sounding poetry, about robies and eagles, which you must allow me to say, is a downright misrepresentation of my whole argument. I do not say mis-understanding; for you prove by other passages that you have well understood me; but just what I say, a downright misrepresentation, meet I dare say, to bespeak the favorable judgment of our readers, and very likely, I fear, to carry their understandings away captive, unless I give them and you, too, a pinch in season, to show that I mean to argue the question with you, not as men do with women, in play, but as men argue with men for their lives.

I say, and I refer to *The Fathers*, our Revolutionary Fathers, to speak of that, that people are free (whether men or women) only just so far as they are allowed to govern themselves; in other words, to make their own laws, to expand their own laws, and to carry their own laws into execution.

This I deny, not in so many words, to be sure, for that would show that our Fathers were wrong, that they misunderstood the question, or

that Women are no part of the People; but you deny it, by implication: and give the answer I have just copied at length.

Now, in the first place, you will observe, my dear madam, that I am talking about the freedom of human creatures, and not of birds. But if it were otherwise, I should have to quarrel with your definition, not because you have quarrelled with mine, but because it changes the terms of the question and insinuates an alarming fallacy.

For example, "Liberty," you say, "is of as many kinds as there are differently constituted species in the world to enjoy it." Granted, in one sense—loosely in another. If by species, you mean other than those belonging to the genus Man, granted; but if you mean, that liberty for women ought to be, or is, in the nature of things, any other or different from what we call liberty in man, then I deny it. God himself does not so teach. Women are answerable as men are. And accountability is everywhere, and always, with Him, exactly coextensive with Freedom. How it may be with man is the very question we are arguing.

But you say further—"What is liberty to one would be slavery to another."

To which I reply—can this be true? Have you well considered that answer? Let us take the strongest case we can find; one that, I dare say, we before you at the time you were writing; and which led you astray in the manner above complained of. Would the liberty of bearing arms, of serving on the jury, of holding office, or of helping to make the laws, be slavery to any woman alive—no matter how shrinking or timid she might be, by nature? No more than it would be a hardship for her to be allowed to jump overboard, or to break her neck, in any way that might be most agreeable to herself. It is one thing to have the power, another to be obliged to use that power; and you, dear madam, were undoubtedly looking to the corresponding obligations which must follow the grant of liberty which I am laboring for.

And yet—to go back to the beautiful and blazing illustration you have relied upon, it would appear that you have really confounded, and from the first, liberty with obligation—the right of doing or not doing thus and so, with the necessity of doing or not doing thus and so.

For example. "The robie who sets upon her nest, among the green boughs of her tree home, nourishing the eggs; that are warming into life beneath her ruddy bosom, is as free and as happy in her freedom, as the 'fierce grey bird with a bending back,' that ruffles his plumage in the clouds, and builds his home on the mountain battlement." Glorious!—and I see the whole drift and purpose of that quotation; but—I am not to be bamboozled in that way. Suppose once, that the robie was obliged to stay on her nest all her life long—that she was never permitted to go abroad—to drift hither and thither, in the winds and sunshine—to share the "largest liberty" of her companion, and this, not by a law of her own nature, imposed upon her by the Author of her being, and therefore intended to make her happier, but by her companion—her friend—and her equal. How would the matter stand then? Just as it does with Woman, sitting under the guardianship of Man.

Luckily for that "fierce grey bird," however—she is always the stronger of the two. The husband has to play second fiddle to the wife among the stars—and among the birds of prey generally—and therefore we needn't trouble ourselves about her. Her rights—like those of the queen bee are acknowledged at home and abroad. She is not obliged to stay below and coddle her young, month after month, among the apple blossoms, while her husband is scouring the empyrean—unless it seemeth to her good.

But again—and I dwell upon this part of your reply, because I look upon it and so do you, as the foundation of your whole argument—speaking of the mother robie, you say, and most beautifully too, "Give her the freedom of blossoming orchards and meadows, beautiful to her, as the thunder-cloud and battling elements can be to the eagle, and she is content to sing her life away in the full liberty of that enjoyment, which God has ordained for her." Granted—and what then?

Do you mean to argue seriously, that the nature of Man, differs from the nature of Woman, as the nature of the eagle differs from that of the robie? Would you undertake to maintain—seriously—that God has imposed on Woman, from the first, a law which obliges her to confine herself to the nest, whether she have young or not? A law which compels her to stay forever in the midst of blossoming herbage, and sing other people's babies to sleep, while man is at liberty to take the thunderer by the beard, and play bo-peep with the warring elements!—

If so—then where would be the mischief—where the danger—of granting her all the liberty I ask for? Would it change the robin into the eagle? Would it change a Woman into a Man? What God had fashioned her—what he had intended her—would she not be, and continue to be? Is it for man to change the nature of Woman, by giving her more liberty? any more than it is for Man to change the nature of a bird by giving it more liberty? In a word—if the nature of Woman is what you say, all the laws in the world cannot help her; and the only objection to the laws I ask for, would be their utter inefficiency and uselessness. But on the contrary—the nature of Woman be what I say, then she is entitled to think for herself and to govern herself, just as man is; and at some future, and no very distant day, she must and will do so.

But perhaps I have misunderstood your argument, my dear madam! Let us see. We will take your own language. "But force this timid and gentle bird into the clouds—turn her soft eyes into the full glare of a blazing sun, (against her will, of course) and you deprive her of happiness and liberty together."

Agreed. And so would it be with the eagle himself. The moment you force him to do anything, that moment, as you go against his will, you deprive him of happiness and liberty together. Apply the same thing to men and women. Force a man to serve on the jury, or in the militia,—neither of which two things you can do by law, notwithstanding all the nonsense we hear about it,—and he would suffer too, just in proportion to his unwillingness, and conscious selfishness. And how could a woman suffer more?

The question is not, whether you shall force women to do as they like—and much less whether you shall force them to do what you like, and they do not,—but whether you will allow them the same liberty you allow other accountable beings of a different sex—and that is, to govern themselves, if they please, and to think for themselves, if they dare.

"If the female bid would be wronged and aggrieved," you say, "when denied the privilege of performing her natural duties, and compelled to undertake those of the male; so would a woman be wronged who is compelled to assume the duties which nature has appointed to man."

Most undoubtedly! and I would go still further. I am ready to maintain that if it were possible to force woman to do what she liked, you would wrong her. And in this, I take it, she is not to be distinguished from Man. Say to the most reasonable woman you know,—to a woman who seldom or never goes abroad—(and who, if you would let her alone, might not dream of breathing the open air for a twelve-month upon a stretch)—say to her that she shall not pass the threshold of her house for the next twenty-four hours, and I hold that you cut out *wrong* her, (unless there be a good reason for saying so to her,—such a reason as would justify her in saying the same to you)—but that she has a right as she certainly will have the desire, to break her neck out of a three-story window, the moment your back is turned. And is it not precisely so with Man? Who shall say to him—without reason or right—thus far shalt thou go, and no further! and here shalt thy proud step be stayed! And how long would he obey such a command, if he could help himself?—and if he could not help himself, what then?—would he be a free man?

And here lies the alarming fallacy, and the still more alarming misrepresentation, I complain of. It is no part of my plan that woman should be denied the privileges and comforts of womanhood,—much less that she should be obliged to take upon herself the obligations of manhood.

Ah! but how shall she escape? you ask. If you grant to her the privileges of men, you must load her with the corresponding obligations of men.

Granted. And what are they? Are they what they are represented to be by those who have written longest, and talked loudest—and least to the purpose—against the rights of women? Are men obliged to bear arms? Are they obliged to serve on a jury? Are they obliged to go to congress,—to hold office,—or even to vote? Because they are *eligible* to office, must they take office? Because they may, if they will, serve in the militia, or make speeches, or help to make laws—must they do so?

Nothing of the sort. The quakers, and all who are conscientiously scrupulous, are exempted from bearing arms. They are not even called upon to pay a fine, or provide a substitute. Others are exempted because of their age—being either too young or too old; others on account of their office, or their health, or their bodily infirmities; and yet all these

persons are eligible to office,—and all enjoy the high privilege we contend for—and that, too, discharged of their correspondent obligations. In principle, therefore, the great majority of our males are at this moment enjoying just what we ask for our females!

And so with service upon the jury. Old age, ill health—other duties—business that would greatly suffer—are always good and sufficient reasons,—and if they were not, a fine, or at the most, a short imprisonment, is the penalty.

And so with voting—and so with office and official duties. If a man does not choose to vote, nor to make a speech, nor to go to congress, nor to hold office, there's no law,—no power on earth to make him.

And now—give me your whole attention, I beseech you—suppose all such persons were immediately *disfranchised*. Suppose he were instantly established by law that they should not be eligible to office, nor serve on juries, nor bear arms,—in other words, suppose they were put into the condition of the blacks, whether bond or free,—or of the women, whether bond or free; suppose they were forbidden to hold property,—that they were *taxed without their own consent*,—that they were no longer allowed to make, or interpret, or administer the laws,—how think you they would bear it? and what would be their definition of liberty?

And suppose the Men who made the laws, and interpreted the laws and carried the laws into execution, should go among them and reason with them about their privileges, as you and others, dear madam, reason with women about the privileges of women?

Suppose they were to say—why, bless your simple hearts! you don't know what you are asking for. You are sick or aged, or for some other way unfitted for the discharge of your duties in the militia—upon juries—in the councils of your country—in her halls of legislation. And you are not only unfitted; but you have other business to do—you are merchants, or tailors, or lawyers, or laborers, and it would be a great sacrifice for you to serve on a jury, to bear arms, or to go to congress. Your disfranchisement, therefore, is not so much a hardship as a privilege. Were you forced to do all these things, you would be *slaves*—there would be no end for ever of "your happiness and your liberty!" What would be the answer, think you, to such reasoning? The trumpet-blast and the cannon roar! Banners, and cities blazing, and "garcenas rolled in blood!"

And if so, is it not worth our while to face the question seriously?

But woman's declaration of rights, you say, is, "I am a wife and a mother! To be those is my freedom,—to be other is slavery."

But suppose she happened to be neither,—according to your own definition, she is a *slave*. We have some hundreds of thousands of women in this country who are neither wives nor mothers—nor ever will be—would you leave them nothing to console them?

But women have no political rights—"none whatever,"—you say. Here, then, we agree; and the only question with us, then, is not so much a question of fact, as a question of rights, or if you will, of expediency.

You maintain that woman is unfitted by nature to enjoy them,—and you prove that she does not understand them,—nor desire them. So much the worse for her! This is the very thing we complain of. There are countless millions of men upon the earth who do not understand what we call liberty,—who are wholly unacquainted with it,—who are unfitted by nature to enjoy it,—and what then? Shall we leave them in their blindness and helplessness, and go by on the other side? Or, when we see their hands groping about in the darkness,—and their eyes straining after the unknown God,—shall we not lift our voices for their encouragement, and shout to them to be of good cheer, and that help cometh?

Just so should it be with woman. If they are fitted for entire companionship with man, then they are entitled to it. If they are not, they never will desire it; and all the laws that we can make will not change their character.

But if, among the hundreds of thousands of women in this country who are not fitted for the discharge of the duties growing out of political freedom, there should happen to be a hundred thousand, or fifty thousand, or ten thousand, who are as well fitted as multitudes of men, whose right we never think of questioning, what will you do with them? Are they to be held in bondage forever, because they are women—*only* because they are men?

But women, you say, "have rights in this country; and they live in the daily exercise of as many of these rights as the other sex enjoys."

I should like to know what they are—if by *rights* you mean anything more than the lawgiver and master of woman chooses to acknowledge or concede to her. If he takes it into his head that she shall not go with her elbows bare,—that she shall not marry this or that particular sort of person,—that she shall not hold property, nor be educated as men are, *literally*, but confined to the three R's (reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic), there is no help for her.

That she has a *right* to watch over our sickbeds, from the cradle to the grave, is true; that she has a *right* to bear children—when we are so disposed—I acknowledge, with pleasure; that she has a *right* to be happy in her own way—

"When the budding heart love-fluttereth,
As the humming-bird shakes the flowers,"—

provided she is happy according to law—is very true. Let me not be misunderstood. I mean not to speak irreverently of law,—I only mean to ask why woman may not be a law to herself, as well as man to himself?

But you are startled at the extraordinary assertion made by me, that "Christianity has done little more for woman than for the beasts that perish;" and you proceed to urge a number of questions, with great eloquence and power, which might perhaps have been spared—well put, as I acknowledge them to be—had you given your attention to what immediately follows:—"It has not narrowed, by one hair's breadth, the difference between the sexes—the great gulf between the powers of men, and the privileges of women. It has added no jot nor tittle to her acknowledged rights."

Nor has it. Man has all power in Christendom,—woman none. She is wholly dependant upon him—by law,—I say nothing of nature,—I say nothing of God's law—the law of God I do not complain of; and this while man, by law, is wholly independent of her. Whatever she enjoys by law, she enjoys not as a matter of right, but as a matter of favor. And just so it is among all the barbarians of earth. Where the condition of man is improved, that of woman must follow, and does follow throughout the world. But the difference, I say, is never lessened—even under the benignest influences of Christianity.

And now to the questions propounded in reply. You ask if Christianity has not taught the doctrine of equal moral responsibility in the sexes?

My answer will depend upon what is understood by "Christianity." If the question be whether Jesus of Nazareth so taught—my answer would be yes; but if it were whether his followers have so taught, my answer would be no. The Teacher of truth and righteousness and love,—the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,—permitted his feet to be washed with the tears of the unhappy, and wiped with her hair; and when the woman taken in adultery was brought to him, by his followers, he let her go in peace, saying, "*Sin no more!*"

And how has it been with his followers from that day to this? Have they not always had one moral standard for woman, and another for man? Throughout Christendom, for eighteen hundred years, among the countless millions of Christian men and women that have lived and died, or still live, has it not been death to a woman to do that which men have been permitted to do almost without reproach? and why? Simply because Men make the law, and public opinion follows the law, as the shadow the substance!

"Has not Christianity forbidden the widow to lay her trembling body on the funeral pile?" Yes—but who heeds the prohibition? and if it were heeded—for I am speaking of what Christianity has done, not of what she has tried to do,—if it were heeded, that would not change the case at all. For it has forbidden men to make war, and yet they continue to make war; it has forbidden them to throw themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut, and still they are found there by thousands; and the difference between the rights and privileges of Men and the rights and privileges of Women are still the same. Are not the brutes that perish treated more kindly in Christian lands than elsewhere? Is not the difference, after all, between the condition of a beast of burden—the camel, the dromedary, the reindeer, the inland dog, or the lama, in barbarous countries, and the condition of the horse, the ox and the ass, throughout Christendom, as great as the difference in the condition of the woman?

"Has not Christianity made woman in a great degree, the equal of man in the marriage contract?"

Yes—in a great degree it has; but in a still greater degree, it has

not. Under the French law, marriage is a partnership—and the rights and privileges of the parties, are somewhat alike. In the North of Europe, there is a feebler shade of equality. But in England, and here, it is altogether a one-sided and most inequitable arrangement; all the property going to the husband, while but a chance remains to the wife, which he can defeat, at will.

True—Christianity has said—in substance—"One wife shalt thou have and unto her shalt thou cleave all the days of thy life." But who cares for that? We are speaking of what Christianity has done—not what she has said. Divorces happen every day—thousands and tens of thousands of mistresses, who are wives in all but the name—are to be met with, if not among Christians, certainly in Christendom.

But "Christianity forbids women to speak in public." I deny this. Christianity I take it, is one thing—St. Paul another. "There's where St. Paul and I differ," says that mother in Israel, whose authority Col. Stone appears to rely on—as a justification for speaking in public himself.

But you ask—"Are the sources of comfort to the two sexes so widely different, that woman, in promoting that of man, must necessarily do violence to her own happiness?" Not necessarily—certainly not. And yet, if he is to be the judge, and he alone, it may be so. Rightly understood that which would best promote the happiness of both, would best promote his happiness; but understand as he understands it, that woman is to have no will of her own—married or unmarried—no rights of her own, whatever may be her age or character, except such as Man may vouchsafe her, their interests, instead of being identical are adverse. It is the interest of the Woman to be the mistress of herself. It is the interest of the Man, as understood by him, to be master of the Woman.

And again, you ask, and in perfect good faith, I am afraid—"Ought women to have any rights or enjoyments, but such as harmonise with those of man? Can she have any such? Could they be necessary to complete her happiness?" And then you answer, "not unless the wisdom of nature failed here, and she blundered into one of those gross errors which sometimes expose the weakness of human intellect."

Now—instead of answering your question, suppose I put another. What if I proposed the same enquiry, changing the word woman to man? Let us see if it would not answer itself.

Ought Man to have any rights or enjoyments, but such as harmonise with those of Women? Can he have any such? Could they be necessary to complete his happiness?

The answer to one question is the answer to the other. Everything depends upon what is meant by *harmonising*. If woman, as the weaker vessel, is to be forever at man's mercy—to be dishonored and broken and flung away at pleasure—then the less of such *harmony* for her, the better. If, on the contrary, she is to be his equal, his companion, his friend and pleasant councillor, then the more of such harmony, the better.

But, my dear madam—only, in defending the men, why do you assail the women? Why say, that in this country, man is the slave of woman? If it were true, entirely true, the facts you mention would only prove that he was her slave by nature, and from choice, and not by law, and therefore, that it was no fault of his, and no hardship.

All that you say with regard to the extravagance of our Women is true. Nay more, the following is truthfully true, of a multitude, though certainly not of all. "Her household duties are performed by 'hired help,' paid from the sweat of her husband's brow, she 'poor helpless slave of man's injustice' (not my language 'faith!') watches her husband go forth to his daily toil from her lounging place on the sofa—changes her morning wrapper for a dress—too expensive by half for her condition, calls on her equally idle friends to go shopping, strolls the pave, if she lives in town, or if to the country, visits her neighbors, reads novels and magazines; works bits of inserting and worsted embroidery, remodels her dresses, trims her flower-beds, and pines for a more elegant and fashionable life; while all the day long, the husband, father, and brother, are bowed down with toil and care."

But if altogether true—and true of all our women, instead of one perhaps in a thousand at most, taking all the women of our country together, what would it prove, but these three things? 1st. That the husband, father and brother, were fools. 2ndly. That even such women are disposed to employ themselves in some way; and not being allowed to work with their husbands, they do these things because they can't bear

to be idle. And 3rdly. That the Turks, and Persians, and many a barbarous people are slaves to their women; because all their earnings are lavished upon them, and they are kept where the winds of Heaven may not visit them without leave—while the men are laboring, toiling and fighting for their pleasure, all their lives long! Why—our very horses and dogs are often better fed and better lodged than their masters. According to your argument, this would show that their masters—instead of being fools—or short-sighted, selfish men, were slaves.

With regard to the positions that follow—to what you have chosen to say about the social influence of a high-minded virtuous woman; and about the treatment she receives at the hands of women, if she ventures to help herself, in this world of trial and suffering and temptation and sorrow, as well as of comfort and happiness, and all but unclouded sunshine—I go with you my dear madam, heart and soul; and wait only for the conclusion of your delightful argument, that I may reply to it, as I foresee it will deserve, with all my strength.

Since the above was written, I have had the pleasure, and great pleasure it was, believe me, dear madam, of seeing the remainder of your reply. Such is its character, that I must answer now, and at once.

You admit much, when you acknowledge that woman suffers by "bad legislation," that she is "insufficiently protected in her property rights," that all her earnings may be taken from her "by the villainy or misfortune of her husband," that she is a "nonentity in the eyes of the law;" much—very much—but still more, when you acknowledge that *men are responsible for these grievances*.

Do you not see that by these very admissions, you answer your own arguments, respecting the *identity of interest* between men and women? Do you not perceive that by acknowledging all these things you acknowledge that man is either *ignorant or wilfully unjust*, in legislating for woman? That a remedy is wanted? and that his interest, is not so identical, as to render it safe, to trust to his understanding of the matter? Do you not acknowledge that man himself requires to be enlightened on the subject. But *how?* and if a remedy is wanted, and must be had, where shall we look for it? I say, in *public opinion*. But what is public opinion? Is it the public opinion of men? No—for that we have already, and that for thousands of years, expressed by their laws and usages. Is it the public opinion of women? No—for they have submitted so long, they are not capable of judging for themselves. They must be led forth gradually, and step by step, into the broad light of day—or they are blinded forever. They are in the condition of the South Americans—they are unfitted for the enjoyment of the liberty, to which, as human beings, they are, by nature, entitled. What then is the public opinion I would trust to? To that of *men and women both*. I would have women prepared to understand their rights—and men prepared to acknowledge the truth. I would have the great question looked steadily in the face—for as sure as there is a God in Heaven, it is a question that must be settled at last, as the same question ever has been among men, who aspired to self-government, with steadiness and faithfulness.

But you assert that women "has been denied all participation in government—by one wiser than man"—by God himself, therefore. And you find the evidence in the fact that, she is not "six feet high," that she "does not possess the wide shoulders, brawny arms, and iron muscles" of man—in other words, you find the evidence in her inferior bodily strength. And you object, and in large capitals too—and more than once, to what I have chosen to call the *original accident*, whereby Man has acquired the mastery of woman; the *original accident* of superior bodily strength.

Now, if I am wrong, and you are right, only the men of greatest bodily strength, ought to have dominion upon earth. All who are under six feet high—all who have narrow shoulders—feeble arms—and flabby muscles—were intended from the first, by *God himself*, and their physical organization proves it, to be forever subject to the legislation of those who are over "six feet high, with broad shoulders, brawny arms and iron muscles!" If you are right, and I wrong, then other men were wrong to overthrow the giants; and the Patagians are the natural rulers of the earth; and it should be high treason for such little men as now govern Europe—and all the rest of the world—to think of governing themselves: nay—if you are right, then was it rebellion for Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte, to bestir themselves

against their natural sovereigns—the six footers—the gladiators—and the sappers and miners of their day.

Now—between ourselves, madam, two questions arise here; and two very serious questions.

1st. Is it true, in point of fact, that the World is governed by physical strength? Is the great business of the world done by bodily power? Are not the mightiest men, and have they not always been, rather below, than above the average, in bodily strength?

2nd. But if it were otherwise—if the world had always been ruled by those, who were endowed by their Creator with the largest bodily power, would that prove that so change ought ever to take place?—or that God intended it should be so for ever and ever?

Let us apply the touch-stone you have chosen—as you would have it applied. Let us go among our own people, with six foot gages, and a machine for measuring their strength, and try to persuade them, the short and feeble, and sickly and helpless, that inasmuch as they are below the standard—a standard established by the six footers, and the broad shouldered, among men—they have no right to hold office, or vote, or help to govern themselves! How should we get along, think you? We should, if we succeeded, disfranchise forty-nine fifths of all our President makers; and not knowing where to stop—the tallest and strongest man alive, would become the "Moses of all he surveyed"—by the grace of God. Mon. Paul, for example, or Freeman, the American giant.

Alh—but if bodily strength has never prevailed on earth, in the government of Nations, you will ask how it happened that Man acquired his mastery over woman, by the *accident* of superior bodily strength?

Simply because, being by nature stronger than women, it couldn't be otherwise at first; since men and women have always lived together and in pairs from the first. Had Woman formed one community, and Man another; the original difference in bodily strength would not have enabled the Men to keep and hold the Women, forever in subjection. In the progress of improvement, superior wisdom and superior intelligence would have prevailed. And now—

Suppose a body of unarmed, naked and helpless Europeans cast away upon the shores of South America. Suppose them to be instantly surrounded by a troop of painted savages—men of prodigious bodily strength and armed to the teeth. According to your argument, these Europeans are bound to submit to the Patagians—being their natural inferiors; and at any rate, so long as they are held in bondage by them, just so long, their intellectual, as well as their physical inferiority is undeniable. Just such, I say is the condition of Woman, throughout the world. The original accident of greater bodily strength gave Man the mastery over her; and then, having the mastery, he armed himself with all power, and has continued to trample on her, not because she is inferior to him in mind or intellect but simply because he happens to be armed and she unarmed—he having a warrier in every woman's house, to say nothing of her heart—ready to blow a trumpet that shall wake the dead if she but question his supremacy, with a serious look, even while upon her knees, in prayer.

But again—how could you have the heart!—again I find you laughing at my original accident: and reasoning from your own premises, not mine, you foretell the overthrow of mankind, when, and not till when, Woman had become "six feet high, with wide shoulders, brawny arms, and iron muscles." And then "the gentlemen must take care of themselves!" and the Men must go to browsing and baking, dusting, nursing and—dish-washing. And then, you profess to look for a corresponding change in "the lower species of animals," since "it must have been by the same accident"—for heaven's sake madam!—"that the male lion, the horse and other quadrupeds, to say nothing of the feathered tribes, obtained their superior strength."

Now, as a matter of fact, the female is a dead match for the male among horses—fleetest and capable of more endurance; among beasts of prey, she is often superior to the male, and among birds of prey, always.

We need not trouble ourselves about them therefore; but if it were otherwise, so long as the female is not governed by laws made wholly by the male, and without consulting her, the cases are not parallel between her and Woman, and she has nothing to complain of. The position of the female among beasts and birds happens to be just that which God has appointed for her.—Is it so among men?

And now for another argument which I see you have great confidence in. "Will any one undertake to say that young females are as fit to

enter our military academies,—our naval and merchant ships and whalers, as youth of the other sex?"

To which question I answer *no*. But is that a good reason for refusing them a share in government, founded upon *equal rights*? Perhaps it might be, in a government founded, as you would have us believe that of *Man* is, altogether upon *bodily strength*.

Many females are larger—and stronger—and better behaved in peril and much better able to bear the fatigues of a military academy, and the labors of our merchant ships and whalers, than multitudes of men, who are coverlesse allowed to vote, and to make laws and to hold office. What if the able-bodied, who can bear the drudgery and toil of seaman-ship, should happen to obtain the power; and then, having obtained it, what if they should take it into their heads to disfranchise all who could not, or would not—go to sea—what should we think of their consciences? What of their common sense? Yet this is just what Men have done to Women, and just what you would have them do! Are you not amazed at yourself?

But again, you ask, "How are ladies qualified to perform their natural and domestic duties as wives, and mothers, and at the same time, filling the chair of President, Senator, Judge," &c. &c.

Proposed in this particular shape, your question assumes that *ladies* are always wives and mothers. Of course, there would be no great difficulty with those who are neither—so far at least as conflicting duties are concerned. And as for those who are either wives—or mothers—or both, let us see how the matter would probably stand with them. In the first place candidates are always chosen by the people in reference to their *fitness*. In the next place, when people ask for office, they are generally supposed able to judge for themselves, whether they can discharge its duties—whatever other business they may have upon their hands. Now, the People are never likely to choose for their service a *Man*, whose bodily health, or present, or probable future condition, would be likely to disqualify him for their service at a critical moment. And if it be so with Men, why should it not be so with Women? And then again, supposing the People to be ignorant of the man's real condition; or knowing him to be in ill health, are determined to have him nevertheless, like another John Randolph and five hundred more we could name, who go to congress to be doctored, or die—and suppose they persist—he may still refuse, or he knows the real state of his own health; and if he should find himself mistaken after he got there, as men often do, he might get leave of absence—go home—and be doctored—and come back to his chair, without being misled, ay, and without bringing his family with him, and if Men may do these things now, why may not Women be allowed the same privileges hereafter? To the winds therefore with this argument! No Woman would be obliged to go to congress—or obliged to fill the chair of President, or that of a Judge, or a Sheriff, unless she herself desired to do so. And the only question is—if the people wanted to send her to congress—and she wanted to go—what business you have to hinder her and them? That's the question; and the whole question. Will you not allow the People to judge for themselves? And by the People, I mean Men and Women too, acting together. And if acting together, they should choose a woman for congress, or recommend a woman to office, rather than a man—would not that very fact, of itself, be sufficient to establish her fitness for office. Rather ticklish ground, I acknowledge, just now; but still it is the ground that Men have contended themselves upon. Are there not many women, superior to many men, that you know? superior not only in stature and bodily strength—your standard, madam, not mine—but superior in the very qualities, you would require in a lawyer, a president or a judge? Are you afraid to trust the People to choose for themselves? Then why refuse to make Women eligible to office? Are the People—the great body of the People—Men and Women both, incapable of judging for themselves? are they untrustworthy? If so, what is your whole government good for? and if not how dare you, take it upon yourself, to judge for them?

I pass over all that you have said about the feelings of a woman, who abandons her child, her husband, or her house to take charge of a mob, or a prisoner, or to superintend a hanging; because, in the first place, no woman would ever do such things. And if she did, she would only prove herself a much fairer man who do them every day of their lives. But there are women who have neither house nor home, neither husband nor child; what should hinder them from discharging the duties,

modest and proper duties of a public bureau, under the management of women? We have some ten or twenty thousand great strapping fellows in the post-offices and bureaus of our country, at high wages, who are employed from morning till night in copying papers and sealing letters, in a room by themselves—and this while Women are left to perish in the streets and garrets all over the country; or to die broken hearted in the holes and corners of our cities, on less than the sweepings of these public offices. And why is this? Because it is right, or proper? No! But because men have the power; and men make the law; and the interests of men and women are identical!

Madam! Men and women work together in factories; they sit together, and labor together, in our bookbinders' and tailors' shops. They vote in our churches—they manage our charities (not our elections, as I find it misprinted in my first paper.) They attend our lectures—and yet, if we may believe those who are alarmed at the idea of their being thrown into public life, they are not to be trusted together!

Now, do you know—have you not observed—that everywhere, and at all times, and in almost every kind of business, the more men and women are brought together, the better it is for both? The men grow better and the women wiser. The men lose their rade overbearing insolence, and the women a portion at least of their emptiness and frivolity. Let Men associate with Men, and with men only; and you may know it, the moment they enter a room or open their mouths. And let a woman associate wholly with women, and you will find her out, before she has opened her mouth.

And now another fact, well worthy of profound consideration. The argument is that men and women are not capable of acting together in a body. I appeal again to our charities and our churches. Ah!—but our churches and charities are one thing; political assemblies another.

Granted—and therefore we will confine ourselves to political assemblies, where men and women have sat together and held counsel together—at least with their eyes and hearts—by thousands and tens of thousands. Within the last three years, for the first time perhaps in the history of the world—(for be it from me to deny that women had a voice in the early history of Athens—though I deny that she ever lost it any where) they have come together, in prodigious numbers to hear discussions by the ablest men in the country, upon the great principles of Government. And what were the consequences? Mobs and riots, and clamor, and chatter and rignardis? Were the men always stirring—and the women always coquetting, or making love, as they call it? No! Indeed! Nothing of the sort! Always and everywhere, from the earliest outbreak, up to the last hour of the tremendous struggle that overspread the land, these meetings were remarkable for their dignity, and moderation; for decorum and seriousness. Men reasoned better and were more eloquent. Ribaldry vanished. The evil passions of Men were rebuked by the sanctifying presence of Women. And yet! Women are to be excluded from all participation in the politics of their country. Why not forbid them to meddle with newspapers, or to enter the lecture room? Why teach them politics, if they have nothing to do with politics? Why expose them to the mysteries of Government, if it does not concern them, nor trench upon their happiness? If what men gain, they gain—why should they not bear themselves?

But there is another part of your argument which must not be overlooked. You assume that I would oblige mothers and wives to become legislators and judges. But I would do so such thing. I would oblige nobody to this—neither man nor woman—neither fathers nor mothers. I would only take off the restriction which says that no woman whether married or not—whether bond or free—shall be permitted either to govern herself, or help govern herself. And if there be those among women, who are unfitted for public life, and others who desire none of the privileges I am contending for, is that a good reason why those who are fitted, and who do desire them should not be permitted to enjoy them?

But "Woman is appointed to all the labor and responsibility of rearing the human family; and is it rational to suppose," you ask, "that the Creator has added to these, with her weaker person, the same tasks, which he calls upon the strong frame of man (to perform), unasked by any of them?"

Certainly not. If by the question you mean to ask if the same woman, at the same time, is called upon to perform the tasks of man and woman both. I answer no—God never meant this. But if you mean to

ask, whether, because one woman is sick aged, another may not be allowed to attend a public meeting; or because one woman is wanted at home to nurse her baby, her next door neighbor shall not be allowed to read a newspaper, or cast a vote, or act as a judge or lawyer, I answer that I see no incompatibility here; and acknowledge none. If the argument is sound, it will prove itself. Suppose we stop the first kindred man that go by as through Broadway, most of them busy men, with anxious, careworn faces, and with families at home to provide for—and say to the busiest and frailest, and least healthily looking—God never meant to impose a double task upon you! Can you attend to your family, and business, and help govern the country too—and therefore we propose to spare you the trouble, to vindicate the wisdom of God—and to let you free forever! Your interest and ours you know, is identical. What we gain, you gain—of course; and therefore, as the country grows richer and wiser, you, being a part of the country, grow richer and wiser with it. In a word—what say you? If y^e go to Congress, your wives will have to take your places behind the counter—and keep the books—and swear at the workmen—and shirk it every day through wall-street—and look after the boys—and, in short, your families and business would be in a shocking condition. What would be the answer, think you? A long and loud gruff, perhaps—or a gentle intimation, accompanied by a tap of the forefinger upon the forehead—that—that was their business. And yet, my dear Madam, do you not perceive that the disfranchisement of Women upon this ground, would be conclusive upon forty-nine fifths of all the Men you know?

But you deny that women are taxed, as I say they are, without their own consent. And you ask, "In what nation on the face of the earth can that body of men be found so dastardly as to lay any burthen upon women of property, which they do not equally submit to for the public good?" To which I answer—such men are found everywhere, throughout all Christendom—wherever Woman is taxed without her own consent. Men who tax themselves have nothing to complain at: Men who tax others—along with themselves—not much. But people who are not allowed to tax themselves, nor others, are not to be satisfied, in the present state of the world, by a declaration that they are taxed for the public good; or that they who lay the tax, share the burthen with them, by taxing themselves. Our Fathers had a different notion; and so have we. And if the Men of our country were taxed by the Women; and if they remonstrated—and were answered in this way—how think you the Men would bear it?

That woman is exempted from a capitation or poll tax—that most dangerous and foolish of all taxes; that she is exempted from public service, in the militia, on juries, and in office, I admit: and so are the niggers. But does this prove that these exemptions are privileges? That for certain offences she cannot be punished, if committed in the presence of her husband, I also acknowledge. But for whose sake?—for hers—or for his, that she may take care of his children and house? You cannot imprison a woman for debt, after marriage, where you may the husband. But why?—for the sake of the woman,—or for the sake of the man, whose children must be cared for? The law itself answers the question—her husband shall not be deprived of the comfort he finds in her society! Her privileges, indeed!—Bound to obey her husband, or be beaten!—Obliged to do whatever he commands her to do, either by the law of the land, or by the law of brute force—another law claimed to be very merciful, because it doesn't punish her for obeying him—her whom it classifies with *infants, idiots, and brutes!*

All that follows for nearly a page I pass over, as a magnificent burst of eloquence, brimful of strength and beauty,—of truth and promise, and hope and faith!—and taster at once upon the following admission, with which I most heartily concur. "The true rights of Man and Woman can never be opposed to each other, for even in the wrongs which are opposed to exist, Man has no interest to oppress Woman. He does it ignorantly, not knowing what is best, just as he oppresses himself." So say I! and therefore it is that I propose to deal with man, and not with woman, in bringing about the emancipation of woman. But I do not say with you, madam—"nor is it the granting of equal political privileges to Women, but the enlightenment of man, that will remove these evils." And yet I could not quarrel with you upon this ground. Enlighten man, and women will be enlightened, and uplifted—I care not how; believing in my heart, however, that there is only one way, and that, by a formal recognition of all her rights as a human being, and

endowed with reason, without distinctions of sex. If that entire equality and companionship can be brought about in any other way, be it so. But in the meantime let us go on with the great work of enlightening man,—and the enlightening of Woman must follow.

And now, in reply to your last question, "whether I do not recognize in the physical and mental structure of the sexes, a clear indication of the Creator's will, that while the different and stranger frame of Man is battling with the tempest, and levelling the rude asperities of the external world; building his home and plaining his fields, on the shore of the retiring wilderness, Woman, by the very infirmities and exertions which her physical infirmities compel her to endure, is to fill his home, and perform the gentler duties of the wife and mother, shielded by him from the rough necessity of combat and extermination, and rearing his children by the sweet and indispensable offices of love and domestic affection?" I answer, *Most undoubtedly!* And I recognize that will of the Creator in her, just as I recognise a correspondent will of the Creator in the feeble frames, and gentler dispositions, of ten thousand Men about me, wholly unfit for public life! having no institution for loving their wives and children and wholly devoted to their business—not one of whom is ever disfranchised—not one of whom we should ever dare to disfranchise, for such reasons.

But enough. Allow me to thank you once more, and from the very bottom of my heart, dear Madam, for your exceedingly able and eloquent defence of what you call the Rights or Women; and to pray that you will never lose sight of the great object we both have in view. Much of the difference of opinion between us, you see, has grown out of a mis-understanding. You have argued the question, and so have others, just as if I wanted to oblige Women by law, to take the field in person—to carry the senate chamber by storm—to leave their households, their husbands, and their little ones to shift for themselves—while they were declaiming in the graspings, or thundering in the capitol! when, as you see now, and must have seen before, if you had not read my first essay with a settled misapprehension, of my purposes, that all I wanted was a solemn recognition of Woman's entire equality with Man, as one of the people—as one of the inhabitants—as one of the citizens of this great Commonwealth of Nations! leaving her to sort afterwards according to her qualifications in the judgment of those best able to judge—and she never could have an opportunity of acting otherwise. Farewell.

ROME.—The Jews in this city have a certain quarter assigned to them which is locked up every night at a particular hour. Many among them are said to believe that the Messiah is destined to arrive in Rome on a Saturday, and to enter by the Porta del Popolo, the ancient Via Sacra. A singular anecdote is related of a high dignitary of the church in illustration. A few years ago, a wealthy Jew, who had been converted to the Christian faith, played his cards so well as to be elevated to the rank of cardinal. Some of his colleagues, however, doubted the sincerity of his conversion, and a wager was laid by one, engaging to prove that, with all his seeming reverence for his new faith, the proselyte still cherished the old belief respecting the Messiah. In pursuance of his design, the cardinal invited them all, including the ex-Jew, to a grand banquet, on a Saturday, at his villa, situated about a mile from the city on the Via Sacra. Shortly after dusk, a loud rattling of carriages and crashing of whips was heard, accompanied by shouts and hurrahs from the postillions, who had, of course, been previously instructed in their respective parts. The poor convert, on whom all eyes were fixed, was observed to turn very pale, and mutter something inaudibly, when a servant rushing in, exclaimed that the Messiah was on the point of entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo. This was too much for the Jew, for Jew he still was in heart; throwing down his cap, and treading his clothes, he cried, "Oh, had I known of this day, never, never, would I have become a Christian!" This was proof sufficient for his colleagues, by whom the whole story was reported to the Pope. As may be supposed, the unfortunate victim was speedily degraded from his holy office, but whether he once more relapsed to his ancient faith, or still adhered to the Christian doctrine, tradition does not mention.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

PRUSSIC ACID NOT DEADLY.—A German paper says that death caused by Prussic Acid is only apparent. Life is immediately restored, by pouring Acetate of Potash and common Salt dissolved in water, on the head and spine. This may be so. M. Chabert has an antidote for the effects of the violent poison, but would not disclose its character under an enormous sum. Could it have been anything like the above.

A newspaper is now published in Jerusalem in three languages, German, English, and Hebrew. It is said to be under the superintendence of Dr. Alexander, the new Protestant bishop.

WITHERED HOPES.
A DREAMER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"But Arno went to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Ariadne claims and keeps
A softer feeling."—CHILDE HAROLD.

When in the progress of quickly coming-round years a man finds himself arrived at, and now fast leaving behind him, that plainly-marked stage which Dante calls his *mezzo cammino*, he will detect himself occasionally regarding the latter part of his journey with the reminiscence of what he has witnessed in the course of the former. And to say truth, it takes not long to work this change within one, and to set up Memory instead of Hope as the household deity of the breast. Besides, if a man be not changed himself, the world is changed for him; it is not the same world it was when he first knew it. The friends he had long ago, where are they? Some are sleeping their long sleep in the grave; others are alive—but the world has come between him and them, and they are as utterly lost to him as if the earth covered them. Families that he used to mix with, either are changed in their members, or have entirely disappeared from the roll of society; while new ones, whose names he never heard before, have shot up into notice and become the arbiters of taste in the haunts of his childhood. The human mind itself, in its narrow impetuosity, is leaving him behind; improvements in everything are impending; old ideas are laid aside as antiquated; and at last, he finds he must begin in the world as a stranger, and think differently from what he used, if he would still belong to a world that has become strange to him. And wonderful to say is the retrospective glance which brings back to him portions of his former and passed-away life. Some accident or other awakes one lost feeling; then another slowly revives; and then a sudden shooting gleam is flashed down upon the soul; then the present suddenly fades away, and he finds himself transported to another world, where shadowy figures—once familiar—gather about him, and things he had imagined for ever lost are restored. Still a vague consciousness remains that a wide gulf divides them from him, and some lingering knowledge that years have intervened, causes him to identify that amazed beholder with his present self. Just as I describe, it was with me this afternoon; an incident, buried and forgotten for years, was suddenly (nor can I exactly explain how) brought before me. The touch was a passing one, but the chords vibrated to the olden music; it was wild and melancholy, but I must not let it pass away any more.

It was on the 20th of July, 18—, no matter what—I found myself strolling up and down the beautiful promenade of Florence, the Lung' Arno. I had, a little while before, gone through the very edifying formulae of eating the prescribed number of dinners, saying the prescribed words of Latin, and paying the prescribed amount of fees; and under the close auspices of these formalities, emerged at once from the ethereal state of studiousness to the full-blown barlitzier. Just then, when I was looking for nothing else than an overbearing pacing of Old Westminster with a stethal, like an overgrown schoolboy, under my arm, and was meditating which of my pie-crust volumes were to stand instead of briefs within it; or whether, if Waverly were bound like them, it would not be better than the whole put together—I say, just at the critical moment, an old rusty uncle, my mother's only brother, came to the rescue, and saved me from the companionship of John Doe and Richard Roe for ever. Cold, austere, and forbidding—himself a bachelor—I verily believe he considered marriage a sort of crime; and never forgave his sister for having chosen one who loved her dearly, in preference to a heartless old age like his own. At my birth, he had indeed condescended to be my sponsor. I need not say as a matter of form, but ostensibly as a proof of the excellence of his heart in overlooking a case in which he had been "grievously sinned against"—so he asserted. Once or twice, in my earlier years, I had seen him; say, when beneath the influence of an Indian sky, both parents had sunk into a premature grave, and their boy returned to England, under the care of a friend, who stood to him as a father, he had even shown some kindness to me. He had sent for me, and placed me at Harvard, and when the first time came round for my matriculation the university, supplied me with a sufficiency to keep myself respectable at Cambridge. All this he had done, and might have done more, but that, as I sprang up, I became the living image of my father; and when I returned from one vacation, to spend some weeks with him, the old man could scarcely repress a scream when I first stood before him—the reminiscence was powerful with him, and he hated me for the resemblance. I was coldly received; this was none other than to me—was banished until the few weeks were over, and at my departure, was told that he would be always glad to hear from me—but that he would excuse my coming any more.

"Your wants shall be supplied," he wrote, "for you are my sister's child, and as such I shall always acknowledge you; but you have your father's face and figure, and you must not see me; and I suppose, if you inherit his spirit, you will send with a sneer—"you will not seek to see me so after this. Until you are qualified for your destined profession, you may rely upon my help and assistance; when this step is attained, I shall consider myself free from every obligation."

So reasoned he, but death was quicker than he, and ere he could revoke a will, in old days made in his favor, he ceased to exist. A fit suddenly terminated his life; and the same post which would have brought him the expected tidings of such a call to me, was, returned with the intelligence of his own decease. He would have kept his word with

me, I have little doubt, for he was a man of invincible determination; he only lacked the opportunity. As for me, when the news reached me, I could not repress a few tears; for, hard as he was, I was the only one to whom his heart in anywise opened, and he was my sole remaining relative, and I felt lonely even after him. I hastened down to my father's tomb, and was chief and only mourner at it; then came some necessary legal forms to go through, and a multiplicity of papers to sign, and divers documents to be proven and sworn to. When these were all done, and I found myself once more at the Inn, in my old chambers, as an eternal forswearing of alliance with the law, I flung my hands into the fire, my wig into the Thames, made over my gown to my old woman, Molly, to burn such an article was far more suited, and cast myself at random into the nearest Continental steamer, that I might breathe freely when clean 'scaped out of London.

I do not want to measure words with Arthur O'Leary, (Master Lorrequer, cease your fuming therefore!) so far from it, I'll not even tell how I came to the place where I now found myself, or what countries I skimmed over in my route. The rambling spirit which had urged me on so far, has deserted me, and for the life of me, I could not tell what was to do with myself. "Heigh ho! whither next?" I had been now two days in the Tuscan capital, and had not yet found energy enough to knock about after the lions. The weather was oppressively sultry, the sun seemed a burning ball of flame, and look where you would in the azure heavens, you could not find one tiniest cloudlet to screen you from the blaring heat. Stretching away in the green distance, no doubt, was the smiling country, girt in with its amplitudes of hills, and inviting the parched wanderer to its cooling shade; but the air was so thick with those ominous pine trees; still—the still the effort, however desirable, was an effort—and such things, however commendable, are not always possible to be done, especially by idle men.

"Whither next? Well, I'll stroll along the river's banks, the tour will be a little variety."

I did so until I wearied of it, and then bedropt me of "mine inn"—"Perhaps I'll find some one fit to talk to there; if all events, I have exhibited myself enough—so now, on—on!" and I blessed my stars for the new idea.

The reverie which a strange place awakens in one's mind, when you are there in an isolated position, might in part account for my indolent feelings; and certes a new city where you know no one is not the most companionable of places—especially, if you have made yourself dependent upon society under other and more favorable circumstances. So thought I, as I turned through the Lungo once more; it was thronged with people, yet not a familiar face could I discover among them all. So far they bore me company, that they all seemed as lazily loitering as myself, and I remembered the bitter French scream—"On va se promener tous les après midi vers les bords de l'Arno; et le soir on se demande les uns aux autres s'y font-ils à dix heures!" I passed, crossed, and crossed the bridges, then came a long street filled with the shabby half-fronted palaces of the nobles, down which I proceeded. I passed a moment, as I came to its end, for the purpose of recollecting which turn I was to make, when a broad hand was laid on my shoulder, and a well-known voice sounded behind me.

"How now, mad wag, whither bound—what news? I thought your bones had already been given to England!"

I turned in wonder, and found in my Shakspearean interrogator, my college chum and faithful friend, Charles Harley.

"Harley! what you here, and 'coming in such questionable shape?' I imagined you an *attache* at Saint James', the idol of the Guardia, the admired of all admirers about court. From what lucky star descended, thou graceful flower of chivalry, thou cynosure of ladies' eyes?"

"Why, so I was," said he, with the most provoking composure, "but I got sick of it all; such things last for a while; 'ye know, after that, they become a bore!'"

Harley was a spoiled child of fortune; the heir to one of the oldest inheritances in England; every want, from his earliest years, had been anticipated, and supplied in an abundance which made him fastidious; but this was his only failing, and was the cause more of disquietude to himself than of offence to his friends; he was not content with being about him—than of giving pain to his friends by any change in his feelings with respect to them, or any matter ever so trivial, where they were concerned. I have not been, in my time, an unobservant spectator of things about me, nor I may add of persons either. Our men of talent I have been permitted to know, and have bowed beneath the fascination of their exelling genius—and kind hearts and warm hearts have drawn me within their influence; still, this friend of my youth has never been outshine in my estimation; in the long distance of years, his errors are forgotten, but his virtues live to make his memory immortal.

We had first met at Cambridge, accidentally, one evening, at the rooms of a mutual friend—were introduced—a casual remark created an interest in one for the other—we became acquainted, rapidly passed through the various stages of regard, and cemented a friendship before the week was over. So free in youth from the morbid reserve, which in after life, bespeaks either the apprehension of treachery, or the silliness of self-appointment. A similarity of idle tastes drew us much together, and while our classmates were hammering at hexameters, or digging at the Greek roots, our days were spent in boating on the river, or taking long rambles together into the country. During our intervals of leisure, we read and studied in our own way; musing came amiss except the course prescribed by the worthy master of Trinity, which was fairly rewarded as useless, or at best, common place). Harley was passionately

fond of chemical experiments, and his rooms, in consequence, gradually turned themselves into a laboratory; we worked together at the crucible more than the cruxes of mathematics, and were, perhaps, quicker at a report than our idle habits gained us credit for.

So passed on our time of probation, and my bitterest regret on leaving Alms House—which I did six months before him—was coupled with my separation from Harley; but, however, I felt sure was the time for every, everything depended upon myself, I must work for fame, if not for maintenance; the season for the *far niente* was over, and it was well that it should be so. From Harley I received many letters—at last, in one he told me he had purchased a cornet in the Guards. "We shall meet once more, Jack," he wrote, "for I am fixed in London, and, thou man of lore and law, we shall meet in the Thames our old employment by the banks of sweet Ouse."

His own rose to be a promising soldier; nature had bestowed upon him a noble form, and manhood was ripening it to its full perfection: his natural lightness of heart found abundant occasion for rejoicing in the new scenes the great city opened out to him; and to every attraction in it—to the court itself—his birth, wealth, and profession gave him an easy access. I had left him some weeks before plunged in all this racket of dissipation—and now, without dreaming that he was a soldier, he had covered hundred miles, was surprised in the way I have before described.

"Go to, Jack," cried he, "but, by my troth, I am right glad to see thee."

"We'll meet in Erebus," I answered. "I deemed you still banging on at St. James's—but, I'll talk about such things hereafter; I never was more at a nuptial in my life."

"Wherefore, good sir?"

"Just to find some one who has a knack of taking charge of live lumber. I'm weary to death of the everlasting company of self; you are come at a gracious moment to relieve me, here I cast myself on you—help, help, Harley."

"I'll use my art to remedy the cause of this effect, or defect, as the Dane hath it; come on, I'm your man—I have no one either; but we'll have a couple of glorious days together, and add this good city to our stories of reminiscences for after days."

Like my friend Lorrequer, I am the easiest persuaded fellow alive: an honest, virtuous, civil gentleman can do as he will with me, shape me to his courses, and find me "ready as a borrower's ear"; he has but to lead on, and need not look back often, to find whether I am following. A moment before I deemed myself incapable of exertion, blaming the city, the people, the very sky overhead, on account of it; but now, instantaneously my hipbitchiness vanished, the presence of my ancient ally was in itself a powerful spell—I stepped forth with elasticity, and breathed the breath of luxurious life once more.

Without much more ado we consented to unite our fortunes for a while, make together a companionable inspection of the old city, and compare notes of what had happened to each since our parting in merry England, and furthermore, we were to begin all by dining together on that day.

"But stay," said Harley, "it is only three o'clock; let us not mind these outlandish foreign customs, but have a country walk first, and a *à la carte* dinner at half past six. What say you?"

"I agree to the last proposal without murmur or appendix; and to the first with the proviso that you take me the Lung' Arno way. I had begun the stroll, and turned back for want of company."

Together we went over my former route, and walked for an hour without respite, so fully were we engrossed in thoughts of old times. I had to give Harley the particulars of my favorable turn of fortune, for in my busy flight from town I had left him in ignorance of every thing except the mere fact; his adventures and the reasons of his coming we agreed to postpone till over our wine. We walked on briskly for some time, when in the dense olive wood, and but little removed from the pathway we had followed, my companion espied a most enchanting bower, that which he declared was should not go. Over the tops of the nearest trees we could discern the roof of a villa, and, as we were about to walk of vines, while a dusky, bawling ruiet ran in front, and, lighted up by the sunbeams in one direction, was least amidst the thick plantations in the other. Down we sat, and turned us towards the town, now several miles distant.

Florence may well claim to be called a fair city, and seen beneath its own blue heavens, it receives in addition the grace and lightness which our busy atmosphere immediately takes away from a similar prospect. The neighboring country is richly cultivated and studded with villas, and the eye as it stretches along the fairy perspective finds a suited repose in the surrounding hills, (crowned as they are with the vine, and olive, and chestnut,) until it reaches, last of all, the cloudy Apennines, with their gloomy pine forests. From where we were seated we could see the broad river rolling gallantly beneath it in its widest part crisscrossed into waves, while the summer breeze, then blowing on it, and near the shore reflecting tranquilly the thickly massed foliage which grew down to its very margin—while these shadows again were sometimes broken up by the passing boats creeping on towards the city under seamy sails. Farther on, in the distance, the four graceful bridges could be seen rising one above another and veiling the broken city, from every quarter of which pinnacles and spires soared to heaven, and, towering above all, we could plainly discover the cathedral dome, the immortal work of Filippo Brunelleschi.

I had been running on at a voluble rate about my own half-formed plans and prejudices, but with such loveliness before me immediately gave up the selfish strain. We gazed awhile in silence upon it; the silence

continued until it became painful; I waited for my companion to speak, far, ashamed of a discourse in which I had scarcely suffered him to interpose a word, I was anxious that he should now choose some theme of his own personal history. But I waited in vain. At last I turned round to poor Harley, as if to overmaster some tormenting thought, was pressing his hand strongly against his brow; his lips trembled, and his eyes were filled with hot tears. I thought him ill.

"What is the matter? Harley, are you sick? have I overwalked you?"

"No, no, Jack; it was just a passing cloud; it will be gone in a moment. How foolish, how silly I am!" And then to me, "What a blessed gift it would be, Jack, if thought had not the power of forcing itself upon us when it has become useless, or more miserable."

"You speak mystically. What has happened? I say, you wrong me, Harley, by your concealment. I cannot understand the import of your words unless you be more explicit."

"To-day, after dinner, you shall have it all. What I said was plain enough: would it not be well if we could wipe off the memories of those when fate places for ever out of our reach, yet cannot prevent us at the same time continuously remembering?"

"It is that I don't like you now. By the simplicity of Venus' doves, no other than a love case! sighing like furnace, because some smiling, smiling school-girl will not have him; he, Harley, is it not so? Here's a little chameleon for you, pretty and sentimental enough, and there's a brook to sing it to;

*'Limpido, piensolletto!
Se mai l'incosati in lei,
Dile che piante—'*

Oh, the folly of mankind from the days of Eve herself.

*—Che pianto sei,
Ma oio lo dir—'*

I say, Harley, what's the name?"

"Don't know."

"Where does she live?"

"Can't discover."

"What's her rank?"

"Can't for the life of me, make out."

"Fahaw! this is heaping the Pelion upon Ossa in absurdity. You must get rid of such thirice-sublimated nonsense. Have you rested? Let us move towards town."

"Where was it we last met?" said Harley to me, when, our topcoat over, we prepared for the enjoyment of the evening.

"Temple gardens, bank of Thames, city of London. Do you want time, day, and occupation?"

"No; how lawfully minute you have grown. You are blessed with a microscopic memory; but I don't need it. A day or two after that I went with some of ours on a command night to the opera; majesty itself was to be there, and every box in the house was filled. I never recollect being in higher spirits. The bewitching scene around, the brilliant lights, the divine music, the high-born of the land all there, and the king himself with his wonted courtesy paying the most marked attention to the whole piece! all these, no doubt, contributed their elements to my excitement. But better than any, and more effective than them all, united, was the elasticity of mind consequent upon the load of daily life being taken off and forgotten, and which was sufficient of itself to fill me with restless joy."

"Well! there I sat occupied, charmed with every thing. Two acts had passed over very rapidly, (as far as I could fix my attention, it was given to them); but dame Fortune had not done with me, and was determined to display her disposition ere I could leave the house. Shortly before the commencement of the last act, as my eyes ranged over the gorgeous spectacle, it was fastened on the inmates of a box at the opposite side of the house, and never wandered from them during the remainder of the play. They were, a lovely girl and a white-haired, hard-worn officer, whom I had never seen before, and whom I took to be her father. He was at his breast one or two medals and crosses, and seemed suffering from ill health, perhaps arising from service. I had never beheld a creature of such surpassing beauty as his companion. You will not laugh, for I remember in old times your agreeing with me on the possibility of such things, when I tell you that half hour's glance taught me that there was the One with whom my fate was inextricably involved. Soon thunders of applause announced the conclusion of the play; the prime donna was called for; some wretches were flung on the stage; when I next looked round my ignorance was gone."

"I soothed my mortification with the conviction that somewhere or other I should meet with her forthwith. With new life I sought all the assemblies; every public place which furnished a possibility of success was ransacked; I attended the opera night after night, but in vain. Then, imagining they might have altogether left London, and remembering the shoals of English which migrate at this time of the year, I got a three-months' leave to try chance once more. I am afraid 'tis a desperate one; what say you, Jack?"

"Bad enough, no doubt; I won't join you in calling it 'desperate'; but pass the wine, dear boy!"

CHAPTER II.

"Ich habe gewonnen das liebliche Glück
Ich hab' geliebt und geliebt!"—THE PICCOLINNI.

We spent the whole of the week following in going the rounds of the city. I will not weary my reader with the details of the various nights. And not the most common of the artist warmed into eloquence in this chapter of his work; and besides, are they not all given at large in the guide-books of Mr. Murray and the rest of the Row? We did as I suppose other travellers are accustomed to do; began the day with diving a thousand plans of activity, and I flouted something under one-fourth of what we devised; then blamed ourselves for not doing more, and fell into the same error on the day following: drove, walked, and rode to solitary, and alternated those fits of activity with seasons of occasional listlessness and repose.

And oftentimes we found ourselves lingering in the two sculpture galleries and Santa Croce, with the adjoining Medicean chapel. The divine shapes of Grecian beauty, those only embodiments of the ideal, which are preserved to us in the former, can make even the sorrowful forget; and I stole away Harley from himself very often in the contemplation of some incomparable statue. Who can pass by the unassuming *girl of that Nubia*, the dignity of the *Apollis*, the severe majesty of the *Juno*, or the impassioned *Venus*, or the intellectual *Minerva*, unmoved? Yet I may thus only passively allude to them: the world has worshipped before them; Byron has given us the poetry of their awakened thought; and they have been catalogued as proven by no lesser pen than Shelley's. But Santa Croce, what of it? Truly, richer is her dead than in sight she possesses: instead of life, had within their walls, garnered up her best mental harvest: here slept Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli, and Alfieri, and Boccaccio; and here is the cenotaph of Dante, to whom Florence was, as he wrote himself, *Parvi mater amoris*. We roamed from chapel to chapel of this glorious place; if the structure one day attracted us, there were the noble recollections for another. Then came the more illustrious monuments; then the bummer epitaphs. Of these last, only one has been fixed on my memory. I have since learned it is very well known; it was erected over a young girl, and bore this inscription:

"ELLEZ DE L'—"

Ne me plaignez pas, si vous sçavez combien de peines ce tombeau m'a coûtées!"

As if affection still lived within that tomb, and even thence sent forth its voice of comfort to the living!

Harley yet cherished the idea that he was destined soon to meet with the lovely apostrophe that had so strangely lit his mind. I have a portion of his philosophy that the heart possesses in itself a prophetic wisdom, if men would only follow out its secret impulses; and he certainly showed his own perfect conviction of the truth of this assertion, by building largely upon it, and becoming cheerful under what I could not help pronouncing a mere delusion. I humored him in it however. I do not know that those friends deserve any gratitude who labor to destroy the harmless imaginings which bring us to pleasure; dreams they may be, and fond ones, but if they beguile the time of our *sejour*, they awake us from that to life's sad realities!—they are visitants from another world, and yet, in their kindness, our friends would have us exchange them for the more certain deceptions of this.

English families we could find in abundance; but we did not mix much with them. Harley's object could be as easily accomplished in the public promenades; and once or twice going to the country *fetes* of the dukes, gave us a correct knowledge of what English were in the place. Besides we were so much occupied with our own plans, that we had no time to throw away on the cultivation of our countrymen's acquaintance.

We were one day at our old haunt the cathedral: it was thronged with people; mass was going on at one of the altars, and a small circle of worshippers were kneeling in the rich glebe of grey the monks and mendicants were soliciting alms; in another were visitors, come like ourselves to loiter and gaze. We passed them all; many of the last were from our own land, as we could easily tell from their manners and the ends of their whisperings, gathered up as we walked by; but they were strangers to us, and we passed on.

We crossed by the altar where the white-robed priest was officiating; his tall candles burned bright in the rich glebe of grey the monks and mendicants were soliciting alms; in another were visitors, come like ourselves to loiter and gaze. We passed them all; many of the last were from our own land, as we could easily tell from their manners and the ends of their whisperings, gathered up as we walked by; but they were strangers to us, and we passed on.

The strong sunlight was flung across the aisle in slanting radiance, and the living light poured itself down upon that low grave, as if marking out a pathway to the heavens for the young immortal. In its columns of light thus let down, danced a thousand gay notes, whose

increasing activity contrasted strangely with the stillness of the place, and its quiet occupants. There was an old man there; he had been endeavoring with failing eyes slowly to decipher the inscription for a fair girl who stood near him, but turned away from it. The scene was a striking one, and fixed us breathless to where we stood. The old man's task was done; he had been reciting the last words as we drew near, and rising from his stooping position, he took his hat from the marble floor where it had been lying, and advanced to his young companion. They had not heard our approach; he, evidently unconscious of the presence of strangers, he now, in a low and broken voice, said something to her the purport of which we could not catch.

The answer was in English, and thrilled us from very sweetness—"And yet, father," she replied "it is not well with them that die young!" The early-called—who that loved them would bring them back again!"

She turned in her fine enthusiasm. The light playing about her person made her almost "too bright to look upon," and cast round a few in which sadness and beauty were deeply blest together, that halo which painters cling over the heads of the Virgin and the saints. Poor Harley, who had been before fascinated with the lovely picture, almost leaped from the ground where he had been fastened; for there before him was the cause of all his perplexity and sorrow—there stood the mysterious Unknown of the opera.

Fortunately for us, we were placed beneath the protection of one of the side-arches, and the sunbeam which so plainly revealed to us this interesting group, placed us at the same time in deep shadow with respect to them. It was impossible for them to see distinctly, yet they were now aware that listeners had been by for some time. I saw the moment called for decision; the old man with wrinkled brow, looked laughingly in our quarter, to reprehend and repel our intrusion. In a deep whisper to Harley I thought him to recede; while I went forward to offer our apologies. Was not that fact known to me? Yet, if it were he, he was greatly altered. I came nearer. It could be no other. It was he—the friend who had watched over my orphanage in India, Colonel Montagu.

He recognised me at once.

"What, young T—, how come you here; enjoying Madam Fortune's kindness, eh? Boys think they never can get liberty enough. But, John, I am delighted to see the son of my old dear friend; how long ago was your England?"

I replied, asking a thousand pardons for Harley and myself, on account of our unintentional eaves-dropping, and wound up all by saying, "I was now only happy that it had so happened: rudeness for once was rewarded, not punished."

"No apology, boy. Do you not recollect your old friend, Emily—or shall I have to introduce you again? Here, here, is an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. T—, now of the Inner Temple, Barrister at-law, and so forth."

She had not forgotten, and received me kindly and affectionately. We had romped together in childhood, and during my sojourn under the colonnade's roof had felt for each other as brother and sister. From the time that my uncle placed me at school, and thence moved to Cambridge, we had not met, though I had occasionally seen her father in the interval. I never learned, until this kind friend had long been in the grave, his reasons for keeping aloof from me at that time; it was least he should move my uncle's jealousy, and thence mar my prospects. Relatives not over kind themselves are peculiarly sensitive of that goodness coming from other quarters wherein they are themselves deficient. We had but met for nine or ten years. I found every early promise of beauty amply fulfilled; she had grown to lovely womanhood. Perhaps taking those features separately, you might try to mind many to excel her in each—some to outshine her in dazzling beauty of face—some to possess more exact symmetry of form; but, taking her all in all, such a union of happy qualities and rare loveliness, such an elegant mind inhabiting a temple worthy of its reception, and such heart warm with the sunshine that lighted up the whole face of her nature, I have never beheld as they existed in Emily Montagu. She was more the creature of dreams than what you might hope to meet with in actual embodiment.

I introduced my friend. He was now himself again, and did his part well. On our adieu, we received a pressing invitation to dine that day at the Villa Novati, which they were occupying for the season. "I have come abroad," said the colonel, "for a little while, because the physicians tell me it is a duty I owe my girl to prop up this tattering testament so long as I can. We see no company, so come early; I have a thousand questions to ask you, John. Farewell, Mr. Harley."

"Well! dear chock," said I, "as on our return we gaily ran up the lan stairs together, 'I'll always believe you to be a bit of a wizard after this. Thomas of Evesham, they say, could raise the dead, but you seem to possess spells to conjure up living.'"

"Jack, Jack," he replied, "it's all but a vision."

"No! I warrant you she is there in flesh and blood; but how hard some she is. I wonder I did not know her at once. She is not much changed; and Harley, you're a lucky dog. Never was man before so blessed in his angel-tameness. A votive shrine is the least you can give my memory when I've done with this breathing world. Come, come, all pretence is over now, and we are at least—"

"Now, begone," said he, smilingly. "But was not my finding her here, a thousand miles away, a marvel? Jack, you seem to know all about them; for our friendship's sake let me hear it. Come, I am all

impatience—Montagu, is out that the name!" and here he gabbled in a delightfully incoherent manner.

"De, de as Jack!" he continued, "let me have all. You are not disposed to be unkind. Could you read my heart, you would know that its every pulsation is here. But who is she—what is she? and the old father, what about him?"

"If you will only let me answer you one question at a time, or tell the tale in my own way, I am satisfied to impart it all to you. There, pull over that trunk, you can sit on it; or, I did not see it before, here's a seat; now assuage your own *chir*. You are very right, the name is Montagu."

"And the other?"

"Emily."

"Where do they live?"

"Nay, say, I'll not be catechised. You must allow me to speak as I will, or not at all. May I trouble you to take that *cravat* from me? Thank you! now, give me the towel—banker. How blent these *cravats* are. I say, Harley, have you any at your place over the way, wherever it is? do run, like a good fellow, for them. You will not be long, and we have a clear hour and a half yet; or if you will, I'll send Paolo for them."

"I cannot be so malicious long, nor do I much lend your provoking practical jokes; still, as it is the truth I shall confess it, I deeply love, for a while, a little—*Harley*—his eyes and soul waiting to drink to every syllable I should let fall, for what reason I was grasping of each word it had been quiet, he would have heard it outright for my babbling tongue would have run it over immediately for him, but now do what my better nature would to the contrary, I could not resist a little raillery."

"Well, will you get me the razors, and you shall bear every word of it! Tush, man, ever mind her! besides you have no chance, if she possesses any taste I know she will turn in preference."

"But when I beheld his tormented countenance, I forbore; he was so silent, and took it all so patiently, and seemed so to understand my pleasure, not to wait till it was over, that I gave up the ungracious task at once, or, I should rather say, with an occasional interruption."

"You shall hear it all, Harley. Are you acquainted with the road from town to Canterbury?"

"Yes, I have gone a hundred times."

"Ah! now we are getting to it. I wonder do they supply any hot water in this establishment, must do without it, *importe*—here, I've cut myself, all through your means, Harley."

"But about Canterbury?"

"You—yes! I was on the high road to it when you stopped me. You remember the little village of Ashton; it is midway between Chatham and the Kentish coast, and the fifty stiles which skirt the road for some miles; and the high Elizabethan gables and countless chimneys you get a peep of from the coach roof, they must have struck you. Ashton belongs to the Montagus, and Ashton-hall has been their residence for centuries."

"You know, Harley—but you don't know, for I ever told you—that my father, occupied, at one time, a high political post in India, under Cornwallis; he here met Colonel Montagu. They had been friends in Europe, they now became brothers in another hemisphere. The colonel's first wealth was won at the storming of the Mysore Sultan's capital. His subsequent brilliant career I have no time to relate, you will read of it in the despatches. When, heart-broken from the early loss of his wife, and worn out by care, and the climate, and fatigue, my poor parent died at Travancore, his friend was beside him who drew his last breath, and received from him, as a sacred legacy, his boy, to whom he vowed to be as a father."

"Notly he redeemed his promise. Unlike many around him, my father, disdaining pecuniary in any shape, had lived an honest man, and I suppose in consequence died a poor one. His effects, what they were, were converted into money, and invested in his orphan's name. Nay, more; recollecting that I had in England a wealthy uncle, this more than fitted prepared to take me to him, hoping that, as he was childless, he might adopt and make me his heir."

"Every thing had been arranged for the voyage, when a letter reached him with the news that he was now possessor of the Montagu estates. His elder brother, under the excitement of the chase, leaped a six-foot wall, which was his last leap, for horse and rider were found dead on the other side. He had led a bachelor life, and left none to mourn him. There was a frigid pompous funeral; mourning coaches came from all the country round; the village church was clad in black; a glowing sermon was pronounced by the family parson, and all was over."

"A happy time I had of it at the hall on our return to it, that is, before my uncle had determined whether he would receive me or not. How many days have I spent under those ooble park trees, or gone a-courting to the woods with the old butler! It was from feelings of duty, and regarding the right of so near a relative as sacred, that the colonel made application to him; and I am satisfied he would have rejoiced the more had I been left altogether with him."

"You have now the whole story, Harley. Miss Montagu I have not seen for eight or two years, nor do I think I should have known her in other company than her father's; yet you saw how kindly she saluted me. Go on and pray; if ever girl had a warm devoted heart it is Emily." We were interrupted by the onset of heavy feet and the bumping of ponderous articles of furniture against the walls, as they moved them up the stairs.

"Hillo! new arrivals, I suppose!"

Harley looked out.

"No, only my luggage; I bid them bring it here, and they are only now removing it. Thanks, thanks, evermore Jack. I must now, as fast as I can, make my toilet. When you have finished come up to me."

Half an hour saw me viewing myself very complacently in the large mirror, and another thirty minutes Harley and myself in a one-horse cabriolet moving along towards the Villa Nuova. Our *veturino* I had directed to be in readiness, and, to do him justice, he gave us no more than the usual amount of delay. At first he kept to the same route which we had taken in our walk; then diverged from it; then by some crossing road returned to it; and at last, to our amazement, pulled up in front of the villa, in the grounds of which we had sat down to rest.

"Mystery of mysteries!" said my companion, "where will all this perplexing wonderment end?"

We were kindly welcomed. My introduction of Harley, and the knowledge of the deep-seated friendship between us, was enough to save him from any stiffness of reception at the hands of the colonel or Miss Montagu. We had no idle parade, no chilling formality to encounter; and cheering lit, after wandering far among strangers, to find yourself with those of your own country once more. The evening passed off quickly and joyfully. I had unnumbered reminiscences of old times to speak about. Harley's profession brought him near the colonel, but I could detect every of a distrustful look and manner which enabled me to read his heart. At length took a reluctant leave at a late, or rather an early hour, and returned to our home as usual.

Next day we gave a morning call, and, continually, day after day, was one or another excuse to readiness for our visiting our kind friends at the villa. Sometimes it was to form a party to the sights of the city; sometimes to join in an excursion to the delightful Vale of Arno; then Col. Montagu was often ailing, and it was necessary to inquire for him, or only kind to sit with the old man, and amuse him by talking or reading when he was unable himself to move about. When we came so amiable as when under that most humanizing influence of deep and tender *paeles*? Even in my eyes Harley ever before appeared so attractive, and soon from "your friend," he was alone spoken of at the villa as "our friend."

I felt no qualms of conscience on account of what I was doing. Emily, I could plainly see, was not insensible to his worth, nor could I else than rejoice in the rising feeling of interest wherewith she regarded him. I knew him to be worthy of her hand, and I knew that his whole mind was filled with the one omnipotent thought of being accepted by her. Walking or sleeping, from the moment he had casually beheld her at the opera, no other idea engrossed him—such is the folly, such the sincerity of a first passion!

I had no startling incident to relate of heroism on the part of my friend, whereby he was enabled to evidence the strength and slowness of his love, nor shall I venture any to embellish the whole of whose claims must rest upon its truth. But if ever *eremite*, gradually ripening from day to day, can supply the place of those feelings of gratitude which such an event must awaken, then was not Harley a sufferer from the want of this opportunity. A belief formed to be loved, no wonder his attention was attracted to the police of an affectionate romantic girl.

At length matters were hurried to a crisis. Harley's love of absence was to expire in a fortnight; and the visible emotion with which Emily received the news, if it made the colonel anxiously question himself about my friend's slowness, left him in at least no doubt with respect to the state of his daughter's heart.

"John," said he to me, as on the following day we took a stroll together to the river's banks, "I have feared yesterday how every moment boding myself of my gross forgetfulness of a father's duty. The feelings of your friend for Miss Montagu, if I had not been perturbed, I might have read long ago; and were these tidings of his departure have come, it is plain to me that my girl reciprocates them too warmly for her peace of mind. But there is no one in fault except myself. Tell me more about this Harley; his bearing is gallant, is it not? or is he the faded creature of a poet's fiction, a master engaged to by him, as others, for *deaf*? Soldiers' wives, I am sorry to say, are lightly spoken, and sometimes slightly broken also."

"I satisfied the old man. "In birth, colonel, he is her equal; in fortune he is not behind her; and in the purity of his affections deserving even of such a being." I said much more and soothed his agitation as well as I could, for the thick drops of agony and fear were gathering at his brows, and he seemed to listen to me as to one who was alloting to him a portion of life or death.

And Emily—how fared it with her? If her father had such sad and conflicting thoughts, how far shared she in them? Sometimes she deemed Harley's attentions only the courtly manners of the polished man of the world. Then, there was something of tenderness in that mild eye, which bespoke sincerity, and the softness of voice with which he would come alone addressed her told more than the most eloquent pleading. Oh! how she did love him when such memories came to her. Then her father! If Harley were sincere, could she ever forgive herself this deception? She would fly to the old man, and ask his counsel and protection; but then, how could she owe her love, when, after all, Harley might be only simulating? It would be unreasonably, and she could not do it.

Emily was to be pitied; losing, idolizing her father as she did, this was a cruel trial to her. Her only consolation from him—it was ungenerous, it was unkind, and she felt it keenly. The reserve which sits so lightly upon the heart, when the world has driven it back upon itself, and taught it the stern necessity for dissembling, is a pain and a burden in the days of

our happy inexperience. Confidence in early youth is a natural impulse; it is only when we are deceived and wounded we begin to deny our real feelings and assume false ones. We diplomatise in our self-defence and gradually cease accusing ourselves for doing so; in the halcyon play of life, if we wear no mask, we only attract ridicule for being unlike the rest.

At length all reasons for reserve were swept away: Harley was obliged to prepare for his departure. A few days before his leaving he found means to atone his love, and was surprised, as most men are in such cases, to discover the lady knew it long before. He set out after a passionate adieu, and returned to England the accepted lover of Emily Montagu.

CHAPTER III.

"These pleasures
End in delusion."—*PLAUTUS*, BY SHILLLEY.

I must now hurry on matters, else my tale may become tedious. What remains did not pass under my own observation, but I heard it immediately after its occurrence, and can consequently detail it with tolerable accuracy.

Harley returned to England; the Montagus, whose tour was nearly completed, followed soon; while I, who had the world all before me—and a boundless man might roam from Chamouni to China, without caring exactly where to rest—continued my solitary stroll through the Tuscan duke's territories. Thence passing southward to the papal states, I for a while made the eternal city my head quarters; but tiring of it went on to Naples, where I spent a glorious three months, and where I was when the remainder of my Italian tale took place.

I had frequently letters from Harley and two or three from Colonel Montagu. I was pained to hear that the health of the latter was each day declining; he had received some benefit from his continental tour, but his love of home, like the Swiss's *heimweh*, had urged him to return. "I had now only one wish," he wrote to me, "to see my child settled in life; so soon as this marriage takes place I shall be in content, and shall close my eyes in peace." They were all staying at Ashton, but were to come up to town in the winter for medical advice.

Winter came on, and one day the post brought me tidings that all arrangements were completed. A day was mentioned for which the marriage was fixed, and I was strongly entreated to give up my lonely habits and be present. Harley positively adding in a P.S.—

"Come, my dear Jack, if it were only to give me away. I do not know how to get through the awful ceremony without you, and as you began to think I can with justice call on you to see me fairly over the business. My Emily joins and begs you for old time's sake to be here. Mind, we take no excuse."

So I was preparing to set out, and had applied for my passport, when I was seized with a malaria fever, which left me scarcely strength and intelligence to write to my friends excusing myself on some other plea, and entreating that everything should go on without me.

Three weeks of languishing, two of madness, and the last of nervous excitement, so distressing that the Italian leech despaired of my recovery. Yet I struggled through it, slowly to be sure, but successfully, and the first ass I made of returning strength was to creep along towards England to witness and rejoice in the happiness of my friends. I had heard nothing from them since the date of my illness, when I wrote to excuse myself.

There is nothing for the languid sick man so beneficial as this passing from place to place. The isolation of the dreary hours of suffering is exchanged for the consciousness of healthful and bounding life; and days of pleasant journeying, and nights of refreshing repose, take the place of those seasons of dreadful tediousness, in which we say in the morning, would that it were even; and at even would that it were morning!

I have been obliged to make this Introduction, for my sickness prevented my witnessing what is to follow. I shall put together the details of it as well as I can, though this must be imperfectly, and shall now resume the proper narrative form.

I have said every arrangement had been completed for the coming union. Gay dresses were purchased, a handsome travelling carriage was just finished, the usual legal settlements made, the person was noticed, and the old clerk of St. George's had begun to speculate upon the handsome fee that awaited him. In other words, the day before that fixed for the marriage had come round.

A number of relations were come to them for the occasion, and the town residence of the Montagus was full as it might well be. A happy dinner party they had of it that day, though dashed at times with looks of seriousness and momentary legal settlements, for the partners consequent upon such occasions take away from them a great deal and their joy. Night came, they separated, and the rejoicing lover returned to his barracks, believing that on the morrow he was to claim his winsome bride.

"Harley! Harley!" said the colonel, "you have gained a warm heart, may you know how to keep it."

But why did the old man's lip tremble and his voice falter and fail, when Emily came to him that night for her farewell kiss and blessing? Far away at first were his thoughts then, in a burning land where beneath the shadow of the palm tree her mother's cold form had been laid. He remembered a similar wish, and charges like what he had

given Harley given to himself about that precious one, but that they availed him not to keep her from the destroyer. And now there was to be a new separation, and who could will what exchange Emily was to make! Man was uncertain, and she was to leave him for this stranger.

"Yet would it not be selfish," said he, when he reached his own room and had closed the door—"would it not be selfish of me to have it otherwise? I should soon leave her behind me and alone in the world; how blessed the certainty that she has found a protector!"

"Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" said one speaking by the voice of inspiration, and adopting imagery drawn from the knowledge of the human heart at once just and perfect. When the family separated for the evening, Emily, with all a maiden's fondness for gay clothing, and with her poor little heart throbbing with joy and anxiety for the day that was fast coming round, went to her room to give her last look over to the wedding garments which were there laid out in profusion. An hour or more was occupied in this harmless pleasure and she half-blissed as she caught herself looking very often in the glass, "wondering what Charles will say to this new bonnet!" or "how shall I twine this ringlet?" Time moved on; she had no inclination for sleep, so bidding Louise, her Swiss servant, leave some water that she might bathe her feet in, and then go to rest, she drew her chair over to the fire, and taking up a book began to read.

It was a curious old German romance, abounding in the mysticism so characteristic of that singular nation. Her mind wandered, and with her greatest efforts could she succeed in getting through it connectedly, yet it was suited to her mood in this respect as every page contained fragments of stalling thought rather than a closely woven and continuous history. There was in it the strength of a powerful intellect blended with extreme credulity and superstition. She would sometimes, when caught by an idea whose wildness raised it almost to sublimity, rest her head upon her open hand, and ponder what she might begeth to bear more closely upon the writer's meaning. One of these remarks was to the effect, that on occasions which are epochs in our history, from their elegant blessing or misfortune, the dead who live us wander back from their spirit-land that they may be near to witness our happiness or relieve our woe. She breathed quick as she read it, and moaned out soon or twice the word "Moths!" and glanced around her inquiringly as if she expected her eye would somewhere encounter that loved form. It was expectation, and yet it was dread, the longing for the sight of one so dear, and the mortal shrinking from a visitant fresh from the earthy grave.

She laid aside the volume: it had made her nervous and agitated—"why had she taken it up at all!" and going over, (according to a custom she had also herself,) she looked at her clock and looked out on the night. The moon was sailing high, through diffusing masses of watery vapour, lighting up the heavens in her own immediate neighbourhood, but leaving all the rest in gloom. Here and there a few stars were to be seen; and though the angry clouds continually swept them away, yet in the intervals she could discover them again shining on with pale and ineffable light. In the square before her, the lamps burned faintly and far between; many of them had been extinguished by the strong sudden gusts, while those that remained flickered and were swayed to and fro by the driving wind. The trees in the enclosure tossed wildly about their cumbersome arms, and, bereft of their foliage, added to the dreariness of the scene. Still it was cooling to her throbbing temples to let that breeze sweep past her; nor heeded she the rain drops, heavy and thick, it sometimes brought with it, and dashed against her face and nose. On the opposite side of the square, high up in a tall house, a single tap was buzzing; it was some company to her, and she was glad to see it there. But she wondered what it was they were doing in that room; were they keeping their vigils by a sick bed, or was it some torturing conscience which could not rest, or some quiet student denying himself the blessing enjoyed by the poorest of his kind? Her busy fancy framed a hundred different scenes, upon which that jet of flame might be looking down.

In the remote building, far away over a wilderness of building, she could see the grey dints of morning beginning to break out; so, hastily closing the window, she returned to the table where she had been reading, and prepared now to seek the rest her exhausted body and mind both required.

If there had been a volume in exercise, was there none to compose? A silver-clasped Bible which lay near her she now took up, and read in it for a little while. It was so encouraging and soothing, and so full of immortal promise, that all anxieties and fears at once fled away. Then she knelt down, and from those pure lips the names dear to her heart were named in earnest and faithful supplication.

It was a sight for angels. That young spiritual head—those looks commingled with the skies—that slight and delicate, and exquisitely moulded form—that fire of thought kindled at so earthly shrine—that holy mind from which the world and worldly things were all excluded!

A last employment she had made of it on earth; yet was it well to bid the world such an adieu, and find something in exalted hope to remove the agony and bitterness of parting.

Her visions ended—the last she used, the last she needed—she had partially undressed, when she recollected the water Louise had been ordered to leave, and which was now scarcely tepid, so unconsciously she been of the passing away of time. "Ha, well thought of!" was her remark, as she took a light from the dressing table, and laid it on the floor by the side of the washing vessel. She then brought over a chair,

set down, lifted a foot to place it in the water—that movement was a fatal one! The wavy folds of the poor girl's dress caught the candle-flame, and shrieking with terror, she ran to the door for help, and pulled it open. There, if possible, the current of air made matters worse; and while the alarmed family rushed from their different rooms to her assistance, the night-wind blowing over the balustrades and along the corridor soon enveloped her in one sheet of flame. It at last subsided. Medical aid was procured, London provided its best; and all was done that was possible, but in vain. Some vital part had been injured, and on the third day she expired.

Here I would willingly pause. It gives me no pleasure to refer to things which, in mercy, I was spared witnessing, or to revive memories that have long since, in all probability, passed away from every one upon earth beside. But I find my story will be too fragmentary, if I here break off; and I will not leave it incomplete, since I have brought my reader along with me so far.

In the morning, true to his time, at an early hour the intended husband came. His hopes were at last to be realized, all his bright anticipations were now to receive their accomplishment, and love's young dream was playing its enchantment with his soul.

He knocked. "Why was there a muffle on the knocker? and those blinds were withdrawn—was he right in the house?" He walked some paces back and looked up. "Yes! he was quite right, but what could be; something had gone wrong with his forthcoming heart whispered, 'since he left the place not a half dozen hours before.'"

The door was at last—how long they were!—opened, and in the terrified look of the domestic he read his doom.

"In Heaven's name, what's the matter?" gasped poor Harley.

"Collin's, who is sick—dead!"

Whatever answer he got, he burst up stairs with a wild cry of terror: so announcement, so expectation would be waited for—He would know the worst, and speak to her himself. The family met him on the outside of the room, and endeavored to bear him away; but he broke through them, and with an hysterical laugh asked, "Would they keep him from his bride?"

And moodily and furdly did he seat him down by her side. They were one in heart; and though the priest spoke not over them the church benediction, they felt, as lastingly in affection. She was glad to see him; and exquisite as were her sufferings, not even these could distract her love. She constantly murmured over his name; and in all the after-wanderings of her senses, "poor, poor Charles!" was a sound they could easily detect in the midst of broken and incoherent ravings.

And was she resigned to die—she who had promised herself only now to live? She was. One strong with alone possessed her, and it was this, that her betrothed's heart should be reconciled to the awful change. In her intervals of reason she spoke to him gently and quietly about her departure. She even gave him some directions for her burial, which he religiously fulfilled, and entreated him to submit as a man with fortitude, as a Christian with hope.

She died, as I said before, on the third day. When I reached England it had been all over long ago, and had even been the current gossip of the metropolis; even the newspapers did not care any "particulars," and the world went on quietly and pleasantly, as if no such thing had happened. So speedily the current of life the voyager sinks, and the bubbles of his drowning agony soon pass away; nor ever tells the smooth surface what hideous sights may be seen beneath, and what deeds have been done by those rolling waves. And the gay and the venturesome put not in their well-lipped backs; with swelling sail and flaunting pennon they at first move on, but surely in the end cometh the self-same destiny; and, encountering it, they receive at the hands of their fellows just the same amount of sympathy they were ready themselves to impart.

A double funeral on the same day entered the graves of Ashton churchyard. They were so loving in their lives in death were not divided. The father and child rest there together, and the family vault received at once the last lingering remnants of a long line. Shall I not say—they sleep well?

Harley I found at an obscure fishing village of Devonshire. He was calm, very calm, and quiet; the strong hand of grief had tamed him, and every wild pulsation of life had subsided. He was a gentle, true man; I could do with him exactly as I pleased; and at times he would talk to me with something of his former animation; where, as it were, surprised with his own cheerfulness, he would pause in the midst of a sentence, and in the fitful uncertainty of grief, leave it unfinished. "She was not dead," he would say—"he was going up to town to meet her, and he married. That was a cruel story those unbellying people were spreading abroad!" Then his eyes would fill up his own mournful ring, and the dreamer's cup be dashed in a moment to the ground.

At last, one day he told me he had made up his mind to leave England, and for ever. His sky was a pall,—its memories too overpowering for a heart so crushed and riven as his own. I did not oppose his wish, for I saw the springs of life so evidently loosening where he was, that any change must be for the better. Italy he might not go to; but just then was the glorious struggle made by the Greeks for their liberty, and he told me he would devote whatever military skill he possessed to their cause. He did so, and not only that, but munificently contributed his pecuniary means; and I have reason to know that some of the earliest successes which infused the confidence of victory into the national mind,

are due to the heroic daring of the one I have described under the name of Harley.

I was acquainted with many of our Pill-Hellenic countrymen: some were my own private friends; others I sought out because of Harley's jostling himself to them. But very different motives from his had led them to the battle-fields of that interesting land: they had been looking for glory; but I knew, had gone to seek a grave, and he found it. In that desperate night-attack at Lasi, where Mark Boszaris with a band of men nearly cut to pieces a whole Turkish army, Harley was a volunteer. When the Greek leader fell, he endeavored to rally the disgraced Soteres, and discharging to retire with them, slew by one blow they might finish the whole campaign, he was cut down by a Mirdas scimitar; and then that broken heart found its coveted repose, and a soldier's grave to rest in.

Long, long after, I happened at Constantinople to suggest, out of very limited knowledge of medicine, some simple but efficacious remedy for the ague to an old Mussulman in whose house I lodged. In his attitude he not only would not receive any remuneration from me while I remained in the city, but on my leaving, gave me a valuable diamond, and an ornament which he said once belonged to one of my countrymen, for which reason he thought I might value it. He would not tell me how it came into his possession. It was a ring, and one glance told me it had been Harley's. If I needed any confirmation, I found it in the inscription on the inner circumference—

"LOVE'S MEMORY, C. H."

If you should ever go to Ashton, you will find the chance of its little church filled with monuments of the ancient house of Montagu. There are altar-tombs of airy fretted work, as if the cunning hand of the sculptor had learned to weave the stone, not carve it. And there are coesons of faded marble, whereon repose the warriors of the Crusades, each with his lady by his side—with hands no more grasping sword-blades or pole-arms, but meekly joined together in prayer. And again, here than there are plenty of the times of Charles and James. You will know them by the peaked beard, and short ruff, the padded hose, and ruffled sandals. But if you look for poor Emily's memorial, you will find it in the wall adjoining the pulpit. It is no more than a small slab of marble relieved by a black ground, and it bears nothing besides her name, her age, and a sentence in French. This last was a sore puzzle to the worthy villagers; it even baffled the schoolmaster, and in consequence was regarded with awe on account of its sublimity. Casual visitors, to be sure, read and understood it, and often wondered that an English girl should have this continental inscription over her; but they did not know her history. It had been placed there by her own dying direction to Harley, and was the same her father was deciphering to her when we first found them at Santa Croce.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.—Charles Lamb was at one part of his life ordered to the sea-side for the benefit of bathing; but not possessing strength of nerve sufficient to throw himself into the water, he necessarily yielded his small person up to the direction of two men, an "impulse him." One morning, having prepared for immersion, he placed himself, not without trepidation between these officials, meaning to give the previously requisite instructions which his particular case required, but from the very agitated state he was in, from terror of what he might possibly suffer from a "sea change," his unfortunate impediment of speech became greater than usual, and this infirmity prevented his directions being as prompt as was necessary. Standing, therefore, with a man at either elbow, he began, "I-I-I'm to be di-lipped!" The men answered the ready instructions with a ready "Yes, sir," and in they tossed him! As soon as he rose, and could regain a portion of his lost breath, he stammered out as before, "I-I-I'm to be di-lipped!" Another hearty "Yes, sir," and down he went a second time. Again he rose, and then with a struggle (to which the men were too much used on such occasions to heed) he made an effort for freedom; but, not succeeding, he articulated as at first, "I-I-I'm to be di-lipped!" "Yes, sir," and to the bottom he went again! When Lamb rising for the third time to the surface, shouted out with desperate energy, "O o only once."

SONNET.

She took the veil,—'twas at the vesper hour,
When day was gently melting into night,
When Earth's fair features fade from human sight,
'Twas then she took the veil—farewell her bowers,
Farewell home, friends!—as some transplanted flower
In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
So she is left from every dear delight,—
She from Love's sunshine, she from life's soft shower
She took the veil, nor did she shake, nor blench—
She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
Upon her every motion anxiously;
Silently awhile he stood. She took the veil!
Then loud he cried, "Pollicemen, here's a wench
Shoplifting, take the customer to jail!"

A crack-brained fellow, who was slighted by the females, once asked a young lady, "if she would consent to his spending the evening with him." "No," she angrily replied, "that I won't." "Why, you needn't be so fussy; I did not mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I couldn't go any where else."

New-York:

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN PAUL, G. W. BROWN, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

We shall never know what freedom of speech means in this country, till the newspapers are free. And by this we do not mean until the newspapers are free to do wrong; free to slander whom they will, without fear and without reproach—free to fling about lighted thunderbolts in a powder-magazine—free to do mischief, and make trouble: but free to express their opinions honestly and fearlessly, upon subjects of importance to the welfare of the People.

Men are respected for the very reason that they differ from the multitude about them. Their honesty is not to be questioned. He who steps aside from the great unthinking, wayward, pushing, crowding and hurrying mass, that he may see for himself and judge for himself, deserves, and if honest and able, must always receive, the hearty co-operation of the People, whenever they have time to think for themselves. Then it is that such men are wanted. Every-day men will do for every-day business. But when the skies blacken over head—when the earth staggers under our feet—when the thunders and the lightning-roll and flash about us—then are your every-day men overlooked and forgotten. The strong of heart—the few and the fearless—the Men who have thought for themselves, while acting for others—the men who have stood apart for most of their lives in the turmoil and strife, the hurry and confusion of the world—these men find all eyes turned upon them, as by common consent, and are borne into their pre-appointed places of dominion, as by a ground swell from the deepest ocean of thought among the people. Great men are not to be distinguished from little men upon ordinary occasions. George Washington wore his hat and carried his pocket-handkerchief, just as other people do. Nor are great men always great. They are only great upon great occasions. In a street scuffle or a boxing match—in a row at the theatre—or before a police magistrate—Napoleon Bonaparte, or Chief Justice Marshall, would be eclipsed by many a blackguard of the prize-ring or the law-shop.

And how are these great men to be made? There is but one way under heaven. By allowing them freedom of speech. For freedom of speech implies freedom of thought—and freedom of thought leads to freedom of action. Stop the speech of a man and you stop his breath. Stop his breath forever—and what do you more than stop his speech?

These things are felt and acknowledged to be true—save where newspapers and the opinions of newspapers are concerned. In the British Parliament—in the French Chamber of Deputies—in the American Congress—yes, even in the Polish and Hungarian Diets, freedom of speech is looked upon as the only safeguard for the people; a right, of such priceless worth, as never to be questioned, where Liberty is understood or cared for.

So in the tribunals of justice—even there, it is the privilege of the People, that no man shall be called to account elsewhere for what he says there. Freedom of speech is to the administration of justice, what the life-blood of man is to his bodily strength, understanding and health. Deny to Man the freedom of speech—and his heart stops; the life-blood stagnates forever throughout the whole "crimson labyrinth" of God's image.

So with the pulpit. Who would care for a ministry, without freedom of speech? Who would sit—any where but in the Hollis Street Church of Boston—under the teachings of a man,

afraid to speak the truth, or forbidden to speak what he believed to be the truth? Who would have such a hireling ministry? Who would endure such prophecy of "smooth things?"

And just so it is in all the business of common life. The man who differs from us honestly, and speaks his mind fearlessly, upon all proper occasions, is the man we all respect, and often reverence, however much we may differ with him.—Whether it be in a judgment of men or of things, in politics or religion, it makes no difference; we never withhold our approbation, so long as he is faithful to himself. We do not refuse to hny our shoes of him—our calicoes—or our bread. We do not pass by him, to employ an inferior workman, when we want a house built or furnished or a ship rigged, a case argued, or a wife hurried. We do not stop to ask whether he belongs to the same Church, or whether he had anything to do with the election of President Tyler.

In all these cases, we never dream of requiring that others shall agree with us in opinion upon everything—or even in many things. The only question is, and the only question ought to be, that which Thomas Jefferson stated of yore—is he honest? is he able?

Others may be as honest as he who has the courage to be alone, with everything to fear, and nothing to hope, from a manly acknowledgment of his opinions. But how are others to prove it. With the whole world on their side, they have nothing to fear. With the whole world against him, who but a man of unquestionable integrity will venture to speak the truth; or what he believes to be the truth? Well then, they who go against the multitude, are likelier to be honest than they who go with them. But are they likely to be able?—That is another and a much more serious question. But a question, nevertheless, which is answered by all history, and all experience. Great men are never found thinking or acting with the multitude. They are always ahead of the People—or, in the language of Scripture, they are wiser in their generation. Were it not so, the world would stop where it is, and stay there for ever. There would be an end of all enquiry, of all experiment, of all change. The nations would rot around their burial places. The cradle and the tomb would be one and the same thing: cities and sepulchres would be peopled alike, with the living and the dead.

Freedom of speech, therefore, should be granted to all, for the sake of all. It should be everywhere encouraged for the sake of Mankind—if not for the sake of individuals. Bad as it may be for the few to have their first-born stifled in their birth; had as it must undoubtedly would be for the man himself, not to be allowed to think and breathe freely, and speak fearlessly, it is altogether worse for Mankind that he should not. The privilege of speaking freely in the Halls of Legislation, in the courts of justice, in the pulpit,—is not the privilege of the Men who speak there, so much as it is the privilege of those who sit below and listen afar off. The People wrong themselves therefore, when they try to discourage those who differ from them in opinion. At the best, they are planting thistles and thorns for themselves and their children's children—offering prizes for hypocrisy and falsehood and bounties for every other second-rate virtue of the day.

Apply all this to the treatment a newspaper receives at our hands, when it ventures to disagree with us, not always, but sometimes, in opinion, we give it up. We abandon it in a rage. And what are the consequences? We are never sure of hearing the truth from a newspaper. And if not from a newspaper, from what else under heaven could we hope to hear the truth, if we should pursue a similar course? That friend which comes to us regularly, day by day—which is found upon our breakfast

table—upon our counting-room desk—in our office—in our bed-chamber—and everywhere indeed: that friend we make a flatterer of, and then, having spoiled him, go about complaining that newspapers are not to be depended on. And why not?—Whose fault is it? But for you, sir, and others like you, newspapers would speak the truth and find their account in speaking the truth. Would you quarrel with your best friend because he did not happen to agree with you about the character and purpose of John Tyler, the President of these United States? About those movements in Ireland—or the character of Daniel O'Connell?—About Father Miller or the Sandwich Isles? Why any more, than if he disagreed with you about whether the comet did or did not run into the sun to-day—and get snubbed, as they swear he did in Philadelphia? Then why quarrel with a newspaper you like and have always liked, simply because it has had respect enough for your understanding to speak the truth to your face? Why not be manly with it, and encourage its manliness? Why not thank the editor for daring to have an opinion of his own; and for expressing it boldly though he knew it was not your opinion?

Do not understand by all this, that we mean to argue in favor of those who are *always* pretending to be wiser than other people, and in *everything*. It does not follow because a man differs from everybody else, that he is *therefore* honest and abler than everybody else. Heaven forbid! It only follows, that if *honest* he ought to be encouraged, and if *able*, listened to; and that, other circumstances being equal, he who goes not with, but against the multitude, is likely to be honest and abler than his neighbors; just as the man who, on being questioned, under oath, professes a religious belief, which disqualifies him in a court of justice, and disgraces him elsewhere, *thereby* proves himself to be trustworthy, while they who swallow the oath, without winking, however honest they may be, have no opportunity of proving their honesty. And just as he, who, when all the world are hurrying one way, has the strength and courage to stop—and steer another, *proves* beyond all question, that he has some *qualities* of the understanding which the others may not have.

Encourage liberty of speech therefore! Encourage it in your Halls of Legislation! Encourage it in your Temples of Justice—in your churches—in your lecture rooms—in all the business of life—but above all, in your *newspapers*! Your newspapers are the mightiest preachers of earth. They are more numerous, more active, and more listened to; and with them—liberty of speech is everything; not everything for *them*, for they can get along, and do get along, as you may see, and prosper all the better, and grow all the richer sometimes, for not being permitted to think for themselves, or to speak above their breath; but *everything* for you—everything for your children—everything for your Country—everything for Mankind!

Bear with them then, as you would with your best and dearest friends where you find them able and honest; and instead of striking off your name from the subscription list, because they disagree with you in some great leading opinion of the day. Up with you in your strength! and call to them to cry aloud and spare not! and because they have had the courage to disagree with you, and the honesty to acknowledge it—down with your name for two copies—or a dozen if you can afford it—for such a paper may be depended on, and is therefore *always* worth having.

FREE CHURCH.—FREE SEATS.—We are glad to hear that a number of Churches are adopting the principle of free pews. The South Baptist Church in Naasau, between Fulton and John streets, is now open for the accommodation of individuals wishing to attend upon the ordinances of Religion. Persons will be in attendance every Sabbath, and on the weekly evening Lectures, to provide comfortable seats for all who attend.

BEAR UP!

„Denn die Noth am höchsten, ist die Hülfe am nächsten.“
Gethé.

Everywhere, among every people, kindred and tongue, some proverb, or maxim, or saying will be found, amounting in substance to our brave old Saxon words of encouragement—*The darkest time of night is just before day.* When need is highest, help is nearest, say the Germans.

The conclusion is not to be avoided. Men have found comfort in these sayings. *Therefore* they must have been satisfied of their truth. Everywhere, then, among every people, kindred and tongue, since the foundations of the earth were laid, men, women and children, have learned to *bear up*. They have always found—*always*—that when they are deserted of all the world, overborne by trial and suffering, or shame and sorrow—and literally without hope, or with no other hope than that which grows out of past experience, forgotten for a while in the stir and bustle of business, *then* help may be nearest—nay, that our greatest help *never* comes but in our hardest trials.—Nor can it ever be otherwise. No help, from earth or heaven, would be acknowledged or *felt*, which did not happen to arrive just at the time of our uttermost fear and tribulation. That, indeed, which we are in the habit of enjoying daily and hourly, is neither help nor comfort; nor do we ever think of calling it so. We must be *troubled* before we can be comforted. We must *want* before we can be *helped*. Take a moment for thought, and say if this be not so. In health, what care we for health? At liberty, with the free sky bending over us—the free wind blowing about us—and the happy birds flashing by us—what care we for the blessings of liberty? That, therefore, which, under the every-day circumstances of life, we suffer to pass by like the “idle wind which we regard not”—becomes, however worthless or trivial of itself—an acknowledged blessing, under the trials of life. A breath of air—a drop of cold water—a mouthful of bread—becomes a blessing indeed. Something to be prayed for, to be wept for, and to be remembered for life.

Here is a man at our elbow, whose little child, a girl of three, fell from a two story window yesterday, upon a stone pavement; a dear, little, bright playful thing, such as you would go a mile to romp with. She was taken up for dead. But, after a careful examination, there was not a bruise nor a scratch to be found upon her whole body. To day she is well. And the father speaks of her now with tears in his eyes—his heart, you can see, is brim full and running over—his thankfulness, unspeakable. And why? Because, when need was greatest, help was nearest. *God spared the child.* Think you the man is not happier—and better to day—than he was yesterday, with that little child, the joy of his heart, clambering up his knees and getting her little arms about his neck and half smothering him with kisses? Is there no advantage in these things?—Take our word for it—bound as we are by a thousand ties to all the blessings of life—we only feel the cord that is tugged at, or the tie that is broken.

ATTENTION THE WHOLE!—God has furnished every human being with a set of machinery for the preservation of his health. And all that God asks of him in return, is, a faithful employment of that machinery, and a thankful heart? Is he a hard Task-master? Has Man a hard bargain? Let us see. God has helped him to legs—and arms—and eyes and ears—and lungs and voice. Had he given to every man a horse, and to every woman a pair of wings; and to every living creature, that walks the earth in his image, a musical instrument perfectly adapted to his powers and wants and wishes; and opened up a

fountain of health at every man's door, and of happiness in every child's heart; and had the men refused to get into the saddle—had the women refused to fly—had the children taken to sulking in a corner—had all run away from these fountains of health, and shut their eyes, stopped their ears—and their noses too, faith! for some do—what would be said of them?—What would such people deserve at the hands of their Heavenly Father?

And yet—mind ye—*Attention the whole!* These very things you are all guilty of—even the wisest and best of you. Have you not legs of your own—horses furnished and caparisoned, and set apart for you, at birth? Why don't you use them then? why don't you leap and walk? You have wings too—or the women have—for they may go whither they will, as they prove to us every day of their lives, and do whatsoever they will, without saying, "by your leave"—and yet they are satisfied with lolling about, and lounging and idling through the warm weather, instead of flying—why, in the name of all that is wonderful! don't they fly into the country? with their own wings, mind ye, not with the wings of a steamboat or carriage and four. Why don't they plunge into the open sea?—or at least into the open air? They have fountains of health at their very doors—why don't they bathe and be whole? Why don't they go down into them when they are troubled of the angels, and be happy? In other words, why don't they get up at a reasonable hour—and every day, too, instead of occasionally, and take a plunge in cold water, fresh or salt, and the colder the better, or peaceable stroll, afoot or on horseback, where the winds are in earnest, and the weather enough to lift them off their feet in thanksgivings? Do they not know or have they never been told—that it is a cooler and pleasanter business to walk, or ride in the open air—than to lie half asleep on a sofa, in an over-furnished dining-room or a snug little bed-chamber?

And yet—mind ye—they must not get up too early, nor walk too far. And the more children they have with them the better—for more reasons than one. Would ye live for ever? Up with you then! that's your only chance. Up with you!

Observe—we are not recommending Broadway for a stroll, nor the fashionable shops, for a lounging-place; nor would we insist upon people going full dressed, anywhere—at this season. All we ask is, that they, and their wives and their little ones, will be good enough to open their eyes—and their ears—and their mouths—and set a portion at least of that wonderful machinery in play which God has lent them for life, upon these conditions, and these only; that they shall take care of it—and of themselves—and not forget the OWNER.

P. S.—You have heard of what is called the Creation. How should you like to have been there? Perhaps you would like to see one for yourself. Get up, for once, before daylight; watch the coming forth of the sun. See a new world bursting upon you from the darkness—and then go to bed again, if you like. That such things are, you may depend, whatever you may suppose to the contrary—ask your milkman else, or your strawberry-girl.

APPEARANCES.—Didn't I tell you so! His eyes were fixed upon that ragged cuff. How could you hope to succeed! No, no, my friend—you must change your hat—borrow a better surcoat—and call on him in pleasant weather just after you know he has had a good dinner. Depend upon it, if you want a favor as much as you say, the worst method in the world, even with the most generous and free-hearted, is to show you want it.—"Affect a virtue, if you have it not." Be manly and frank.—Say it would oblige you—and nothing more—though you are dying to go upon your knees to anybody that will save you from disgrace, and your little ones from starvation. In other words,

always keep up appearances. If you are in distress for a dollar, let no man know it for your life—not even the best friend you have on earth. Ten to one if you do, he offers you a twenty-five cent piece and the rest in bows; when, had you asked him for fifty dollars, he might have urged you to take a hundred. Never sell yourself at much less than your market value. In other words—keep up appearances. If you are poor and wretched and miserable and friendless—let nobody suspect the truth, if you can help it; or you are lost. Better fling your last dollar into the street, with an air, than be suspected of poverty or of shabbiness.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.—That Earth, Air and Sea are full of shadowless creatures, having more or less to do with the dwellers of earth and the business of earth, is a prevailing and beautiful superstition, throughout the world. Superstition! said we!—But why superstition? How know we that such creatures are not real, ever-present, whispering intelligences, appointed to everlasting companionship with Man, and to the guardianship of the blessed that still abide upon the earth?

DR. CARPENTER—his DENIAL of the plagiarism attributed to him in the *Brother Jonathan* of June 3d—and the hasty inter-meddling of his friends here.

We have just gone over the evidence against Dr. Carpenter, in the pamphlet of Doctor Paine; and really, much as we might be disposed to believe any friend of Dr. Carpenter, who takes upon himself to say that that gentleman has denied the authorship of the article in question, where the "*Remarks on John Hunter*" are stolen, in the lump, from Dr. Channing's "*Remarks on the Life and Character of John Milton*," we cannot—the thing is impossible—we cannot believe that Dr. Carpenter ever has denied, or ever will deny the charge is good faith; and by this we mean, without shuffling or evasion, and in a straight forward manly fashion. We go further. We say he must not. The proofs to be found in Dr. Paine's pamphlet, are, when taken together, absolutely conclusive: provided only—that Dr. Carpenter did, in fact, write what he acknowledged. For, it so happens that what he acknowledged, enables us to fasten upon him what he has never acknowledged perhaps—and most certainly has never denied, as a man must deny what he is charged with of a serious nature, if he expects to be believed.

We have made enquiries in all directions for the alleged denial of Dr. C.; but can hear nothing more of it than this, that some friend of his in America has been authorised to say that Dr. C. denies the authorship of the article on John Hunter, stolen from Dr. Channing's article on Milton, and so shamefully falsified. This we can believe—that is—we can believe that some friend of Dr. C. may have said so. But we do not believe—because we have too much respect for Dr. Carpenter, and are not willing to suppose that even in a matter of life and death, he would go quite so far—we do not believe that Dr. C. has ever denied it, in the only way he must, to satisfy any body who has examined, and is capable of weighing the evidence. Much would depend upon the language of the denial—the very words—the admissions and the reservations. For ourselves, we apprise the Doctor, and his friends too, that we shall not be easily satisfied; that a simple so went answer our purpose, nor his. Such evidence as we find in the pamphlet of Dr. Paine—a series of isolated facts, brought together honestly, and so arranged as to constitute a chain of circumstantial evidence of sufficient strength to satisfy the mind of any careful reasoner—is not to be answered by the plea of *not guilty*; nor by the verdict of a few partial friends, impanelled for the purpose, and saying *not guilty*, "and no more."

We do not much like to find ourselves in the wrong: still less, should we like to find that we had been harsh, or unjust to an amiable and greatly distinguished man; but we would rather all this should happen to ourselves, ten thousand times over, than have these imputations rest upon such a man, if he be indeed and in truth innocent. Until we have some further evidence, however—a denial from Dr. Carpenter himself, accompanied by some explanations of what for the present, his friends would claim to be only miraculous coincidences, in the facts brought together by Dr. Paine—we must continue to believe, and we say this

'more in sorrow than in anger;' that Dr. Carpenter is the author of the shocking plagiarism referred to; and by author, we mean that he wrote the article himself—helped to write the article himself—or superintended it; and is, therefore, answerable for it, upon the well established ground that the receiver is as bad as the thief. Two things, however, we admit with pleasure: 1st. That a man capable of such a disgraceful theft, would not be very likely to own it; and 2dly. That he would be very likely to deny it. More we cannot bring ourselves to acknowledge, till we know more. We have heard of such cases before, and among others, one we shall not soon forget—the solemn, repeated, and steadfast denial, by one John Bowring, in general terms of the charges made against him, and afterwards proved upon him, of gross peculation upon the necessities of the Greeks while he was their trumpeter and secretary—and of stock jobbing, without a parallel for impudence, while the British people had to look to him for all their information respecting the true value of Greek scrip.

THE PORTLAND FANTASTIC.—Not many years ago, when the Militia system was in its glory, and the poor had to bear the whole charge; for the wealthy neither trained nor paid their fees—most of them being exempted because of their age, and others for holding office, and others on account of other and equally good reasons for not being taxed as poor men were, some crazy headed, good for nothing fellows undertook to expose the absurdities of the system, by appearing in the "tent field," armed and equipped as the law directs; but so whim sically and so grotesquely as to keep the militia in a roar. By and by others followed their example; and troop after troop of odd-fellows, started up, as it were from the very bowels of the earth, and fell to capering and face making, whenever a drum beat or a trumpet sounded. But whoever dreamed that within a few years, the original object of all this mowing and mummery would be lost sight of, or wholly forgotten, and that the practice would be kept up, and upon our great National Sabbath too, just for the fun of the thing!

Not that these fun-loving, roystering blades, are a whit behind the age, in their veneration for the Fourth of July; not that they are supposed to have the least idea in the world of ridiculing their fathers, if they ever had any, or of setting up for themselves—no, indeed nothing of the sort; and it only happens that they are out on the Fourth of July every year and on no other day, simply because they happened to make their appearance for the first time, on that particular day of the year.

The show was laughable enough to day—that's a fact. Here was a tarred and feathered President-maker, from Harrisburg, for aught we know—with the offence of which he had been guilty scored upon his back. Behold him rode: Old Nick himself, with horns, hoofs, and a barpoon tail, according to law; and a hide you might see your face in, while he went kicking and plunging after the disappointed politician. There was a female riding—we dare not say how, with her *warrior half* strapped on behind her, back to back, evidently a champion for woman's rights—and there, a little ogger Cupid—as asked as he was born, to all appearance with purple wings, and bow and arrows, ridng on a Jackass, full spilt—and letting fly his arrows right and left among the pretty girls that swarmed in all the streets. Following hard after him were troops of tatterdemellans, cockatoos, orang outangs, migrating scare-crows, and a wagon load of music-makers, blaring away at all sorts of tones, on all sorts of instruments; women whipping their babies, or looking their beads; and pulling their husband's hair, or feeling their bumps, we couldn't be certain which; husband's magnetizing their wives with a leather strap, or a rope's end—children squalling like fow—as a braying—trumpets blowing—drums beating—and the devil to pay. In some of the characters, if characters indeed they were, and not shadows from the grave, there was a good deal of stage truth. One old fellow, with a bob-wig, and a cocked hat, with long boots, and buttons like clock faces on every conceivable part of his venerable, weather-worn, and most outlandish looking coat, played his part well. He rode like a gentleman of the old school—both feet well home in the stirrups, and corporation resting on the pommel—there were others—women upon side-saddles, who seemed to forget that circumstance—and men upon pillions, looking so confoundingly bespeckled and sheepish, our hearts melted within us, and yet the day was one of the warmest—and on the whole, the mummery took that shape, which is very likely, we fear, perpetuate itself, and to become a part of our Fourth of July celebrations Down-East, if no where else. We are sorry for this—really sorry

—since in our strong desire to put a stop to the noisy bragging and foolish parade, we have been so long worried with, we may wander into the contrary extreme and either forget our fathers and their doings, or grow ashamed of them.

A DAY WITH THE PICKWICKIANS.

Readers! allow me to introduce you to the Pickwick Club of the City of New York,—a set of choice fellows, I assure you, worthy, every member of it, of their great and immortal prototypes. But a general introduction will hardly be sufficient for my purpose, or will it, I am sure, satisfy you, inasmuch as I intend to take you with us in imagination on our day's excursion; so permit me to introduce individually the different members of the Pickwickians.

Mr. Pickwick—just elected to fill the honourable station of P.P.P.C. (Perpetual President of the Pickwick Club)—a gentleman in years perhaps verging towards sixty,—in feelings still in his teens,—possessing a heart overflowing with true Pickwickian virtues, and a hand ready to act upon its dictates,—fitted in every respect to represent the great original, save that he lacks corpulency—but that is neither here nor there.

The P.V.P.P.C.—old Veller—he is, as Samwell would say, "a good one, and no mistake,"—although he has been upon the stage of life during a long journey, he is still "as fresh as a four year old,"—he has cut his coat according to his cloth,—never gave the reins to passion, or cabaged aught from nature; and is now a fine specimen of youth in age—tall and well made, with a slightly florid countenance, and a peculiar twinkle of the eye, as much as to say to all listeners, "you don't come over me."

The Secretary—Sam Veller—a good specimen from the land of cakes—lo wiggery or waggery he is at home—sings "we're one that fou" in a style that would gladden Bobby Burns' heart to hear; and perpetrates conundrums very original—for instance, "When is the North River water like a blind man about to be restored to sight?" "When it's going to sea!" The originality, of course, wasn't doubted, but the excellence was. But Sammy is a good-tempered fellow, and insists that though he may not be a genius himself, he frequently has the (h) air of a genius, and that he ought to be clever, for the study of his life has been the improvement of the head. Sam is tall and thin, with a countenance the reverse of his father's—it has "a thoughtful paleness,"—he has a peculiarity about the mouth, too, similar to that in the old man's eye—a sort of "you don't catch a weasel asleep" expression.

Alfred Jingle, Esq.,—a gentleman who knows how to put the saddle upon the right horse,—a choice bit of humanity is Jingle,—never carries the harrocs of ceremony,—to be free, and to make free, is his motto. He has studied the character of the original deeply, and there are but few, if any, of his tricks that he doesn't practice to perfection. He is a spare man, but he does not spare his friends. Nothing comes amiss to him, and I believe if old Mr. Wardle had a daughter he would run off with her for the mere fun of the thing. Understand, reader, I speak of the character, not the man. Jingle has no vice naturally,—he is honest and industrious, and may be seen at his window in Broadway (when the canvass isn't up) working away in front of his bench from 'early morn till dewy eve,' as Snodgrass would say.

Talking of Snodgrass, permit me to present him—a tall, well-made piece of humanity—the prose of bone and sinew. Nature has not made him a poet, like his prototype, though he teaches the "poetry of motion," out the exercise of the legs, however, but the arms. He advocates the development of the muscular powers of the human system, and in the art of self-defence will be found a 'bruiser.'

Job Trotter is the very ideal of a fat boy—a saucy Scotchman, with a fine, good-humoured face, on which a smile is constantly playing, and shedding its brightness upon every body around the board. He is a fine volume of humanity, in a capital binding—pity it is such volumes are so scarce.

Mr. Winkle is a quiet body, modest and retiring, though a member of the bar—not a legal member, by the way. He has good spirits, and a large supply, but he disposes them at home. He is, however, a useful as well as an ornamental member of the club, and a first-rate hand at cutting sandwiches—an accomplishment by no means to be overlooked to those qualities which are necessary to constitute a good Pickwickian.

The only two other characters present on the occasion I allude to, were Mr. Topman and Mr. Wardle, but seeing that they are only conditional members, that is, they are on their good behaviour for a twelvemonth

before they can be elected, it is unnecessary to make any remarks about them.

We regret to say that there was one member present who came without a character—he is a public character too,—a traveller, but not a swartwouting one. Like old Weller, he is connected with the stage, and like him, too, he mourns over his present neglected state. The "rail-roads has destroyed the vau," said young Sammy thinks a *ironomy* has destroyed the other. Astronomy he defines "a love of the stars."

There were also two visitors present, whom we should be sorry to cast a wall over. One will go down to posterity with his works. He is a designing man, and his designs have been generally successful. He is not at all particular whether the object be a church or a theatre—a dwelling house or a grog shop. He is a good natured fellow, always ready for a laugh—wears his hair the fashionable length, and has a habit of scratching behind the right ear, when speaking confidentially to his friends.

The other was a little chap, as merry as a cricket, and had two peculiarities which he exhibited—a long telescope, and a queer looking walking stick, which expanded into an uncomfortable camp-stool.

Such is the company which started on the 4th of July to celebrate the anniversary of the Pickwick Club. We took with us a hand-cart well filled with a choice assortment of all sorts of edibles and drinkables, "cold, without" vegetables, veal and ham and chickens, and lobsters and sherry and claret and brandy and gin and *et ceteras ad infinitum*. We took a man and a boy to draw the same, and wait upon ourselves; and we each took a camp-stool in our hand, and guarding the cart with untiring vigilance, took our way to the Hloboken ferry. Everybody knows what sort of a morning it was on the 4th, therefore it is unnecessary to speak of the bright sunshine, and the breeze that came with refreshing coolness over the bosom of our delightful bay. It is equally needless to picture the trip across the river,—to tell of the excitement we and the hand-cart and the camp stools created on board the boat; suffice it to say that we landed safely on the other side, and perceiving a sort of illegitimate omnibus labelled "Free to all," Jingle insisted upon taking possession of the same, and fastening the hand-cart behind. We soon discovered, however, that the exhibition at the Elysian Fields, and not the vehicle, was free, and Jingle with great reluctance consented to the fare—so we took our seats, secured the cart, and off we went "slow and steady." Now came the rattling of crockery,—the alarm lest the demijohn should be upset, and its valuable contents lost,—the repacking of the glasses, and the removal of the dishes into the laps of the party; and then, when all apprehension on that score was removed, we became alarmingly hilarious,—our hearts were lightened, and our spirits rose in proportion. We had something to say to everybody,—and everything, animate and inanimate, upon the road called their wits into play. Even Jingle became apprehensive that we had begun too soon, and indulged in sundry forebodings as to the probable state of the party on its return.

At length we reached the place of destination, a delightful one near the Woeabaken House,—to the proprietor of which we were greatly indebted for sundry acts of kindness during the day. We pitched our tent in a delightful spot—a perfect sylvan bower—a place particularly, formed as it were by nature for a picnic. An opening between the trees gave us a full view of the bay and the river and the city in its full extent and ever and anon came the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, to remind us of the turmoil and bustle from which we had happily escaped.

Two deal boards formed our table, and beneath the shade of the tent were spread out the good things the committee had provided for our enjoyment. It was fortunate for those who looked forward to a dinner that their unimpaired appetites had not a *carte blanche*, for the veal and ham went off so fast that a "shadowy indistinctness" of a subsequent meal alone remained upon the minds of some present. But the eyes and the stomach didn't agree,—the cart seemed like the widow's cruise, it kept sending forth its contents, as though it set hunger at defiance.

Luncheon being over, we renewed our sports, and the way the quito flew was a caution to the stumps. It would have done any one's heart good to have witnessed the noble efforts of Mr. Pickwick, as he gracefully brought his legs and thighs at different angles, and measuring the distance with his practiced eye, sent the quito quivering to within a few inches of the stump. There was a quiet triumph too upon the old gentleman's features when the rest flew wide of the mark, and as Tupman, who thought he could play, threw his quito as though its destination was

in the clouds, Mr. Pickwick was heard to utter distinctly the mysterious word "Pallus," supposed to signify in the classics "humbag,"—or as being connected in some way with *Castor*, who, Sam insists, was a celebrated quito-player at Rome. Be that as it may, the word was used; and remains unexplained to this time.

While some were throwing the quito, others amused themselves by measuring the contents of the claret bottles with their mouths. Jingle and a party played whist, but having a partner who would talk under any circumstances, even at the sacrifice of the game, Jingle lost. Then came a round game—vingt-et-un, said one,—loo, said another,—but vint et un had it. Then there was a general outcry for counters, and a general rush for the spare corks, which were cut up into small pieces. Jingle's miniature coked hats. Then there was a cut for deal, and old Weller had it, and the counters were deposited in his charge, to dispose of at 2 o'clock a piece. Jingle sat next to him, and it was remarked that the number of his counters increased rapidly, so that Mr. Weller was compelled to put them in a tumbler, and deposit it between his legs beneath the table—notwithstanding this precaution, however, Jingle at the close of the game, had a large demand against the bank, and the old gentleman was minus some twenty odd cents.

But the great time was yet to come—some mysterious preparations had been going on at the tail of the cart, and the boy was seen to run to and fro between the tent and the tavern. This was soon explained, when a tempting lobster-salad graced the centre of the table, and a quantity of that fine vegetable, fresh from the garden, garnished the gold fowl and veal and ham. My mouth waters at the remembrance of that dinnertable, and it rejoiceth one's heart to feel that appetites were created, and that such things were created for our appetites. But like all other sublimity things, appetite passeth away, and that day was not an exception to the rule—one by one dropped his knife and fork upon the plate, and the hob-nobbing became very general. Then the decks were cleared; and a glaucous punch-bowl placed before Mr. Pickwick, and soon the "Pickwick notes" gratified the olfactories of the Pickwickians. A small portion was bandied round for a taste, and it was pronounced "good." Never having tasted nectar such as the gods are said to be fond of, I am unable to say whether or not this is the same. I am assured, however, by Mr. Pickwick, that he is descended from that family, and that the recipe has been handed down from generation to generation.

"Are you all charged?" said the president, and ascertaining that we certainly were, he rose, with superior dignity, and thus addressed the club:

My kind friends,—

You, or most of you, remember my predecessor, and you know how well he performed the duties of the situation; and although I feel grateful to you for the honour you have conferred upon me in placing me here, I am sensible that I shall lose much by comparison with him—(no, no). I did not desire it, my friends,—I had hoped that the cup would pass from me (mechanically raising his glass, an example readily followed by the rest)—I say I had hoped the cup would pass from me, but it was yours will that it should not, and I now assure you that I will never be outdone in my efforts to advance the interests of the Pickwick Club. My dear friends, we are a great club,—we are the gem of a still greater club,—a club that shall be as immortal as the mind from which first emanated the idea, and which created the characters we this day represent. We received our charter from him, and he has given us the stamp of legitimacy,—so let us be Pickwickians in spirit,—Pickwickians in heart and in feelings,—Pickwickians toward each other, and towards all mankind. Let us be worthy of the name. My friends, I give you the health of Charles Dickens."

Then followed loyal and patriotic toasts, and personal toasts, which called forth able and eloquent replies; and old Weller sang, and Sam, and Jingle, and Mr. Wardle, and Snodgrass sang, and a right merry time we had of it, until the fire flies told the darkness to be near. Then the tent was struck, and the cart repacked, and all returned to the city unmuzzed, except the glasses—why suffered some. Every one was happy and contented, and the universal wish was that the 4th of July came once every week. I have seen many happy days, but never in my recollection have I spent a happier one than "The day with the Pickwickians."

NOT SO COARSE.—A school-boy, coming one day to that celebrated line of Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," said it "a little lawyer is a dangerous thing."

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

NO. 31.

BY LOUISA BARTON.

The "spring time" of the year had come—the showery month of April was near its close, and the prairies, which, upon my arrival had been bleak and desolate, had now burst forth to all their liveliness of grass and flowers. The gently undulating prairie lay like one sea of green, the oak openings were in full leaf, and a stranger gazing for the first time upon them, would have imagined himself in one of the beautiful parks of "Morris England," the deer, as they were quietly grazing, adding not a little to the illusion.

The pleasant days had scarcely commenced, and we had been blessed with but few warm beams of the sun, when one morning I was called upon by two of the most genial of our village beaux, with faces full of some great and momentous affair, and whose visit, I saw at a glance, portended some extraordinary and unexpected movement. My curiosity did not remain long unsatisfied; for, with all their endeavors to enter late conversation upon ordinary matters, they could not long conceal the object of their visit. They had, they said, in contemplation a large picnic party, and earnestly entreated me to join in their proposed pleasure. The invitation of two such popular beaux, accompanied by so many congenial reasons for my joining them, and their eloquent argument, that "the young ladies would think that I felt above them if I did not do so," it needed me to consent to make one of the party on that occasion, although my better judgment counseled me that there was but little pleasure to be derived from such an excursion. The preparations for this great affair were for a week the theme of every tongue; and finally, the day arrived which was to be a long remembered one to all of us. The place of meeting was to be at the hotel where I was boarding, and about ten o'clock the arrivals commenced. Such a picnic party was never seen before or since; such waving of flags, and such prancing of horses, such gaily dressed ladies and important looking gentlemen, such rivalry to be first, and such manoeuvres as to places in the carriages, must have been witnessed to be fully understood.

At length all the arrangements were completed, and away we went.—To have looked upon us, one would have thought we were setting out upon some long journey, by the array of provisions which went first; next came a large stage decorated with flags and ribbons, containing the elite of our party; then followed as closely as possible the rest, in carriages and wagons, in rigs and on horseback, amounting in all, to about sixty persons, arrayed in their best finery and glistering in all the colors of the rainbow and a few more. Gaily we all drove on, till we came at length to Starved Rock, the place fixed upon by the party.

Majestically does it rise from the Illinois river, standing alone in its beauty, and towering to an elevation of three hundred feet from the river which rolls along at its base. Here and there on its rocky sides, some small evergreens struggled for existence; its top is perfectly level, about eight hundred feet in circumference and covered with a few bushy shrubs. Upon its summit floated the banner of our country, placed there by our committee of arrangements, adding not a little to the beauty of the scene.

Beautiful as the "Rock" itself appeared, standing alone in all its native grandeur, there was added to this the memory of the sad starvation of three hundred Potawatomi Indians, who, being attacked by a party of Peorias, retreated to this rock as a safe place of refuge till they could make their escape. Perfectly inaccessible as it is on every side save one, they hoped to be able to guard it so well, that they could sell their lives as dear as possible. But, alas! they had not dreamed of the manner by which they were to be defeated.

Again and again they were attacked, but the narrow pass which alone led to the summit, was too well guarded to be in that manner forced.—At length the Peorias molested them no longer, and although they could not believe that the hope of capturing and torturing them had been entirely abandoned, yet the means by which their enemies were to be successful were unfortunately overlooked. Too soon, alas! they were doomed to discover it; the rock was entirely without water, and to procure it, they were either compelled to come down and bring it from the prairie, a course replete with great danger and which they durst not adopt, or let down by the perpendicular sides of the rock their water jugs, by means of grape vines, into the Illinois river, which as I before remarked, washed

its base. For a time they were very successful in this manoeuvre; but a few days after the last attack upon them, they were surprised to find that after their vessel to obtain water had been let down into the river, in attempting to draw it up, it became much lightened. What must have been their feelings when they discovered that their vines had been cut, and that death in its most terrible form was before them.

They had been persecuted and hunted, and now the hope of escape which had so long cheered their bosoms, was in an instant extinguished. They knew too well the unrelenting enmity of their enemies to trust themselves to their hands, and preferred rather to die of thirst than yield themselves their prisoners. Again and again, moved by desperation and the want of food and drink, they let down their vessels, but their efforts were fruitless; in every instance their vines were severed, until at length, in utter hopelessness, they resigned themselves to their fate.

Could that rock speak, what tales of agony and death it would tell! how, one by one they dropped and died: the young man stricken down in his night—the old in their helplessness—the women and children in their weakness, in misery laying themselves down to die; and when at length the Peorias, seeing no movement on its top, ascended the rock, of all the numbers who, in their attempt to escape had fled thither, one poor squaw alone remained to tell the sad tale! They carried her with them to their own tribe, and although she lived some years, yet her mind was ever haunted with the recollections of that rock.

To us in all our gaiety were now hastening, to spend a day of mirth and joyfulness, but upon coming to view of it, lying in all its solemn beauty, and hearing from one of our gentlemen a vivid description of its history, our mirth was checked, and instead of our first lively view, we gazed upon it with a saddened interest, and our imagination for a moment presented the picture of the poor perishing Indians. Our melancholy was, however, but of short duration, for when, after crossing the river, we arrived at the base of the rock, almost all our promiscuous party were in as bright spirits as before the shadow passed over them.

Until we arrived at the top of the rock, I had no opportunity to scrutinize any of our party. To me, a new arrival among them, all save one or two, were strangers. The first impressions of western manners were here to be received,—the prospect of pleasing ones was rather dim. Such a mixed company I never saw before, and with an old friend who like myself preferred a place at a little distance from the rest of the party, we amused ourselves with all that was occurring around us. From her I learned the names and characters of most of the party. Near us, surrounded by a number of our best, stood a young lady of about twenty-two, whose appearance at once attracted my attention. Her face, partially turned towards me, was very intelligent, but with an expression of ungoverned temper, to spite of its beauty. Fond of admiration she certainly was, as the bright lighting of her eyes, and glances of triumph toward a less favoured belle, plainly indicated. Her dress was carelessly arranged, and her whole appearance was of a slovenly character. "Who is she, Eliza?" was my first question to my friend. "Poor thing!" said she, "she was early deprived of a mother's care, and left with no one to feel interested in the formation of her character; for although her father is living, still a large family of younger children by her stepmother, has caused him to neglect to govern her temper and disposition properly. With an intelligent, active mind, she has had come to direct her studies. She writes well, and is quite poetical. Here she has attained the title of a "blue;"—and poor Liddy, with all her fine talents, which with proper training and discipline, would have made her a brilliant woman, is as you see, with so ungovernable temper, slovenly appearance, and an irregularly improved mind. With all her eagerness for knowledge, her reading has not been properly directed; and poor Liddy, though beautiful and admired, can seldom be loved or esteemed." I looked upon her with increased interest after this, but was soon attracted to another young lady, who, with great appearance of lassitude and illness, sat upon the grass at a little distance from us, conversing with a gentleman, to whose face from time to time she glanced with a pair of dark hazel eyes, of which she seemed very proud, and by which she appeared determined to captivate him, if possible. I discovered that her name was Kate Gordon,—an afflicted, silly girl, who had come out to Illinois from a small town in the western part of New York, where she had vainly sought to be admired, and now attempted by her drawing words, and an appearance of debility and ill health, to attract that interest which by other means she had failed to

obtain. "How unlike she is," said my friend, "to her sister Harriet, whom you see gaily chatting in that little circle yonder. Her manners are as different from her sister Kate's as possible; and her warm heart and affectionate kindness stands out in bold relief, from the coldness, affectation, and hypocrisy of the other." One after another, all the members of the party passed under our critical inspection. There was something in almost every one to amuse us; and I doubt if there were any there who felt more pleasure than we did in looking upon their enjoyment. At length a gentleman standing apart from the rest, and seemingly disinclined to join in their sports, attracted our attention. By his side stood a large black dog, upon whom from time to time he cast a sorrowful look. "Who is that love-sick young man?" said I—"for what else can he be, to stand so aloof from the rest of the party." "You are correct in your surmise," she replied. "He was much attached to that pretty girl, the centre of the merry circle you see sitting in yonder grove. She encouraged his attentions for a long time, but finally refused him. The dog you see with him is one which once belonged to her, but which he succeeded in obtaining, and now he affects to lavish upon it part of the affection which he before professed to devote to her. Near him stands our doctor, with sallow face and high cheek bones,—his hair drawn over his forehead, and his dark eyes peering about with a contemptuous expression upon the gay party around him. He lays claim to great intelligence, but although a man of excellent mind, he is not much liked, for his conversation is always characterized by deep and cutting sarcasm." She had scarcely finished her description, when we were called to the feast which our gallant gentlemen had provided. Upon arriving at the spot, we found a large arbour of boughs prepared, and spread upon the ground was our repast. Gaily we all seated ourselves about it, and the gentlemen acted as waiters. Such quantities of cake and pies, cold meat and pickles, figs, raisins and almonds!—indeed, all the great baskets of preparation which had gone before were here well represented. With sharpened appetites we enjoyed the good things, for when do people feel so hungry as on such excursions. Some of the young ladies were too delicate to eat, and merely nibbled a little cake, while the less fastidious enjoyed in good earnest the fare set before them. Champagne and wines of various sorts were not wanting; and in the midst of the spot where starvation and death had been, feasting and hilarity now prevailed. All stiffness and constraint began to evaporate, and song after song ensued. Some wandered down to the prairie below,—some culled the beautiful flowers which were bursting forth from every crevice of the rock,—while we stood enjoying the magnificent view from the summit. It is indeed well worthy the visit of the lover of the picturesque. The Illinois river winding round the base,—its gently undulating bosom murmuring its song of praise upon the opposite shore,—the high bluff, covered with trees, rising beyond,—and Buffalo Rock, standing nearly in a line with us, presented altogether one of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw. We were called from our admiration to prepare to return home, and soon were all one by one descending the narrow pass. Upon my arrival at our carriage, I saw at a little distance my friend Eliza, vainly attempting to mount her horse. She had preferred riding on horseback, and although I pitied her embarrassment, yet I could not but laugh aloud at her adventure. It seemed she had descended from the rock with two of our gentlemen, and not finding the usual horseblock in the West, a good stump, they were vainly endeavouring to get her upon the horse. Eliza was not remarkably small, and the gentleman whose province it was to assist her, was much below the common height,—therefore when he in his awkwardness endeavoured, by putting his arms about her waist, to lift her upon her horse, he was of course unsuccessful. The other, being much taller, and possessing more strength, was in like manner unsuccessful; and poor Eliza, with all her efforts to explain to them how to assist her, could not succeed in enlightening them. Fortunately, in the midst of all her embarrassment, my husband, coming to join us, saw her perplexity, and taught the two crest-fallen young gentlemen a lesson which it is to be hoped they did not soon forget. All finally were stowed away, and we drove homeward. We crossed the river, and in passing upon the opposite side, the scene of our late enjoyment was before us. All there was silence and peace,—the song and merry laugh were heard no more,—all mirth and gaiety had passed away. The banner no longer floated in the breeze,—and Starved Rock was again alone in all its solemn grandeur.

¶ The following poem by our fair correspondent, E. S. F., is very beautiful, to be sure, but the author will forgive us for having changed two or three terminations which rhymed, and some others which almost rhymed—not quite.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE LAST VISIT.

He knelt upon the grassy turf,
That old man bowed with years,
And down his shrivelled face rolled fast
A flood of scalding tears.

Before him lie, ranged side by side,
Five narrow churchyard graves;
And at the head of each green mound,
A weeping willow waves.

"My buried dead," at length he spoke,
"Sweet flowerets of my heart!
Enshrined within a living mould,
Yet of the dust a part.

Once more, and only once, I come
To view your resting place;
Before I too am pillowed here
In Death's last cold embrace.

My Mary! Yet again my pulse
Is leaping wild and free;
As memory from her urn flings back
Long buried thoughts of thee!

And pictures of the glowing past
Come thronging to my brain—
A gentle girl, a blooming bride
Are with me once again!

I see thee, as when first we stood
Beneath the old elm's shade;
Where hand in hand, with trembling lips
Our earliest vows were made.

I see thee when a few bright years
On golden wings had passed;
And scarce a cloud within our sky
Its shadow round us cast.

Again we stood and sealed the vow
That bound us side to side;
While priestly lips proclaimed us there,
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

Again the picture springs to light,
Our *Willie* in your arms;
With golden hair, and sunny eyes,
And boyhood's opening charms.

Another link—another tie,
Bleended our souls in one—
A dainty, cherished little flower,
That blossomed in the sun.

But oh! the spoiler, Death, bowed down,
And breathed upon our boy;
Blighted the idol of our hearts,
And dashed our cup of joy.

I saw thee close his pearly lids,
And smooth his silken hair;
And when I bowed to kiss our child,
I felt that Death was there.

So beautiful!—so young! I mourned
The smiling sun-beam flown;
But Mary to my bosom crept—
My heart was all her own.

Deep gushing from its fount, came back
The love our Willie bore—
Again we trod life's wayward path,
And loved each other more.

My Mary! years pass by, and now
My daughter's form I see;
Another bright and blooming flower,
A miniature of thee!

I see the light within her eye,
Her silvery voice, I hear;
Her gentle footsteps bounding by—
My darling child is here!

I feel her soft arms round my neck,
Her kiss upon my cheek—
I strive to press her to my heart,
I think I hear her speak.

Remembrance all—yet, one by one,
Each blossom springs to life,
Is all the glory of the Past,
With every beauty rife.

Two stately sons, our joy, our pride,
With every manly grace;
Like saplings, growing by my side,
Supported our daughter's place.

Our Walter, with his flashing eyes,
And darkly flowing hair;
And Henry, with his beaming looks,
So like his mother fair:

Each loved alike; to each we looked
For shelter in old age;
But when the war-horn's blast was heard,
Midst battle's fiercest rage,

They grasped the sword with willing hands,
Afar on yonder plains,
Preferring there a glorious death,
To England's tyrant chains.

My noble sons! in one sad day,
I saw them bleeding lie;
Borne from the battle's wildest fray—
Death in each glorious eye.

I gazed, until the living tide
Had chilled around each heart,
And from each aby how I saw
The glow of life depart.

And then I bowed—I could not weep—
My heart was dry and sore—
I only longed with them to die,
Weary of living here.

I felt alone—"all, all alone,"
Of every hope bereft—
But a sweet voice fell on my ear,
Thy Mary still is left.

I turned, and from my heart
Came hurrying up anew,
Of all life's gifts, the dearest, best,
Its sunlight round me threw.

We lived—but ah! it could not be,
O God! one idol more—
I lived my Mary's death to see,
I lived—but *loved* no more!

The world seems darkened to my sight,
A doer's is my home;
And from my buried dead, God grant
I never more may roam."

The old men ceased; his head was bent
Upon his aged breast,
And the cool night-wind fanned his brow,
While sank the sun to rest.

Hours passed away, and when they sought
The mourner with the dead,
No answering tone was echoed back,
The spirit light had fled.

They wrapped him in his coffin-shroud,
And laid him by Her side;
And, with their Children, slumber now
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

E. S. P.

LITERARY.

THE POETRY OF LIFE, by MRS. ELLIS. Langley's, 57, Chatham-street. There is a witchery about this work which throws its influence around you, and impels you to a perusal of it—a charm you feel it impossible to resist. It is the treating of poetry in poetry—not of mere versification—but of the stringing together of certain rhymes, misnamed poetry; the author treats rather of poetic feeling—the poetry of the heart and of the mind—that feeling which she considers the great connecting link between our intellect and our affections. The word 'life' she has taken in its widest and most comprehensive sense, embracing all the functions, attributes, and capabilities peculiar to sentient beings. There is scarcely a subject in "the heavens above, or in the earth beneath" in which she has not discovered poetry. We have the poetry of flowers, trees, animals, the moon, rural life, painting, sound, language, women, the Bible, religion, and a host of other subjects we have not space to enumerate.

To those who are acquainted with the writings of this lady, it is need less to say that the present work evinces a depth and power of thought, — a vivid conception, and a true appreciation of all that is sublime and beautiful in this world, and her thoughts are clothed in language eloquent in its simplicity.

We give the following extract as a proof, and we commend the book most heartily to the public.

"Had the Bible been without its poetical character, we should have wanted the voice of an angel to recommend it to the acceptance of mankind. From as we are to neglect this banquet upon which the most exalted mind may freely and fully feast, we should then have regarded it with scornful disdain. But such is the unlimited goodness of him who knew from the beginning what was in the heart of man, that not only the wide creation is so designed as to accord with our views of what is magnificent and beautiful, and thus to remind us of his glory; but even the record of his immediate dealing with his rational and responsible creatures, is so filled with the true melody of language, as to harmonize with all our most tender, refined and elevated thoughts. With our established ideas of beauty, and grace, and pathos, and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the traitor the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyry in the clouds—from the wild ass of the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the chrysalis stream gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle, and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satrap on his throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gaspings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blest—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depth of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gloom of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no impression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and of sympathy comprehended in the language and the spirit of the Bible.

How gracious then—how wonderful, and harmonious, is that darkness plan by which no ethereal principle, like an electric chain of light and life, extends through the very elements of our existence, giving music to language, elevation to thought, vitality to feeling, and intensity, and pow-

er, and beauty, and happiness, to the exercise of every faculty of the human soul!

THE KNICKERBOCKER for the present month, is before us and right glad are we to welcome it. We naturally turn to the end of this magazine first, for it is there our friend Clark spreads his table with a mouth's good things, and we really believe the present is the best spread he has yet made—it suits all tastes, and is calculated to please all palates.

Among the contributors we notice some old, familiar names—writers who are capable alone of sustaining the reputation of any periodical.

We are not acquainted with the author of the paper entitled "Our Public Men," but he certainly is afflicted with an idiosyncrasy this month, or else he has taken an extraordinary fancy for young Bob Tyler. Hear him:

Mr. Robert Tyler, the eldest son of the President, is a young man of brilliant genius. As a poet, in high-wrought and vivid imagery, he resembles Shelley, whose likeness he personally resembles; and as an orator, there is not a speaker of his years in our country who has made a greater impression than he made in two extemporaneous efforts before the Irish Association. Bold, eloquent, and manly, he dashes into his subject with his whole soul, while comprehensiveness, energy, and point characterize every thing he says.

We are disposed to entertain a pretty good opinion of the young gentleman, but really we cannot get the length of this whole-sale eulogizer.

That part of the article relating to the President, we commend to the perusal of the violent Anti-Tylerites, and if they don't change their opinion of the man, it won't be the fault of the writer.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS MAGAZINE for July is as usual full of interesting and instructive matter. If we supposed there was a merchant who did not subscribe for it, we should urge upon him the necessity of doing so, but this would be useless, so valuable a work cannot lack patronage in a commercial community like this.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for July is received. There is an evident improvement in this number, though it requires still greater efforts to raise it to the level of its contemporaries. "A cure for Ennui," "The Clairvoyant," "Rambles in Switzerland," and "Love Sketches," are good articles.

THE PIERIAN for July, has been forwarded to us by Lott & Chapin, 156 Fulton street. The present number is enriched with a capital article from the pen of John Neal, simply written and conveying a capital moral, indeed the contents generally, are admirably adapted for the character of the work. We commend it to all parents and guardians.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR for July, contains some able papers from the pen of Dr. Pise and others. The engraving, "Cena of Galilee," is not one of Dick's best efforts.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—The tenth number of this useful work is issued by M. Y. Beach, Son Office.

THE FOREIGN LIBRARY—RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS. By J. G. Kohl. We have received from Messrs. Cary & Hart the 1st and 2d parts of the Foreign Library—being a translation of this very interesting and amusing work. We know of no other extant which gives so clear an insight into Russian habits and manners, or which enters so fully into the general statistics of the country. It represents St. Petersburg and its inhabitants with dagger-pointing fidelity—we see them in summer and winter, by day and by night, in every calling and vocation, in their business and their pleasures, and, indeed, in every phase of life which that great metropolis exhibits. The work will be read with interest and satisfaction.

THE PATAPSCO AND OTHER POEMS, by Chas. Soren.—This is a volume of poems by a native of Baltimore, put forth with unpretending modesty which angers ferociously for the author, who states that many of the articles were composed whilst in the actual employment of mechanical labor. This simple fact would not be itself add to or detract from the merit of the poems, still it is almost sufficient to disarm criticism. As this is the second edition we presume they are not devoid of merit, and indeed in glancing through the book, we have met with some far beyond mediocrity. Those who are fond of verse, may while away an hour very pleasantly now and then with these effusions. It is to be obtained of Danigan, Fulton street, and Francis, Broadway.

FOXBART'S CHRONICLES.—J. Winchester, 30 Ann street, has issued the 4th number of this rare and valuable work.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The Ladies' World and The Artist, combined under this name, is now one of the very best magazines in the country, yet sold at the low price of two dollars; the embellishments are quite equal to those in the three dollar monthlies. Mrs. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson—a beautiful writer, by the way—are its editors, and all the good writers of the country combine to fill its pages. Look out for the August number; we have seen some of the proof sheets and they are decidedly rich. There is to be an engraving in it which beats everything yet seen in the periodical line. The June number was a superior one, but that for August promises to be a splendid improvement even on its predecessor. We shall give it particular attention.—The press, we see, throughout the country, are speaking in terms of warm commendation of the Ladies' National Magazine—so more than it deserves.

BERNARD LESLIE OR A TALK OF THE LAST TEN YEARS, by the Rev. W. Greely, A. M.—Sparks, 109 Nassau street. This is a highly interesting narrative of a parochial clergyman of the English Church. The object of the work seems to be, to show the various changes and modifications of opinion which have taken place, with regard to religious tenets during the last ten years. The interest of the story is well sustained throughout.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, Edited by Thomas Moore.—The 2d and 4th parts are issued by Carey & Hart. No 3 has a beautiful engraving of Gullone. This beautiful work is to be issued in twelve weekly parts, at 25 cents each—and to be illustrated by six elegant steel engravings. The original cost of the work was ten dollars.

THE BIRD OF ITALY.—We have received the 4th number of this musical work. It contains an original Arietta per Contralto, by Candido Chianel.

HARTFORD AND ITS LIONS.—No. 2.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was a delightful morning walk from our hotel to the retired and almost rural street in which Mrs. Sigourney resides. We called on our way for the lady of our friend the District Attorney, an intelligent and lovely woman, and on intimate terms with the distinguished object of our visit. Half the distance, our pavement was only a simple footpath, trodden each side of the street through heavy grass sward, here and there dropped with the bright gold of a dandelion-flower. A delay or two might be seen now and then close to a fence, and part of the way we had glimpses of tulips, peonies, and the blue iris blooming in gorgeous clusters in a garden occupying a lovely hill-side—private property, it is true, but kindly thrown open for the public pleasure by its liberal owner, whose name I cannot at this moment remember. The footpath ran along the top of a little green embankment, rising parallel with the street till it brought us to the pretty white gate which we had been so eager to see the day before. The tender leaves of the grape-vine were just beginning to break over the verandah, and the dew still lay but half a shaven on the pantries, myrtles and violets matted together in the tiny yard. The blinds were closed, and everything was so profoundly tranquil that I almost dreaded a disappointment, till a tidy servant answered the bell with the gratifying intelligence that Mrs. Sigourney was at home. The next instant we were seated in a neat and shaded parlour, furnished with great simplicity, and yet exactly the kind of room that in my day-dreams of the pious had ever been associated with her. It was easy to imagine that every object was endeared to the possessor by some affectionate association. A work-basket of black willow stood upon the sofa, and on the lining of crimson silk lay—no, gentle reader, not a heap of variegated wares, and the velvet of an embroidered slipper,—not a tiny scrap of inserting, just commenced and never destined to be finished,—nor the tassel of a net purse glittering with beads,—that little work-basket contained none of these elegant excuses for female idleness, but knitting-work, downright honest knitting-work, folded exactly at the seam-stitch, and with the needles, bright from use, thrust through a ball of substantial cotton-yarn. That little work-basket gave the most decidedly home feeling that I had known since entering Connecticut. I longed to unfold the needles, and knit once round, if it were only to be certain that my own fingers had not forgotten how to widen, slip and bind, or narrow. They once had the knack of it, and have even now I fancy—but it is not

exactly delicate to boast of one's own accomplishments. If it were, I should just like to measure yarn, and knit a race with any lady in Hartford—that's all!

Next to an author's writings, you can judge of her character by the arrangements of her favorite room. Even flowers, the most beautiful thing on earth, can be rendered almost vulgar by a bad arrangement of daisies, and a coarse mind is frequently detected in the glare of a gorgeous curtain, or the color of a damask sofa.

It was like reading one of her most natural little poems—the study of Mrs. Sigourney's parlor. A glaze of violets and variegated myrtle-leaves stood upon the table. A few books were lying around it—volumes intended for reading as well as amusement—and behind them, partially hidden from sight, were half a dozen drawings, exquisitely done, but evidently the work of a young artist. A miniature statue of Hannah More stood upon the mantel-piece, and over it hung a single picture, that of an old man, with one of the most benevolent faces possible for an artist to portray. Very old he was, and it seemed natural that the two children hanging led to his chair should seem so happy. It was one of those faces that win the love of children, even as the blossom wins sunshine to its bosom.

It was all unnecessary to ask the history of that little picture. We felt that it was the good old man whose age had been rendered happy by the genius and affection of his only child, and that these children hanging so fondly about him were here also.

We turned from the little family group only when Mrs. Sigourney herself entered the room. Her face is singularly like in the picture—it would be difficult to imagine a more striking resemblance between persons of opposite sexes—the same mild and benevolent expression pervaded both the living face and that shadowed by the artist, and in the mouth and chin the same formation of features is very perceptible. This lady's manner is like the gentleness of her poetry, subdued and gentle; her voice is remarkably low and sweet-toned. Her language in conversation, like that of every truly great woman whom it has been my fortune to meet with, is simple and elegant. You might converse with her a whole day on ordinary matters, and find it difficult to imagine that such perfect repose of manner could exist with the deep enthusiastic feeling which has sent some of her most lofty thoughts trumpet-toned over the two continents. You look upon the tranquil face, and on that little hand—one of the most beautiful in form and colour that you ever saw—wondering where it found the power to pen such poems as *Napoleon*, *Niagara*, and that thrilling tribute to Mrs. Hemans, where all the gentle feelings of womanhood are blended in one lofty anthem to the dead—the beautiful dead of her own sex.

Our conjecture regarding the picture proved correct. It was the father and two children of the poetess. When we mentioned the strong resemblance between her face and that of the departed, she smiled, and said it gave her pleasure when persons thought so! It was remarkable that a man who had numbered more than his threescore years should have died with a gift of youth upon his head. His hair, she told us, was firm and glossy, and without a touch of silver up to the time of his death.

We had been conversing a full half hour, when I happened to remember my promise to the youngest member of our party, regarding the diamond bracelet. Our request to see it was granted with the utmost good-nature, and the royal present brought forth—fold after fold of tissue-paper was removed, the crimson case unclasped, and there lay the bracelet, coiled like a glittering serpent on its bed of white satin. It is indeed a beautiful ornament, not more remarkable for its intrinsic value than for the exquisite taste exhibited in the arrangement of every gem. A row of large, clear pearls curves round the gold where it swells upward from the clasp, and these are guarded by two corresponding rows of diamond-brilliance of the purest water, a line of them curving along each side of the pearls. The gold is just sufficiently massive for elegance, and chased all over in minute scales. Indeed, the workmanship is thoroughly beautiful, worthy the taste of a queen, even of that most tasteful nation—the French.

We gathered a few flowers from the yard as we went out, to press as a memorial, and after promising to return again in the evening, took our leave unanimously, delighted with the lady, the bracelet, and everything we had seen. About ten minutes' walk from the cottage we had been visiting, a turn in the road brought us in full view of the mansion-house which was so many years the home of the poetess. It is a spacious building, and occupies one of the most beautiful sites in Hartford,

—standing on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and shaded with elms. The grounds, which are picturesque and yet highly cultivated, slope down to a stream which washes the hill at its base, and terminates in a range of stone wall, winding with the stream, and covered all over at the time of our visit with wild shrubs and flowing hawthorns, their over-ripe blossoms showering at each gust of wind like a storm of snow-flakes into the water.

It is indeed a beautiful residence, but I could not make up my mind to associate it so pleasantly with the late owner, as the quiet and rural little cottage we had just left. It must have been hard to part with the trees and flowers her own hands had planted, and "the old home" is a sweet domestic word, still the disposal of the place was deemed proper by her natural protector, and her present little nest-like home contains everything necessary to the comfort or elegance of a refined and reasonable woman. We did not see Mr. Sigourney, but those who know him best caused us to regret this as a pleasant loss, from their report of his abilities and character—a superior education and high literary abilities it seems, led to his union with Miss Hunter, and few persons of his knowledge and attainments are to be found in society, at least among business men. It was amusing to observe how our party increased in the evening. The Secretary and his two pretty daughters, the District Attorney, his lady and a sweet girl, that makes half the sunshine of his household, with our own party, made a cheerful array of visitors. The only daughter of Mrs. Sigourney, a mild and most lovable young lady, ushered our little troop into the room which had become familiar to us in the morning. A bouquet of hot-house flowers in which a cactus, rose-tinted and of rare beauty, was conspicuous, stood upon the table and had crowded the morning violets out of sight. Two lovely little girls were grouped around a chess board where the son of our hostess and a schoolmate were playing chess, with the gravity of two statesmen. The piano was open and all the young ladies musical, as with music and conversation, —with chess and flowers, and the sweet voices of happy children, the evening wore off delightfully. At length the little girls were warned by their mamma that it was time to go home. The chess-board was abandoned. The District Attorney took out his watch, and gave a significant look at his lady, and another toward the corner where I had whiled our hostess into a little innocent magazine gossip. It was too provoking. *Thank fortune*, I never wear watches to frighten little innocent children to bed, and warn people against being happy out of season. It was too bad, Mr. Charles Chapman!—four matrons, five unoffending young ladies, and a group of the happiest children in all Connecticut were put to flight by the tick of your gold watch. Keep a better guard upon it hereafter, let me beseech you.

No matter—an invitation to a quiet cup of tea the next day gave us plenty of time for conversation, for a good view of the grounds, and a ramble through the cottage. I should like to introduce those persons who fancy that a literary lady must necessarily be useless in all domestic relations, to Mrs. Sigourney's kitchen. One glance at the tidy little black woman that presides there,—at her glittering tin, spotless floors, and polished stove, would call a blush into the unbeliever's cheek. Good old Nancy—she is a favorite all over Hartford—when her mild, black face is seen at the door of a dwelling, the inmates know that something pleasant is about to follow, for she is the harbinger of all those little kindnesses which have rendered her mistresses so beloved. The last time we saw her she brought us a bouquet of flowers, with the dew yet on the leaves,—a farewell note, and another precious token that will cheer the heart of an old man, who knows the gentle girl, though he may never look on her face. Nancy had lived in her present place ten years, she said, and hoped to die there, for her time on earth would not be long. A happy, contented creature is good old Nancy.

MADAME CANYELLAN will we learn, give another concert here previous to her departure for Europe. If so, we would advise her to choose any other place than the Tabernacle, which is the very worst in the city, for a musical performance. Magnificently as she sang at her last concert, it was, in comparison with her first appearance, very inferior, the sound was broken, many of the tones were lost, and those which perchance fell upon the ear of the distant listener, were mostly fragments. In justice to herself, therefore, we hope the lady will go back to the Apollo—better to repeat the *Contra T*, if the room be not large enough, than have the effect of her beautiful singing marred by the galleries, pillars, &c., of the Tabernacle.

MESEMERISM.—The London Spectator of a late date, has a capital article upon the present humbug of Mesmerism. The writer has evidently studied it deeply, and holds the mirror of truth up to cireudulous human nature, with firmness and consummate skill.

Next after Nontrinitarianism and Repeal, Mesmerism numbers the most fervid votaries.

In Paris, we learn from a correspondent of the Morning Herald, there are professional "somnambules," who make a livelihood by exhibiting themselves under the influence of the mesmeric manipulations, at private parties. They are of all ranks, in order that the biennesses may not be violated by having a grisette magnetized on the sofa of a duchess. Though not to the taste of the aristocracy, the exhibition is frequented in London. The mesmeriser is generally attended on public occasions by one unchanging mesmerisee; and some of these cataleptic pin cushions are suspected to have been "rather hard up" before they took to this line of business. From a provincial paper we learn that Dr. Elliottson has had, or is to have, the honor of exhibiting before a party of the Queen Dowager's Maids of Honor, who may "openly and unhesitatingly" avowed themselves converts to mesmerism, her Majesty's Maids of Honor, being of course, high authorities on the physiological question.

But if fashionable mesmerism has not attained the eclat in this capital which marks its progress in Paris, popular mesmerism in the provinces has reached a degree of intense excitement unparalleled in France. Mesmeric "glasses for the million" are being organized in Le Havre; Glasgow, seven and thirty mesmeric patients "all in a row" have been exhibited at once, in the largest hall of the city, to a crowded audience. The follies of fashion and the excitement cannot convey a truth, they may run after a time into a falsehood; but they are absurd and mischievous in themselves, and they never promoted a discovery. The exclusive mesmerisers of the saloons and the gaping crowds of public exhibitions are alike in search of excitement, and nothing more. These re-unions are something like the melo-dramatic displays of poor Edward Irving before daylight of a cold frosty morning, by a glimmering taper placed on the pavement of the chapel—for that too, and the gift of the unknown tongues, were phases of mesmerism; and their consequences can at best be but the same—the unsettling the reason of some of the more excitable among those who take part in them. The mesmeric phenomena (admitting their reality) are the result of disease—the result of derangement of the normal state of the human constitution. To hope to derive insight into the deeper mysteries of nature from the disjointed talk of sleep-walkers, is like the probability of a scientific revelation from the jabbering of maniacs. The exhibition of their antics to crowds of incompetent and excited spectators, is only calculated to spread the contagion.

The habit of taking part in such displays invariably tends to reduce the experimenters to the level of itinerant lecturers on intoxicating gases, the "great Wizard of the North," and others, whose sole aim is to produce startling effects, in order to draw the public to their shows, and against detection. All jugglers, from the high priest of a false religion down to the manipulator with the pea and thimble, can tell that crowds are more easily deluded than single persons.

As far as the mere physical symptoms go, enough has been confidently affirmed to entitle them to the serious investigation of physiologists. As to what is told of patients in the state of "clairvoyance," and their intuitive power of knowledge, Dr. Elliottson is, it seems, of opinion that, in this condition, such a hireable tax for lying is developed in the patient, as renders it necessary to receive all his (or her) statements with considerable skepticism. With regard to the mesmeric phenomena as with regard to every subject of observation, it is advisable to learn the elements of a science before venturing upon its most abstruse and complicated problems. It may also be advisable to keep in view a weighty observation of the late Mr. Chey. Bell—that in studying the living subject, observation is far more to be relied upon than experiment. Mesmerism is merely an artificial method of producing the phenomena of somnambulism, which are in some developed by a natural process. The physiologist who patiently and attentively watches the phases of the spontaneous disease, may be certain that he sees Nature working; he, who by artificial means creates it, knows not what allowance he ought to make for forcible derangement of function's power.

The mesmeric phenomena, it is said with some plausibility, throw light upon much that was inexplicable in old authenticated stories of priestly oracles, demoniacal possession, witchcraft, &c. If the remark is correct, it only shows that mesmerism has been long enough an engine of quacks; not much will be gained by taking it out of the hands of the jugglers of the idolatrous altar and sorcerer's cave, to place it in the hands of the jugglers of the theatre and conjurer's booth. It is no sharp an edge tool to be made a phylctery of. That the magnetic sleep has been made the means of alleviating the pain of disease and facilitating the transition from sickness to health, may be conceded; and yet, even in the case of the regular physician,

"Since we praise his venacious part,
Who tampers with such dangerous art."

But when this inversion or perversion of the physical functions is practiced for the mere gratification of idle curiosity, we ought to apprise the unwary, that this is culpable trifling with an agent which has often immediately shattered the constitution of individuals and distressed the peace of families.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—It is with concern we hear of the illness of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose health has been for some time very delicate. The cruel circumstances which have clouded over, and may perhaps bring to an early close, the life of the clearest and most beautiful woman of our day, are known, in part, to the public. Much there is of mystery and strangeness connected with events, which friends and enemies, from different motives, seem determined the public shall not know, and which time itself may but partially disclose. It is remarkable that Mrs. Tighe—the authoress of "Psyche,"—Mrs. Hemans, and Mrs. Norton, were all unhappy in marriage. Mrs. Tighe is believed to have died of a broken heart. Of the cause of Mrs. Hemans's alienation from her husband we have no record, though to the public her memoirs of that lady appeared; but enough has been hinted to make us conjecture that event to be the spring of the deep melancholy which pervades her writings, and to show that "the iron had entered her soul."

The rumor is, that Mr. Norton had sworn never to permit his wife to behold her children unless she returns to his house, and that for that end they have been consigned to the custody of the husband's sister, with strict injunctions to allow no communications respecting them to be forwarded to the mother.

Mrs. Norton is residing with her uncle, Charles Sheridan, son of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. Mr. Sheridan is much attached to his niece, and is indefatigable in his attentions.—*Philadelphia Courier.*

JOE SMITH CAUGHT.—The St. Louis Republican of the 31st ult. has the following:

"GREAT EXCITEMENT AT NAUVOO.—ARREST OF JOE SMITH THE MORMON PROPHECY!—New Orleans brought last evening the exciting news, that Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, has been arrested and placed in jail at Ottawa; and further, that when the intelligence reached Nauvoo, 200 horsemen of the legion started immediately for Ottawa with the intention of liberating him. The steamboat Iowa had also been chartered at Nauvoo by the Mormons, and is at present ascending the Illinois river with 150 armed men, to second the attack of the horsemen on Ottawa. Ottawa is situated up the Illinois, and is distant about 200 miles from this city.

"We believe Smith has been travelling in the Northern part of the State, for the purpose of keeping from the retreat made under the requisition of the Governor of this State, which amounts for his being lodged in jail at Ottawa."

THE COURT MARTIAL.—The court which has been so long in session on board the Pennsylvania at Norfolk, has got through with all the cases brought before it, and at last stands adjourned sine die. The following, says the Army and Navy Chronicle, are as many of the decisions as we have been able to obtain. Commander William Ramsey, sentence not confirmed; reported to be five years' suspension. Lieutenant Edward M. Hall, dismissed July 3, 1843. Lieutenant Charles H. Poor, acquitted. Captain Matthias M. Meade, suspended for two years for desertion. Shipman Charles T. Crocker, suspended until December 30th 1843, without pay. Midshipman Albert G. Enos, suspended until June 30th, 1844, without pay. Midshipman Samuel A. Miller, dismissed June 30th.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—It is with much sorrow that we record the death of the distinguished artist Washington Allston. He died very suddenly at his residence at Cambridge on Saturday evening last, aged sixty-four. His loss will be universally regretted. It is generally known that Mr. Allston commenced a Scripture piece about fifteen years ago, and that much of his time had been devoted to it up to the day of his death. The supposition is, that this great picture of "Belshazzar's Feast" is nearly finished. We learn that Mr. Brackett, the sculptor has taken care of Mr. Allston. He was a graduate of Harvard University in the year 1800.

THE NAKED TRUTH.—Dr. Beecher in his late discourse in the Tremont Theatre, thus alludes to the celebrated dancer, Fanny Elssler:—"But beside this testimony, there is more and worse, of which it would be a shame to speak,—Who can describe in full the dress and motions of a late dancer on this stage and through the land; her *pas* in such close imitation of nature as baffled discrimination between costume and flesh; her *corset over dress*, raising as she whirled round amid shouts of applause which might have made the Devil blush, and female virtue, had it been there, burn with indignation, and hang her head in shame! The theatre the school of virtue! Pandemonium the abode of Hellness! the theatre the mirror of nature! Yes, of naked, shameless revelry!"

THE CABINET.—We are authorized to announce, that the Cabinet arguments have already begun, and that the Department of the Interior are placed under the administration of the under mentioned gentlemen, Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State. Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of the Treasury. Hon. J. M. Porter, Secretary of War. Hon. David Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy. Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, P. M. General. Hon. John Nelson, Attorney General.—*Madisonian.*

A writer in the Albany Daily Advertiser has undertaken to disprove the prevalent idea, that lightning descends from the clouds to the earth, and to maintain that, on the contrary, it ascends from the earth into the air, the earth being the great reservoir in which the electric fluid is generated, or at least contained.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—By an arrival at New Orleans, advices have been received from Galveston to the 24th ult. The most important portion of the news is a proclamation by Houston, declaring the establishment of an armistice between Texas and Mexico, to continue during the pendency of negotiations between the two countries for peace, and until due notice of an intention to resume hostilities (should such an intention hereafter be entertained by either party) shall have been formally announced through her Britannic Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* at the respective Governments, and the revocation of the proclamation.

The English Minister at Mexico had been the mediator in the affair, and whosoever may be the motives of the British Government during the conference with the affairs of Texas, whether with the ulterior views of the abolition of slavery there or not, certainly great credit is due to the Minister and all concerned, in producing a cessation of hostilities.

A rumor had reached Washington that Coles, Warfield and Snively had captured the Santa Fe traders without bloodshed! The amount of booty taken is said to be upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

Eschequer bills are now taken at the Custom House, Galveston, at 60 cents on the dollar.

Cel. Kinney, who had been confined in Matamoros for many months, has made his escape and reached Galveston.

A French brig from Havre has arrived at Galveston, having on board 100 emigrants from France. They are a part of the colonists sent out to Texas by Mr. Castro.

ABOMINABLE.—The unnecessary, and in many instances, wanton cruelties inflicted on the convicts in the Sing Sing state prison in the state of New York, have been the subject of newspaper comment, and of Legislative investigation and rebuke—but it does not appear that the evil has diminished. In a late number of the *Courier and Enquirer*, the editor after recording the escape of a prisoner from Sing Sing prison, says:—"More prisoners have escaped from Sing Sing since May, than for the whole three years preceding, and they are, we are informed, may be attributed to the dreadful severity the convicts have to endure—so dreadful that some (one certainly) run in the face of certain death, sooner than live to serve their time out under their tormentors."

REMOVALS AND APPOINTMENTS.—Gen. George M. Keim (Democrat) has been appointed Marshall of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, while Isaac O'is (Whig) removed. It is currently reported that the Postmaster of that city, the Surveyor of the Port, and a number of subordinates in the Custom House, will soon be obliged to give place to Democratic successors. It is said that the Postmaster of Baltimore is about to be removed, and some great changes will take place at Boston and in this city.

THE END OF THE WORLD POSTPONED.—The Rev. Mr. Miller, in a letter to Mr. Himes, of this city, is disposed to think that there has been some error in the calculations respecting the time of the second advent. After noting some of the ceremonies of the typical law, as they appear in the Old Testament, he says:—"If this should be true, we shall not see His glorious appearing until after the autumnal equinox. A few months more of trial and calumny, and the all will be over."—*Boston Post.*

M. SCHICKLER, a gentleman of Paris of vast wealth, died recently. The papers say he was remarkable for his taste in the fine arts. We should say his folly also. He was the first in Paris who made his servants wear powder, and decked his coachman with a peruke "à la boudoir blanches," and a narrow three-cornered hat. This innovation soon found imitators, and powdered footmen and coachmen, with white waddles wigs, became common; but the elegant style of Schickler's equipages could not so easily copied. A Paris priest states that M. Schickler, has bequeathed 500,000 francs to Fanny Elssler.

RUSSIAN APPETITE.—Madame Junot says that young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to tuck in all standing, boots and spurs into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite, that it was all her maître d'hôtel could do to keep pace with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and among them laid a plot to check this march of stomach, if possible.—They gave the young Cosack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited with anxiety for the result. Prejudice and vanity to think that anything but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian accustomed to the digestion of train-oil, bullock's liver, and sawdust rous. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then awoke calling loudly for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of Madame's establishment.

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.—Miss Abby Breck recovered \$5000 of C. Dalrymple, at Newport, R. I. last week, for a breach of promise.

CANAL TOLLS.—Account of tolls received on the Canals of this State:

	4th week in June.	Total, rec'd to 1st July.
1839.....	\$44,192 26.	\$98,620 30
1840.....	50,102 36.	\$53,151 19
1841.....	65,774 32.	\$69,504 97
1842.....	53,941 16.	\$62,669 33
1843.....	61,644 14.	\$11,996 02
FLOUR AND WHEAT —Amount of flour and wheat during the		
	6th week in June.	Total to July 1st.
1843.....	60,272 bbls. 3,954 bu.	\$28,589 bbls. 1,980 bu.
1842.....	30,914 bbls. 19,373 bu.	\$13,157 bbls. 129,841 bu.

A MILLERITE IN ITALY. A correspondent of the *Parisan*, under date Genoa, Jan. 1st., writes:

I saw a Millerite here the other day from Worcester, Mass. He had come by steamer to Liverpool, and then directly here, swift as wind and sail could carry him. From here he took steamer to Rome, where he expected to be persecuted by the Pope: and then he was off for Jerusalem, after forty days' fast, Christ was to appear and set up his kingdom. He was solemn as eternity, and fully believed what he said. Nothing could stop him, as he said he could not detain the Lord Jesus Christ, and he could not appear till after his forty days' fast. He had scarcely money enough to carry him there, and I fear before this the dogs have gnawed his bones without some pity.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—The Providence Chronicle states that the Hon. Nathaniel B. Burden, late member of Congress for the Fall River district, who resides in that village, was on Sunday (2d inst.) morning worth \$75,000. He is now penniless! Truly do riches "take to themselves wings and fly away." Mr. Burden's property, which was nearly all of it in one spot, was completely destroyed, there being not a dollar of insurance upon it.

STIRKING BENEVOLENCE.—"Mrs.——," said a little orchin, whose linen was in the same condition as that of little Dickey Duck, "I wish you would sew up this long hole in my trousers here. It's cold, and the boys be 's pulling it out." "My dear," replied Mrs.——, "why don't you get your mother to do it?" "Oh," whispered the child, "mother says she hasn't time. She is always busy at the great Dorcas Society, what sews for the Missionaries, and makes shirts for them to give to the Hindoos—the poor creatures!"

STATE PRISON STATISTICS.—A Mr. A. M. C. Smith, Deputy Sheriff, advises us, that during the present month, six prisoners have been discharged by expiration of sentence, and that there remain in the institution 765 males, and 78 females—total, 841. This is a larger number than has been in the institution at any one time for the past two years.

An eccentric friend of ours in Yankee land, distinguished as much by the originality of his character as by his remarkable infirmity of stammering, went into a bookstore in Hartford and asked the price of an almanac. "Twelve and a half cents," replied the clerk. "Ah," said Carmichael, "you surely made a mistake; I bought one for six and a quarter cents." "His," answered the salesman, "was torn." "W-w-well, then, t-t-t-ear one for me,"—St. Louis Ariel.

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.—The uneducated people in some parts of England have curious superstitions respecting the bees. A poor old widow once complained that all her kindred of bees had died; and on enquiring the cause, she said that on the death of her husband, a short time before, she had neglected to *tap* at each of the hives, to inform the bees of the circumstance; that, in consequence of this omission, they had been gradually getting weaker and weaker, and that that now she had not one left.

NICKET AT THE GALLOWES.—There existed some curious old customs in Abbeville: a man condemned to be hung, might be saved if a woman offered, of her own accord, to marry him. This piece of good fortune happened to a robber at Hautvilliers in 1400; but the girl was lame, and he actually refused her, saying to the hangman, "Alle cloques, j'i n'en veux mie; ataqu' me!"—"She limps, I do not at all like her for a wife; tie me up!"

A COURT FREE FROM CRIME!—At the Circuit Court held in Lewis county, N. Y. last week, Judge Gridley presiding, it appeared that there was not a criminal case on the calendar; and the jail was empty. The grand jury was promptly discharged, after the Judge had complimented the county and the high rank it had taken in regard to public morals.

The Editor of the N. O. Bee says that the distinguished singer Mad. Cinti Damoreau has been positively engaged to sing at New Orleans the coming season, and that she will arrive before November. She has long enjoyed the highest reputation as a vocalist both in England and on the Continent.

SHOCKING.—An insane man in Greenwich Co. Ky. fired a lot of hemp, and throwing himself upon it was burned to death. His wife and sister struggled hard to prevent him, but the unfortunate man finally accomplished his horrible object.

SERVED AN RIORT.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of Bigamy, was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

Governor Roberts, of the Colony of Liberia, is a young man of color, who left Virginia when a boy, some twelve years ago. He is said to be intelligent, energetic and shrewd in an eminent degree.

GREAT FIRE AT LANSINGBORO.—A large and destructive fire occurred at Lansingburgh on Sunday afternoon, totally destroying eighteen houses and—during several others.

CHARITY.
Believe not acting accusing tongue,
As most of persons do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The interior and exterior of the *Park* remain in statu quo—it is a pleasing fact however, to know that the plans, and the workmen are all ready, and only awaiting the word, (the workmen we mean) to commence operations. It is said that from \$5000 to \$10 000 will be expended in making the alterations, and rendering the theatre complete in every particular as to convenience, scenery, machinery, &c. The rate will no longer be permitted to take a part in tragedy, or be suffered to become undisturbed witnesses of the performances at the wings as of yore—the *Park* is to become the dramatic temple, wherein genius and talent are yet to receive the offerings of their worshippers.

Mr. Simpson, albeit he has made a bad beginning, and already become a cast-away, has not yet truly suffered a shipwreck of his hopes—he will we hope reach England in safety, and consummate all his plans.

Well! supposing he does so, what are we to expect?—a new stock company? almost—a few of the old ones will doubtless remain and so they ought. Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Knight are clever, particularly the first—theo Pleidee, Fisher, Williams, we doubt if their place could be better supplied even in the London market—strengthen these with a choice and discriminating selection from the available talent, not only in England, but in this country, and a stock company perfectly unexceptionable may be obtained.

Report says Macready is coming over, and Anderson and Helen Faucett—good—but report further says that Macready may possibly take the place of the late Stephen Pileo—playing sometimes here, and at other times acting to his managerial capacity at London, and supplying the theatre with every novelty—a most excellent arrangement, which we hope to see effected.

"Yes," you say, and very truly, "but this requires capital!"—suppose we were to assert that Simpson has it, that he has found a backer able and willing to carry him through—we don't say so, from our own knowledge however, but we have been told so, and we give it, as we heard it. Of this however, we may be pretty sure, that Simpson has been too long connected with theatricals, to go upon such a wild goose chase, as to hunt for actors without being properly provided—but let him along a la Du Baignis, "*J'ai de l'argent*," and the music of the sound, will prove an irresistible attraction.

However, we don't pretend to know more than other people, about the intentions of Mr. Simpson; but we know about as much, and that is—very little—there is a mystery in Barry's solemn look, and expressive shake of the head, when you ask for information; and about as much truth as poetry, in Blake's emphatic and invariable remark, "My dear boy, I know nothing, positively nothing."

Thorne has found it convenient and necessary to close the Chatham, for a short period—not even the strength of the Monsieur Paul could draw a house—so finding, as Mitchell wittily remarks, that "echo wouldn't pay the actors' salaries, he paid them (the actors) off, perhaps it would be safer to say 'sent them off' as we don't know for a fact that the salaries were paid.

The City is now thronged with unemployed artists to use fashionable parlance. Some have gone to the interior, on starring expeditions. Billy Williams sailed for England in the Quebec on Thursday.

The Bowery is now without a rival, for we don't consider Niblo's in the light of a rival, we doubt if many of the visitors to Niblo's, ever were inside the Bowery theatre—they are a peculiar and a distinct class, and can hardly be considered as coming under the denomination of theatre-going people. We are utterly ignorant of the doings at the Bowery; if we may believe rumor however, which by the bye, is frequently a very great story teller, the manager is doing a very fair business, that is, he is paying his expenses.

Mr. Hield, well known in this city, and formerly of the Park theatre, died recently in Florida. He was there professionally.

Mr. Hacken is at Cincinnati, engaged at the National, or was.

Fred, the imitator of "Craw" and Stockwell, late scene painter at the Tremont Theatre, have presented a petition to the Mayor and Aldermen, for a license to give dramatic exhibitions in Boston. These gentlemen, backed up by a "heap of money," have secured the extensive lot of ground adjoining the late Tremont Theatre and intend to erect a building immediately for theatrical purposes! The glory of the drama is not yet extinguished.

About a dozen members of the Tremont Company have left Boston for Portland, where they intend to give dramatic entertainments. Mr. Gilbert has engaged Union Hall for this purpose. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert—Mr. and Mrs. Ayling—Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Johnson—Mrs. Cramer—Messrs. Chapman, C Howard and Milot—leader of the orchestra, Mr. Comer—Treasurer, Mr. G. H. Child. The price of "front seats" is fifty cents.

MOBILE AND ST. CHARLES THEATRES.—We have authority for saying that Messrs. Ludlow & Smith, managers of the St. Charles theatre, have leased the Mobile theatre of James H. Caldwell, Esq. The St. Charles is now in the progress of completion according to the original design, and that and the Mobile theatre will open for the ensuing winter on or about the 1st of November.—*Piscayune*.

Jemmy Thorne, Mrs. Richardson and Sinclair are giving concerts at Mobile.

The Pittsburgh American states that Signor Antognini, of the Opera company, after the performance on Monday evening, in exhibiting some feats of strength to a few friends at his lodgings, broke his arm, just above the elbow.

DEATH ON THE STAGE.—At the National theatre, Cincinnati, a few evenings since, while the performances were going on, a boy about 12 years of age fell from the "flies," at a distance of about 26 feet to the stage, and was killed.

The Boston Quartette Club are advertised in the New Jersey papers as cheating their billstickers, doorknockers, &c., which we consider very small game—to cheat the printer is genteel swindling, but to descend lower, is very derogatory to the profession.

NIBLO'S.—The Opera Company.—The only novelty produced since our last has been a Mons. Bica, who made his first appearance last week. He is said to be a pupil of the Academy of Music at Paris, if so, he does not reflect much credit upon it—he has very little voice—a bad style, and lacks taste woefully. He will no doubt be a very useful auxiliary to the company, but he cannot take rank as a singer.

Auber's "*Opera de Los Diamans de la Couronne*," was announced for Wednesday night, but as usual Mlle. Calvé was indisposed, and the performances were changed, much to the disappointment of a large number of persons, who were attracted by the announcement. The sudden indispositions of this lady, happened most unfortunately,—in every instance it has been on the first night of a new opera—a fact which may well raise a doubt as to the nature of the indisposition. We have known prima donnas, who make a continual practice of this species of deception, for the purpose of creating an effect—it certainly does create an effect and a very bad, and sometimes a very disagreeable one too. Where the public discover any thing like humbug, they generally choose a very significant way of expressing their disapprobation—we hope Mlle. Calvé is not striving for effect, for to say the least it is not acting fairly towards a Manager, and it is very insulting to her patrons.

We must defer our notice of the Opera until next week.

The Ravens prove as attractive as ever—every night of their appearance the house has been crowded.

CONSPIRACY.—A curious case occupied the attention of the Court of Sessions for several days this week. Two men named Jas. L. Winfree, alias Col. Winfree and George Cummings, were put on trial, charged with having conspired to work upon the fears of one Wm. R. Gracy of Brooklyn, and by this means obtained money from him. It appears that Mr. Gracy, has been for some time laboring under a monomaniacal disease, "that certain persons were about to make an attempt upon his life." The prisoners having discovered that he was thus affected, by letters and offers, endeavored to persuade him that they had discovered the parties, and required money to carry on their investigations and further developments. The case coming to the knowledge of the Mayor, he had the persons arrested, and on Tuesday they were found guilty and remanded for sentence.

Mr. Gracy is perfectly sane upon every other point, but so great is his delusion, that he believes Chief Justice Ulshieffer of the Common Pleas, to be a party to the conspiracy against his life.

James, the novelist, has been engaged to write a serial romance for the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LADIES' PAPER.—The project of a Ladies' Daily, which has made so much noise about town during the last week, is, we are informed, entirely abandoned. As a matter of pecuniary consideration, perhaps this is not to be regretted; but it does seem to be somewhat hard that a respectable and richly endowed lady may not invest her money and talent in establishing a paper intended for ladies, of a literary character and unobjectionable in its design, without receiving such *jeers* and sarcasms of the press as have been heaped against this enterprise. For our part, we see nothing objectionable or ridiculous in the design, but respect that shrieking modesty, which has caused the ladies interested, to withdraw from a source where they would have been called upon to suffer abuse, or defend themselves in an unequal contest—a contest, which, as ladies, they must be every way unprepared for. Several ladies were reported as having a connection with this design who had no knowledge of it whatever, and such reports are contradicted by their friends. But so far as we can learn, these disclaimers arose from no wish on the part of those ladies to condemn or discourage an enterprise which had nothing objectionable in its nature, and which was certainly in able and efficient hands. Neither Miss Sedgewick, Mrs. Farnham, or Mrs. Stephen had any connection whatever with the matter, but those persons who really did entertain the design of a daily literary paper for ladies, were no less intelligent or respectable than any of the persons above named, and they certainly deserved better treatment from the press than has been awarded them.

THE CASE OF MR. GILMORE.—It will be borne in mind that this woman was arrested here, under the provisions of the late Treaty, charged with administering arsenic to her husband, and thereby causing his death at Paisley, Scotland.

When brought up for examination, some doubts were entertained of her sanity, and Commissioner Rapelye appointed a commission consisting of some of the best Physicians in the City to examine and report upon the case. Some misapprehension has gone abroad, as to the object of the enquiry—(it is not, as to her sanity at the time of the supposed commission of the offence, but whether she is now in a fit state of mind to understand her rights, or in other words whether she is in a fit state of mind to undergo an examination.

After several postponements, the examination of the Physicians commenced on Wednesday, and has been continued from day to day—the opinion seems to be that the prisoner is feigning insanity. Should this be the unanimous opinion, she will undergo an examination in the same form as though the offence had been committed here, and if in the opinion of the Commissioner, there should be sufficient evidence to justify a commitment, she will be sent to Scotland for trial.

It has been rumored that the murder took place, previous to the ratification of the treaty, and probably a question of law will be raised upon that point.

LOSS OF THE STEAM SHIP COLUMBIA.—Information was received in the city on Tuesday morning, of the loss of the Columbia, which left Boston on Saturday, July 1st., with the American Mail and 90 passengers, besides a crew consisting of 80 persons. She struck on Black Lodge Reef, within a quarter of a mile of Seal Island, on Sunday afternoon at a quarter past one, while steaming at the rate of ten knots—so great was the force with which she struck, that her bow from her paddles forward was high up on an inclined plane of smooth rock, while her stern was in deep water. With the aid of Mr. Hinchings, the Master of the Light, the whole of the passengers and crew, were conveyed to the land, and were awaiting the arrival of the Steamer Margaret, from Halifax, which will take the Columbia's place in the line for the present. Berths will however be reserved to the Hibernia for those who prefer going to her. It was generally supposed that the Columbia would be a total loss.

Considerable blame is attached to the pilot; for although there was a dense fog at the time she struck, it is presumed that as an experienced pilot, he should have adopted the only means of ascertaining the vessel's whereabouts, which the soundings and quality of the bottom always indicate. It is said this was neglected.

FALL RIVER SUPERSTITION.—We are glad to perceive that the touching appeal of the sufferers by the late dreadful disaster at Fall River, is every where met by a warm and hearty response. In all the larger

cities public meetings have been called and subscriptions opened for their relief. The Relief Committee at Boston, finding that their necessities were extreme and urgent, obtained \$3000 of some of the banks and forwarded it to the Fall River Committee. In this city, on three of the subscription papers alone, three thousand dollars were put down in a few days. In Providence the sums collected amounted to \$3500. At Albany a concert has been proposed, at which the best musical talent in the city have volunteered. The ladies of Roxbury gave a tea party at Pawtucket, R. I. \$700 have been raised—at Wickford \$100, and indeed we perceive evidences of a similar spirit in all parts of the country, to which the melancholy intelligence has extended.

PICKINGS FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER'S EDITOR'S TABLE.

Most likely many of our readers will remember this 'waxed question' in logic: 'It either rains or it does not rain; but it does not rain; therefore it rains.' This used to puzzle us hugely; as did also the mathematical problem, in simple equations, which runs: A cat has one more tail than so and so, and you have two tails; ergo, a cat has three tails! The conclusion is irretrievable. Here is something, however, which is of deeper import: Johnson studied law with Donson, under the agreement that he should pay Donson, when he (Johnson) gained his first cause. After a time Donson got tired of waiting for the conditions of the contract, and sued Johnson for his pay. He reasoned thus: 'If I sue him I shall get paid at any rate, because if I gain the cause I shall be paid by the court; if it goes against me, I shall get it paid by the terms of the contract; for then Johnson will have gained his first cause; therefore I am safe.' Johnson, on the other hand, being prodigiously frightened, sought counsel, and was told to reason thus: 'Donson reasons well, but there must be a flaw in his argument; because I and not he will gain the victory. If the suit goes in my favor, I shall gain it by the decision of the court; if it goes against me, I shall gain it by the terms of the contract, not having yet won my first cause. Of course I shall not have to pay him!' *Vive la Logique!*

Standing with a friend the other day by the river side, to take in the *panoramic view* of the new steamer Knickerbocker, we overheard a little anecdote connected with water-craft, which made our companion merry all the way home; which we shall here transcribe; 'and which it is hoped may please.' 'It seems there was (nay, we know not *exactly*, there was) a verdant youth from the interior of Connecticut, for the first time on board a steamer. His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he was worned from the engine, a very lecture on the steam-engine and mechanics in general, and from the fireman an essay on the power of white heat, and the average consumption of pine cord-wood'. At length his inquiring mind was checked in its investigations, and 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties' made at once apparent. He had mounted to the wheel house, and was asking the pilot, 'What you don't find for, Mister?—what good doesn't do?' when he was observed by the captain, now at the helm, to say, 'Go away from there! Don't you see the sign, "No talking to the man at the helm"?' Go 'way!' 'Oh! cert'ing—yes; I only wanted to know —' 'Well, you do know now that you can't talk to him; so go 'way!' With on-willing willingness the verdant youth came down; and, as it was soon dark, he presently went below; but four or five times before he 'turned in,' he was on deck, and near the wheel-house, spying with a thoughtful curiosity; but with the captain's public rebuff still in his ears, venturing to ask no questions. In the first grey of the dawn he was up, and on deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near but the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he had last seen him, preferred his 'suppressed question' to the oblique style peculiar to his region: 'Wal, gain't it yit, ha'—been at it all night?—accrescens on her top?'—and that night, conjectures must have bothered the poor quarr's brain during the voyage, as to the peculiar reason for the absurd but 'astute conviction' to which he at length arrived.

'What is more ridiculous to a dandy than a philosopher, or to a philosopher than a dandy?' We thought of this query while reading a description, in a communication before us, of a kind of fourth-rate dandies, the 'apes of apes,' which the writer encountered in the bar-room of an inn, in one of the fourth-rate towns of Maryland. Doubtless these artificial 'humans' looked upon our friend as quite to be pitied that he was not 'one of us.' In their ultra dress, affected manners, dissipated tones, and whic-faces, you might read the foolish vanity of an existence parallel in every respect to that of Beau Brummell, except that his was original absurdity, and theirs was folly on loan. It was Parisianism adulterated in London, qualified in Broadway, weakened to Chesnut-street, reduced in Baltimore, and at last in these provincial districts diluted to the lowest possible degree of insipidity, with scarce a perceptible tincture of the original liquid. Their dress, their looks, by nature; and the only ideas they could conceive were one of humiliation, that ages were permitted to wear the likeness of G-d's image.

TRAGIC AFFAIR AT WILKINSVILLE, L. I.—An Irishman named Reuben Whitford, was found on Wednesday lying on a bed in the house of Mrs. Nix, at Wilkesburg, with his throat cut. He had been in habit of criminal intercourse with Mrs. Nix. Suspicion rests upon the husband of Mrs. Nix, who however declares that he came home and found him in the bed, dead.

CROWNING THE VIRGIN.—The following account is said to be a precise narration of a ceremony performed at Brussels on the 26th of May last. Our English paper chronicles it, with the remark, "this is the state of things to which the *Fœuilles*, headed by the Bishop of London would have us return." In America the recital reads like *swarmy*, and borders too much on the ridiculous for our ideas of common sense and decency :

Yesterday divine service was performed in the church of Notre Dame de la Chappelle, with the presentation of a rich crown of gold to the Virgin Mary. On the preceding day the street leading from the parsonage to the church was planted with firs to which were suspended garlands, composed of green boughs and of blue, white, and pink, rail; several triumphal arches were erected at the beginning and end of the route which the procession was to take. At 10 o'clock the Archbishop of Mechlin, arrived in his carriage, with the Vicar General and performed High Mass, assisted by all the clergy of the parish. The Cardinal and Archbishop then dined with the Rev. M. Willaert, minister of the parish who had invited several ecclesiastics. At 2 o'clock a splendid procession, consisting of the Archbishop and a numerous body of the clergy, in rich sacerdotal costumes, proceeded from the parsonage to the church; the band of the regiment of Guides preceded them. The crown intended to be offered to the Virgin was borne by a number of young women. The crown is very rich, and of exquisite workmanship, and attracted the attention of the multitude of spectators that crowded to see the procession, which was closed by a squadron of the regiment of Guides. Three hundred men of the garrison lined the street. On the arrival of the procession at the church, the crown was deposited on a column at the feet of the Madonna. At 3 o'clock the King and the Queen, and the Duke of Brabant, alighted from their carriage at the church, and were received by the Archbishop and his clergy. The King and Queen, preceded by their attendants entered the chapel and took their seats on a platform near the throne of the Virgin. Their Majesties first heard a sermon from Father Bone a Jesuit. The Archbishop then immediately commenced the ceremony of offering the crown, which he placed himself on the head of the Virgin. The service concluded, their Majesties and the Duke of Brabant returned to their carriage. The numerous bands played during the whole of this pious fete. An immense crowd thronged at the approaches to the church. The ceremony terminated at 4 o'clock. Their Majesties were welcomed with acclamations of "Vive la Roi! Vive la Reine!" It is said that the crown contains 90 ounces of gold, and that the workmanship alone cost 7,000 francs.

A GREAT WIND FALLOUT.—An extraordinary visitation of unexpected good fortune has lately come to a family now residing in this village which partakes not a little of the romantic, and has created considerable sensation in our community. By the last will and testament of James Hosier, Esq. of Hackensack, County of Carlow, Ireland, who recently died possessed of large landed estates, money in the funds and other properties, the whole of his accumulated wealth has been devised to his grandson, William Hosier, of Mrs. Charles Hosier, an ex-mercantile lady, whose residence has been in this place for some years past. Mrs. H. has only been able, with great economy and industry, to bring up a son and daughter in a respectable manner, and the singular fortune which has so suddenly been showered down upon her family is therefore most opportune. The lucky devise is a lad about eleven years of age. By the testator's direction, he is to be educated and provided for handsomely until he attains the age of 25 years; and then he is to enter upon the possession of his property, the present value of which is set down at two millions of dollars. This good news was brought to him last week by a gentleman of New-York, himself connected by marriage with the family abroad. —*Kinderhook Sentinel.*

THE CONFESSORIAL.—In a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church, in which they made a kind of annual confession, technically called recounting one's "experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D., was in the habit of loving his neighbor L., who was not a member, to attend these meetings—at one of which Mr. D. got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily, with his eyes open—that he willingly and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt in him—more intimately than any other man—and it gave him great pleasure, because he could do it with more sincerity, to confirm the truth of all brother D. had confessed of himself. When Mr. L. sat down under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson next exclaimed, Mr. D. went up to him and said, "you are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of church."

It is confidently expected that, with the aid of the *Diving Bell*, the machinery and every thing of value, on board of the ill-fated *Erie*, will be recovered.

INTERESTING RELIC.—It was stated some time since, that a rare lot of old paper, formerly the property of Aaron Burr, had been received by a paper dealer at Hartford. It was also stated that those papers were of no value; but one of the Hartford Journals has published a letter written by Washington, which was found among this "rubbish." The letter is addressed to one "Oliver Phelps, Esq.," whom we suppose to have been a contractor of provisions for the American army. It is written in an old fashioned but bold style of penmanship, and is remarkable only for its having been written by the "Father of his Country." The subject is a copy of the original:

Head Quarters, Newburgh 21st April 1782.

Sir—

I have received your fav^r—of the 19th inst^{ant}. A Variety of Circumstances at present operate to prevent my being able to decide on the places of Deposit for your Sailed provisions,—&c as the Season & the Roads are at this Time unfavorable for their movement, I suppose, it will not be disagreeable to you that they rest at the several places where you make the purchases, until I am better prepared to give you my Decision.

I have not yet received from Philadelphia, a Copy of your Contract; which forms an additional Reason against my Deciding at this Time on the places of Deposit

I am sir Your most Obedt Serv^t
G. WASHINGTON.

THE THRALDOON OF THE PORTER POT.—Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," has this significant paragraph:—

"But truly, as we have meanwhile to remark, 'the liberty of not being oppressed by our fellow-men' is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of human liberty. No man oppresses him, but he fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True, from all men thou art emancipated; but from Thyself and from the Devil? No men, wiser or unwiser, can make thee come or go; but thy two faculties, bewilderments, thy false appetites for Money, Windows, Georges, and such like? No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franciscan; but does not this stupid Porter Pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of Henry VIII. this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this accursed dish of liquor. And thou protest of thy liberty! Thou entest blockhead!"

A BUST FELLOW.—The New Era says there is no editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman, and devil, but keeps a tavern, is a village school master, captain of the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brundreth pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children. The Boston Morning Post says this is not all—he owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of potatoes and cologne, lost half, raised by himself a subscription to his subscribers, who he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend upon the wind—atmospherical and financial, we suppose.

DIED.

On the 9th inst, James Miller formerly of Orange County, N. Y.
On the 8th inst, William Downing Bond, aged 9 months.
On the 8th inst, James Fairbairn, in his 51st year.
On the 8th inst, Phineas White, aged 17 years and 5 months.
On the 7th inst, Gerrard Degraw, in his 49th year.
On the 7th inst, Horatio K. Beers, aged 16 years.
On the 7th inst, Judith Watkins, in her 82d year.
On the 7th inst, James McKay, in his 45th year.
On the 6th inst, James C. Briggs, in his 53d year.
On the 10th inst, Mrs. Cecelia Collins, aged 96 years.
On the 10th inst, William Sandford, in the 78th year of his age.
On the 9th inst, at Newark, N. J., Isaac Briggs, aged 18 years and 5 months.
On the 10th inst, Mary Ann, daughter of John Duffy, aged 8 months.
On the 10th inst, Washington Hugh, son of H. and C. Bradley.
On the 8th inst, Chassey, son of John, and Adeline Moss, aged 2 months and 15 days.
At Brooklyn, on the 7th inst, Margaret Torbett, in the 25th year of her age.
At Brooklyn, June 30th, Isiah Butts, in his 67th year.
On the 6th inst, at Watkinson, John Wilson, a revolutionary soldier aged 96 years.
At Geneva, June 29th, Rev. John Middleton, aged 39 years.
At Canaan, N. J., Lawrence County, Isaac Brown, in his 43d year.
At Geneva, June 23d, Dr. Edward Cutbush, aged 71 years.
At Rochester, July 3d, Capt. Irvin B. Palmer, aged about 50 years.
At Dulis, June 24th, Margaret, in her 31 years.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst, by the Rev. N. J. Marcelas, Mr. James Robertson to Mrs. Elizabeth Lyster, both of this city.
On the 9th inst, by the Rev. R. Reay Samuel Self, to Miss Jane M. Rowland.
On the 10th inst, by the Rev. Francis Hallsted, J. Hays to Miss Catherine Roferty.
On the 10th inst, by the Rev. F. Hallsted, Gideon Levy to Sarah Corbach, both of this city.
On the 9th inst, by the Rev. F. Hallsted, Nelsco Carls to Lewis Grobeck, both of this city.
On the 6th inst, Mitchell C. Branks to Ellen Augusta Walsh.
At Knoxville, Tenn, by the Rev. Robert Kimbrough, Milton L. Phillips, to Miss Mary L. Hickox.
At North Cove, Monroe County, Ala., on June 25, by Rev. E. O. Martin, Henry B. Jones to Caroline H. Waigs.
At Cortland Village, June 10, Irish Hoffman to Miss Catherine Frisell.
At Amherst, July 5, by the Rev. H. G. Ludlow M. A. Cogswell Frisell, to Miss Lavina Barker.

Great Improvements IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheets, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any novellette tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

The genius of this lady has placed her as it were at a single bound, among the foremost of our best writers, and we believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "burnsted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his north-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. THE MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, (Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annuals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn up the fresh earth."

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

BEST LITERARY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY.

And that in the ability, originality and vigor of its editorials, and the variety and interest of its selections, it shall maintain that high position in the estimation of the public.

TERMS.

The BROTHER JONATHAN is published weekly on an immense mammoth sheet of paper, and each number contains thirty-two very large octavo pages. The fifty-two numbers comprise three yearly volumes of 544 pages each, commencing on the First of January, First of May, and First of September respectively.

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Respectfully,

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162 Nassau street, N. Y.

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Joseph Perkins, late of the City of New York, curvator, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereon to the subscribers, at R. H. Day's residence, No. 75 Duane-street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixth day of August next. Dated New York, the twenty-eighth day of January, 1862.

E. PERKINS, Administrator.
[JOHN H. DAY, Administrator.

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The London Lancet,

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN TWO VOLUMES ANNUALLY.)

EDITED BY THOMAS WAKLEY, M. P., SURGEON.

RE-PRINTED AT 162 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Price, Three Dollars a year.

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The first number of the new Volume was issued on Saturday, May 27th, with a list of over two thousand subscribers, each paid in advance. The American publishers may therefore safely announce that the republication of the work is established on a firm basis.

This valuable and highly popular Medical Journal contains reports of all the Medical Lectures of consequence, all the peculiar cases in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and generally every thing transpiring, the knowledge of which would be useful to the medical profession throughout the world. Its character is also adapted to the knowledge of a general reader, and it is a valuable periodical for every intelligent man, even though he be little acquainted with the professional terms in which medical matters are commonly wrapped up.

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F. WARREN & JACKSON, No. 80 in the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, Wall-street, in addition to the ordinary business of their profession, attend to the drawing Specifications for obtaining patents, both in this country and Europe. Mr. Jackson, who is a practical draughtsman, will execute all drawings necessary to illustrate the documents, and will also give lessons in Machine Drawing. W. & J. have had long experience in procuring patents, and are familiar with the operation of the new laws of Congress in this matter. Gratuitous information will be given to persons who wish to apply for patents, by calling as above.

New York, May 19, 1843.

m37d

FRANKLIN SALT-WATER BATHS, CASTLE GARDEN.

The proprietors having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them, and the public in general, the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing, shower-baths upon an improved principle, and boys' swimming-school, that were ever offered to public patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of salt water, all surface matter is completely excluded.

The Franklin Bath is now ready at its usual station, the north side of Castle Garden Bridge. Books are open for the season subscription, and the inspection of citizens and strangers is respectfully solicited.

37 1

The Scottish Heiress!

"A woman to a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not!"

This work is issued ANONYMOUSLY; but it is one, on the success of which, the author might with safety hang all his hopes of fame and reward.

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VOL. V.—NO. 12.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 210.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

The painting of a house requires more consideration than is usually paid to it; firstly, on account of preservation, and secondly, on account of beauty.

To an architect, there is hardly a sight so offensive as the red brick color of the city, more especially if they are *lined off*, showing the size of the bricks. Bricks are the smallest form of the material usually applied to purposes of building. Their size is regulated by convenience. The hand of the mason could not well grasp a larger piece, and hence their size could not well be increased; besides, if made larger, they would not be so easily and so well made. Their general size is therefore permanently fixed. But as the diminutive size of the material used, detracts from the dignity of a building, it is all important to conceal, as far as practicable, this defect. Let every one look at the new Trinity Church, and ask himself what would be the appearance of it if made of red brick and lined off. And yet, the size of the blocks of that building are much less than they could be for the best effect. If these red bricks would not look well in a church, they would not look well in any structure. Necessity, however, knows no law, and as other material cannot be had without great expense, bricks must continue to be used for all the ordinary dwelling houses of cities and for the middling class of country residences.

Hard burnt bricks, if protected by paint and laid in cement, will last thousands of years. They therefore constitute a good material for building; and if the clay of this country did not contain so much iron as to turn them red in burning, they would make a very beautiful building in their natural color, (a greyish yellow) if seen at some distance. The bricks imported to this city from Holland, by our Dutch ancestors, are of this color. But it is necessary for their preservation that they should be painted. It is also necessary to prevent their imbibing water during rain storms, which, if long continued, would heat entirely through a foot thick wall. And we may add, it is still more necessary for their beauty, that they should be painted some agreeable color. In this city, as in almost all cities, buildings are colored red, where the material is of brick—why, it would puzzle a philosopher to tell. It is certainly the most disagreeable color which could glare upon the eye in a summer's day; and when lined off, is certainly the most expensive. It cannot be alleged that the red color is any more durable than any other. Then why is it so much used? We will answer, without compliment—'tis from an *uneducated taste*. All savages are fond of the color, because it is strong and can be comprehended by the duller faculties. It is, as a blind man once expressed it,

like the sound of a trumpet. Hence, persons of little refinement think the red brick color the most beautiful.

If it is asked, what color is best for a dwelling house, it might be replied, anything but red or black. But there are certain tints which are always agreeable to the eye, and are therefore to be preferred. Among the best are the grey, granite color, free-stone color and fawn color.—White is of a hard, cold and unpicturesque aspect, and should never be used where it can be avoided. Where buildings are constructed of marble, the color is not objectionable. The value of the material, the variegation of its veins, the size of the blocks and the associations connected with it, from its use in the wonderful structures of antiquity, make it perfectly appropriate. But if a brick house be painted that color, it will soon become dingy and dull, therefore some tint above named is preferable, as being more agreeable to the eye and as retaining longer its beauty.

Stucco, notwithstanding the bad success which has attended its introduction into this country, is certainly a good material to coat the outside



of any considerable building. A difficulty has heretofore existed in making it adhere; but the fault has generally been with the material used, as well as some lack of scientific management. In the first place, the bricks should be so laid up as to leave the spaces between them, open on the outside, at least half an inch, so that the stucco may have good hold. In the next place, the walls should be washed down clean before applying the stucco; and the bricks should be so set that they will not absorb the moisture from the stucco. Then the material of the cement must be good. The sand must be clean and without any salt in it, as is often the case when taken from the river shore within tide water. Hydraulic cement must then have an *amphibious* character. It must be of a kind that will withstand both wet and dry. Such a kind can be had. There is plenty of it in the market. Let a building be stuccoed with good material, properly put on and then painted, and it will last as long as the bricks themselves, except for being broken off by accidental abrasion.

It is the most beautiful economy in the world to build a house well.—If when one's dwelling is finished it shall be perfectly satisfactory, there is one ingredient of contentment gained for life; if unsatisfactory, there is a store of discontent which long habitude will scarcely allow. To make a good house, several things are requisite. A good plan should be obtained from an *architect*, (not a mason nor a carpenter) and the whole arrangement and estimates *definitely settled* before commencing the structure, so that no alterations will need to be made. One should at-

ways remember, too, that the building will certainly exceed the estimates.

There will be contingent expenses which it is impossible for any man to foresee. The plan being adopted, and well considered by all who are to occupy the building, by the foundation sufficiently firm and deep, and lay it with good mortar, cement, if possible, and don't trust the mason's word that he will put in the best mortar in the world. In putting up the brickwork, it is a good plan to make hollow walls. This is not often practised, but it is of great advantage. It may be made thus. An eight-inch wall is laid up for the outside, with a four-inch wall inside, the two separated by a space of four inches, and tied with bricks crossing at every two feet, superficial. This is a good arrangement also for warming apartments, as the hot air may be carried within the walls all round the room. Let the bricks be saturated before they are laid, and the mortar made of the appropriate thickness and of true proportions. It is easy to tell the proportions of mortar. Slake the lime to the putty. Fill a measure with dry sand, and then ascertain how much water it will take to wet it, and that will give the proportion which the lime-putty should bear to the sand, as it will take just as much of the lime-putty to fill the interstices of the sand as it would of water. The walls being built, and the roof on, the interior is to be attended to. The flooring joists should be well bridged, and then the spaces arranged properly, and filled up so that there might be no forging-ground for rats—nor, we may add, any burying ground for their dead carcasses. When filled let the whole floor be made fire-proof, after the floor detailed in the article in last number. The house will then be fire-proof and there will be no insurance to pay. Lastly, paint the house well and it will endure and never disgrace the owner.

The Tuscan style, of which we introduce a cut in this number, is very beautiful for certain localities. A sunny glade seems its best home. It admits of embellishment, but is the best to be used where it is intended that there shall be no expense incurred in ornament. It should be painted some warm yellow tint, and may with propriety appear to be of wood. There are but few cottages or villas in this style in this part of the country, the Grecian and pointed styles having been most used.

The one we insert was designed by Mr. Davis, who has paid much attention to this style and its fitness for domestic structures.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE HIGHLANDER'S BURIAL PLACE.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

"They attempted recently to use the burial place of the Mac—s for a public burial ground. The clan rose and repulsed the authorities with arms." *Graham's Year in 1841.*

Up, brothers! with the claymora, as ye were wont before:
And let the wild "*Ghaidh Teanna*" ring out along the heath once more!
And as ye belt the bright green plaid, say to yourselves the while,
"Tis for our fathers' memories, our God, and burial isle!
The iron-hearted Saxon is grasping once again,
At the lone and rocky isle, where our race so long have lain,
Ain: we need no strangers' mid our devoted care;
Ourselves are felling fast enough to fill our burial place.
But 'tis no time for weeping, for we must guard our dead;
Then call ye on Black Ruaridh and Alaster the Red,
And swear ye by your God, and by your country's earlier powers,
That the ashes of the stranger, shall never mix with ours!

No! though the men's ries of our pride are failing one by one;—
Not till our adamantine bills shall melt beneath the sun;
Not till the swan may calmly float o'er Corri-vrekin's wave,
Shall the Gael forget the lave he bears unto his father's grave.
Then let the Saxon rest his soul and foedness in the mart;
No piles of gold have we to boast, but oh! not poor in heart!
And let the bloodless Southron curl his vain lip as he may,
And cast his mother's ashes forth to mix with stranger clay.
But by those noble hearts that sleep 'neath many battle plains;
And by the old Norse Kingly blood that thrills along our veins;
And by the God who made our arms, while He upholds our powers,
The ashes of the stranger shall never mix with ours!

July 4th, 1843.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, Esq. (ROZ.)

Continued from page 321.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARTIN DISSEMBARS FROM THAT ROGUE AND FAST-SAILING LIVE-OF-PACKET SHIP, THE SCREW, AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. HE MAKES SOME ACQUAINTANCES, AND DINES AT A BOARDING-HOUSE. THE PARTICULARS OF THOSE TRANSACTIONS.

Some trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the land of liberty; for an alderman had been elected the day before; and Party Feeling naturally running rather high on such an exciting occasion, the friends of the disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose and putting him out of countenance. The popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir, after the lapse of a whole night; but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the news boys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the highways and byways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping, but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steamboat; before she touched the shore, was boarded by a legion of these young citizens.

"Here's this morning's New York Sewer!" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco movement yesterday, in which the wig was so chawed up; and the last Alabama group case; and the interesting story of the New York knives; and all the Political, Commercial, and Fashionable News. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!"

"Here's the Sewer!" cried another. "Here's the New York Sewer! Here's some of the twelve thousand of to-day's Sewer, with the best accounts of the markets, and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the ball at Mrs. Walter's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of the Sewer was assembled, with the Sewer's own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the Sewer! Here's some of the twelve thousand of the New York Sewer! Here's the Sewer's exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the Sewer's exposure of the Washington Gang, and the Sewer's exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own news. Here's the Sewer! Here's the New York Sewer, in its twelve thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed! Here's the Sewer's article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the Independent Jury that didn't convict him, and the Sewer's account of what they might have expected if they had! Here's the Sewer, here's the Sewer! Here's the wide awake Sewer; always on the look-out; the leading Journal of the United States, now to its twelfth thousand, and still a printing off!—Here's the New York Sewer!"

"It is in such enlightened means," said a voice, almost in Martin's ear, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

Martin turned involuntarily, and saw, standing close at his side, a tall gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either. Indeed it would have been difficult on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit. This gentleman wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance; and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surcoat reaching nearly to his ankles, about loose trousers of the same colour, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discoloured shirt-frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steamboat's side; and his thick cane, shed with a mighty flourish at one end, and armed with a great metal knob or the other, depended from a line-and-lass on his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye, simultaneously, and said, once more:

"It is in such enlightened means, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

As he looked at Martin, and nobody else was by, Martin inclined his head, and said:

"You allude to —"

"To the palladium of rational Liberty at home, sir, and the dread of Foreign oppression abroad," returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty crew-boy with one eye. "To the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human Civilization. Let me ask you, sir," he added, bringing the ferrule of his stick heavily upon the deck, with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with, "how do you like my Country?"

"I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet," said Martin, "seeing that I have not been ashore."

"Well, I should expect you were not prepared, sir," said the gentleman, "to behold such signs of National Prosperity as those!"

He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves; and then gave a vague flourish with his stick, as if he would include the air and water, generally, in his remark.

"Really," said Martin, "I don't know. Yes, I think I was."

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowing look and said he liked his policy. It was natural, he said, and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human nature.

"You have brought, I see, sir," he said, turning round towards Martin, and testing his chin on the top of his stick, "the usual amount of misery and poverty, and ignorance and crime, to be located in the bosom of the Great Republic. Well, sir! let 'em come on in ship-loads from the old country: when vessels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave 'em. There is considerable of truth, I find, in that remark."

"The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet, perhaps," said Martin with a smile, partly occasioned by what the gentleman said, and partly by his manner of saying it, which was odd enough, for he emphasised all the small words, and syllables in his discourse, and left the others to take care of themselves; as if he thought the larger parts of speech could be trusted alone, but the little ones required to be constantly looked after.

"Hope is said by the poet, sir," observed the gentleman, "to be the nurse of Young Desire."

Martin signified that he had heard of the cardinal virtue in question serving occasionally in that domestic capacity.

"She will not rear her infant in the present instance, sir, you'll find," observed the gentleman.

"Time will show," said Martin.

The gentleman nodded his head, gravely; and said "What is your name, sir?"

Martin told him.

"How old are you, sir?"

Martin told him.

"What's your profession, sir?"

Martin told him that, also.

"What is your destination, sir?" inquired the gentleman.

"Really," said Martin, laughing, "I can't satisfy you in that particular, for I don't know myself."

"Yes!" said the gentleman.

"No," said Martin.

The gentleman adjusted his cane under his left arm, and took a more deliberate and complete survey of Martin than he had yet had leisure to make. When he had completed his inspection, he put out his right hand, shook Martin's hand, and said:

"My name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal."

Martin received the communication with that degree of respect which an announcement so distinguished appeared to demand.

"The New York Rowdy Journal, sir," resumed the Colonel, "is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in this city."

"Oh! there is an aristocracy here, then!" said Martin. "Of what is it composed?"

"Of intelligence," replied the Colonel, "of intelligence and virtue."

"And of their necessary consequence in this republic, dollars, sir."

Martin was very glad to hear this, feeling well assured that if intelligence and virtue led, as a matter of course, to the acquisition of dollars, he would speedily become a great capitalist. He was about to express the gratification such news afforded him, when he was interrupted by the captain of the ship, who came up at the moment to shake hands with the Colonel; and who, seeing a well-dressed stranger on the deck (for Martin had thrown aside his cloak), shook hands with him also. This was an unpleasant relief to Martin, who, in spite of the acknowledged supremacy of Intelligence and Virtue in that happy country, would have been deeply mortified to appear before Colonel Diver in the poor character of a stowage passenger.

"Well, cap'en?" said the Colonel.

"Well, Colonel?" cried the captain. "You're looking most uncommon bright, sir. I can hardly realize its being you, and that's a fact."

"A good passage, cap'en?" inquired the Colonel, taking him aside.

"Well, now! It was a pretty spanking run, sir," said, or rather said, the captain, who was a genuine New Englander: "con-siderin' the weather."

"Yes!" said the Colonel.

"Well! It was, sir," said the captain. "I've just now sent a boy up to your office with a letter, sir."

"You haven't got another boy to spare, cap'en?" said the Colonel, in a tone almost amounting to perversity.

"I guess there are a dozen if you want 'em, Colonel," said the captain.

"One moderate big 'un could convey a dozen of champagne, perhaps," observed the Colonel, musing, "to my office. You said a spanking run, I think?"

"Well! so I did," was the reply.

"It's very high you know," observed the Colonel. "I'm glad it was a spanking run, cap'en. Don't mind about quarts if you're short of 'em. The boy can as well bring four-and-twenty pints, and travel twice as once."

A first rate sparrer, cap'en, was it? Yes!"

"A most e—t—r—n—al speaker," said the skipper.

"I admire at your good fortune, cap'en. You might have lost a cork-screw at the same time, and half-a-dozen glasses if you liked. However bad the elements combine against my country's noble packet-ship, the Screw, sir," said the Colonel, turning to Martin, and drawing a flourish on the surface of the deck with his cane, "her passage here, it is, almost inevitably, a speaking!"

The captain, who had the Screw below at that moment lurching extensively in one cabin, while the amiable Stabber was drinking himself into a state of blind madness in another, took a cordial leave of his friend and captain the Colonel, and hurried away to despatch the champagne: well knowing, (as it afterwards appeared) that if he failed to conciliate the editor of the Rowdy Journal, that potentate would denounce him as his ship's largest capital before he was a day older; and would probably recall the memory of his mother also, who had not been dead more than twenty years. The Colonel being again left alone with Martin, checked him as he was moving away, and offered, in consideration of his being an Englishman, to show him the town and to introduce him, if such were his desires, to a genteel boarding-house. But before they entered on these proceedings (he said,) he would beseech the honor of his company at the office of the Rowdy Journal, to partake of a bottle of champagne, to even its own importation.

All this was so extremely kind and hospitable, that Martin, though A was quite early in the morning, readily acquiesced. So, instructing Mark, who was deeply engaged with his friend and her three children—when he had done assisting them, and had cleared the baggage, to wait for further orders at the Rowdy Journal Office,—he accompanied his new friend on shore.

They made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd of emigrants upon the wharf—who, grouped about their beds and boxes with the bare ground below them and the bare sky above, might have fallen from another planet, for anything they knew of the country—and walked for some short distance along a busy street, bounded on one side by the quays, and shipping; and on the other by a long row of staring red-brick storehouses and offices, criss-crossed with more black lines and white letters, and more white boards and black letters, than Martin had ever seen before, in fifty times the space. Presently they turned up a narrow street, and presently into other narrow streets, until at last the stopped before a house whereon was painted in great characters, "Rowdy Journal."

The Colonel, who had walked the whole way with one hand in his breast, his head occasionally wagging from side to side, and his hat thrown back upon his ears—like a man who was oppressed by inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness—led the way up a dark and dirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character all littered and strewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crumpled fragments, both in proof and manuscript. Behind a many old writing-table in this apartment, sat a figure with the stump of a pen in his mouth and a great pair of scissors in his right hand, clipping and slicing at a file of Rowdy Journals; and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity, though conscious at the close observation of Col. Diver.

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as aforesaid at the Rowdy Journals, was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, it is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon, and his lank hair—a fragile crop—was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that a trace of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that odor of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snuff," and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a fifty score. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman, were tokens of a sandy down—so very, very smooth and scant, that though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread, than the fair promise of a moustache; and this conjecture, his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work; and every time he snapped the great pair of scissors, he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible expression.

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son; the hope of the family, and future misdealing of the Rowdy Journal. Indeed he had begun to say that he presumed this was the colonel's little boy, and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at Editor in all the guilelessness of childhood; when the colonel proudly interposed, and said:

"My Wife Corresponds, sir—Mr. Jefferson Brick!"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irrevocable mistake he had nearly made.

Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him with an air of parting designed to

reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see, sir," quoth the colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England sir?"

"Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel, thoughtfully; as he took his seat upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British the court of Saint James's?"

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I—"

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow—"

"—At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spotting to the universal arch above us, its sanguinary goos," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glassed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libration of freedom, Brick!"—hinted the colonel.

"—Must sometimes be quelled to blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said 'blood,' he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if they said blood, they were, and were quite of his opinion.

This done they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is I—"

"Stop!" said the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the Rowdy Journal, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Europe—Yes!"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. "Don't bust! oh you Europeans! After that, let's have a glass of wine!" So saying, he got down from the table, and produced from a basket outside the door, a bottle of champagne, and three glasses.

"Mr. Jefferson Brick, sir," said the colonel, filling Martin's glass and his own, and pushing the bottle to that gentleman, "will give us a sentiment."

"Well sir!" cried the war correspondent, "since you have concluded to call upon me, I will respond. I will give you, sir, The Rowdy Journal and its brethren; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers' ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her destiny reflected in." "Hear, hear!" cried the colonel with great complacency. "There are flowery components, sir, in the language of my friend!"

"Very much so indeed," said Martin.

"There is to-day's Rowdy, sir," observed the colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity."

The colonel was by this time seated on the table again. Mr. Brick also took up a position at that same place of furniture; and they fell to drinking pretty hard. They often looked at Martin as he read the paper, and then at each other; and when he laid it down, which was not until they had fairly had a second bottle, the colonel asked him what he thought of it.

"Why, it's horribly personal," said Martin.

The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark; and said he hoped it was.

"We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick. "We do as we like."

"If I may judge from this specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like."

"Well! They yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the colonel. "The free press, sometimes; but in general we have a bold upon our citizens both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—"

"As eager slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick.

"En—tiredly so," remarked the colonel.

"Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation, "may I venture to ask, with reference to a case I observe in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—is forgery? I forgot letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solely purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?"

"Well sir!" replied the colonel. "It does, now and then."

"And the popular instructor—what do they do it?" asked Martin.

"Buy 'em!" said the colonel.

Mr. Jefferson Brick expostulated and laughed; the former copiously, the latter approvingly.

"Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel. "We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness."

"Is smartness American for forgery?" asked Martin.

"Well!" said the colonel. "I expect it's American for a good many things that you call by other names. But you can't help yourselves in Europe. We can—"

"No, no, sometimes," thought Martin. "You help yourselves with very little ceremony, too!"

"At all events, whatever name we choose to employ," said the colonel, stopping down to roll the third empty bottle into a corner after the other two, "I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here, sir?"

"I suppose not," replied Martin.

"Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon!"

"Invented! No, I presume not."

"Well!" said the colonel; then we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, not the new 'un. There's an end of that. Now if Mr. Jefferson Brick and you will be so good as clear, I'll come out last, and look the matter through for the original hand."

Rightly interpreting this as the signal for their departure, Martin walked down stairs after the war correspondent, who preceded him with great majesty. The colonel following, they left the Rowdy Journal Office and walked forth into the streets: Martin feeling doubtful whether he ought to kick the colonel for having presumed to speak to him, or whether it came within the bounds of possibility that he and his establishment were thus being brought into the original hand."

It was clear that Colonel Diver, to the security of his strong position, and in his perfect understanding of the public sentiment, cared very little what Martin or anybody else thought about him. His high-priced wares were made to sell, and they sold; and his thousands of readers could as rationally charge their delight in fifth upon him, as a glutton can shift upon his cock the responsibility of his heaviest excess. Nothing else had delighted the colonel than to see through the streets of his country in the world: for that would only have been a logical assurance to him of the correct adaptation of his labors to the prevailing taste, and of his being strictly and peculiarly a national feature of America.

They walked a mile or more along a handsome street which the colonel said was called Broadway, and which Mr. Jefferson Brick said "whipped the sovereign." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare, they stopped before a rather mean looking house with jalousie blinds to every window; a flight of steps before the green street door; a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pine apple, polished; a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker, wherein the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental pigs looking down the area.

The colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there; and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top windows to see who it was. Pending her journey down stairs, the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street, in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter.

"Is the major in-doors?" inquired the colonel, as he entered.

"Is it the master, sir?" returned the girl, with a hesitation which seemed to imply that they were rather flush of majors in that establishment.

"The master?" said Colonel Diver, stopping short and looking round at his war correspondent.

"Oh! The depressing institutions of that British empire, colonel!" said Jefferson Brick. "Master?"

"What's the matter with the word?" asked Martin.

"I should have let it be never better in our country, sir: that's all," said Jefferson Brick: "except when it is used by some degraded Help, as now to the blessings of our form of government, as this Help is. There are no masters here."

"All 'owners,' are they?" said Martin.

Mr. Jefferson Brick followed in the Rowdy Journal's footsteps without returning any answer. Martin took the same course, thinking as he went, that perhaps the free and independent citizens, who in their moral elevation, owned the colonel for their master, might render better homage to the goddess, Liberty, in nightly dreams upon the oven of a Russian Serf.

The colonel led the way into a room at the back of the house upon the ground-floor, light, and of fair dimensions, but exqu岸itely uncomfortable: having nothing in it but four cold white walls and ceiling, a broken carpet, a dreary waste of dingy-table reaching from end to end, and a bewildering collection of cases, boxes, and chairs, in the further region of this banqueting-hall was a stove, garished on either side with a great brass spittoon, and shaped in itself like three little iron barrels set up on end in a fender, and joined together on the principle of the Siammo Twins. Before it, swinging himself in a rocking-chair, lounged a large gentleman with his hat on, who amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the right hand the stove, and the spittoon on his left, and then would turn round, and spit in the same order. A negro lad in a soiled white jacket was busily engaged in placing on the table two long rows of knives and forks, relieved at intervals by jugs of water; and as he travelled down one side of this festive board, he straightened with his dirty hands the dirtier cloth, which was all askew, and had not been removed since breakfast. The atmosphere of this room was rendered intensely hot and stifling by the stove; but being for the first time let by a fresh gush of soap from the kitchen, and by such remote suggestions of tobacco as lingered within the brass receptacles sturdily mentioned, it became to a stranger's senses, almost insupportable.

The gentleman in the rocking-chair having his back towards them, and being much engaged in his intellectual pastime, was not aware of their approach until the colonel walking up to the stove, consulted his minute card, the support of the left hand spittoon, just as the major for it was the major—bore down upon it. Major Pawkins then retreated

his fire, and looking upward, said, with a peculiar air of quiet weariness, like a man who had been up all night—so air which Martin had already observed both in the colonel and Mr. Jefferson Brick—

"Well, colonel!"

"Here is a gentleman from England, major," the colonel replied, "who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits him."

"I am glad to see you, sir," observed the major, shaking hands with Martin, and not moving a muscle of his face. "You are pretty bright, I hope?"

"Never better," said Martin.

"You are never likely to be," returned the major. "You will see the sun shine here."

"I think I remember to have seen it shine at home, sometimes," said Martin, smiling.

"I think so," replied the major. He said so with a stoical indifference certainly, but still in a tone of firmness which admitted of no further dispute on that point. When he had thus settled the question, he put his hat a little on one side for the greater convenience of scratching his head, and saluted Mr. Jefferson Brick with a lazy nod.

Major Pawkins (a gentleman of Pennsylvania origin) was distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in reference to which commodities, it was currently held in bar-rooms and other such places of resort, that the major was a man of heavy sagacity. He was further to be known by a heavy eye and a dull slow manner; and for being a man of that kind who—mentally speaking—requires a deal of room to turn himself in. But in trading on his stock of wisdom, he invariably proceeded on the principle of putting all the goods he had (and more) into the one window; and that was a great way with his constituency of admirers. It went a great way, perhaps, with Mr. Jefferson Brick, who took occasion to whisper in Martin's ear:

"One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

It must not be supposed, however, that the perpetual exhibition in the market-place of all his stock to trade for sale or hire, was the major's sole claim to a very large share of sympathy and support. He was a great politician; and the one article of his creed, in reference to all public obligations involving the good faith and integrity of his country, was, "run a moist pen slick through everything, and start fresh." This made him a patriot. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator. In plainer words he had a most distinguished genius for swindling, and could start a bank, or negotiate a loan, or form a land-jobbing company (estimating ruin, pestilence, and death, on hundreds of families), with any gifted creature in the Union. This made him an admirable man of business. He could hang about a bar-room, discussing the affairs of the nation, for twelve hours together; and in that time could hold forth for more intolerable dullness, chew more tobacco, smoke more tobacco, drink more rum today, mint-julep, gin-along, and cocktail, than any private gentleman of his acquaintance. This made him an orator and a man of the people. In a word, the major was a rising character, and his name and fame were in a fair way to be sent by the popular party to the State House of New York, if not in the end to Washington itself. But as a man's private prosperity does not always keep pace with his patriotic devotion to public affairs; and as fraudulent transactions have their downs as well as ups; the major was occasionally under a cloud. Hence, just now, Mrs. Pawkins kept a boarding-house, and Major Pawkins rather "loaded" his time away than otherwise.

"You have come to visit our country, sir, at a season of great commercial depression," said the major.

"At an alarming crisis," said the colonel.

"At a period of unprecedented stagnation," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"I am sorry to hear that," returned Martin. "It's not likely to last, I hope?"

Martin knew nothing about America, or he would have known perfectly well that if its individual citizens, to a man, are to be believed, it always is depressed, and always is stagnated, and always is at an alarming crisis, and never was otherwise; though as a body they are ready to make oath upon the Evangelists at any hour of the day or night, that it is the most thriving and prosperous of all countries on the habitable globe.

"It's not likely to last," said Martin.

"Well!" returned the major, "I expect we shall get along somehow, and come right in the end."

"We are an elastic country," said the Rowdy Journal.

"We are a young lion," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"We have revivifying and vigorous principles within ourselves," observed the major. "Shall we drink a bitter after-dinner, colonel?"

The colonel assenting to this proposal with great alacrity, Major Pawkins proposed an adjournment to a neighboring bar-room, which, as he observed, was "only in the next block." He then referred Martin to Mrs. Pawkins for all particulars connected with the rate of board and lodging, and informed him that he would have the pleasure of seeing that lady at dinner, which would soon be ready, as the dinner hour was two o'clock, and it only wanted a quarter now. This reminded him that if the latter were to be taken at all, there was no time to lose; so he walked off without more ado, and left them to follow if they thought proper.

When the major rose from his rocking-chair before the stove and so disturbed the hot air and balmy whiff of soup which fanned their brows, the odor of stale tobacco became so decidedly prevalent as to leave no

doubt of its proceeding mainly from that gentleman's attire. Indeed as Martin walked behind him to the bar-room, he could not help thinking that the great square major, in his listlessness and languor, looked very much like a stale weed himself, such as might be hoed out of the public garden with great advantage to the decent growth of that preserve, and tossed on some congenial dunghill.

They encountered more weeds in the bar-room, some of whom (being thirty souls as well as dirty) were pretty stale in one sense, and pretty fresh in another. Among them was a gentleman, who, as Martin gathered from the conversation that took place over the bitter, started that afternoon for the Far West on a six month's business tour; and who, as his outfit and equipment for this journey, had just such another shiny hat, and just such another little pale valise, as had composed the luggage of the gentleman who came from England in the Screw.

They were walking back very leisurely, as Martin arm-in-arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the major and the colonel side-by-side before them; when, as they came within a house or two of the major's residence, they heard a bell ringing violently. The instant this sound struck upon their ears, the colonel and the major darted off, dashed up the steps and in at the street door (which stood ajar) like lunatics; while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Martin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction, and vanished also.

"Good Heavens!" thought Martin, "the premises are on fire! It was an alarm-bell!"

But there was no smoke to be seen, nor any flame, nor was there any smell of fire. As Martin faultered on the pavement, three more gentlemen, with horror and agitation depicted on their faces, came plunging wildly round the street corners; jostled each other on the steps; struggled for an instant; and rushed into the house in a confused heap of arms and legs. Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in his rapid progress, he was run down, started aside, and passed, by two more gentlemen, stark mad, as it appeared, with fierce excitement.

"Where is it?" cried Martin, breathlessly, to a negro whom he encountered in the passage.

"In a rutin room so."

"A rutin?" cried Martin.

"For a dinner so."

Martin stared at him for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh; to which the negro, out of his natural good humour and desire to please, so heartily responded, that his teeth shone like a gleam of light.

"You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on the back, "and give me a better appetite than bitters."

This made him believe he walked into the dining-room and slipped into a chair next the colonel, which that gentleman (by this time nearly through his dinner) had turned down, in reserve for him, with its back against the table.

It was a numerous company—eighteen or twenty, perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken, and almost no seemed to eat his utmost in self defense, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished; whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums; and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals, bold of their food in wedges; fagged, not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lean and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs. Pawkins felt each day at dinner-time is hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was very soon over.

When the colonel had finished his dinner, which event took place while Martin—who had seat his plate for some turkey, was waiting to begin, he asked him what he thought of the boarders, who were from all parts of the Union, and whether he would like to know any particulars concerning them.

"Pray," said Martin, "who is that sickly little girl opposite, with the tight round eyes? I don't see anybody here, who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her."

"Do you mean the matron in blue, sir?" asked the colonel, with emphasis. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick, sir."

"No, no," said Martin, "I mean the little girl, like a doll—directly opposite."

"Well, sir!" cried the colonel. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick."

Martin glanced at the colonel's face, but he was quite serious.

"Bless my soul!" I suppose there will be a young Brick then, one of these days," said Martin.

"There are two young Bricks already, sir," returned the colonel.

The matron looked so uncommonly like a child herself, that Martin could not help saying as much. "Yes, sir," returned the colonel, "but some institutions develop human nature; others retard it."

"Jefferson Brick," he observed after a short silence, in commendation

of his correspondent, "is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir."

This had passed almost in a whisper, for the distinguished gentleman alluded to, sat on Martin's other hand.

"Pray Mr. Brick," said Martin turning to him, and asking a question more for conversation's sake than from any feeling of interest in its subject, "who is that?" he was going to say "young?" but thought it prudent to eschew the word—"that very short gentleman yonder, with the red nose?"

"That is Pro-fessor Mullis, sir," replied Jefferson.

"May I ask what he is Professor of?" asked Martin.

"Of education, sir," said Jefferson Brick.

"A sort of schoolmaster, possibly?" Martin ventured to observe.

"He is a man of fine moral elements, sir, and not commonly endowed," said the war correspondent. "He felt it necessary, at the last election for President, to repudiate and denounce his father, who voted on the wrong interest. He has since written some powerful pamphlets, under the signatures of 'Suturb' or Bistas reversed. He is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir."

"There seem to be plenty of 'em," thought Martin, "at any rate."

Pursuing his inquiries, Martin found that there were no fewer than four majors present, two colonels, one general and a captain, so that he could not help thinking how strongly officered the American militia must be; and wondering very much whether the officers commanded each other; or if they did not, where on earth the privates came from. There seemed to be no man there without a title; for those who had not attained to military honors were either doctors, professors, or reverends. Three very hard and disagreeable gentlemen were on missions from neighbouring States; one on monetary affairs, one on political, one on sectarian. Among the ladies, there were Mrs. Pawkins, who was very straight, bony, and silent; an witty-faced mid damed, who held recent sentiments toothing; the rights of women, and had diffused the same in lectures; but the rest were strangely devoid of individual traits of character, inasmuch that any one of them might have changed minds with the other, and nobody would have found it out. These, by the way, were the only members of the party who did not appear to be among the most remarkable people in the country.

Several of the gentlemen got up, one by one, and walked off as they swallowed their last morsel; passing generally by the stove for a minute or so to refresh themselves at the brass spittoons. A few sedentary characters, however, remained at table full a quarter of an hour, and did not rise until the ladies rose, when all stood up.

"Where are they going?" asked Martin, in the ear of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"To their bed-rooms, sir."

"Is there no desert, or other interval of conversation?" asked Martin, who was disposed to enjoy himself after his long voyage.

"We are a busy people here, sir, and have no time for that," was the reply.

So the ladies passed out in single file; Mr. Jefferson Brick and such other married gentlemen as were left, acknowledging the departure of their other halves by a nod; and there was an end of them. Martin thought this an uncomfortable custom, but he kept his opinion to himself for the present, being anxious to hear, and inform himself, the conversation of the busy gentlemen, who now lounged about the stove as if a great weight had been taken off their minds by the withdrawal of the other sex; and who made a plentiful use of the spittoons and their toothpicks.

It was rather barren of interest, to say the truth; and the greater part of it may be summed up in one word—dollars. All their cares, hopes, joys, affections, virtues, and associations, seemed to be melted down into dollars. Whatever the chance contributions that fell into the slow cauldron of their talk, they made the gruel thick and "slab with dollars. Men were weighed by their dollars, measures gauged by their dollars; life was undervalued, appraised, put up, and knocked down for its dollars. The next respect in which dollars was an enemy, being their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, however, and fair-dealing, which any man cast overboard from the ship of his Good Name and Good Intent, the more ample storage-room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft. Deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star; and cut out stripe by stripe as from the arm of a degraded soldier. Do anything for dollars! What is a flag to that?"

One who rides at all hazards of limb and life in the chase of a fox, will prefer to ride recklessly at most times. So it was with these gentlemen. He was the greatest patriot, in their eyes, who bawled the loudest, and who cared the least for decency. He was their champion, who in the brutal fury of his own pursuit, could cast no stigma upon them, for the hotchpot of thefts. Thus, Martin learned in the five minutes' straggling talk about the stove, that to carry pistols into legislative assemblies, and swords in stick, and other such peaceful toys, to seize opponents by the throat, as dogs or rats might do; to bluster, bully, and overbear by personal assault; were glowing deeds. Not thrusts and stabs at Freedom, striking far deeper into her Hove's of Life than any sultan's scimitar could reach; but raw incense on her altars, having a grateful scent in patriotic nostrils, and curling upward to the sweetest heaven of Fame.

Once or twice, when there was a pause, Martin asked such questions as naturally occurred to him, being a stranger, about the national poetry, theatre, literature, and the arts. But the information which these

gentlemen were in a condition to give him on such topics, did not extend beyond the effusions of such major-spirits of the time, as Colonel Dwyer, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and others; renowned, as it appeared, for excellence in the achievement of a peculiar style of broadside-essay called "a screamer."

"We are a busy people, sir," said one of the captains, who was from the West, "and have no time for reading mere notions. We don't mind 'em if they come to us in newspapers along with slimgly strong stuff of another sort, but that your books."

Here the general, who appeared to quite grow faint at the bare thought of reading anything which was neither meretricious nor political, and was not in a newspaper, inquired "if any gentleman would drink some?" Most of the company, considering this a very chinclo and seasonable idea, lounged out one by one to the bar-room in the next block. Thence they probably went to their stores and counting-houses; & thence to the bar-room again, to talk some more of dollars, and enlarge their minds with the perusal and discussion of screamers; and thence each man to snore in the bosom of his own family.

"Which would seem," said Martin, perusing the current of his own thoughts, "to be the principal recreation they enjoy in common." With that, he fell a-musing again on dollars, demagogues, and bar-rooms; debating within himself whether busy people of this class were really as busy as they claimed to be, or only had an insatiable for social and domestic conversation.

It was a difficult question to solve; and the mere fact of its being strongly presented to his mind by all that he had seen and heard, was not encouraging. He sat down at the deserted board, and becoming more and more despondent, as he thought of all the uncertainties and difficulties of his precarious situation, sighed heavily.

Now, there had been at the dinner-table a middle-aged man with a dark and somewhat morose face, who attracted Martin's attention by having something very engaging and honest in the expression of his features; but of whom he could learn nothing from either of his neighbors, who seemed to consider him quite beneath their notice. He had taken no part in the conversation round the stove, nor had he gone forth with the rest; and now, when he heard Martin sigh for the third or fourth time, he interposed with some casual remark, as if he desired, without troubling himself upon a stranger's notice, to engage him in cheerful conversation if he could. His motive was so obvious, and yet so delicately expressed, that Martin felt really grateful to him, and showed him so, in the manner of his reply.

"I will not ask you," said this gentleman with a smile, as he rose and moved towards him, "how you like my country, for I can quite anticipate your real feeling on that point. But, as I am an American, and consequently bound to begin with a question, I'll ask you how do you like the colonies?"

"You are a very frank," returned Martin, "that I have no hesitation in saying I don't like him at all. Though I must add that I am beholden to him for his civility in bringing me here—and arranging for my stay, on pretty reasonable terms, by the way," he added: remembering that the colonel had whispered him to that effect, before going out.

"No more beholden," said the stranger dryly. "The colonel occasionally boards post-horses. I have heard that those who were stranded by his journal; and he occasionally brings strangers to board here, I believe, with a view to the little per-centage which attaches to those good offices; and which the hostess deducts from his weekly bill. I don't offend you, I hope!" he added, seeing that Martin reddened.

"My dear sir," returned Martin, as they shook hands, "how is that possible? to tell you the truth, I am—"

"Yes!" said the gentleman, sitting down beside him.

"I am rather at a loss, since I most speak plainly," said Martin, getting the better of his hesitation, "to know how this colonel escapes being beaten."

"Well! He has been beaten once or twice," remarked the gentleman quietly. "He is one of a class of men, in whom our own Franklin, so long ago as ten years before the close of the last century, foresaw our danger and our ruin. Perhaps you may know that Franklin, in very severe terms, published his opinion that those who were stranded by such fellows as this colonel, having no sufficient remedy in the administration of this country's laws, or in the decent and right-minded feeling of its people, were justified in retorting on such public outlaws by means of a stout cudgel!"

"I was not aware of that," said Martin, "but I am very glad to know it, and I think it worthy of his memory; especially"—here he hesitated again.

"Go on," said the other, smiling as if he knew what stuck in Martin's throat.

"Especially," pursued Martin, "as I can already understand that it may have required great courage even in his time to write freely on any question which was not a party one in this very free country."

"Some courage, no doubt," returned his new friend. "Do you think it would require any to do so, now?"

"Indeed I think it would; and not a little," said Martin.

"You are right. So very right, that I believe an satirist could breathe this air. If another Juvenal or Swift could rise up among us to-morrow, he would be hunted down. If you have any knowledge of our literature, and can give me the name of any man, American born and bred, who has anatomised our follies as a people, and not as this that party; and has escaped the subtle and most brutal slander, the most inveterate hatred and intolerant pursuit; it will be a strange name in my ears, believe

me. In some cases I could name to you, where a native writer has ventured on the most harmonious and good-humored illustrations of our vices or defects, it has been found necessary to announce, in the second edition the passage has been expunged, or altered, or explained away, or patched into praise."

"And how has this been brought about?" asked Martin, in dismay.
"Think of what you have seen and heard to day, beginning with the Colonel," said his friend, "and ask yourself. How *they* came about is another question. Heaven forbid that they should be samples of the intelligence and virtue of the country, but they are a serpent; and in great numbers too; and too often represent it. Will you walk?"

There was a cordial candor in his manner, and an engaging confidence that it would not be abused; a manly bearing on his own part, and a simple reliance on the manly faith of a stranger; which Martin had never seen before. He linked his arm readily in that of the American gentleman, and they walked out together.

It was strange to men like this, his new companion, that a traveller of honored name, who trod those shores now nearly forty years ago, and woke upon that soil, as many have done since, to blots and stains upon its high pretensions, which in the brightness of his distant dreams were lost to view; appeared in these words—

Oh but for such, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quickened without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall before her Spring were o'er!

CHAPTER XVII.

MARTIN ENLARGES HIS CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCE; INCREASES HIS STOCK OF WISDOM; AND HAS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY OF COMPARING HIS OWN EXPERIENCES WITH THOSE OF LUMBER KING OF THE LIGHT SALISBURY, AS RELATED BY HIS FRIEND MR. WILLIAM SIMMONS.

It was characteristic of Martin, that all this while he had either forgotten Mark Tapley as completely as if there had been no such person in existence, or, if for a moment the figure of that gentleman rose before his mental vision, had dismissed it as something by no means of a pleasing nature, which might be attended to by and-by, and could wait his perfect leisure. But being now in the street again, it occurred to him as just coming within the best limits of possibility, that Mr. Tapley might, in course of time, grow tired waiting on the streets of the Rowdy Journal Office; so he intimated to his new friend, that if they could conveniently walk in that direction, he would be glad to get this piece of business off his mind.

"And speaking of business," said Martin, "may I ask, in order that I may not be behind-hand with questions either, whether your occupation holds you to this city, or, like myself, you are a visitor here?"
"A visitor," replied the other, "raised" in the State of Massachusetts, and reside there still. My home is in a quiet country town. I am not often in these busy places; and my inclination to visit them does not increase with our better acquaintance, I assure you."

"You have been abroad?" asked Martin.
"O yes,"
"And like most people who travel, have become more than ever attached to your home and native country," said Martin, eying him curiously.

"To my home—yes," rejoined his friend. "To my native country as my home—yes, also."

"You imply some reservation," said Martin.
"Well," returned his new friend, "if you ask me whether I came back here with a greater relish for my country's faults; with a greater fondness for those who claim it (at the rate of so many dollars a day) to be her friends; with a cooler indifference to the growth of principles among us in respect of public matters and of private dealings between man and man, the advocacy of which, beyond the foul atmosphere of a criminal trial, would disgrace your own Old Bailey lawiers; why, then I answer plainly, No."

"Oh!" said Martin; in so exactly the same key as his friend's No, that it sounded like an echo.

"If you ask me," his companion pursued, "whether I came back here better satisfied with a state of things which broadly divides society into two classes—whereof one, the great mass, asserts a spurious independence, most miserably dependent for its mean existence on the disregard of humanizing conventionalities of manner and social custom, so that the coarser a man is, the more distinctly it shall appear to his taste; while the other, distinguished by the low standard of its own mean and responsible to everything, takes refuge among the graces and refinements it can bring to bear on private life, and leaves the public world to such fortune as may befall it in the press and uproar of a general scramble—then again I answer, No."

And again Martin said "Oh!" in the same old way as before, being anxious and disconnected; not so much, to say the truth, on public grounds, as with reference to the fading prospects of domestic architecture.

"In a word," resumed the other, "I do not find and cannot believe, and therefore will not allow that we are a model of wisdom, and an example to the world, and the perfection of human reason; and a great deal more to the same purpose, which you may hear any hour in the day; simply because we began our political life with two inestimable advantages."

"What were they?" asked Martin.

"One, that our history commenced at so late a period as to escape the ages of bloodshed and cruelty through which other nations have passed; and so had all the light of their probation, and none of its darkness. The other, that we have a vast territory, and none yet—too many people on it. These facts considered, we have done little enough, I think."

"Education!" suggested Martin, faintly.

"Pretty well at that head," said the other, shrugging his shoulders, "still no mighty matter to boast of; for old countries, and despotical countries too, have done as much, if not more, and made less noise about it. We shine out brightly in comparison with England, certainly, but here is a very extreme case. You complimented me on my frankness, you know," he added, laughing.

"Oh! I am not at all astonished at your speaking thus openly when my country is in question," returned Martin. "It is your plain-speaking in reference to your own that surprises me."

"You will not find it a scarce quality here, I assure you, saving among the Colonel Drivers, and Jefferson Bricks, and Major Fawkeses—though the best of us are something like the man in Goldsmith's Comedy, who wouldn't suffer anybody but himself to abuse his master. Come!" he added, "let us talk of something else. You have come here on some design of improving your fortune, I dare say; and I should grieve to put you out of heart. I am some years older than you, besides; and may, on a few trivial points, advise you, perhaps."

There was not the least curiosity or impatience in the manner of this offer, which was open-hearted, unaffected, and good-natured. As it was next to impossible that he should not have his confidence awakened by a deportment so prepossessing and kind, Martin plainly stated what had brought him into those parts, and made the very difficult avowal that he was poor. He did not say how poor, it must be admitted, rather throwing off the declaration with an air which might have implied that he had money enough for six months, instead of as many weeks; but poor he said he was, and careful he said he would be, for any counsel that his friend would give him.

It would not have been very difficult for any one to see; but it was particularly easy for Martin, whose perceptions were sharpened by his circumstances, to discern that the stranger's face grew infinitely longer as the domestic architecture project was developed. Nor, although he made great effort to be as encouraging as possible, could he prevent his mind from shuddering once involuntarily at the idea of the vulgar terms upon its own account, "No go!" But he spoke in a cheerful tone, and said, that although there was no such opening as Martin wished in that city, he would make it matter of immediate consideration and enquiry where one was most likely to exist; and then he made Martin acquainted with his name, which was Bevan; and with his profession, which was physic, though he seldom or never practised; and with other circumstances connected with himself and family, which fully occupied the time, until they reached the Rowdy Journal Office.

Mr. Tapley appeared to be taking his ease on the landing of the first floor; for sounds as of some gentleman established in that quarter, whilst "Rule Britannia" with all his might and main, greeted their ears before they reached the house. On ascending to the spot from whence this music proceeded, they found him recumbent in the midst of a fortification of loggery, apparently performing his national anthem for the gratification of a grey-haired black man, who sat on one of the outworks (a portmanteau), staring intently at Mark, whilst Mark, with his head reclining on his hand, returned the compliment in a thoughtful manner, and whistled all the time. He seemed to have recently dined, for his knife, a case-bottle, and certain broiled meats in a handkerchief, lay on the table. He had employed a portion of his leisure in the decoration of the Rowdy Journal stand, where his own initials now appeared in letters nearly half a foot long, together with the day of the month in smaller type; the whole surrounded by an ornamental border, and looking very fresh and bold.

"I was a'most afraid you was lost, sir!" cried Mark, rising, and stopping the tune at that point where Britons generally are supposed to desert (if it is whistled) that they never, never, never—

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope, sir,"
"No, Mark. Where's your friend?"

"The mad woman, sir!" said Mr. Tapley. "Oh! she's all right, sir."

"Did she find her husband?"
"Yes, sir. Least ways she's found his remains," said Mark correcting himself.

"The man's not dead, I hope?"
"Not altogether dead, sir," returned Mark; "but he's had more fevers and agues than is quite reconcilable with being alive. When she didn't see him a waiting for her, I thought she'd have died herself, I did!"

"Was he not here, then?"
"He wasn't here. There was a feeble old shadow come a creeping down at last, as much like his substance when she know'd him, as your shadow when it's drawn out to its very finest and longest by the sun, is like you. But it was his remains, there's no doubt about that. She took on with joy, poor thing, as much as if it had been all of him!"

"Had he bought land?" asked Mr. Bevan.

"Ah! He'd bought land," said Mark, shaking his head, "and paid for it too. Every sort of material advantage was connected with it, the agents said; and there certainly was one, quite unlimited. No end to the water!"

"It's a thing he couldn't have done without, I suppose," observed Martin, peevishly.

"Certainly not, sir. There it was, any way; always turned on, and no water-run. Independent of three or four slimy old rivers close by, it varied on the farm from four to six foot deep in the dry season. He couldn't say how deep it was in the rainy time, for he never had anything low enough to sound it with."

"Is this true?" asked Martin of his companion;

"Extremely probable," he answered. "Some Mississippi or Missouri lot, I dare say."

"However," pursued Mark, "he came from I-don't-know-where-and-all-down to New-York-to meet his wife and children; and they started off again to a steamboat this blessed afternoon, as happy to be along with each other, as if they were going to Heaven. I should think they was, pretty straight, if I may judge from the poor man's looks."

"And may I ask," said Martin, glancing, but not with any displeasure, from Mark to the negro, "who this gentleman is? Another friend of yours?"

"Why, sir," returned Mark, taking him aside, and speaking confidentially in his ear, "he's a man of color, sir."

"Do you take me for a blotted man," asked Martin, somewhat impatiently, "that you think it necessary to tell me that, when his face is the blackest that ever was seen?"

"No, no; who I say a man of color," returned Mark, "I mean that he's been one of them as there's pictures of in the shops. A man and a brother, you know, sir," said Mr. Tapley, favoring his master with a significant indication of the figure so often represented in tracts and cheap prints.

"A slave?" cried Martin, in a whisper.

"Ah!" said Mark in the same tone. "Nothing else. A slave. Why, when that mark was young—don't look at him, while I'm a telling it—he was shot in the leg; gambled in the game; scored in his live limbs, like pork; beaten out of shape; had his neck galled with an iron collar, and wore iron rings upon his wrists and ankles. The marks are on him to this day. When I was having my dinner just now, he stripped off his coat, and took away my appetite."

"Is this true?" asked Martin of his friend, who stood beside them.

"I have no reason to doubt it," he answered, looking down, and shaking his head. "It very often is."

"Bless you," said Mark, "I know it, from hearing his whole story. That master died; so did his master from beating him; his head cut open with a hatchet by his master's slave, who, when he'd done it, went and drowned himself: then he got a better one: so years and years he saved up a little money, and bought his freedom, which he got pretty cheap at last, on account of his strength being nearly gone, and he being ill. Then he came here. And now he's a saving up to treat himself after he dies to one small purchase—it's nothing to speak of; only his own daughter; that's all!" cried Mr. Tapley, becoming excited. "Liberty forever! Hurrah!"

"Hush!" cried Martin, clapping his hand upon his mouth: "and don't be an idiot. What is he doing here?"

"Waiting to take our luggage off upon a truck," said Mark. "He'd have come to it by-and-by, but I engaged him for a very reasonable charge—out of my own pocket—to sit along with me and make me jolly; and I am jolly; and if I was enough to contract with him to wait upon me once a day, to be looked at, I'd never be anything else."

The fact may cause a solemn impeachment of Mark's veracity, but it must be admitted nevertheless, that there was that in his face and manner at the moment, which militated strongly against this emphatic declaration of his state of mind.

"Lord love you, sir," he added, "they're so fond of Liberty in this part of the globe, that they buy and sell her and carry her to market with 'em. They're such a passion for Liberty, they can't help taking liberty with her. That's what it's owing to."

"Very well," said Martin, wishing to change the theme. "Having come to that conclusion, Mark, perhaps you'll attend to me. The place to which the luggage is to go, is printed on this card. Mrs. Pawkins's Boarding House."

"Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house," repeated Mark. "Now, Clevero."

"Is that his name?" asked Martin.

"That's his name, sir," rejoined Mark. And the negro grinning ascent from under a leathern portmanteau, than which his own face was many shades deeper, hobbled down stairs with his portion of their worldly goods: Mark Tapley having already gone before with his share.

Martin and his friend followed them to the door below, and were about to pursue their walk, when the latter stopped, and asked, with some hesitation, whether what young man was to be trusted.

"Mark! Oh certainly! with anything."

"You don't understand me,—I think he had better go with us. He is an honest fellow, and speaks his mind so very plainly."

"Why, the fact is," said Martin smiling, "that being unaccustomed to a free republic, he is used to do so."

"I think he had better go with us," returned the other. "He may get into some trouble otherwise; this is not a slave State; but I am assured to say that the spirit of Tolerance is not so common anywhere in these latitudes as the form. We are not remarkable for behaving very temperately to each other when we differ: but to strangers! no, I really think he had better go with us."

Martin called to him immediately to be of their party; so Clevero and the truck went one way; and they three went another.

They walked about the city for two or three hours; seeing it from the best points of view, and passing in the principal streets, and before such

public buildings as Mr. Bevan pointed out. Night then coming on apace, Martin proposed that they should adjourn to Mrs. Pawkins's establishment for coffee; but in this he was overruled by his new acquaintance, who seemed to have set his heart on carrying him, though it were only for an hour, to the house of a friend of his who lived hard by. Feeling (however dissatisfied he was, being weary) that it would be in bad taste, and not very gracious, to object that he was uninvited, when this open-hearted gentleman was so ready to be his sponsor, Martin—after a good deal of talk, and still covertly—sacrificed his own will and pleasure to the wishes of another, and consented to a fair game. So travelling had done him that much good, already.

Mr. Bevan knocked at the door of a very neat house of moderate size, from the parlour windows of which lights were shining brightly into the now dark street. It was quickly opened by a man with such a thoroughly Irish face, that it seemed as if he ought, as a matter of right and priority, to be in rage, and could have no sort of business to be looking cheerily at anybody out of a whole set of relations.

Commending Mark to the care of this phenomenon—for such he may be said to have been in Martin's eyes—Mr. Bevan led the way into the room which had shed its cheerfulness upon the street, to whose occupants he introduced Mr. Chuzzlewit as a gentleman from England, whose acquaintance he had recently had the pleasure to make. They gave him welcome in all courtesy and politeness; and in less than five minutes' time he found himself sitting in a large room, with a fire in the grate, and becoming vastly well acquainted with the whole family.

There were two young ladies—one eighteen; the other twenty—both very slender, but very pretty; their mother, who looked, as Martin thought, much older and more faded than she ought to have looked; and their grandmother, a little sharp-eyed, quick old woman, who seemed to have got past that stage, and to have come all right again. Besides these, there were the young ladies' father, and the young ladies' brother, the first engaged in mercantile affairs; the second, a student at college—both, in a certain cordiality of manner, like his own friend; and not unlike him in face, which was no great wonder, for it soon appeared that he was their near relation. Martin could not help tracing the family pedigree from the two young ladies, because they were foremost in his thoughts: not only from being, as aforesaid, very pretty, but by reason of their wearing remarkably small shoes, and the thinnest possible silk stockings: the which their rocking-chairs developed to a distracting extent.

There is no doubt that it was a monstrous comfortable circumstance to be sitting in a snug well-furnished room, warmed by a cheerful fire, and full of various pleasant decorations, including four small shoes, and the like amount of silk stockings, and ———, why not?—the feet and legs therein enshrined. And there is no doubt that Martin was monstrous well-disposed to regard his position with satisfaction, by the pleasant experience of the Scrub, and of Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house. The consequence was, that he made himself very agreeable indeed; and by the time the tea and coffee arrived (with sweet preserves, and cunning tascakes in its train), was in a highly genial state, and much esteemed by the whole family.

Another delightful circumstance had been up before the first cup of tea was drunk. The whole family had been in England. There was a pleasant thing! But Martin was not quite so glad of this, where he found that they knew all the great dukers, lords, viscounts, marquesses, duchesses, knights, and baronets, quite affectionately, and were beyond everything interested in the least particular concerning them. However, when they asked after the wearer of this or that coronet, and said 'Was he quite well?' Martin answered 'Yes, oh yes. Never better'; and when they said to the Lordship's mother, 'The Duchess was so much changed?' Martin said, 'Oh dear so, they would know her father, and if they saw her to-morrow; and so got on pretty well. In like manner when the young ladies questioned him touching the Gold Fish in that Grecian fountain in such and such a nobleman's conservatory, and whether there were as many as there used to be, he gravely reported, after mature consideration, that there must be at least twice as many; and as to what the politics of the world were, 'Oh well! it was of no use talking about them; they must be seen to be believed; which imperiousness of circumstances rendered the family of the splendour of that brilliant festival (comprehending the whole British Peerage and Court Calendar) to which they were especially invited, and which indeed had been partly given in their honour; and recollections of what Mr. Norris the father had said to the Marquesses, and of what Mrs. Norris the mother had said to the Marchionesses, and of what the Marquesses and Marchionesses in both said, and what they said upon their words and honours the wished Mr. Norris the father, and Mrs. Norris the mother, and the Misses Norris the daughters, and Mr. Norris Junior, the son, would only take up their permanent residence in England, and give them the pleasure of their everlasting friendship, occupied a very considerable time.

Martin thought it rather strange, and in some sort inconsistent, that during the whole of these narrations, and in the very meridian of their enjoyment thereof, both Mr. Norris the father, and Mr. Norris Junior, the son (who uttered, indeed, every post, with four members of the English Peerage), enlarged upon the inestimable advantage of having no such arbitrary distinctions in that enlightened land, where there were no noblemen but nature's noblemen, and all society was based on one broad level of brotherly love and natural equality. Indeed Mr. Norris the father gradually expending into an oration on this swelling theme was becoming tedious to Mrs. Bevan during his thoughts, by happening to make some casual inquiry relative to the occupier of the next house; in

reply to which, this same Mr. Norris the father observed, that "that person entertained religious opinions of which he couldn't approve; and therefore he held the balance of favoring the gentleman." Mrs. Norris the mother added another reason of her own, the same to effect, but varying in words; to wit, she believed the people were well enough in their way, but they were not genteel.

Another little trait came out, which impressed itself on Martin forcibly. Mr. Bevan told them about Mark and the negro, and then it appeared that all the Norrises were abolitionists. It was a great relief to hear this, and Martin at once encouraged the gentleman. Mrs. Norris company, that he expressed his sympathy with the oppressed and wretched blacks. Now, one of the young ladies—the prettiest and most delicate one—was mightily amused at the earnestness with which he spoke; and on his craving leave to ask her why, was quite unable for a time to speak for laughing. As soon however as she could, she told him that the negroes were such a funny people; so excessively ludicrous in their manners and appearance; that it was wholly impossible for those who knew them well, to associate any serious ideas with such a very absurd part of the creation. Mr. Norris the father, and Mrs. Norris the mother, and Miss Norris the sister, and Mr. Norris Junior the brother, and even Mrs. Norris Senior the grandmother, were all of this opinion, and laid it down as an absolute matter of fact—as if there were nothing in suffering and slavery grim enough to cast a stain as on any human animal; though it were as ridiculous, physically, as the most grotesque of apes; or, morally, as the mildest Nimrod among tuft-busting republicans!

"In short," said Mr. Norris the father, settling the question comfortably, "there is a natural antipathy between the races."

"Extending," said Martin's friend, in a low voice, "to the cruellest of tortures, and the bargain and sale of unborn generations."

Mr. Norris the son said nothing, but he made a very face, and dusted his fingers as Hamlet might after getting rid of Yorick's skull; just as though he had that moment touched a negro, and some of the black had come off upon his hands.

In order that their talk might fall again into its former pleasant channel, Martin dropped the subject, with a shrewd suspicion that it would be a dangerous theme to revive under the best of circumstances; and again addressed himself to the young ladies, who were very gorgeously attired in very beautiful colors, and had very articles of dress on the same extensive scale as the little shoes and the thin silk stockings. This suggested to him that they were great proficients in the French fashions, which soon turned out to be the case, for though their information appeared to be none of the newest, it was very extensive; and the eldest sister in particular, who was distinguished by a talent for metaphysics, the laws of hydraulic pressure, and the rights of human kind, had a novel way of combining these arguments and bringing them to bear on any subject from Millinery, process of hair, to the hair—of which she was usually improving and remarkable,—so much so, in short, that it was usually observed to reduce foreigners to a state of temporary insanity in five minutes.

Martin felt his reason going; and as a means of saving himself, he sought the other sister (seeing a piano in the room) to sing. With this request she willingly complied; and a bravura concert, solely sustained by the Misses Norris, ensued. They sang in all languages except their own. German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss; but nothing native: nothing so low as native. For in this respect languages are like many other travellers—ordinary and commonplace enough at home, but specially genteel abroad.

There is little doubt that at course of time the Misses Norris would have come to Hebrew, if they had not been interrupted by an announcement from the Irishman, who, flinging open the door, cried in a loud voice—

"Jinral Fladdock!"

"My!" cried the sisters, starting suddenly. "The General come back!"

As they made the exclamation, the General, attired in full uniform for a ball, came darting in with such precipitancy that, hithering his boot in the carpet, and gesturing his rage between his legs, he owed down headlong, and presented a curious little bald place on the crown of his head to the eyes of the astonished company. Nor was this the worst of it; for being rather corpulent and very tight, the General, being down, could not get up again, but lay there, writhing and doing such things with his boots, as there is no other instance of in military history.

Of course there was an immediate rush to his assistance; and the General was promptly raised. But his uniform was so fearfully and wonderfully made that he came up stiff and without a head in him, like a dead Clown, and had to command whatever of himself until he was put quite flat upon the soles of his feet, when he became animated as by a miracle, and moving edgewise that he might go in a narrower compass and be in less danger of fraying the gold lace on his epaulettes by brushing them against anything, advanced with a smiling visage to salute the lady of the house.

To be sure, it would have been impossible for the family to testify pure delight and joy than at this unlooked-for appearance of Gen. Fladdock! The General was as warmly received as if New York had been in a state of siege and no other General was to be got, for love or money. He shook hands with the Norrises three times all round, and then reviewed them from a little distance, as a brave commander might, with his ample cloak drawn forward over the right shoulder, and thrown back upon the left side to reveal his manly breast.

"And so I then," cried the General, "once again behold the choicest spirits of my country!"

"Yes," said Mr. Norris the father. "Here we are, General."

Then all the Norrises pressed round the General, inquiring how and where he had been since the date of his last letter, and how he had enjoyed himself in foreign parts, and, particularly and above all, to what extent he had become acquainted with the great dukes, lords, viscounts, marquesses, duchesses, knights, and baronets, in whom the people of those benighted countries had delight.

"Well then, don't ask me," said the General, holding up his hand. "I was among 'em all the time, and have got public journals in my trunk with my name printed"—he lowered his voice and was very impressive here—"among the fashionable news. But, oh the conventionalities of that naming Europe!"

"Ah!" cried Mr. Norris the father, giving his head a melancholy shake, and looking towards Martin as though he would say, "I can't deny it, sir, I would if I could."

"The limited diffusion of a moral sense in that country!" exclaimed the General. "The absence of a moral dignity in man!"

"Ah!" sighed all the Norrises, quite overwhelmed with depondency. "I couldn't have realised it," pursued the General, "without being located on the spot. Norris, your imagination is the imagination of a strong man, but you couldn't have realised it, without being located on the spot!"

"Never, said Mr. Norris.

"The ex-cathedra of the pride, the form, the ceremony," exclaimed the General, emphasizing the article more vigorously at every repetition.—

"The artificial barriers set up between man and man; and the division of the human race into court cards and plain cards, of every denomination, into clubs, diamonds, spades—anything but hearts!"

"Ah!" cried the whole family. "Too true, General!"

"But stay!" cried Mr. Norris the father, taking him by the arm. "Surely you crossed in the Screw, General?"

"Well, so I did," replied the General.

"Possible!" cried the young ladies. "Only think!"

The General seemed at a loss to understand why his having come home in the Screw should occasion such a sensation, nor did he seem at all clearer on the subject when Mr. Norris, introducing him to Martin, said—

"A fellow-passenger of yours, I think?"

"Of mine!" exclaimed the General: "No!"

He had never seen Martin, but Martin had seen him, and recognised him, now that he stood face to face, as the gentleman who had stuck his hands in his pockets towards the end of the voyage, and walked the deck with his nostrils dilated.

Everybody looked at Martin. There was no help for it. The truth must out.

"I came over in the same ship as the General," said Martin, "but not in the same cabin. It being necessary for me to observe strict economy, I took my passage in the steerage."

If the General had been carried up bodily to a loaded cannon, and required to let it off at that moment, he could not have been in a state of greater consternation than when he heard these words. He, Fladdock,—Fladdock in full military uniform, Fladdock the General, Fladdock the carver of foreign noblemen,—expected to know a fellow who had come over in the steerage of a line-of-packet ship, at a cost of four pound ten! and meeting that fellow in the very sanctuary of New York fashion, and nestling in the bosom of the New York aristocracy! He almost laid his hand upon his sword.

A death-like stillness fell upon the Norrises. If this story should get wind, their country relation had, by his imprudence, forever disgraced them. There were the bright particular stars of an exacted New York sphere. There were other fashionable spheres above them, and other fashionable spheres below, and none of the stars in any one of these spheres had anything to say to the stars in any other of these spheres. But, through all the spheres it would go forth, that the Norrises, deceived by gentlemanly manners and appearance, had fallen from their high estate, received a dollar and unknown man. O guardian eagle of the pure Republic, how they lived for this!

"You will allow me," said Martin, after a terrible silence, "to take my leave. I feel that I am the cause of at least as much embarrassment here, as I have brought upon myself. But I am bound, before I go, to examine this gentleman, who, in introducing me to your society, was quite ignorant of my unworthiness, I assure you."

With that he bowed to the Norrises, and walked out like a man of snow, very cool externally, but pretty hot within.

"Come, clear up this gentleman," said Martin, with a pale face on the assembled circle as Martin closed the door, "the young man has this night behaved a refinement of social manner, and an easy magnificence of social decoration, to which he is a stranger in his own country. Let us hope it may awake a moral sense within him."

"A death-like stillness fell upon the Norrises, as if for native statesmen, orators, and pamphleteers, or to be believed, American quack monopolies the commodity,—if that peculiarly transatlantic article be supposed to include a becardinal law of all looking, certainly Martin's words must have just then a deal of waking; for as he strode along the street, with Mark at his heels, his immoral sense was in active operation; prompting him to the utterance of more rather sanguinary remarks, which it was well for his own credit that nobody overheard. He had an far-could it be said he had begun to laugh at the recollection of these incidents, when he heard another step behind him, and turning round encountered his friend Bevan, quite out of breath.

He drew his arm through Martin's, and entreating him to walk slowly, was silent for some minutes. At length he said—

"I hope you exonerate me in another sense?"

"How do you mean?" asked Martin.

"I hope you acquit me of intending or foreseeing the termination of our visit. But I scarcely need ask you that."

"Scarcely indeed," said Martin. "I am the more beholden to you for

your kindness, when I find what kind of stuff the good citizens here are made of."

"I recollect," his friend returned, "that they are made of pretty much the same stuff as other folks, if they would but own it, and not set up on false pretences."

"In good faith, that's true," said Martin.

"I dare say," resumed his friend, "you might have such a scene as that in an English comedy, and not detect any gross improbability or anomaly in the matter of it."

"Yes indeed!"

"Doubtless it is more ridiculous here than anywhere else," said his companion; "but our consciences are to blame for that. So far as I myself am concerned, I may add that I was perfectly aware from the first that you came over in the storage, for I had seen the list of passengers, and knew it did not comprise your name."

"I feel more obliged to you than to your wife," said Martin.

"Norris is a very good fellow in his way," observed Mr. Bevan.

"Is he?" said Martin dryly.

"Oh yes! there are a hundred good points about him. If you or anybody else addressed him as another order of being, and sued to him for *formal perjury*, he would be as kind and considerate as I."

"I needn't have travelled three thousand miles from home to find such a character as that," said Martin. Neither he nor his friend said anything more on the way back, each appearing to find sufficient occupation in his own thoughts.

The tea, or the supper, or whatever else they called the evening meal, was over when they reached the Major's; but the cloth, ornamented with a few additional emeralds and rubies, was still upon the table. At one end of the board Mrs. Jeffries sat, and two other ladies were drinking tea—out of the ordinary course, evidently, for they were bonneted and dawled, and seemed to have just come home. By the light of three flaring candles of different lengths, in as many candlesticks of different patterns, the room showed to almost as little advantage as in broad day.

These ladies were all three talking together in a very loud tone when Martin and his friend entered; but, seeing those gentlemen, they stopped directly, and became excessively genteel, not to say frosty. As they went on to exchange some few remarks in whispers, the very water in the teapot might have fallen twenty degrees in temperature beneath their chilling coldness.

"Have you been to meeting, Mrs. Brick?" asked Martin's friend, with something of a regal twinkling in his eye.

"To lecture, sir."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. You don't go to meeting, I think?"

Here the lady on the right of Mrs. Brick gave a pious cough, as much as to say "I do!"—as, indeed, she did, nearly every night in the week.

"A good discourse, ma'am," said Mrs. Brick, addressing this lady.

The lady raised her eyes in a pious manner, and answered "Yes."

She had been much comforted by some good, strong, peppery doctrine, which satisfactorily disposed of all her friends and acquaintances, and quite settled their business. Her bonnet, too, had far outshone every bonnet in the congregation: so she went home content.

"What course of lectures are you attending now, ma'am?" said Martin's friend, turning again to Mrs. Brick.

"The Philosophy of the Soul—on Wednesdays."

"On Mondays?"

"The Philosophy of Crime."

"On Fridays?"

"The Philosophy of Vegetables."

"You have forgotten, ma'am—say—the Philosophy of Government, my dear," observed the third lady.

"No," said Mrs. Brick. "That's Tuesdays."

"So it is!" cried the lady. "The Philosophy of Matter on Thursdays, of course."

"You see, Mr. Chuzzlewit, our ladies are fully employed," said Bevan.

"Indeed you have reason to say so," answered Martin. "Between these very grave pursuits abroad, and family duties at home, their time must be pretty well engrossed."

Martin stopped here, for he saw that the ladies regarded him with no very great favor, though what he had done to deserve the disdainful expression which appeared in their faces, he was at a loss to divine. But as their going up stairs did not seem to be the very soon doing, Mr. Bevan informed him that domestic drudgery was far beneath the exalted range of these Philosophers, and that the chances were a hundred to one that neither of the three could perform the easiest woman's work for herself, or make the simplest article of dress for any of her children.

"Though whether they might not be better employed with even such blunt instruments as knitting-needles, than with these edge-tools," he said, "is another question; but I can answer for one thing—they don't often cut themselves. Devotions and lectures are our balls and concerts. They go to these places of resort, as an escape from monotony; look at each other's clothes; and come home again."

"When you say 'home,' do you mean a house like this?"

"Very often. But I see you are tired to death, and will wish you good night. We will discuss your projects in the morning. You cannot but feel already that it is useless saying here, with any hope of advancing them. You will have to go farther."

"And to fare worse?" said Martin, pursuing the old adage.

"Well, I hope not. But sufficient for the day, you know. Good night."

They shook hands heartily, and separated. As soon as Martin was left alone, the excitement of novelty and change [which had sustained him through all the fatigues of the day, departed; and he felt no thoroughly dejected and worn out, that he even lacked the energy to crawl up stairs to bed.

In twelve or fifteen hours, how great a change had fallen on his hopes and sanguine plans! New and strange as he was to the ground on which he stood, and to the air he breathed, he could not—recalling all that he had crowded into that one day—but entertain a strong misgiving that his enterprise was doomed. Rash and ill-considered as it had often looked on ship-board, but had never seemed on shore, it wore a dismal aspect

now that frightened him. Whatever thoughts he called up to his aid, they came upon him in depressing and discouraging shapes, and gave him no relief. Even the diamonds on his fingers sparkled with the brightness of tears, and had no ray of hope in all their brilliant lustre.

He continued to sit in gloomy rumination by the stove—unmindful of the boarders who dropped in one by one from their stores and counting-houses, or the neighboring bar-rooms, and after taking long pulls from a great white water-jug upon the sideboard, and lingering with a kind of indolent fascination near the brass spit-roast, lounged heavily to bed—until at length Mark Tapley came and shook him by the arm, supposing him asleep.

"Mark," he cried, starting.

"All right," said that cheerful follower, snuffing with his fingers the candle he bore. "It ain't a very large bed, your'n, sir; and a man as wam't thirsty might drink, afore breakfast, all the water you've got to wash in, and afterwards eat the towel. But you'll sleep without rocking to-night, sir."

"I feel as if the house were on the sea," said Martin, staggering when he rose; and as him utterly wretched."

"I'm as jolly as a sandboy, myself, sir," said Mark. "Bat, Lord, I have reason to be! I ought to have been born here; that's my opinion. Take care how you go—for they were now ascending the stairs. You recollect the gentleman aboard the *Serow* as had the very small trunk, sir?"

"The valise! Yes."

"Well, sir, there's a delivery of clean clothes from the wash to-night, and they're put outside the bed-room doors here. If you take notice as we go up, what a very few shirts there are, and what a many froats, you'll penetrate the mystery of his packing."

But Martin was too weary and despondent to take heed of anything, so had no interest in this discovery. Mr. Tapley, nothing daunted by his indifference, continued him to the top of the stairs, into the bed-chamber prepared for his reception: which was a very little narrow room, with half a window in it; a bedstead like a chest without a lid; two chairs; a piece of carpet, such as shoes are commonly tried upon at a respectable establishment in England; a little looking-glass nailed against the wall; and a washing-tub, with a jug and ewer, that might have been mistaken for a milk-pot and slop-basin.

"I suppose they polish themselves with a dry cloth in this country," said Mark.

"They've certainly got a touch of the phlegm, sir," said Martin, dropping into one of the chairs. "I am quite knocked up—dead beat, Mark."

"You won't say that to-morrow morning, sir," returned Mr. Tapley; "nor even to-night, sir, when you've made a trial of this." With which he produced a very large tumbler, piled up to the brim with little blocks of clear, transparent ice, through which one or two thin slices of lemon, and a golden glint of delicious appearance, appeared from the still depths below, to the loving eye of the spectator.

"What do you call this?" said Martin.

But as he uttered the words, he was suddenly plunging a reed into the mixture—which caused a pleasant commotion among the pieces of ice—and signifying by an expressive gesture that it was to be pumped up through that agency by the enrapported drinker.

Martin took the glass with an astonished look; applied his lips to the reed; and cast up his eyes once in ecstasy. He paused no more until the globe was drained to the last drop.

"There, sir!" said Mark, taking it from him with a triumphant face; "if it were now to be decided whether you are to go or not in the way, all you've got to do is, to ask the nearest man to go and fetch a cobbler."

"To go and fetch a cobbler!" repeated Martin.

"This wonderful invention, sir," said Mark, tenderly patting the empty glass, "is called a cobbler. Sherry cobbler, when you snare it longer; cobbler, when you name it short. Now you're equal to having your boots taken off, and are, in every particular worth mentioning, another man."

Having delivered himself of this solemn preface, he brought the boot-jack.

"Mind! I am not going to relapse, Mark," said Martin; "but, good Heaven, if we should be left in some wild part of this country without good money."

"Well, sir," replied the imperturbable Tapley; "from what we've seen already, I don't know whether, under those circumstances, we shouldn't do better in the wild parts than in the tame ones."

"Oh, Tom Finch, Tom Finch!" said Martin, in a thoughtful tone; "where would I be to again brade you, and able to hear your voice, though it were even in the old bed-room at Pecknam's?"

"Oh, Dragon, Dragon!" echoed Mark, cheerfully. "If there wam't any water between you and me, and nothing fish-hearted like in going back, I don't know that I mightn't say the same. Bat here am I, Dragon, in New York America; and there are you in Wiltshire, Europe; and there's a fortune to make, Dragon, and a beautiful young lady to make it for; and whenever you go to see the Monument, Dragon, you musn't give in on the door-steps, or you'll never get up to the top!"

"Wise old Mark," cried Martin. "We must look forward."

"In all the story-books as I ever read, sir, the people as looked backward was turned into stones," replied Mark; "and my opinion always was, that they brought it on themselves, and it served 'em right. I wish you good night, sir, and pleasant dreams!"

"They must be of home, then," said Martin, as he lay down in bed.

"So say, too," whispered Mark, as he was out of hearing, and in his own ear. "for if there do, I shall some time afore we're well out of this, when there'll be a little more credit in keeping up one's jolity, I'm a United Statesman!"

Leaving them to blend and mingle in their sleep the shadows of objects afar off, as they take fantastic shapes upon the wall in the dim light of thought with ever changing forms, he fell into a dream—where he dreamed within a dream—as rapidly to change the scene, and cross the ocean to the English shore.

DICK FITTON. A REMINISCENCE.

My old shipmate, Dick, belonged to the gunner's crew, in a smart thirty-eight gun frigate—when sober, as clever a seaman as ever took a trick at the weather, and about to fortify a main battery; but when drunk—and drunk he would be whenever he could get the stuff—a sad mutinous though humorous dog, caring for neither angel of light nor angel of darkness, and ready for any thing that promised mischief or fun. Dick often tasted the tails of the cat, and sometimes, when brought up to the gangway, the Captain would reason with him, promising to look over that particular fact, if he would pledge his word not to get drunk again. Now a lubber, under such circumstances, would readily have promised, whether he meant to perform or not; but Dick was an honest and an honorable seaman, who scorned to falsify his word. He would listen earnestly to the Captain's halangue, and then shaking his head in a business-like way, he would exclaim, as he began to strip, "Can't do it, yer honor—so its of no manner of use my promising—and that's all about it." It was in vain that his grog was stopped—Fitton always managed to lasso his jib up by some means or others; and unfortunately for him, as soon as he had brought the skin of his nose to a taut leech, he genially contrived to throw himself in the way of the officers, for the avowed purpose of convincing them that he was perfectly sober.

The efforts of a man in a state of ebriety to imitate intoxication are frequently extremely ludicrous; but certainly nothing in life is so eminently ridiculous as a drunken man fancying himself the very perfection of sobriety, and, in consequence, being so. Dick, for though when recovered from his potations he was fully sensible that he had been "tosticated," yet, whilst in a state of elevation, no persuasions in the world could induce him to believe that he was not as sober and as precise as a bishop in his pulpit; in fact at these times he claimed to be "inspired," and had there been any penalty attached to the crime of mouthing the king's English, Dick would have been molested of a fortune, for during his moments of inspiration, he how magnificently did he cut and mangle his words, and then splicing the disjointed syllables together again, in the most monstrous and unnatural manner, he might have been readily passed for high Dutchman, or a low Dutchman, or any other barbarian.

Such was Dick Fitton! but there was one occasion in which he escaped punishment for the indulgence of his easily besetting sin. We were cruising off the South coast of France, between L'Orient and Nismour, to pick up the coasting trade, and watch the French fleet, and not infrequently we anchored within the Isle of Hedic, a small island about three leagues from Belleisle, and forming, with Hout and the Taigneuse rocks, an admirable break-water, for Quiberon Bay. Its distance from the French coast and Belleisle rendered it a sort of neutral ground, or rather belonging to the party that held it for the time being. There were strict orders, however, that no one belonging to the British ships was to be ashore, beyond the limits of the island; and the French for the French row-boats, from Belleisle or Quiberon, to pull to the back of the island after dark, and gain what information could be obtained from the inhabitants—of course any stragglers they could pick up were made prisoners.

The village was poor, but still—withstanding the threats that had been held out for selling it,—was *de rige*, and that too of real good Nantes, was abundant, and as a very natural consequence, the seamen indulged to excess at every opportunity. Now it so happened that a party (of which Dick was one), was employed on shore for some particular purpose—I forget what—and Fitton a short time previous to embarkation had attained that exalted pre-eminence of intellect, which induced him to thrust his officious exertions right under the immediate cognizance of the lieutenant-commander, who insisted on knowing from whom and from whence he had obtained the liquor. Dick unhesitatingly declared his perfect sobriety, that "he was not in the least tosticated," and as a proof, whilst staggering along to show how strait he could walk, nearly knocked over one of his shipmates, whom he charged with trying to trip him up. He was instantly ordered down to the boats, and as obedience could not be resisted, away went Dick.

The sun was just touching the verge of the horizon, when the lieutenant reported his return to the Captain, and at the same time announced that Fitton was drunk.

"Confound the fellow," exclaimed the skipper, "I really do not know what to do with him, he is thoroughly incorrigible, but there must be example sir, we cannot carry on duty without it. Tell the first lieutenant to clap the drunken rascal both legs in irons, and on no account to suffer him to set his foot on shore again; though it is but of little consequence, on shore or aboard he will get drunk."

The officer delivered his orders to his senior,—the Master at-arms was sent for and received instructions to put Dick in the stocks, but after a diligent search and an equally diligent inquiry no Dick was to be found, nor could it be correctly ascertained that he had come off in any of the boats. The small cutter was promptly despatched to the landing place with directions to the Midshipman in charge not to go beyond that spot, and after waiting half an hour, if Fitton did not come down, to return on board. The injunctions were strictly complied with, but no Dick made his appearance, the boat came back and was hoisted up on the quarter. Withstanding Dick's falling he was greatly esteemed by both officers and men as an excellent seaman, who never shrunk from the performance of a duty however difficult or dangerous, and his

absence and probable fate became the theme of the yarn-spinners for the rest of the evening till the quarter-watch was called, and the subject was frequently reverted to during the night.

It was just as the day began to break on the following morning that having the watch on the fore-deck I was expressing my regret to my watchmate for Fitton's loss—as the conjecture prevalent was, that he had fallen overboard and been drowned—when one of the look-outs on the fore-castle shouted "all ho," and taking my glass forward I ascertained that the stranger was a large boat with three masts standing, but only her foremast hoisted about half way up, and she was running directly in for the anchorage. At first we apprehended that some vessel had been wrecked, the remainder of the crew were making for the land; but as the daylight grew stronger and clearer, and the boat closed nearer and nearer, it became evident that she was an enemy's row boat, but not a soul could be seen except the individual who was steering it, and he was rather conspicuous from the immense cocked hat upon his head, and his being closely enveloped in a boat cloak.

What to make of it no one could tell; the circumstance was duly reported to the captain, who promptly came on deck, and orders were issued to have all clear at the quarter and stern boats, so as to lower and man them at a moment's warning; but as the enemy's vessel was coming direct for us, it was deemed advisable to keep all fast, lest any alarm should be excited. However, on she fearlessly came, and a more beautiful model certainly never moved upon the water, her brass-bound prow shone bright in the early sun-rise, and the musketons on her gunwale seemed prepared for action. As for the man in the cocked hat, he steered the most prudent and formidable gravity, and finally advanced some one or other who could not be seen, and it was supposed that the boat's crew were stretched out in secrecy in the bottom.

Every glass was in requisition, and the field of each was directed at that cock-blooded Frenchman who was steering right down upon us, apparently with the utmost unconcern. "He takes the figurate for a natural craft," said one of the lieutenants, "shall we just show him the French ensign, Sir?"

"No, no," answered the captain "keep all scrup, he cannot escape us now, as he is well within range of the guns—and will soon be alongside."

In a few minutes she was near enough to be hailed, but still not a word passed, onward came the boat with that enormous cocked hat in the stern sheets, and now we could plainly discern the tri-colored cockade; toward the main, still a little open, on our larboard bow, when down they were fore and she rounded to.

"Bast a boy," shouted the sentry on the larboard gangway, and was promptly answered "No, no."

"He's English Sir," exclaimed a boatswain's mate from the fore-castle, as the craft came gradually dropping down, "Hello!" he belliowed out, "What boat's that—who are you?"

"Allow me to give you a moment and then I was broken by the steersman answering "Now Lord love your silly head Jem never to know an old mezzmate!" It was Dick Fitton—he caught sight of the skipper standing at the gangway and instantly the cocked hat was removed, as he uttered "She's our own yer honor, I took her myself."

A burst of laughter followed this announcement. In which the captain heartily joined; "And where are your prisoners?" demanded the latter. "Rouse 'em Johnny," shouted Fitton, pointing a pistol towards the boat's bows, and two Frenchmen—one with his head bowed up in a bloody handkerchief, immediately showed themselves; "I've expended all the rest on 'em ashore your honor," continued Dick "and if so be as you'll send the boats you may soon pick 'em up."

The small cutter was again lowered, and a party of seamen was despatched to the prize to strike her masts and bring her alongside, but Fitton was anxious to return to the frigate which he readily did, and on reaching the quarter deck it was impossible to bring laughing at the curious figure he cut. A large blue cloak lined with scarlet, enveloped his person; and round the waist was belted a heavy hanger, a brace of pistols and a bayonet—the cocked hat as a matter of respect to the skipper, was removed from his head and carried under his left arm, and Dick's comical face, half serious, half humorous, as he gave an extra twist to his quid, and put his right hand up his forehead, his fashion was droil enough, and there he stood with his two prisoners before his commander, who found it very difficult to preserve a steady countenance.

"Mr. Anson reported you drunk last night!" said the captain, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Look at the prize yer honor!" answered Dick with appropriate assurance, "does Mr. Anson think that a man in a state of distastication could go far to capture an enemy's craft?"

"But where was you last night when the shore party returned on board?" demanded the captain.

"In course yer honor I was cruising!" returned Dick "for some time runn my head—"

"Aye I believe there was something running in your head, why you are not altogether sober now," exclaimed the skipper, "you have broken the order sir, you have—"

"Tell 'em prize yer honor!" said Dick finishing the Captain's sentence, and looking up archly in his face "and there's the rest of the prisoners ashore, if nobody ain't never gone to take 'em off."

"Man the boats Mr. Spicer!" shouted the Captain to the first lieutenant, and the boats were speedily manned and pulling for the shore, with Dick in his new costume acting as guide. The island was searched, and

a French Lieutenant with twenty-one men, were taken and carried on board the frigate. Dick was called upon to state the manner in which he had got possession of the enemy's vessel, and this he did apparently to the satisfaction of the Captain, but I prefer giving the tale as he narrated it to his messmates in their berth, over his afternoon grog, and as he had contrived to muster a stout run, the ten Frenchmen he had captured were generously invited to share it with them.

"Come Johnny bring yer onspassibles to an anchor will you!" said Dick to his French guests, "there draw a chair and sit down upon the shot-case my hearty, why never say die! I honors yer bravery, for yon behaved like men, that's Frenchmen I means, and it sints many a single hand as would have captured a couple o' sich smart looking lads as you two."

The unfortunate prisoners did not understand one word that was uttered, but the motion of the hand directing them to sit down was understood and complied with, and they responded "remercie remercie" the first syllable much abbreviated in utterance.

"Well and did show you mercy?" said Fitton, "and I means to show you mercy; why I'm bless'd Jim!" addressing the boatswain's mate, "if they aint like them black fellows, who think when the grub is served out, that they're going to be fattened for the cook's coppea, what the blazes do they cry out for mercy for now! should like to know I blow-never mind, they'll have no mercy on the beef, I'll take my davy.—Come heave aboard muntee, munje, munje!"

The Frenchmen seemed pleased with the invitation, for bad as Dick's French was they understood it, and in the politest manner possible repeated the former expression "remercie remercie mon am!"

"Mercy, mercy, that's the way to say it, my dear man by that Jim," asked the puzzled seaman of his messmate, "was I'm blowed but they beat my learning into splinters, why last night when I fetches one on 'em a click o' the head as went him under the thorbs, and called to the other strikers, they both sing out as loud as they could bawl, 'noo run dong, noo run dong.'"

"Oul mon ami, nous rendous," said one of the prisoners, shrugging up his shoulders. "Vous parlez bien, Francis!"

"Parley bang Franchy, Johnny!" uttered Dick. "Well, I'm blowed, but I thought you'd have know'd better than that arter the click under the ear as you got last night. No, no Johnny, I doesn't go for to parley much in the regard o' hanging on 'em; my thoughts and my cutlash are always pretty much in the same latitude when I sees the enemy."

"I tell you 'what it is, messmate," said the boatswain's mate, addressing Dick, "yo' my thinking you're in the wrong end in respect of his meaning; he says 'parley bang Franchy,' which I take to be, 'up and tell me all about it.' 'Parley,' you know, means 'speaking on,' or 'spinning a yarn,' and 'bang Franchy' is as easy as 'kiss my hand.' So d'ye see, Dick, who jist overhear the consonant to; not as you did to the skipper in Tom Pepper fashion, to make him think you was sober; but let's have the right arsest jometry of the thing, for we all on us knows, Dick, that that was more shot than parts to him. The time I need you was when you'd brought up the Frenchie of the pretty little French girl, and was coaxing her for a drop more stuff out of her mother's locker; and then, messmate, your head sails were all lifting, and another spoke or two of her helm would have brought you slap-back."

"I arnt ever going for to deny it, could yo," answered Dick with a grin, "though I pitched it into the skipper that I was all cobbler's mentie. However, it is of no use to keep a false reckoning; I were groggy, and that's the truth on it. But you know, messmate, I arnt altogether sensible to being so when my jib's taut up; and in course when the lieutenant called me a drunken son o' a female dog, and ordered me down to the boat, why I thought I'd jist convince him of his oncapableness of judging whether a man was sober or not, and so I determined to study a bit of the jography of the island by taking a cruise to myself, which no man as was drunk could possibly do, seeing as he'd get bothered in the regard o' 'blapping a proper course.' Well, shipmate, I hauls my tack aboard and makes a long reach amongst rocky ground, and a head swell as kept me pitching bow under, till I could hardly carry my canvas; and there I was heaving and setting like a Dutch scrubby off the Texel, and rolling gunnels under like a deep Ingeamen running down from the Cape to Saint Helena. At last my compass came up round in the most monstrous way till it made me dizzy, and I'm bless'd if I did not see a craft right a-head of me, as I was in the haze. I saw the one of yer 'long-shore Darry Jonesies, ewly the boras got to denoling and bobbing about in a mazyatical kind of a way, as if there had been three or four couple on 'em twisting and turning and capering in ever so many double boripples, and up all sorts of antics; and 'Yo-hoy,' I sins on, 'who the blazes are you?' For I thought it bode to hail him civilly at first, though I know'd precious well what the ugly beggar was. But the ondeckscr chap made no answer, only blow'd out a cloud of smoke, like the foggo from a thirty-two pounder, and then he came a repeat and ordered me to give dead like the hissing of a shot from his muzzle, as wasn't one. murr's author, but seemed, to my idea of the thing, to be three or four muzzles all a keeping company in their motions with the owl fellow's head bowkins, and 'Hello, your reverence, shoote I, as I always thinks if properest to fellycmuther them sort of varmint with hand over-hand politeness whenever I falls in with them which has been pretty often in the course of my cruising. 'Hello, your reverence,' says I, 'and come a your hulliness with a poor tar as is bellyingcrack in this here no man's land sort of a place, as belongs never to nobody, neither English nor French nor Dutch, though it arnt onspassible but your honor may have some call to it by your being here.' However he never answered my

hail, and I didn't like his oncontemptible silence; so, 'mayhap,' says I 'my lord, you may think as I'm groggy; but, love your heart, Dick's more sober than twenty judges—I don't deny as I'm a little wisiwasiwazy-fumtial, but that's in the regard of the fog, as is so thick that it won't let me keep a straight course'—and here, shipmate, the waggon stopp'd my discourse by discharging another bow charge amongst some of the crew, but steam right away for France. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' says I, 'and as your worship don't never seem to be overfond of my sociability, why, I'll jist wear round, and make sail out of this. Heavens bless your handsome phiz,' says I, as I bore up, when I'm blow'd if the unconscionable owl rip didn't clap his helms a-weather arter me, and pitching his head-rails right slap into my starn galley, gives me a regular blow aloft till I'd lost my plumpdickler, and capsize'd me, and I was smelly all over the ground, and there I was, as it were, convenient, till my thoughts began to come to me once more, and then, ever so seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Have a slap at him again, Dick, for rempousous as he's behaved to you, the blaggard's a coward at heart!—Is he?' says I, 'then here goes'—not as I was in any way frightened afore, if so be as he'd clapp'd me alongside and fought fairly; but, as I towd you, messmate, he raked me onaways, and so on I jumps, and there the scamp was, backing and filling, and as ready to turn around of me. And now I could see him plain enough, with a great red face, like the cook's galley-fire, and a nose like a joint of meat down afore it a roasting—eyes that would have served for mess platters, and a mouth like a basket-baker's oven—my precious wig! often as I'd seen him, I never saw him such a monstrous sight in my life; and there was his bumpkins, with a huge Spanish cock's hat upon each one of 'em; and he was rigged out in flame color'd trowsers, though he was strong enough to disfigure his own face with his lock-habillies, he fings me—Oh, I can't tell you the distance, but when I came again, shaking every timber in my frame; and seeing as it was no new trying to men-handle the enemy, I buttons up my eyelids, and, as I had two watches out the night afore, I made up my mind to bottle off a little sleep. So, messmates, I composes myself accordingly, and snoozes away like a parib clerk in sarkon time, till I'd laid in a goodish stock, and then I rouses out, and takes round me, but send me a bang but a poor harmless blow, and I find myself as I had been all the while, and I wondered how the deuce I got there; but arter a little while I bestinks myself of all about it, and not knowing how many bells it was, I struck me mayhap the cutter arnt shoved off, and so here goes for the landing place; so I hauls my wind steering rather wild at first, but getting to a small helm as I made more sail, but not a bit of a landing place could I disavow it and it was too dark to make out the frigate. It was still messmate, I went on to give in to the circumstances, and I was in the boat, and there I saw a boatling close in shore, and 'and it's all right now,' says my thoughts to myself, 'there's the cutter jist ready to shove off, so quietly stop yourself away in the bows Dick, and that'll see the officer the trouble of asking questions.' So accordingly messmates I shapes my course towards her, and as I went permissively along, my foot strikes again summat comical and so I picks it up, and what should it be but a cutlash: 'Halloo!' says I under my breath, for I did not want to let them know I was so close aboard of 'em. 'Halloo, but they're making pretty ducks and drakes of the gunner's stores' says I, but, when I came to handle it, Jim, it was soon made wisely oneparent, dark as it was, that it did not belong to the frigate; so I was put to a nonplus as to what nation it hailed for. But I was't long in the dudrums messmates, for I hears a gabbling in an outlandish lingo on board the boat that made me take an amperity of her build and rig; and I started myself out horizontally again, and keeps a sharp look out, craning along ever so close, and then like an oyster larning to run loose, till I'd got close under the bows, and then Jim, it was as plain to me as is the nose on Bill's face; and 'Yo-hoy' says I to myself, 'tis Johnny Cropch,' says I, 'and now to work the bellyingcruffery of the thing!' One of the Frenchmen shrugged his shoulders; 'Ha you know tis all true Johnny.'

"Parfonces moi, mon ami," returned the prisoner, whose head was bowed up, "je comprends pas les Anglais,"—he raised his panikles of grog—"mais votre la ronde."

"Round Johnny—ay boy, but we'd two or three rounds afore I'd done with you" said Dick, with a half laugh, "and as for boring all round, why I didn't directly know how many there was on you, for, to my thinking, what with the grog, and what with Darry Jones, and what with the heat of the attack, there appeared to my hopical vision to be four or five, though when I close myself up, I see only one, and I'm sure that's you two. But I'm saying Johnny, bring duberous as to the number you muntseed, why I did bore all round as you call it, for there's no telling what a stray shot may do in the heat of action. Now messmates, the row boat jist as this here fashion—sepponing this bread bag was a rock, with one side on it plumpdickler—above that bickit out a little more Jim, and flatten in, my boy—well, this bread-bag's the rock running out into the sea, and this here bread-bag is the row boat, and this is the three here bottles the row boat—well and good."

"Now it stands to reason, messmates, if so be as any one mit you was up stop o' this here blakin as has got summat like a face on it, why in course you could jump down on to that ere bottle, which, I see is half

empty" the men nodded assent to both positions—"Well just as this here row boat lies alongside the bread-bag—no, no, I don't mean that—it's just as this here bottle lies close to and under the rock—ah! bother I don't mean that either, but I'm saying, shipmates, its just as this here bottle lies alongside of the bread-bag that the row boat laid close aboard of the rock; and thinks I to myself if I could get a top of the bread-bag—no, I mean the rock—by the way, I should be glad to see the bread-bag below and fall for it, the bottle, then, I mean the row boat, if upon opportunity should arise; so I growl—ah! just the same as that ewe wrawl's crawling to the bit o' bread afore it—I crawled and crawled, moving along horizontally, and lurching about whilst till I gained my point; and so I peeps over and twig the brass gun, and as I thought three chaps that crouched aback in the stern sheets—two sitting on the floor, and other crouching in a boat aloft. Ah, messmates, I watches 'em for some time, and thinks I to myself if I can but separate 'em into divisions I might board and capture the weather ones first, and then bear down upon the squadron to board; for after all shipmates, three to one is somut of odds. So I catches up a piece of broken rock and pitches it right into the boat's bows, and one o' the Johnnies jumps up and sings out 'Hookey wee.'

"Nou, nou mon ami, c'est pas ça," exclaimed the Frenchman, who had been attentively listening, and had gleaned from Dick's motions what he was describing. "Ja dit, je vive."

"What does he say, Jen," inquired Fittou, "I used to know somut about the French lingo at one time; but to my thinking, messmate, he does not speak it clandestinely, and that's the reason I don't understand him."

"Nayhap so, Dick—mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate, "I ain't much skilled into matters of this kind, but by his clear enough, Dick, he can't speak French, English fashion, or else we might savvy somut about it."

"All right, my hearty," returned Dick, "and so I'll go on with my yarn. 'Hookey wee,' or 'kee wee,' or somut o' that sort, sings out the Frenchman, as much as to say 'catch a vessel asleep!' but not nobody never answered, for I stowed myself away all snug again. Presently I made another snout into the water, and 'Hookey wee,' I sing out to the Frenchman again. But this time I hears one o' 'em rattling along the thorts, and thinks I to myself, 'Look out Dick, they're paring company, stand by to pipe the boarders away' I see, so, messmates, I grips hold o' my cutlash, and I peeps over, and there I seed one right round, as it may be here away on the cork, pointing to the top of the bottle."

"'Diable!' exclaimed the embarrassed Frenchman, who appeared to understand somut about pistols, and 'C'est la pointe de mon fusil!'"

"Why, eye, Master Setter Moore, if that's your name you was the man as was furd in the eyes of her," said Dick "and Johnny here was chock off, as I up I springs and makes a leap aboard, and 'hookey wee' says I as I gives Johnny a click with the cutlash over his coos-nut, but the head was precious thick, and he comes at me like a good un, but I was too quick for him; and it wondered me to think why the fellow underneath the boat cloak didn't turn out to run off his hands, as I remember Setter Moore—as he says his—'I ain't no kind of a hand, I made aslip head in his hentry and came down under the thorts, but was soon up again, though not afore I'd sent Johnny down in the run with a splendid illumination, dancing in his eyes. On comes 't'other, and 'Hookey wee,' says I again, as I sent my fist right in his face, for d'y'e mind, Jen, my cutlash broke short off at the haft, and it warn't by no manner o' means fit to trust a fellow's life to; and back again he went under the thorts, just as Setter Moore roused out to have 't'other slap at me, which he did by discharging a pistol, but the ball whistled by without stopping to ax any questions, so I jumps into the stern sheets, logs, the pistol out of Johnny's hands, and gives him a taste of the butt on his scionce that quieted him. 'Hurrah!' shouted I, 'Hookey wee for ever. All still enough lubber, rascally, rascally, or I'll shoot you like a dead dog. And still enough both on the deck. 'Well, I'm blessed,' thinks I, 'but the fellow's come—they've all struck each other, and the boat's afloat, and mayhap, he's 'Hookey wee.' 'Yo ho!' says I, giving a kick, 'rouse and blit! but lord love your hearts, shipmates, there warn't never nothing more than this here coked hat, and 'Hurrah!' says I again, 'Dick's sober enough to take a prize, Where's your Hookey wee now?' So I gets the end of the main sheet, and I seized Setter Moore's arms behind him, and claps him by the main mast, and then I dows the same as I did Johnny with my mizen halliards aloft, and 'mayhap,' says my thoughts, 'my thrust, or somut or other, 'mayhap they ain't never got a drop of stuff stowed away in the lockers.' So I overhauls, and works a traverse, and I'm blowed if I didn't find a bottle o' brandy, and that was the best prize of all. 'Here's a health to 'Hookey wee,' says I, as I claps the muzzle to mine, and takes a lime burner's twist, 'and now for turning the hands up to haul out.' But shipmates I had't never no hands except these here two dows, so I wares long in having 'em all upon me, and then I turn to, to find how she was coked; and well there was a band-rope furd and that I soon roused in, and she'd a grappling and a lawser out astern, so I claps on like a good un, and the craft seemed to know she'd got no home-company, for she slides out as pretty as a ship-launch, and afore you could say Jack Robinson, I was all afloat, and sailing clear of the shore. However never it wouldn't do messmates to ride there very long, and as I couldn't weigh the killick, why I just kept the mizen and then I turn to the wind, and then I haul the cable, and she rounded to clear of all, and seemed for all the world in her behaviour as if she wanted to make acquaintance with the frigate. Well, shipmates, the tide was in my favor, and I soon made out that she'd drift clear, so I examines the

lashings of my prisoners, makes all fast, and takes a pull at the brandy to 'hookey wee' atween whiles, and then I lets myself in the boat cloak, and takes the cock'd hat for a pillow, and gets a snooze and a nip of brandy alternately, and so I goes on till near day-break, when I on-lashes Setter Moore, and gets him to lend me a hand to hobnob the forenoon, and then I gives 'em both a toothful o' stuff, just to keep the cowl out of 'em, but as soon as I catches sight of the frigate, I gives 'em both their liberty, with every thing provided, that if she stratted tack or sheet, I'd blow 'em to shivers; so I wraps myself in the cloak, and claps the cock'd hat over my main head, and took my berth at the tiller as big as an admiral, till I brings my prize alongside, and thinks I, here's a convincing argument that Dick Fittou, gunner's mate of his Majesty's ship the Toubert, wasn't drunk last night. There, messmates, that's all about it, and so here's another top o' grog to 'Hookey wee.'

The fact was pretty much as Dick had related them, Day Jones was the old cow defending her self; the row boat had come to the back of the island, the Lieutenant and his men had crossed over to the houses to gain information as to our movements, two boat keepers had been left in the boat, whom Dick had captured in his prize, which afterwards became of the utmost service to us, as probably will on some future occasion be narrated.

COUSIN EMILY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

PART I.

The interest recently excited upon the subject of mental affection, and more especially in reference to a lamentable case, has drawn forth a host of articles of an active and valued manner, indeed the writer to search for some notes of a singular story which was related to him several years ago, and in which a peculiar phase of insanity was illustrated by its most painful results. He has endeavored, in the following pages, to bring a tale before the reader. It is right that he should mention that all who could possess any personal knowledge of its details (the original narrator included) here long since, "passed from among us."

You have lived under four English sovereigns, and the number of your fellow-subjects who can add another link to the list is small. I am one of that small number, for I was born in the year 1757, and I am now eighty three. You need not on that account hesitate at passing me the bottle.

I'll tell you something which was brought to my mind by this struggling old inn, with its long gloomy passages and terrible staircases. I am not at all at story we decided on sleeping here, for it seems a naughty night to swim in, but there is a place near the top of this house which I wish I had not seen. Help yourself, and stir the fire into a blaze; I don't like ever to think of the story in the dark.

When I was sixteen, I believed myself intensely in love with a very pretty cousin of mine, whose Christian name was Emily. She was exactly that sort of cousin with whom I suppose, all boys fall in love—she was three years older than myself, and not only very pretty, but very merry and very kind-hearted, and in spite of all my endeavors, her laughing face, with a quantity of black curls falling about it, was perpetually coming between my eye and the Dolphin Journal, the fact of her being miles away from my school not at all interfering with her pertinacious hauntings. I was exceedingly outrageous when I was informed of her intended marriage to a country clergyman about ten years her senior, and though Mrs. Algonquin Parke (that was the name she took, poor thing!) wrote me several beautiful letters, inviting me to come and see her in her married state, it was not until she had become a mother and I had become a collegian, that I could make up my mind to visit her. My journey was then accidental, but when I entered her home she gave me such a sunshiny welcome, and in spite of the child crawling about upon the floor she looked so like the Emily of other days, that I comforted myself for my delay, and determined to make up for it by spending as much of my time as possible at—Rectory.

Her husband, the Reverend Algonquin Parke, was one of those men whom you cannot help liking, and yet with whom it is impossible to be very intimate. He was tall, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance; he was an accomplished scholar, and had travelled much, and his general information was, or seemed to be, of a most extensive kind. However, he was not a very proud man, and though nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than his manner, I was forced to feel that he rather endured than sought conversation with me. Indeed, I have often thought that I may have attributed this neglect on his part to wrong causes, for the talk of a person of my age and character must be all probability here been rubbish enough, especially in those days, when young gentlemen were not furnished with a smattering of every kind of knowledge. However, while I remained there, we saw little of each other except at the social hours. There was excellent sporting of two or three kinds in the neighborhood, and though I devoted a great deal of time to my course, I reserved a tolerable proportion for my dogs, and guns, and fishing-tackle. Altogether I found the Rectory a delightful place.

The house itself had little to recommend it beyond its size and the situation, for it was one of those angular structures which were raised when everything requisite for building was cheap—architectural skill excepted. I told you that this inn reminded me of the place. The Rectory was a very tall and very spacious house, full of winding staircases and intricate passages, doors opening where they least

expected, and long galleries without an opening except at each end. The rooms were chiefly lofty and airy, and yet there was a sensation of dullness, and even desolation, connected with them, which often became oppressive, especially on bleak afternoons. The inmates of the house

were, of course, by presence, divided into two classes:—those who had the apartments to use, which constituted about a third of the mansion,—a stranger gradually ascertained the nearest way from his bed-room to the dining-parlor and drawing-room,—but of the relative situations of the unoccupied chambers, I doubt if any person were aware. Two or three of the servants had their respective and different ways of proceeding on the rare occasion of having to explore those regions, and I myself, who had in the pride of going to a fashionable acquaintance with the various stories, was finally baffled, and forced to relinquish the task, by the multiplicity of enormous closets which crossed the landing-places, and isolated rooms upon which one came by accident, and failed to discover a second time. I revered myself upon the edifice by doing it as a noble specimen of lotoxicated Architecture.

You may think I am dealing lightly with a narrative which I have described as a painful one, but I am rather endeavoring to give you an idea of the successive effects which the scene and the incidents produced upon myself. They have receded far enough from me to allow me to detail them with much more clearness than I can bring to the description of events of the last ten years.

I returned to the Rectory as often as my college life would permit, and it was upon my third visit there that I perceived a strange change in Algermon Parke.

His manner to me was warm and cordial as before, but the alteration was in his conduct to Emily. Did I mention to you that his behavior to her had previously been marked by the most sedulous attention, but that there was an absence of the fondness of affection which I had expected to see, and which her youth and extreme beauty, coupled with her admiring devotion to him, might have elicited from even a prouder and colder man than Parke? In short, I had hardly known whether to be vexed or pained at not finding Algermon adoring the lovely girl whom I thought perfection. We are curious creatures, and the feelings alternated in my heart until I was almost ashamed of my exertions to define, and to fix, my sentiments on the subject. But now all was altered, and in place of the calm attentive regard which Algermon had hitherto manifested towards his wife, there had arisen a love-like ardor of anxiety and tenderness, which kept him constantly at her side—a perpetual watch for every smile, every look, every movement, every change of coloring, increasing homage, which, as it appeared to me, would have jetted the brief and glowing courtship of some young Italian musician, inspired by his love, his art, and his skies, toward the married rate of an English clergyman of mature age and reserved habits. The phenomenon puzzled me beyond measure. I sought for ordinary reasons for it, in vain. I had, of course, been favored, in my time, with explanations of the kind, but the husband who had been so long in the possession of maturity invest the wife. Emily, it is true, had a second time added to her family, and two more beautiful children than the little Louisa and Henry Parke I have never seen; but the devotion of Algermon to his wife was now so unreasonably intense that even the mysterious agency in question, taxed to its fullest extent, was insufficient to account for his bearing towards her. In ordinary matters he was unchanged, except that he certainly seemed to seek conversation more than he had been accustomed to do; as far as concerned myself, with the amiable self-complacency of youth, I attributed this to my own enlarged and edifying habits of discussion. I thought this I observed—he spoke with far more rapidity than upon my former visits.

The children were very lovely. Louisa, the elder, whom I had seen crawling on the rug on my first visit to the Rectory, was now a merry little sylph of four years old, an infantile copy of her beautiful mother's features, but with a profusion of golden hair, and with eyes blue as her mother's. Her ringing laugh was always ready to welcome me—I was her decided favorite, friend, and confidant. She loved me, I believe, very sincerely, but she worshipped the dogs which were invariably my companions. Their affectionate attentions to her were her delight, and the figure of the wild little fairy, tugging laughingly at the ears or tail of the wistful but uncomprehending Ponto or Sancho, as fresh as if sixty years had not divided us.

Henry, the boy, was a year younger than his sister, and a contrast to her in everything but beauty. His grave-eyed meekness suited his appearance well; and his tranquillity, especially when taken under the patronage of the high spirits of Louisa, was very winning. He, too, was a great ally of the dogs; but whereas Miss Louisa's pleasure was in exciting them into frolics kindred with her own, her brother loved to lie far back with one animal or another, while the head of the other rested in his lap. You are at my mercy here, and must bear with my miniature painting—it is all part of the picture.

The fondness of my cousin for her beautiful children was excessive, and rivaled that of Algermon for herself; but it was so natural and graceful, that I, who was at an age when to the foolish eye of a boy the earnestness of maternal affection is not always pleasing, could not but be charmed with the love manifested towards them by Emily. Algermon's conduct to the children was, however, less judicious. He would stand gazing at them for long periods, with looks of affection and delight; but he invariably recoiled from their contact or approach, and in a marked manner shunned the morning and evening kiss with which they had been accustomed to salute him. Once, when Emily suddenly pressed the face of her boy to that of his father, he turned deadly pale, and

hastily left the room. She never repeated the experiment—his failure was perhaps the only thing in which for many months Algermon crossed her wishes: his devotion continued unabated.

PART II.

My fourth visit—it was my last—was prefaced by a slight circumstance, to which I paid no attention until subsequent events caused me to reconsider every link in their chain. I wrote from Oxford to announce my coming; and, as I had often done before, I addressed my letter to my little friend Louisa, who could not, of course, trace even a syllable of its contents, but in whose name her mother had sometimes been accustomed to reply. I thought no more of the trifling playfulness, until the answer, coming by Algermon himself, told me that his forfeiture was as usual, but, to my surprise, the following postscript was added:—

"I lay do you write to one in every respect so far ahead you?"

I was much amused with this curious piece of dialectic remonstrance, and was soon at the door of the Rectory. Algermon came out to meet me, and seemed anxious to speak to me before any of the servants should approach. He gave hasty orders for the care of my travelling-boxes, and then, taking my arm, begged me to walk with him into the garden. I pleaded that I ought first to speak to Emily, but he made some plausible excuse, and led me through a shrubbery. Suddenly turning upon me, he said in a strange, harsh voice—

"This is an odd affair—is it not?"

"What is?—what do you mean?"

"Ah!—true, true—you haven't heard! Why, we've lost Miss Parke."

"Good heavens! you don't mean—you can't mean Louisa! I said

"Aj, I mean her!" he replied, contorting his mouth into a frightful smile.

"What!—dead? I am—why not have told me—why did you allow me to intrude upon you?" I gasped out, hardly knowing whether to express astonishment or sympathy, so strange was his manner.

"No intrusion—no intrusion!" he cried, in a high, but husky voice,—

"No intrusion at all. No—and she's not dead either—that's the best of it, as I see to myself."

"Lost, and not dead, Mr. Parke! For Heaven's sake tell me what all this means!"

"I tell you!—I!" said he, very coldly, but instantly altering his manner, said, "I am wrong—you are my guest. At dinner, then, if you please, I shall have much pleasure in answering any question you may ask."

He turned upon his heel, and actually ran from me. I was too much surprised to think of going in quest of him, and he was too far gone in pace as he was as rapid as his own. A domestic, however, appeared at the end of the shrubbery, and stopped me.

"Oh, sir! we suppose master has told you something!"

"Yes, yes, Anderson; Miss Louisa—who says she is lost. What is it all!—quick!"

"It's all true, sir—she is lost, and the grief has turned master's head."

I entered the house in much perturbation. I proceeded to question the servant, who told me that, about five days before, and in the middle of the afternoon, Louisa had disappeared. The instant she was missed, the closest search was commenced, and every nook and corner of the house visited. It was of course supposed that she had strayed into some of the unused apartments, across to which, however, had been usually prevented since the children had been added enough to wander. On examination, it was found that to one floor only could the child have gained admission, the doors leading to the other floors being all locked, and the keys being actually hanging to Algermon's study. That floor had been searched until the searchers were weary; shouting, calling, even firing a pistol, had been tried, on the chance of Louisa's having fallen asleep in some mysterious corner. All was in vain. The research outside the house had been equally useless. Gates, neither over nor under which a child could climb nor crawl, cut off all egress from the garden, and it was proved that no person had been seen either riding or on foot, and no suspicious persons had approached the house; and the agonizing conclusion to all exertions was, that Louisa was lost. I found, upon questioning Anderson further, that Mr. Parke had led the servants on their quest, and had been as energetic in his pursuit as it became a father to be in so dreadful an emergency. Had the domestic a no conjectures of any kind? Anderson said they had none. And Mrs. Parke?

I entered the house, and to the drawing-room found Emily—but how changed from the sun-bright being I had left her a few weeks before!—She was pale as ash, and her beautiful black hair hung wildly about her face. She was obviously under the influence of extreme terror. In her arms she held her son, of whom she appeared resolved not to relinquish her hold for a moment. On my entrance, she glanced nervously round, and instead of rising or speaking, she clasped the child convulsively to her breast, and stood in my face with such a piteous expression, that I turned in pain from her gaze.

"I am so glad you have come!" she murmured, the tears rolling fast from her eyes.

A terrible thought came over me at that moment, but I indignantly rejected it. Algermon entered hastily, and again I saw that convulsive clasping of the child by the mother. He spoke with his usual cordiality, and invited me to retire for the purpose of dressing. I assented; and he conducted me to my apartment,—apparently wishing me to leave me for a moment. This constant attendance he pursued for the remainder of the day, vigilantly preventing my holding conversation with Emily, who indeed sat through the long hours in a state of comparative stupor, but never for one instant parting with the child. As night drew on, that terrible thought returned; and at length its pressure became unbearable.

I pleaded indisposition, and begged leave to go early to rest. Algernon followed me to my room; and as I went in, I observed that the key was outside the door. I took it quietly from the lock, and into the room—Parke watched my movement, but made no remark, and speedily left me, to solitude—and that thought.

I now had leisure to weigh the occurrences of the day; and as I did so, my mind underwent alternate visitations of stifling bewilderment and of harrowing excitement. But I will not dwell on them more than a rapid detail of what followed. I listened until I heard the door of Algernon's bed-room close, and the lock turn. Knowing that he had then retired for the night I stole softly down to the apartment occupied by Anderson. In reply to my whisper, he opened the door, and seemed relieved by finding that it was his visitor.

"Anderson," I said, "get me those keys which you said hung in your master's study."

He looked startled; but promised to do so, and to bring them to my room. I returned as softly as possible, and waited his arrival. In a few minutes he came to the door.

"Sir, they are not there now."

My sensations now became maddening; I paced the room furiously, and at length sat down on the bed in a state of positive fever. The house was still as the tomb, and the only sound I heard was the deep tone of the church clock, which struck a long interval. My frenzied restlessness finally urged me to go and seek the keys for myself, and taking the candle, I stepped stealthily forth for that purpose. As I reached the foot of the stairs, and was peering through the darkness in quest of the study-door, one long and frightful scream rang through the upper part of the house. I rushed up the stairs like a guilty thing, and at the first turning I suddenly encountered Algernon. He was half-dressed, and held a light.

"In God's name, tell me whose scream was that!" I exclaimed.

"It was nothing," he said, "H—, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Sometimes—sometimes; but that scream?"

"Have you ever read," he asked, very sternly, "the fearful Book with which it ends—the Book of Revelations?"

"I have," said I, "but, Mr. Parke, I insist upon knowing—"

"Do you remember what is the name of the Boy who sets Fire being opened for a little while—the *Bottles-in-a-Pit*—ha! ha!" And he rushed from me, and entered his own room, double locking the door.

I, too, returned to my apartment, and watched intently. But there was no further alarm, and at last the blessed morning came; never was it so welcome. As the light began to render objects half visible, there came a low tap at my door. It was Anderson.

"Sir," he said, in faltering accents, "I thought I would go again and search for the keys, and they were *here*. I will swear, sir, that they have been replaced since midnight. They are here sir."

I scooted them from him, and motioned him to follow me. The light was now coming fast upon us, as I unlocked the door leading to the unused apartments on the floor on which I stood. Need I weary you by saying, that perhaps such a search was never made for concealed gold or escaped captive at that I made through those dreary rooms, and those above them. There was yet a third story to search, and through that third floor I searched in like manner, and in vain. I hardly knew, indeed, what I was expecting to discover.

We were standing in a large and low-roofed room, lighted by a single window, and entirely empty. It was the last room, as we believed, on the upper floor. I have said that the house was a very filthy one; and as I stood at the window I was struck by this distance from the ground below. I turned away, and the next moment one of my dogs came leaping into the room, manifesting the utmost joy at seeing me. It suddenly occurred to me to put him in quest of a scent—and, wild as was the idea, in the excited state of my feelings, I made him the necessary signal. In an instant he was at work, sniffing in all the delighted energy of his race. Twice he crossed the room, and twice recrossed it, and returned to my feet, as if wondering at the new task I had set him. I saw that he could discover nothing, and was about to retire when the dog uttered a cry, and clung to me in manifest terror. What he saw or felt I know not to this hour; but I believe that there are secrets, dreadful secrets in nature, which should make the wisest and best of us tremble. I gazed in wonder, when the good hound, disengaging himself from me, rushed with a furious yell towards the opposite wall. It was of boards, and I could trace no sight of a door or opening; but what was that to me? I desired Anderson to fetch me a chair and hammer, and then I ran for a crow-bar, which I had seen in one of the lower apartments.

In a few minutes I re-entered the room—but ghastly tenants were there before me. If the sixty years which have followed that hideous moment could be made six hundred, it could never pass from my recollection.—A large and gaping chasm appeared in the wall, opening as it seemed, into a black abyss which the eye could not fathom. But eyes had fathomed it, and in that gaze their intelligence was lost for ever. Emily Parke had been dragged from her bed to the edge of that hideous pit, and the fierce grasp of her husband was upon her wrist, while his other hand pointed down the dreadful well, into which he had flung some blasphemous substance. The mother's eye had followed his fiery career down—down, until it rested, glaring brightly.

At the bottom of that pit (until then an untold mystery of that strange house) lay two little corpses. One had lain there for days—the other had newly been buried there—both the children had come alive, as their father afterwards excitedly declared. There lay Louise and her brother, eighty feet below the chamber where an idiot was staring at a Maniac!

THEODORE HOOK'S "BERNERS STREET HOAR," in 1809.—It is recorded that in walking down Berners street one day Hook's companion called his attention to the particularly neat and modest appearance of a house, the residence, as appeared from the door-plate, of some decent shop-keeper's widow. "I lay a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that nice, modest dwelling shall be the most famous in all London."

The bet was taken. In the course of four or five days Hook had written and despatched one thousand letters, conveying orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. From wagons of coals and potatoes (says Gurney) to books, priors, feathers, joss, jellies, cranberry tarts—nothing in any way whatever available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers scattered over our "province of brick," from Wapping to Lambeth, from White-chapel to Paddington. In 1809, Oxford road was not approachable either from Westminster, or Mayfair, or from the city, either on the complicated series of lanes. It may be feebly and afar off guessed what the crash and jam and tumult of the day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated No.—, and there, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the development of the mid-day melo-drama. But some of the *dramatis personæ* were seldom, if ever, alluded to in later times. He had no objection to boding forth the arrival of the Lord Mayor and his Chaplain, invited to dine on one particular day, and of a certain common councilman; but he would rather have buried in oblivion that precisely the same sort of liberty was taken with the Governor of the bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, a Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet Minister—above all, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

They all obeyed the summons—every pious and pious feeling had been so morbidly appealed to; we are not sure that they all reached Berners street; but the Duke of York's punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the widow's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Perhaps an assassination, no conspiracy, no royal demise, or ministerial revolution of recent times was a greater god-send to the new-papers than this audacious piece of mischief. In Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, but no sign excepted either him or his confederates. The affair was beyond that circle a serious one. Fierce were the growlings of the Doctors and Surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of all kinds, male and female; hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, and parliamentary philanthropists, had been victimized in person, and were in their various notes vociferous. But the tangible material damage done was itself no joking matter. There had been smashing of glass, china, harpichords, and pianofortes. Many a barrel had fallen over the side again. Beer barrels and wine barrels had been overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It had been a fine field-day for the pickpockets. There arose a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer.—[London Quarterly.

A SPEC OF WAR.—SCENE—A Counting Room, a young gentleman telling in an arm chair, with his feet on a stool and a sgar in his mouth.—Enter an old lady.

OLD LADY. Good morning Mr. Hall! I called to see you, sir, on business. You've paid considerable attention to my darter, and I wish to know what your intentions are.

GENT. Oh, perfectly honorable Marm, I assure you. I intend to back out, as we say in Scotland.

LADY. You dew! dew! dew! And pray sir allow me to ask you for reasons, sir, if I may be so bold.

GENT. Marm I don't wish to particularize, but there are several reasons.

LADY. Several? yes puppy. I'll see you for a branch of promise you insignificant, yes. Just name one of 'em if you can, ye nasty mean looking, humpy dumpy, carottery, headless, jagged, yes hop—yes my dear, yes blacking, yes cheat, yes liar, yes adocious carnicia of kayside, yes whizzer snapper, yes swindler, yes nasty, proud, low life, good for no thing a-pull! You've several reasons for not having my gal, has you? Just name one on 'em ye little waisted, knock-kneed, clapboard face, goat chin'd,—yes thing—

GENT. Your daughter Marm, is a very nice girl, and all that sort of thing, no doubt Marm, but to tell you the fact, the dew! dew! was not the right. I've seen it one sided, and the last time I was at your house it appeared to be getting considerably round front, and Mrs. Sitchem, the dress maker in Wit street tells me she's padded in a dozen of places, and wears two pair of stays and the other false teeth don't stay so well, and she puts caters on her wig, and uses Kent's Carmine Lick for Rouge So you see Marm, I can't stand such carelessness, indeed Marm I can't—You'll let me off now I reckon.

LADY. You nasty, impertinent, rooster hooker, low lying, sneaking puppy yes! I wouldn't have you for a son-in-law if there was't no other man to 'rust and ruin' and 'tarnity. But if I don't walk into the affections of Mrs. Sitchem's tattling, theore tell me I'm no woman.—[Exit in a rage.

The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone very easily and certainly.

New-York: SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN KELL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS

STAND FAST!

Beware of committing yourself in a hurry. Your very firmness and conscientiousness may do you a mischief, else. Aware that weak men are always changing, you may take it into your head that strong men never change—and act accordingly. If you do, you are lost. Having heard it whispered of such and such people, that you never know where to find them, you are determined to be found forever and ever in one place. The more fool you!

Stand fast! but look well to your foot-hold. Are the shifting sands of the desert underneath your feet? Are you treading water? Or have you planted yourself upon the everlasting rock—the rock of ages?

Opinions, like trees, to be good for anything, must be of slow growth. Lift up your eyes and judge for yourself. The poplar and the oak—the flowering peach and the cedars of Lebanon—the water lily, the morning glory and the everlasting pine, are not more unlike, than the hastily-formed opinions of mankind, when compared with such as are the growth of ages.

The blossom of the way-side—the growth of a single night, or the offspring of a smart shower—is a type of what are called *opinions* by the great multitude about us. They are almost always of a spontaneous growth, and spring from the richest and shallowest soil.

Let the ground be broken up—it matters little how, whether by the trampling hoof or the plough-share; let the upper soil be disturbed—give to the wind and sunshine, the dampness and the warmth of Heaven, but fair play—and lo! the whole earth is in flower! And with what?—with oaks and pines, and cedars? and wheat and corn? and grapes and olives? No!—but with white-weed and thistles and buttercups, with here and there a wild rose, perhaps, not worth gathering, a sprig of starved penny royal, a bunch of blighted hyssop, or a handful of rusty mint you would never think of stooping for.

Till Man has entered upon his work and turned up the stronger soil below—till Thought has been busy among the untold riches that lie deeper than the surface—till *Man* is at work with the spade and the harrow, engrafting the wild fruit-trees, training the wild grape, changing the grasses to wheat, and carefully stirring up and enriching the soil—what is there but a coarse, rank, unprofitable fruitfulness, no better than barrenness for the help of mankind?

Just so it is with that vast and shadowy land, of which hasty opinions are the natural growth; of that land which we are always talking about, and trying to make ourselves masters of; which is always but a little way off—never but just beyond our reach, and always coming and going with every change of the wind—the soil where opinions spring up of themselves, and scatter their own seed, and perpetuate their like without Man's help.

Let the surface of that land be broken up, in the same way—the top crust only, instead of its deepest foundations, where all precious things are hidden—the gold and the silver and the burning stones—with fountains of water and fountains of fire at play and both playing forever—let it be washed bare by the deluge or swept by the hurricane—or wasted with fire and sword, till the great sky is full of lamentation and wailing—and what is the first growth it yields thereafter? A crop of strange opinions, alike showy and brief and worthless; of a piece with the fire-weed which empurples our whole eastern

territory after it has been burnt over—springing by acres from the hot ashes, and following the tempestuous brightness with a perpetual shimmer.

Let a river be turned aside from its path. Let a mountain be loosened—and the piled-up rocks of a thousand ages be tumbled about our ears—in other words, let a great convulsion happen, vast enough and powerful enough to change the whole face of society and upheave its subterranean treasures—its heaps of hoarded gems—its wondering depths, flashing with hidden waters and burning with fire—and then! watch the first natural growth of that new soil following hard after the earthquake! The wilderness reappears in its original strength—and there are giants among men. Shadows give way to substances; whims and follies and hastily-formed opinions, to wisdom and worth and seriousness and faithfulness, till men, for a season, are as gods.

All the revolutions of empire that have happened since the world began, have operated in this way upon the sources of opinion, just as earthquakes, tornadoes and irruptions of the sea have operated upon the deeper sources of fruitfulness in the earth.

But, observe! It is not so much hasty opinions, as *hastily-formed* opinions, that are worthless. *Hastily-pronounced* opinions, being deliberately formed and having ripened slowly, are just what distinguishes leading men from the multitude. Matured at leisure, like the elements of all mischief and all good about us, they are pronounced like a thunder-clap; and whole armies are lost or saved—and whole empires are shipwrecked or established forever. Unstable as water!—Stand thou fast! Look well to thy opinions before they are given to the world. But being given to the world—stand fast!

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.—Why may there not be a good feeling of good-fellowship among the nations? Would they not be all the happier, and the better, and the wiser? Why may there not be a *neighborhood* of Nations—glorying in their companionship? Is there any good reason why Communities and States, and Powers and Sovereignities, should be more jealous of each other than the inhabitants of neighboring villages? Why may there not be an acknowledged *brotherhood* among the nations?—an acknowledged *relationship*? By Nature and by the appointment of God there is; and but for Man—Man, the Spoiler, the Mischief-maker, and the Destroyer, there would always be.

Family quarrels are acknowledged among the nations—and they are always the fiercest and bitterest. Why not family friendships? Away with your shallow maxims of State. That which is good for Man is good for MEN. What have men to fear from "entangling alliances," when they know the danger of copartnership, and are only anxious to be on good terms with their own family and their own neighbors? Cannot the nations be kind to each other?—and forgiving?—and patient and charitable?—and *neighborly*—without going into business together? or making a common stock of their fields and houses; their wives and children; their prejudices and quarrels? Antipathies are acknowledged and gloried in—why not sympathies?

For a thousand years or so, Christians and Turks have been warring together. For about the same period, the North of Europe has been set in battle array against the South; during which time, they have hated one another with a hatred approaching the sublime; sacrificing millions of men, and countless millions of treasure, and sacking cities and overrunning empires, and pillaging States—just for the fun of the thing.—The world has been a chess-board for kings and conquerors to play the game of war upon—sceptres and crowns, and thrones and shadows being the stake.

There are the French and English, for example. For eight hundred years, or thereabouts, they have always been at war—either openly or secretly; always trying to jhwart one another—to cross each other's path—and always ridiculing and misrepresenting each other. Of late, however, a newer and better, and much more manly feeling has begun to show itself. It is no longer sound argument in England, to write songs or put forth caricatures, representing John Bull, with the countenance and bearing of Dr. Johnson, "who beat forty French and could beat forty more"—a fat, pompous, good natured, quarrelsome John Bull, squaring away at a starved, rickety, peevish, vain, shadow of a man—called the frog-eating Johnny Crapeau. Oh, the roast beef of old England! it is no longer an allowed syllogism against the French—nor is it enough to show the inferiority of a *Potage à la Julienne*, or a *soupe maigre*; and therefore of the French people themselves.

It is no longer *Boxing versus the Small-Sword*; the Wooden walls of England *versus* the Skeleton armies of France; nor do the great body of the English believe in their consciences now, as their fathers did, but a little time ago, that the *de Guises* and *Bayards*, the *Lavoisiers* and *Cuiviers*, the *Davids* and the *Lallys*—are creatures of the imagination; or that if Will Shakspeare had been alive, when Voltaire criticised him, for a glorious barbarian, (as he most undoubtedly was) that Will would have stepped on and thrashed the conceit out of him. No, no—the times are changed now. Men are beginning to think for themselves—and even the French and English to do one another justice. Nay more—magnanimity, or greatness of soul rather, is getting to be somewhat fashionable. Compare Allison with Sir Walter Scott—and judge for yourself. As the fashion is—so are historians and politicians and statesmen and lovers of their country.

FLOWERS.—MR. HOGG AND HIS GARDENS.

Wherever poetry and the arts find worshippers, there must prevail a love of flowers. They are the poetry of nature, the miniature painting of our heavenly Father. The student may explore in their rosy and golden cups for new proofs of science, and taste may find its utmost gratification in a study of the infinite variety and combination of their colours.

Looking upon the cultivation of flowers as one of those beautiful and feminine employments calculated for the gentler sex, it is pleasant to mark the increasing taste for them which from year to year is perceptible in our country. Cottages but a few years since exposed to the glare of an unobstructed sun, are now curtained and shadowed with creeping vines, and awnings which will soon become ornamental trees. Scarcely a kitchen garden can be found, in the vicinity of our cities especially, which is not cultivated by a regiment of hollyhocks, poppies, and flowering vines, with such other plants as spring up rapidly from their seed; while every dwelling of the better classes has its flower garden, though the grounds may not admit of shrubberies. It is pleasant in the winter season, when the winds are whistling bleak without, and sleet rattles on the pavement—it is very pleasant to see the windows of a dwelling gay with hothouse-plants,—to mark the crimson geranium blossom,—the blushing rose, and the glorious white cup of an Ethiopian lily luxuriating in the warmth of a lady's parlour, with nothing but a sheer of transparent glass to shield them from the inclemency of the weather. They speak of refinement, taste, industry, and a thousand feminine qualities which can not be wanting where a true and natural love of flowers exists.

For our own part, we could dispense with anything that was not an absolute necessity rather than these sweet children of the soil. Painting, music—either might go, if its loss only insured us the thousand tinted blossoms that waste their breath on the winds of spring-time, enliven the earth half the year round, and if we choose it, fling a perpetual summer over the family hearth stone, long after the autumn has flung his last green leaf to the blast.

We could no more think of a walk to Hoboken or into the open fields, without reference to the blossoms to be found there, than we could visit a concert with no desire for music, or a picture-gallery without think-

ing of the beautiful study opened for our enjoyment. Our rides out of town have always reference to some wood when haunted by wild flowers, or some garden, where the blossoms of every climate may be found luxuriating together.

There is one beautiful garden endeared to us by a thousand pleasant associations. It has been so long the theatre of our morning and evening and noonday walks, that every shrub and flower has become a sort of friend; year after year, and month after month we have haunted it; now with a friend, now alone, roaming among the cactus flowers one week, through the japonica house another, and always finding plenty of roses and rare plants to form a fragrant variety even in the winter. In the summer time, when the field of enjoyment was enlarged, to the open garden, where a wilderness of tropic and native plants were blooming together over a beautiful lot of ground, beneath the shade of our common fruit trees. A walk in that garden was a luxury indeed!

But our favorite garden is broken up now. The Corporation has insisted on running a street through the most leafy centre of our former haunts. The old pear tree, where our bouquets were arranged in the cool shade, is cut down. The well beneath its sheltering branches, always generous of the coolest waters that ever bathed human lips, is now exposed to the hot sunshine; the cherry-trees are torn up, and the last time we visited it, two rude Irishmen were busy leveling away the pensive bed. We saw a sod all gilded and purple with blossoms, cast into the space outlined for a street, and broken up with their spades in the moist earth.—We saw a thicket of glorious yellow roses—a favorite thicket—torn up by the roots and trampled into a hollow which required filling up. We saw enough to break the heart of any being that hates city improvements as we do; especially improvements that rush headlong through the very sanctuary of the dead rather than deviate an inch from the line laid out by the engineer.

They had forced poor Mr. Hogg, his dwelling and hothouse, into the smallest possible corner,—crowded him into a nook of his once beautiful domain, with scarcely room to breathe, himself, or air his hothouse-plants. We knew that it could not last—that the old man would never submit to be cooped up after that fashion, and sure enough, not three weeks since, while on a ride in the suburbs, we overtook him driving along the avenue, with a superb cape jasmine and a forest of roses in his wagon—emigrating to a magnificent place which he has had in cultivation for two years, on the east river, about one-fourth of a mile from the Astoria Ferry.

We kept the waving boughs of the jessamine in view, determined to follow on and have a sight of the paradise for which it was destined, and where we had firm hopes of meeting many an old friend of the same fragrant class.

Before the tree was lifted from its place in the wagon, we reached the garden now occupied by Mr. Hogg and his sons. It is in a beautiful section, and comprises some ten or twelve acres of land, sloping gently from a pretty cottage, built at one extremity to the east river, which bounds it on the other, where a richly wooded bank commands a view of the Insane Asylum and Astoria opposite.

All this undulating plain is laid out in a beautiful variety of shrubberies, interspersed with flower-beds, groups of foreign plants and creeping vines. The hothouses are beautifully arranged, and magnificently stocked from the old garden. A nursery of fruit trees is also attached, and the whole forms one of the most delightful spots in the city, and promises to become exceedingly beautiful when the preparations now making are perfected.

The neighbourhood about this garden is becoming thickly settled by our most refined and wealthy citizens. The Yorkville stages pass through it every half hour, and a more delightful drive cannot be obtained in the city of New York. In a year or two this garden will become as celebrated for its beauty as Hoboken or the Battery. It cannot fail of this, for a more delightful location cannot be found on the east river.

We have said our say of Mr. Hogg's Garden, and now one word for the man himself, though from his modest, retiring habits, he may not thank us for it. Bred a horticulturist from his boyhood,—nursed and educated among flowers,—it would be strange if his love of them had not become almost a passion, and his taste in their selection and arrangement perfect as the study of a lifetime can make it. He has been a resident of this city many years, and his integrity as a business-man established by a constant series of fair dealing.

A HOMILY FOR THE TIMES.

This, say the reviewers, is a remarkable age. Of course, it is a remarkable age. All ages, if we may found our belief of the fact upon the recorded opinions of those who have lived in them, have been remarkable for something. Indeed, the present age, the nineteenth century, would have good reason to complain of a want of politeness on the part of all the men and women now living, breathing and scribbling, if they did not take every occasion to confess, with startling emphasis, the impressive and undeniable fact, that this is a "very remarkable age." But, happily, this nineteenth century must be quite satisfied with the doubtful inclination of its children to do it all honor, and to give it preference over all its predecessors. The compliments it has received in this way from magazine writers, and especially such of them as do the philosophy and the metaphysics; from public orators and the get-together of congressional and scientific societies' reports, must have satisfied the most voracious craving after attention and praise. But remarkable, is a vague term.—What is the characteristic feature which gives a distinctive impress to the "age in which we live?" It can be neither the "Golden age," nor the "Iron age," nor the "Age of Bronze;" for all these metallic eras are past and gone. They have had their day. We have had the "dark ages," and some are disposed to consider this, *par excellence*, the "age of light." And this notion of the propriety of such a designation, is not altogether fanciful. For we believe in no former age has there been anything like so general a diffusion of *gas*, which is not only an excellent illuminator of streets and shops, but when judiciously applied, is found an effective aid in the business of *lightening* the purses of flats and verdant dealers in stocks.

The bank bubbles of this age far excel in *lightness* and transparency, any, even the most magnificent of their forerunners. It was, moreover, reserved for our times to seize upon light itself, and converting the long rays of the sun into a limner's tool, to set up old Sol as a patent, self-acting portrait and landscape painter. This supposition, however, tolerable as it is, will not bear a too rigid analysis.

Again, we have heard people talk of this as the age of steamboats, spinning jennies and locomotives. Fudge! These may be respectable phenomena enough for any common age, but they must "pale their ineffectual fires" before the greater wonders which every day dazzle our bewildered senses. Besides which, steam engines and jennies belong as much to the past century as the present. That age, the eighteenth century, by the way, was decidedly the age of *gunpowder*. From Blenheim to Acre, from Marlborough to Bonaparte, was one continued row, and a succession of the most scientific and successful cut-throats the world has seen. Wellington and Waterloo, though coming a little within the limits of this remarkable period, were, properly, but part and parcel of the long and splendid drama upon which the fated curtain fell with the setting of Napoleon's star on the bloody field of Jena. But we must not digress. In contrast to the scenes to which we have alluded, as predominating during the eighteenth century, some have affected to call the present the age of peace. This title, however, is hardly applicable, since, though we do not carry on the game with any great spirit, yet manage by some means to get up in various parts of the world, a very passable series of butcheries.

But the age is certainly "remarkable" for something as all who know anything of the matter agree, even though they seldom agree in anything else.

Does the great peculiarity of the times consist in our countless Temperance, Philanthropic, Missionary, and Botheration Societies,—in our own cheap books and penny papers? After a profound investigation of the subject, we are bound to answer, no! Each and all the hypotheses we have noticed are erroneous. In the christening of remarkable ages, we think it best to adhere to the expressive metallurgical system of nomenclature which has obtained from time immemorial. This age, reader, since it has been voted altogether "remarkable," and, as Mr Russell's song says, "so very peculiar," is bound to have a name, and that name shall be the "Age of Brass." It is an age in which cant, cunning and chicanery,—flax and flummery, magnificence, meekness, and mummery, pretension and pomposity,—stiff and stupidity, and trifling and trumpery, manifestly carry the day, and rule the hour.

That is rather a long exordium, by the way, and perhaps not so fitting a one as it might be, of what we mainly wish to say.

The truth is, as it appears to us, "the times are out of joint," and we are out of patience. We feel like saying something very severe, but the native kindness of our disposition, and the punctilious kindness which has ever been our guide and governor in all our editorial relations, forbid our indulging in the censorial vein without a direct and positive disclaimer of all disrespectful and hostile feeling toward any one to whom our remarks may apply.

But why will not people think and talk reasonably, practically and sensibly, as they used to do. *Cui bono* does Mr. Brownson and Emerson continue monthly to hash up, and ladle out, the doleful, diabolical imaginings of the Carlyles? To what purpose will Mr. Godwin, and Mr. Brisbane, and Mr. Greely, and a score of others, persist in chanting day after day, and week after week, their equally sorrowful and fanciful ditties about the miseries and woes of the human kind in general, and the people of New York in particular—(the latter class of complainers we think rather more excusable, because they do *propose* something—something which when shown to be wholly ineffectual and worthless as a remedy, may be abandoned,—something which when struck in the right place will die, vanish, and be no more seen.) Now we wish to be understood as not setting ourselves up either as the judges of the gentlemen whom we have named, or of their motives, writings, or disciples. We but express our opinion upon a subject of general though temporary, and even now of subsiding, interest. We have just finished the perusal of a paper from the pen of Mr. Brownson, in the last number of the Democratic Review, and we confess that we rose from the task with a feeling of thorough indignation. We read the article from beginning to end, because we are in the habit of reading Mr. B's articles, and because we were particularly desirous to be informed under his own hand of "the remedy" for the evils which he has been for seven years employed in discovering and exposing. We had a faint hope that something tangible—substantive and practicable, if not applicable, would be brought forward, and we read on. Vain, delusive hope! After seven years of inquiry and discussion, the reviewer has nothing better to propose as a means of averting the ruin which he sees impending over American society, than that we look to the fifteen thousand ordained and officiating clergymen who fill our pulpits, for guidance and direction in this day of our fear—as though we have not always had these guides—or that we should rest our hope upon the one hundred and fifty thousand public men who sit in our high places,—as though office-holders and legislators were things of yesterday!

He does indeed indirectly intimate that if we could get back to the good old days of the priest and the baron,—to the times when prelates ruled kings, and when a handed aristocracy could force poor wretched John into agreeing to a charter which contained no earthly provision in anybody's favour but their own,—our condition, present and prospective, would be vastly bettered. The only ground of dissatisfaction we have with all this is, not that it amounts to just nothing at all, but, that as neither the ministry nor the politicians will give it one moment's heed, there is every probability that Mr. Brownson will make another seven year's draft on the indulgence of the reading public, and that at the end of that period, having read all that we have been fated to hear during the term last past, he will conclude with another call on the 170,000 ministers and politicians to send in their proposals for curing the sufferings of the populace,—sufferings not seen nor felt, maybe, but made up nevertheless.

It would be quite easy, we think, to prove that a change from the present condition of the mass of the people to what it was at the time alluded to, would be a change greatly for the worse. The people were very seldom taken into account in those times, and when historians do make mention of them, it is to record that in such a year "the intolerable sufferings of the serfs and villons drove them into insurrection and rebellion against their masters;" or "that vast numbers of the common people were this year carried off by a famine, which, as the usual consequence, was the next succeeded by a pestilence, thus providing for the survivors." The amount of suffering among the common people of England and France in those ages was of course less than now, because the population was hardly a fifth of what it now is, but the proportion of want and destitution, we cannot but believe, was incomparably greater.

We suspect, moreover, that a great part of the misery of the people of England, so forcibly depicted by Mr. Carlyle, may be attributed to an overpopulation, and that much of the residue must be set down to the

account of evils inseparable from a high state of civilization. Nowhere and in no age, we fear, have there been found Aspidochelones, St. Mark's and Washington Places, unless in the rear or near the neighborhood of the same, there also stood a Five Points, Cross, and Anthony streets, warming with the unfortunate and the degraded, and reeking with debauchery, squalor and vice. On this point we can only hope we are mistaken. But whether so or not, we would joyfully hail, as a messenger of mercy and a noble workman in the cause of social melioration, him who should point out how, and by what practicable and plausible plan, these dark spots may be removed from the fair face of our earth; how the sad dwellers therein may be raised from their filth and desolation to cleanliness, comfort and the hope of respectability and happiness.

It is greatly to be feared, however, that our governmental or ecclesiastical institutions will ever be equal to the supplying all classes of men with fine houses in town and beautiful mansions, or even with pretty vine-covered and hony-suckled cottages, in the country. Nevertheless, should any one present a rational scheme for the attainment of so desirable an end, he will certainly entitle himself to the respectful consideration of all who wish well to the race.

Mr. Brownson, and the other principal writers of his speculating school, are doubtless sincere in the efforts they are making in favor of social reform; but we expect no good result. They are too radical—paradoxical as that may seem to some—and too abstract and general. They are men of a temperament which precludes their giving to any subject requiring it, a cool, exact and statistical examination. Overrating the extent of our social evils, and mistaking their causes and foundation, it appears to us that they are willing in striking at an imaginary root, to risk the overthrow of the whole structure of civilization, and the loss of its most inestimable benefits.

But let us not multiply words. In concluding our brief protest against the Brownsonian philosophy, we beg leave to commend to the attention of its author and his followers the following remark of a hale old acquaintance of our younger days, whose only failing was a habit of too frequently resorting to the jug, in the harvest-field—"Ah! boys," he would say when in a moralising mood, "this is a hard world, but there is a great deal of good cider in it!"

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

BIRMINGHAM. The toy-shop of Europe! saith Edmund Burke. One of the self-producing treasuries of the British Empire, I should say: a treasury of wealth, and a treasury of power. To call it a toy-shop, would give a stranger a very false notion of its character. Toys it furnishes, to be sure, and not only for Europe, but for all the rest of the world; toys by the ship-load—and yet, compared with its other productions of usefulness and comfort, of luxury and might, of science and worth, its toys are as dust in the balance. Really, to traverse these huge manufactories, street after street, by the week, to wander about through these prodigious stone labyrinths, crammed with the wealth of an empire—the *faucet* labor of perhaps ten millions of men—day after day, is equivalent to being admitted into the subterranean treasure-houses—to be allowed to ransack the deepest foundations of England's strength. Toy-shop indeed! why it is a national armory; a national mint, a national mine, and a national savings' bank! all under one roof—and that roof, the vaulted sky! Here the battle-flags, the banners, and chains of Empire; the weapons of peace, the thunderbolts of war, and sceptres and thrones are forged. Here, navies and armies are cast—and the world literally flooded with the overflow of human genius and mechanical husbandry—pouring a torrent of gold and silver and precious stones, of glittering swords and spears, and pruning hooks, and needles and pins and vases, and the lord knows what, over all the rest of the earth, as Niagara pours her tumbling ocean into the great deep.

TO LITCHFIELD.—Fifteen miles from Birmingham.—Cathedral with 3 spires; said to have been built in 637. There's for you! Another authority says, 1148, somewhat nearer the truth, of course: painted windows among the finest in England. Seats are still in good preservation. Architecture beautiful; outside, repaired lately, and wanting a few touches more. Window on your left—study it well!—look at the left lowest panel. Are not those three views worth going a long way to see? As a whole, the front window is the best, though parts of the others, and large parts too,

are better than any you find in the front window. The two modern ones are by ——— of Shrewsbury. Hang his picture! I have forgot his name. The two windows at the entrance cost £600 each—nearly three thousand dollars! one is a present from the bishop; others were paid for by subscription.

The bust of Dr. Johnson, who was a native, you know, of Litchfield, is wholly unlike his portrait. Garrick, was also born here—little David!—his portrait is very life-like. Miss Seward's offering to her father, but so-so, after all. The two sleeping children by Chantry are wonderful. They are indeed asleep—you can almost hear them breathe, and the little striped mattress on which they lie, appears to sink under their pressure, while you are standing over them waiting to see them wake. They are portraits of two children, of a Mr. Robinson—executed in 1817! So they tell the story; meaning that the portraits were executed in that year, not the children—not the father. The feet are astonishingly fine—and the cheek of the younger lying against the bosom of the older, with her eye drawn a little down, and her sweet mouth opening slightly to the pressure, is truth itself. There's another fine, free, graceful thing upon the wall—a female figure sitting. Of course I could not go away without a peep at Johnson's willow—planted by his own hands; but by the hand of which Johnson, your deponent saith not; some go for the father, while others are decided for the son. It is very much decayed, and cannot possibly hold out much longer. It stands a good rifle shot from the cathedral, with 'not a leaf to spare.'

Gate to the priory 1229—not worth mentioning. Johnson's house, a thoroughbred Cuckney-shov: kept by a tinman—Evans. Wouldn't let me inside—serpent standing at the door, and stammering away at me, as if Johnson himself were behind her, pouncing her on the back, or punching her in the ribs, *me-me-ma-ma-ha!* go-go-go on with the kick-kick-key! Poor thing! Would go for miasa, if I'd any thing *peticklar*. Very particular? said I, and finding I couldn't see her, sent a message. *O, he's out!* was the answer from afar off. A fib, I am sure, from the looks of the girl—but a justifiable fib, if ever there was such a thing; for what would the house be worth, if people were admitted like the fogs of Egypt, into their very bed-chambers and sanctuaries, under pretence of looking for Dr. Samuel Johnson. The house might as well be sacked and pillaged—it would be whittled to pieces, by my own countrymen before a twelvemonth were over, unless a man were hired to keep them and ward over the wood-work, while they were running about with veneration and acquiescence and marvellousness in full blast. That I might not be driven to a mad house by the cruelty and unexpectedness of the disappointment, however, I was allowed to look at the outside walls of the house, and a neighbor assured me, with both hands pressed strongly upon what he evidently mistook for his heart, although he was a foot too low—that "old Sammy" used to lodge in the right hand corner, second story, as you stand fronting the house—and that his father had told him that in that very room the great dictionary man, and traveller was born—perhaps. I thought so too—perhaps—and left him; nor was I fully aware, until after I had got back to the Hen and Chickens, of the immense value of what I had been picking up. Johnson the traveller! undoubtedly, the poor man meant Johnson the Rambler. You have read Joe Miller perhaps—I have. Do you remember the advertisement about a knife, wherewith a frightful murder had been committed, to be seen for a penny? Whereupon said Joe—and Joe was remarkable for truth—whereupon, another advertisement came out saying, the folk that belonged to the knife wherewith the murder was committed, to be seen, at such and such a place, near the knife—price two pence. Another version of the house that Jack built, and if the price went on doubling, it would have cost a pretty penny at last to look at the house where the man lived who furnished the coal for the cutler that tempered the steel, for him that polished the handle, that belonged to the fork, that belonged to the knife &c., &c., &c., with which the bloody murder was done. And so had I to pay more shillings for the pleasure of looking at the outside of a house, in one room of which Dr. Johnson was believed to have been born—perhaps—than the Doctor himself had ever earned in a day, till after he wrote the life of Savage.

From Litchfield back to Birmingham. A man should never go abroad for the first time. A stranger never knows where to put up, nor what to put up with, patiently. The stage-coaches drop you where it seemeth to them good—inside passengers here, outside there; giving you the run of the stable and kitchen, with clean straw, where you hope to be enter-

taimed like a gentleman. While waiting for dinner, a Londoner popped in upon me, right from Church. Speaking of the Clergyman, he said he was a very good soul of a chap—only he had an antipathy in his speech. And this reminds me that they say here—he *do*—he *say* so, what makes him say so?

COVENTRY. Church greatly praised by Sir Christopher Wren. So says the guide, and so say the guide books, of course. Both declare that he promised a master piece. And well he might, for the spire is *three hundred feet* high—with the lightness of autumnal frost-work stiffened forever. St. Paul's is 444—St. Peter's, at Rome, 450. Within the church, to correspond with the divine spirit of the Gothic, we have a Corinthian altar and chair! The aisle is airy—the windows are beautiful, and in the finest possible preservation.

Have you seen Peeping Tom?—you must see Peeping Tom!—what! haven't seen Peeping Tom? Why blame your heart, there he is now!—On looking up, I saw at a window in a new brick building, a freaked weazen-faced wooden image, with a cocked hat and bowing. That's him! that's the very *clap*! cried my guide. Upon questioning him a little further, I found he was not altogether so stupid as I had supposed.—He did not actually believe the figure in the window to be the identical Peeping Tom that ventured to look at the Lady Godiva, on her pilgrimage through the city; but only that he was the very image of the tailor—and looked out of that very window—then belonging to another house, to be sure, but what of that? Like the ship that Captain Cook sailed round the world in—what if it was repaired and repaired till nothing was left of the original but the same—not enough of her to make a tooth pick, still—wasn't it the same ship? And like the sailor's jack-knife, to which had been fitted no less than three blades used two blades—who would have the heart to believe, or under any circumstances to say, it was no longer the same jack-knife? We change every day.—We are no longer the same at the end of an hour. Not a single particle constituting our bodies now, will be found there at the end of a twelve month—vide the pig and the madder for proof—and yet we hold fast by our identity, and are some times hoag for it. Why shouldn't a ship by *hers* or a jack-knife, by *his*?

The people of Coventry believe the legend, however, with a steadiness worthy of all respect. They go to the Count and the Lady Godiva both; and are ready to take their bible oath, every man, woman and child, to the taxes, her beauty, and her riding naked through the streets, with no covering but the golden hair that rippled to her very feet, when she gathered herself up in the saddle. They believe in the tailor—the windows—the weazen-face and the cocked hat—and as for the story of his sudden blindness, I do not much wonder at their believing that. Gaze at the sun awhile, and you are either blinded for ever, or you see nothing but suns for the rest of your life. So, if the poor devil of a tailor was not struck blind at once, I take it for granted, look where he would, he never saw anything afterwards but beautiful women, afloat in the sunshine, with palfrays ambling under them, and a veil of "mist and moonlight mingling fully," dropping to their feet and stealing along the ground like a shadow. The simple fact of the case, I take to be clear. I dare say the lady, being a pious and modest and very beautiful woman; for much would depend upon that, you may be sure, did undertake to ride: I dare say all the shops were shut and the people forbidden to appear at the windows, or doors, or crevices, under pain of death. And I dare say some poor tailor happened to grow blind just after the show was over. *Therefore* he had peeped: and therefore the legend, as we have it now: for, mark you—if he did peep, who saw him? There was nobody to look under pain of death; he would not tell of himself; and nobody could see him but the Lady Godiva—and, most assuredly, if she was the beautiful woman they say, she would never have betrayed him. If she did—my right hand against a penny whistle, that she was warped or ugly, hump-backed or bandy-legged. No, no—if the good people of Coventry mean to be believed; if they hope to have their faith respected, they must give up one or two things—either Lady Godiva's beauty, or Peeping Tom's blindness.

The walls of the city are overthrown. Pasts are very high; the gates large, and the cement like iron. The wreck of the churches happened not by Cromwell, as they believe here, but by Charles II. for refusing entrance to his royal father and the army he had with him. Gable ends of the houses carved—and so with the hospital for widows. The endow-

ments and charities are in a frightful condition; valuable books perishing by hundreds; every year whole cart loads of loose leaves are swept out of the churches and schoolrooms, where two or three scholars are called in two or three times a week to exhaust the charity, provided hundreds of years ago for the education of the poor. O, grief and shame! but those things are wondrous strange! and yet when I speak of them, people stare at me! I find large handsome books of the age of Harry the Eighth and Elizabeth, covered with dampness and mould; the covers decayed and literally dropping to pieces—and the floor carpeted on such thick with the leaves. The key was lost and there was no catalogue.—There are two masters, or vicars, with six or seven hundred pounds a piece (3000 to 3500 dollars); and a school I have just visited, under their charge, is *all for the freeborn*. Yet there was only three scholars, and one of them was a new subject, who had been hired to come, I verily believe. There was but one present when I entered the room. He had been waiting half an hour for the master, with a salary of 3000, or 3500 dollars a year, who had just been sent for. There was, in fact, nothing that resembled a school. It was the mere pretence in the world, to save the charity and exhaust the yearly revenue.

Heard a story, which nobody questions here. The Rev. James Butterworth had a vision of Burgoyne's defeat three weeks before the news reached England. He told the story, was fired at for saying so. He was a whimsical old man—one of the ten thousand humorists who thrive best in these old fashioned rookeries. One of his prayers for George III was in these words: "O Lord, shake him or take him! change him or chaize him! mend him or end him!" Pity he did not add, halter him or alter him. Our Joe tells a story much like this, of an aged worthy who used to pun by the acre. Ah, said he—thou knowest O Lord! how the times are changed for the worse. Men make matrimony owe, a matter of money; they place their paradise in a pair of dice; was it so in the days of No-ah? Ah no! The story goes that King George III was chained shortly after this prayer had been publicly made.

Saw a girl here who had the small pox twice. By the first attack she was seamed and scarred all over. By the second, she was completely restored to a smooth skin, like that of a young and healthy woman; saw it with my own eyes.

COMBE ARREY. Seat of Earl Craven. Went thither to oblige an old friend. At his desire sent up my card with a pencil note—"A traveller from North America." Admitted at once and treated with the greatest politeness by the old housekeeper! Found here pictures by Rembrandt, one admirable; five or six by Rubens—a fine Corriavaggio—and others by Van Wyck, and Paulo Veronese, well worth seeing.

Language delightful. They say whom and who for whom and who: *bys* for boys, *nize* for noise, and *kay*, *tay*, *ay*, like the Irish for *key* and *tee*, and *overet* for—upon my word, I cannot recollect what.—Women, young and lovely women too, have a habit of drinking brandy and gin very strong and very hot, made as we make tea, and swallowed with about as little ceremony. St. Michael's church was founded—if you can believe the story—in 1133, and one hundred pounds sterling a year were spent upon the spire for twenty-two successive years.

I found so epithet or two well worth remembering.

"Sleeps saints and when your masters come about
A trumpet will call. *The world will light you out!* 1640.

Another. "Death did but midlife steal unto her

And midlife whispered as he meant to woo her. 1637.

P. S. Bones of the *dun cow* (a whale) and Guy of Warwick's porridge pot are still to be seen here—*price two pence*.

WILLIAM CORRETT. When this extraordinary man, alike dangerous and unprincipled, clever and presumptuous, wicked and foolish—went for Coventry, John Robinson, a most worthy tradesman and silk weaver of that city, and a Mr. Hood helped him to the funds. He left them both in the lurch; and never paid them a farthing, nor even acknowledged the debt! He lost his election, they say here, all who knew him best, solely on account of the white feather. Had he gone up to the scratch like a man, he must have prevailed. Of his character you may judge by one or two simple circumstances. He drank tea all his life long, while writing against it; and went to church also, notwithstanding all his denunciations of the church! General opinion of his ability pretty just here—of his *honesty*—poh poh, to talk of Cobden's honesty before a man that knows him, were enough to set him laughing in your face.

Edinburgh.

SCIO AND THE SCIOTES.

We have had the pleasure of examining the manuscript sheets of a volume entitled "The Exile of Scio," written by Mr. E. P. Castanis, a native of that beautiful island, and whose family were the victims of the horrible massacre by the Turks in 1822. Mr. Castanis is well known in this country by his lectures on Greece and kindred subjects; and we doubt not the appearance of his book will be hailed with pleasure by all who look with interest upon that land which has been the theme of poets in all ages. We have been permitted by the author to make a few extracts. We should be glad to give the full details of this terrible event which laid fair Scio in ashes, and swept off its inhabitants with fire and sword, but have not space. We must content ourselves with extracts describing some of the manners and customs. The following is a *naïve* account of the courtship of the author's parents, and it proves that in all lands the adage is true, that "the course of true love never does run smooth."

Maria was the belle of her quarter of the city—an only daughter, once a rich heiress, but deprived subsequently of all her property, excepting a beautiful country seat. Her father's possessions in Constantinople, where he had the greater portion of his wealth, had been destroyed by a conflagration. Stamates loved Maria, or Marego, (familiarly Molly) for her beauty and modesty. Her simplicity in dress agreeably relieved her natural symmetry and delicate complexion. Fashion never made any inroads upon her frame. The murderous whalebone was not allowed to deform her waist, nor was she alone in her aversion to the Parisian modes. The door of Chian society was closed to the milliner and the coiffeur. Like Minerva, the fair sex of Scio considered no rank above the toil of wisdom and industry, and Maria was not ashamed of wielding the shuttle. Stamates visiting her abode, often surprised her at work, and imagined her an image of divine Pallas, and a descendant of Penelope.

"Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Still'd in thy illustrious labours of the loom!"

The details of a Chian courtship are curious to those not accustomed to the Greek ceremonies. To storm the affections of a lady by mere love, and surprise her heart by coup-de-main, is impossible in Scio. Labyrinthine preludes alone can conduct the lover to victory, through the windings of a communication by means of friends, bouquets of flowers, compliments, addresses, and proposals.

Stamates, residing at Smyrna for business, often embarked on board a pleasure boat for Scio, forty-five miles distant. On landing, he mounted his steed and proceeded to the country-seat where Maria resided. Many rivals laid in ambush to prevent his intentions, but he eluded them by cunning devices.

In the second story window of her abode sat Maria when Stamates rode up, waved his hand, and bade her good evening. She returned the salutation. Whenever the window was closed at his arrival, he cast a pebble at the glass as a signal. He sat on horseback all the time until midnight bade him depart. No admittance was allowed. Many other suitors had been visiting the same retreat during the week, without obtaining the boon of a common greeting. Many a guitar had been thrummed, many a ditty sung, without the reward of a single approving word or smile. Stamates waited away four years in this manner, until some rivals endeavoured to supplant him. Turks were hired to waylay and assassinate him. As he was once reclining against an olive tree, and holding a parley with Maria, a Mæssulman, who was lurking beneath the bower, stepped forward lightly, and endeavoured to slay him with a blow of the scimitar. Luckily a thick olive-branch received the stroke, and deadened the force, causing only a slight wound on his arm. He spurred his charger forward and escaped, calling the police to seize the assassins. They were taken and brought before the Mussolin, or Governor, and to avoid punishment, revealed the names of the rival-suitors who had employed them.

In another of his night-rambles he was attacked by a Turkish acquaintance. The scimitar was raised—but he caught the blow before the assassin could exert his force to advantage, and escaped with his right hand

almost severed from the wrist. The severity of this wound deprived him of the power of writing, and he always afterwards employed a private secretary. He was required for this injustice by the most under sympathy on the part of Maria. She admired him for his perseverance through many dangers to visit her abode, and was determined to exclude every other suitor from her heart. Her mother, however, was obstinately opposed to his visits. One evening, calling her to the widow, he addressed her thus: "You know how much I have suffered in order to gain your daughter's favour. Recollect that I shall not endure any opposition to my plan. If you persist in refusing me admission, I will burst your door, and take possession of Maria, contrary to your will!" The old lady perceiving by this strong declaration that he was a man of decision, gave her consent to the proposed match. News arrived of the death of Maria's father at Constantinople, by the plague. Some time was spent in mourning, and finally a day was fixed upon for the wedding.

In the meantime both attended the parties of pleasure in the parlor, or upon the green beneath the olive and orange groves, where they joined with their friends in the *Syrtos Chorus* or *Romilika* Dance.

Although it is customary among the Greeks to engage by proxy, and chiefly through the advances of the lady, yet in the present case Maria's moral and natural charms broke through all the forms of popular usage.

During the festive preliminaries to the marriage, they formed constant parties of amusement in the open air. The villagers partook of the glee, and instituting choirs of their own, caused the whole island to resound with merriment, and the dances proceeded to the measure of songs accompanied with instrumental music. Stamates had the good luck to procure an excellent improvisator to celebrate the occasion by exquisite erotic lays, composed, on the spur of the moment, to apply to the company present.

The following is a description of a Chian marriage ceremony:

When the day of marriage arrived, Stamates attended his bride to church to go through with the accustomed ceremony. Both parties were arrayed in their most costly attire, and the concourse of spectators was considerable. The body of the edifice was filled with gentlemen, and the gallery with ladies, after the practice in the Hebrew synagogues. The bride and bridegroom met each other from opposite directions. The bishop went through with the service, and transferred the rings thrice from the hand of the one to that of the other. The persons chosen to bear the crowns were standing behind the couple. The groomsman and the bridesmaid, the former by the bridegroom and the latter by the bride, stood holding each a burning taper, an inch in diameter, and a yard and a half long. Then the priest took the crowns in both hands, crossing his arms thrice before placing them upon the heads of the bridal pair. He next removed them, crossing his arms as before, and changing the crowns, replaced them upon the couple. During this performance he said, "Stamates, servant of God, takes Maria, God's handmaid, as his wedded wife." Then the priest took the bridegroom by the hand, and the whole marriage company fell in and promadeed in a circle, singing the hymenal ode. The bystanders cast upon them showers of sugar-plums, to denote the abundance which was wished in their behalf. Next a cup of wine was presented in commemoration of the marriage in Cana of Galilee. The bride, from modesty, merely sipped, but the bridegroom, smiling, drank the whole. A procession was then formed, singing as it moved through the streets to the lady's residence. Relatives and acquaintances thronged into the hall of rejoicing. Sweetmeats and sugar-plums were distributed. The Chians never use what the Americans call wedding-cake. Lemonade and other cordials passed around. Wine is considered in high ranks as a gross treat to a visitor on such occasions—like cider in America. All the guests individually expressed their good wishes to the couple. The most common salutation was, "May you be crowned with a long life from the hand of Providence. May prosperity and a happy issue support your declining age." Not less than three days sufficed to terminate the festivities of this joyous occasion.

Here is one of the winter customs of the Chians:

In winter a circular copper mangal, about two feet in diameter, used as a hearth, was filled with live coals, and stationed in the centre of the parlor. Sometimes it was placed under a table, covered with a simple cloth, and while the company sat about the border, they rested their feet against the mangal, and drew the cloth about their waist, in order to prevent the heat from escaping. Occasionally a whole party of friends,

relatives, and strangers, young men and maidens, with some aged persons to keep order, sat around the mangal, receiving warmth from below, and smiles from above. Many a character was familiarly hauled over the coals, without counting a myriad of ghost-stories and miracles, to while away the winter evenings.

The following anecdotes of the Bolissians are sufficiently amusing:

In the island of Mitylone, a Bolissian was making his musical and poetical visitation upon the Greek community of that place. His wife, remarkable for her beauty, was fancied by a Grecian merchant, who being informed by her husband that she was not his wife, but only his sister, made application to obtain her as a domestic. The Bolissian, flattered by a prospect of gain, readily surrendered his consort to the rich old bachelor. But the woman, bearing the test of beauty, secured the love and offer of the hand of her patron, who never before had found a match for himself. Strange to say, she accepted him in matrimony, and when her avaricious first spouse reclaimed her, she denied, on his own previous assertion, that she had ever been his wife.

Another Bolissian purchased a portrait of St. Nicholas, which he placed in a sack upon his mule along with two mackerel. During the journey the fish were lost through a rent. On stopping at one of the romantic spots in the suburbs of the city of Scio, beneath a plane-tree, at the brink of a spring, he proceeded to refresh himself with a draught of water and a piece of mackerel. On opening the sack, and seeing that the provisions were missing, he cast an infuriated look at the Saint's picture, and exclaimed,—"St. Nicholas! this will never do. You are fond of mackerel, are you? As you have so soon disposed of two, I shall not endeavor to support an epicure." Whereupon the image was dashed in pieces.

While making a tour of the island with his instructor, their guide related the following terrible legend of a monstrous dragon which formerly inhabited Mount Pelicnem:

The Dragon of which you speak is preserved in our traditions. Our ancestors endeavored to appease him with all kinds of sacrifice, but in vain. He continued to devastate sea and land, until the birth of Christianity furnished a skillful champion, who overthrew this terror of man and scourge of the earth. A monk, from the Holy Mountain called Athos, was visiting our island. Hearing the hisses of the monster, he determined to conquer the beast or perish in the attempt. The animal had been known to devour a whole boat at a mouthful, but, nothing daunted, the monk, making the sign of the cross, entered a boat laden with twenty-five goatskin sacks full of lime ready to be slacked. Proceeding single-handed to the Dragon's watering-place, he awaited the hour when his monstership should issue from his mountain seat and cruise the seas. The Dragon came forth hissing most furiously, and rubbing with an appetitious eagerness toward the shore. On entering the water, he reared his terrible claws and set sail. Perceiving the boat, he steered at it, and opened his mouth wide enough to include the monk in his awful jaws. Before the beast was sufficiently near for such a tragic occurrence, the monk coated his friendship by throwing out one of the goatskin sacks filled with lime ready to be slacked. The Dragon greedily devoured and started for more. In fine, sack after sack was thrown into his mouth, and he still felt hungry. But the lime was already beginning to slack in his interior; for steam was issuing from his mouth, and when the Dragon swallowed the twenty-fifth sack he exploded and blew to atoms. The monk escaped in safety amid the blessings of mankind.

COMFORTS OF TRAVELLING.

PARIS.—Of a truth, we are never likely to understand the advantages we enjoy, till we have lost them. It seems to be so with all the blessings of life. We must go abroad, if it be only to know, of our own knowledge, how much better off we are at home. We doubt if any better means could be contrived for making a discontented American, whether rich or poor, sick or well, satisfied with himself and his country, than by turning him adrift in the middle of Europe, for pleasure. Not that he will dislike everything he sees there: not that he will be proud of the same things at home, that he was when he left home: because, at every step, if he be a man of common sense, or common honesty, he will

find himself face to face with luxuries, with wonders, and with glories, to fill him with amazement, and sometimes with sorrow: but, if he go about with his eyes open—whether in a carriage; or afoot—as a pilgrim or as a sojourner—at the public charge, or at his own, he will find, when the balance is struck, that to be an American is, after all, to have great cause for thankfulness. General comfort—general information—general power—with no overgrown capitalists either in learning or wealth, in comfort or station—these are the things he leaves behind him, and is glad to find where he left them, when he gets back. In such a country every child has a heritage at birth—a certainty, coupled with an interest, at a chance—worth together more than the fee simple of many a German principality.

But of our household comforts in a strange land—I have a part of the first floor—what we in America call the second floor—in a large handsome hotel. The stairs are of stone, broad, smooth and slippery, painted dark red, with a narrow strip of canvas running awry their whole length;—"a rivulet of text in a meadow of margin." The hall; or landing at the top is a large, dark, dreary passage way, so divided as to lead one half to my rooms, and one half to those of my next neighbor. Other comforts too numerous to mention—but all of a piece; and wholly unlike what you would be prepared among the showiest and pleasantest people upon the face of the earth—and the most frivolous and changeable. The lock of my ante-chamber is always half sprung—and has a habit of fastening me in, while the key is outside, and out, when the key is inside, whenever a draft catches the door in a hurry. The room itself is long and narrow, with well made mahogany chairs and sofa, covered with a superb gold colored plush, embossed or stamped with large flowers, and about as handsome and rich as a decent silk velvet. The floor is covered with *tiles*—large flat glazed bricks—over which is pulled a cotton carpet, just large enough to hide the comfortable floor, when I occupy the middle of the room, and sit there without turning my head. The figures are large, and unsightly—and the colors tawdry; such as no mortal man would put up with at a decent hotel in America. The floor is frightfully cold to the feet—even through slippers. The fire-place—upon my word, I am half disposed to send you a drawing of it—it is one of those large, deep, old-fashioned contrivances, which our people used to laugh at, when we were boys: the fire dogs are sphyxæ—much too heavy to move—the tongs a pair of rattle-traps—and the bellows another, which I have hitherto found it somewhat dangerous to touch. Both are awkwardly contrived—and still more awkwardly put together, as if made by a village blacksmith, and not so much for stirring or blowing the fire, as for pinching your fingers. There is a showy clock upon the mantle-piece which goes by fits and starts, just long enough to mislead my chamber-maid, and which I find most useful, when it doesn't go at all. In a word—though a very splendid good for nothing affair, it keeps no time at all—not even bad time. No two clocks in Paris appear to agree; or to tell anything like the same story.

The furniture is altogether show: the curtains are of cotton cloth—scanty and cheap: the side board, the wash stand, the toilet table, and the very secretary I am now writing on—have marble-tops, and no coverings. We have marble chimney-pieces, large mirrors built into the wall; and plush-covered chairs and sofas, while the passage-way to my chamber—a covered (everybody talks French, and writes French now, whether he understands it or not) is paved with glazed brick and not even carpeted. Between my drawing room and bed chamber, there is a glass door, with a silk curtain outside—another door of wood within—and the sleeping chamber itself is a bit of a box, not very unlike those you are stowed away in at our fashionable hotels, and watering places. Even upon this floor—laid with tiles like the rest—there is no carpet, and nothing, save a fragment of tufted cotton meant for a mat, near the bed and another by the marble topped bureau. The bed is a tent—also built into the wall, with linen sheets for the chill dampness of spring, and cotton window curtains and bed curtains. The window bolts are nine feet long; fastened in the rough, as a blacksmith would say—and they keep such a rattling all night long, as to spoil my sleep entirely when the wind blows. The French cannot make a lock—nor a bolt—nor a buckle—nor a knife blade—God help them! To all these accommodations, add a cabinet *inodore*—call it a highly respectable establishment, and most agreeably situated—and say how long you would endure such conveniences at home, at such a season of the year.

P.S.—I have just found out a circumstance in explanation! My bill

has come in at the rate of 54 cents a day for the lodgings! What could you expect for such a price in any part of America you are acquainted with?

Having become dissatisfied with my last abode—I cleared out, and am now in a more fashionable, though not altogether so convenient a quarter. My drawing room is a large handsome apartment, full twenty feet square, with a ceiling fourteen feet from the floor—cold as Spitzbergen, and about as easily warmed. The floor is brick—and there is a sort of table cloth somewhere near the middle of it. The chairs are all furnished with arms—*fauteuils*—and together with the sofa are covered with a spotted crimson plush: there are a few mahogany chairs with rush-bottoms, a mahogany bureau, light-stand, night cabinet, and secretary, all with marble tops—enough to make your teeth chatter to look at them. There are two large windows, with hangings of yellow cotton—or rather of *yellowish* cotton; a very decent bed, be *nicked* however like the last, so that you have a dead wall where your wife ought to be—or somebody else (somebody else entitled to be there); marble chimney pieces—large mirrors—another clock that's *no go*—with shovels and tongs to match; the most unsightly things you ever heard of, since you were born.

Here too, I am dissatisfied, notwithstanding the earnest recommendation of my French friends; and upon enquiry find I have to pay only 35 cents a day! If these are the comforts of travelling, dog cheap, though they are, who would'n rather stay at home!

DR. ELY.—We have just heard this gentleman for the first time.—He is certainly a fluent, ready, natural, and at times, rather eloquent speaker. But as certainly, is he in the habit, we fear, of saying what he does not mean. For example, to day, while peppering the Unitarians and the Universalists, and *misrepresenting* both, and telling anecdotes which illustrated nothing—one about John Randolph and the Rev. Mr. Sparks, a preacher among the "*Christless Christians*," who, to use the language of Randolph, as repeated by Dr. Ely, were like a gang of strolling players, who went about the country playing Richard III., when they had nobody equal to the part. Probably the Rev. gentleman meant to give as the Joe Miller about playing the Prince of Denmark, with "the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire"—he told us, in speaking of the plan of salvation devised for mankind, that *he could not have done it better himself!* He said this, not only in substance, but in so many words. His language, as clear as we can give it now from recollection, was this—"Had the pen of eternal destiny been put into my hand; had I been called to the counsels of God, I do not believe that I could have devised a better plan myself." Of course, what the Rev. gentleman meant, was a very different thing, and proper enough to say anywhere; but preaching at will—having no notes—and being determined perhaps to leave no impression, and be talked about for a month or two, he said something else—he meant to say, probably, something like this: Had it been left to me to suggest a change for the better, so far as I myself am concerned, I declare to you, my friends, I do not believe I could have done it. The plan itself is perfect—and as for myself, I see nothing to complain of—nothing to desire.

Some of our readers have not forgotten, perhaps, the stir this gentleman made some twenty years ago, or perhaps twenty-five, by a proposition to band all the Unitarians of the country together for the salvation of the state. Six hundred thousand voters could be brought into the field, he argued, or was said to have argued; and having the power to build up a religious government of their own peculiar faith, God would hold them amenable for their neglect if they failed to do so! If these 600,000 believers were right, how could they bring themselves under any circumstances to vote for others who were wrong? Their duty was plain; and if their federal and state governments in all their divisions and subdivisions were not regulated, it was *their fault*, and God will no longer hold them guiltless!

Now, although it would be no easy thing to answer these arguments, which lead of course not only to a union of church and state, and to the roasting of man alive because of their opinions—we are rather inclined to believe that they never could have been seriously urged by the Rev. Gentleman. Our notion is that he found himself extemporising some day, where he had nobody to contradict him, so far as he knew, and that he went at Nebuchadnezzar and the Beast full swing, and suffered to

escape from him what he would have given a little finger perhaps to recall, before the last words of the sentence had died away upon his lips,—though it may be that in the newspaper society that followed, he had his reward. If so, he shall have it here, and be remembered yet another quarter, for having said with all sincerity that on the whole he didn't think he could have hit upon a better plan of salvation himself, than that he finds in the Bible.

LITERARY.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—*Boys' and Girls' Magazine*—edited by Mrs. S. Colman. Boston, T. H. Carter & Co.: New York, Burgess & Stringer, &c. &c. \$1 25 a year.

The contributors to this little toy-book, are among the very best writers of our country, and therefore, of the age. And they seem to have pretty good notions too, of what is wanted for children; and the embellishments are what are called *first rate*. Strange how these words creep into use. Twenty years ago, everything was *first class*; twenty-five years ago, the same things were *all the rage*, or *all the go*, *prime*, *bang-up*; and a little before that, if a New Englander wanted to say that anything, so matter what, was really good and worth having, he called it *something like*. That's *something like*! he would say, whether speaking of a fine ship, a handsome woman, a large house, a *clever* jackknife, or a showy pocket-handkerchief.

These changes are the roots and flowers of language. Words are propagated by layers and slips—and we to the man who does not look well to the root or stock, before he lays for the future. The language of children is not the language of men and women; not ought ever to be, so long as children are not men and women.

And therefore it is, that notwithstanding all the great and acknowledged improvements in the story-books instead of late for children, there is one fault common with the whole. They are very seldom, almost never, written in the language that people talk. Watch a child at play—its intentions—its look—its words of power—and then go away, if you have the heart, go away and render its doings into the language of books. Do if you dare! Would you translate *flowens* into blank verse? Would you make Johnsons and Blairs, and Allisons and Barbauds of your babies? If so, you have only to talk to them day by day in the language of children's picture-books, and children's magazines. Would you spoil them before they are worth spoiling? Would you put a stop to their prattling before—they understand the use of language—make them stupid and sleepy, and fretful and tiresome? You have only to insist upon their holding up their heads and turning out their toes, and sticking out their crops and talking superfluous.

Would you brush from "the grape the soft blue"—before you gathered it for the table? Would you shake the "tremulous dew" from the wild rose, before you wanted it for a bride's gift? Would you make dolls of your own flesh and blood, and cripple them for life? You have only to change your live babies into little masters and misses, or men and women, or worse yet, if worse there can be, into ladies and gentlemen, with bibs and pincettes—while they are tumbling about on the grass, or rolling over the carpet, or romping with Carlo and the cat, or watching the monkey through a half open door, while he is making faces at himself in a bit of broken looking glass, and scolding the parrot. God made children to be happy. To be happy, they must be allowed to talk and play as the kittens play and the birds talk—flying hither and thither among the blossoms of the wilderness, tearing the roses, scattering the honeysuckles, and chasing the butterflies, and screaming and laughing like mad. There's no other way.

For example. Mr. James C. Pearson is telling a story about two children. Part he tells very naturally, supposing them to be young enough to understand what is meant by the "*crotch*" of a tree, or "be wont know but what we are at Uncle William's," &c., &c. Part, however, is in such language as the following. "But Charles *stubbornly persisted* in going, and in spite of the remonstrances of his brother, he walked off * * * he espied a bird's nest in the crotch of a tree * * * but alas!—people never say *alas*—except when they are reading aloud!—he was precipitated headlong into the water."

But Mr. Pearson is not alone. Every writer we are to be acquainted with, either personally or by reputation, who meddles with children's books, is guilty in the same way. We do not in our conscience believe

that a single exception can be found; though some, if not much better, are at any rate much less bad than others.

Miss Gould has written some pleasant and playful verses too, but they are strangely careless for her, and in poetry for children, that is an alarming fault. Give the young ear, the young eye, or the young mouth a false taste, and the heart as well as the understanding suffers. One remarkably fine stanza, beginning with "we have heard the fountain gush," starts us by its outset beginning, and false rhythm. It should be "There we heard the fountain gush." And the next stanza is positively shocking—ablocking for Miss Gould, we mean, whose ear is like an Æolian harp, or a delicate blossom, strung with cobwebs, and therefore we can't forgive her when she plays false.

"All the world appeared so fair,
And so fresh and free the air,—
Oh! it seemed that all the care
In creation
Belonged to God alone: (1)
And that none beneath His throne,
Need to murmur or to groan
At His station."

Just read that—if you can—dear Miss Gould: and we'll say no more for the present, although the verses are "beautiful exceedingly" in almost every other respect.

PRESERVE OF MIND, by Miss C. M. Sedgewick—is well begun, and promises well, but it has a touch of two of the common fault. She "performs wonders"—"extreme delicacy indicates ill health"; "the book interested her deeply": are never the words of little children: The rest of the story is charmingly told; full of nature and truth.

Lucy's Dream, by Mrs. Susan Jewett—capital, free, spirited and offhandish.

One sample more, and we stop. The Captive Child is a well-told story. But—goodness me! what could possess you to put such a story, in such language, into a child's magazine! Of what possible advantage can it ever be to filter big books, and monthlies in this way? All you need ever do would be to open at a page of the British Classics, or set the compositor to copying a sheet of the Old Monthly, or the Keicarbucker, and you have a child's book in a jiffy.

For example. "The children clustered round the grandfather's knee." Children say, and so do other people with their lips, if not with their pens, gathered round—not a round. "The brother and sister wandered hand in hand along the margin of the river, * * * chatting with infantine glib, ever and anon throwing the pebbles into the water, &c. * * * they sought to imitate." Children would say, they tried to do what they had seen others do. "At length it loosened from its moorings, * * * the frightened children gazed at each other in mute despair, * * * tremblingly the young girl returned the embrace of her father and brother * * * &c., &c. The story itself, as we have said before, is well enough told, but a boy's and girl's magazine is not the place for it. If it were, then have we no need of a boy's and girl's magazine, having a heap already.

Notwithstanding all these blemishes, however, we do most heartily recommend this little, unpretending work as, on the whole, far superior to the children's books we have been so long troubled and fretted with.

GRAHAM'S and the LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE for August have been laid out on our table by Burgess & Stringer, but we have had no time to look into them. Next week we shall go fully into their merits.

THE DRAMA.

The Chatham is about to re-open under the management of Messrs. Willard & Jackson. A good company is said to be engaged.

The French company and the Ravello divide the patronage of the public at Niblo's—not equally, by any means. On the Rive! nights the house is crowded to the ceiling—no matter if it rain, or shine. No novelty has yet been produced by them.

The opera of *Les Diamans de la Couronne* was produced on Friday last week—repeated on Monday, and withdrawn to make room for another novelty. The opera is altogether worthy of Auber—the overture is magnificent—full of those sparkling melodies which gem the piece throughout, and many of the airs are strikingly original. We are inclined to think that it is the prettiest opera they have produced, and we are quite sure that Mlle. Calvé never appeared to so great advantage in all its respects. Her singing, particularly in the second act, was really bril-

liant, and called down the most tumultuous applause. No little excitement was created on Monday night when Calvé, immediately after one of her most brilliant efforts, fainted upon the stage. The curtain was immediately dropped, and remained down for about fifteen minutes, when the lady was sufficiently recovered to go through with the remainder of the opera, which she did with increased brilliancy.

"La Fille du Régiment" an opera by Donizetti was produced on Monday night, with great success, indeed it created more enthusiasm than either of its predecessors. It is a better acting opera, the incidents are interesting, and many of the scenes particularly stirring to a Frenchman. The principal characters were sustained by Calvé and Bies. We can only reiterate our former commendation of the lady's talent, we think however that in the character of Mairéjoh surpassed her former efforts, and evinced histrionic abilities of no common order. Mons. Bies, performed the sergeant capitally, and sang much better than usual—he is a valuable accession to the company.

M. Prevost the talented leader takes a benefit this evening and produces an opera of his own composition.

TO OUR READERS.—We take pleasure in referring our readers to the graceful and classic story of Mr. MacLeod's, which appears in this day's Jonathan; and we are happy in being enabled to state that this gentleman will become a frequent contributor to our pages.

Box's view of society in America, as exhibited in the present number of Martin Chuzzlewit, will be read with great interest. He has broken new ground, and made it his own. Although written in a vein of ridicule, it is really so broad that no one can take offence at the caricature, and it cannot fail to provoke a great deal of amusement.

We have a variety of highly interesting articles, which are necessarily crowded out this week—among the rest, the reply of Mrs. T. J. Farnham to John Neal's last communication on "The Rights of Women." It will appear next week.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Miss Selina Parnell, a pretty milliner, residing in Madison street, obtained a verdict of \$5000 against a faithless wooer, named Lamberow, in the Circuit Court on Monday last. The defendant is the Captain of a clipper, trading between New York and North and South Carolina, and courted the plaintiff for nearly five years. Several letters were read during the trial, which caused considerable merriment. In one the following language was used, which was no doubt considered by the jury an aggravation of the offence:

"I'm glad to hear that all my old girl widows are well as I am. If I was there I would try and alleviate their distresses." In the same letter he says "tell Patty to behave herself and keep her mouth clean, and I will kiss her when I come back."

FIRE at SING SING.—Intelligence was received in the city on Wednesday, of the destruction of part of the workshops of the State Prison at Sing Sing, by which damage has been done to the amount of some \$10,000 dollars. As the fire was discovered in different places, there is little doubt that it was the work of an incendiary.

The prisoners were all confined in their separate cells at dinner when the fire was discovered, or no doubt many desperate characters would have escaped.

CATHARINE GILMORE.—The examination in this case is concluded, and the Commissioner has taken some days to make up his decision.

STEAM-HIT COLUMBIA.—Captain McKee, of schooner Mary, from Liverpool, N. S., states that on Thursday, 13th inst., while passing Seal Island, he saw the steamship Columbia. She appeared to be upright, her chimneys and all her masts were standing. He could not tell whether she was afloat or not, but she appeared to be outside of Black Lodge. Two small vessels were at anchor close by, and there were a number within two or three miles. Capt. M. did not go near her, supposing she had got off.

Halifax papers of 10th inst. were received by mail yesterday. Sch. Caravan arrived on the 10th from Sea Island. It had been previously reported that the Columbia had broken in twain, and this vessel makes no report of a different tenor. She had three days passage, and brought some of the materials of the Caravan.

The steamer Margaret, Capt. Shannon, with the mail, &c. from the Columbia, cleared at Halifax 8th inst., and probably sailed same day. The names of seven passengers are mentioned, in addition to which are "6 ladies, 49 gentlemen, and 11 in the steerage," supposed to be a portion of the Columbia's passengers.—Boston Advertiser.

For the Brother Jonathan.

CHYLLIAS, THE ATHENIAN.

A STORY OF GREECE.

BY G. DONALD MACLEOD.

"Whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end from this dull world afar,
Still upward treads, though he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star."

But.wrs.

"Each day beholds a woman's heart from men to other range,
Each day on friendship's breeze beholds the clouds that tell of change
And ever to our graves we trace the dead and weary way,
By smiles and tears as float as those that mark the April day."

But.wrs.

It is idle for the fame-seeker to expect love;—it is idle for the lover to hope for fame. The laurel and the myrtle may not twine together. The mind and the heart are separate kingdoms. Yet both Fame and Love are idols, and their worshippers have seldom reward. Which shall we seek?

Chyllias, the Athenian, was long uncertain which tenets to choose, those of the Stoics, or of the followers of Epicurus. He loved pleasure, but he also desired fame. He wished to be loved and to be admired. He would have cultivated heart and mind alike. Fool! one must be perfect.

He read the terse sentences of Epictetus, and, with the Emperor Antoninus, believed that they "could teach him how to gain honor for himself, and good for his country." He looked on the followers of the school, and admired their fortitude, their stainless life, their doctrine of the soul's immortality. But he saw unsmiling lips, and set brows, and coarse, and colored garments; and he contrasted these with the purple robes, the bright eyes, the sweet-ringing laughter, and the genial teachings of the Epicureans—and Chyllias was young. Besides, who so great as Alcibiades? and Alcibiades was an Epicurean.

Achias was the handmaid of Rome. The giants desired Greece, and Greece was hers. Statius, the son of the proconsul, was the friend of Chyllias.

"Which is the proudest fate, Statius, to live in a round of pleasure, smiling and smiling on, and to go to a grave with no future,—or to yield somewhat the bliss of this earth, and look down, hereafter, from the home of our immortality, and see our names remembered and loved?"

"The latter, my Chyllias, is the proudest; but man has a heart, most he not sometimes think of happiness? The life of the Epicurean is joyous and serene—and this future life is uncertain. I deem it better to 'enjoy the day;' we do not see the soul. We are hungry, and we eat. We choose our food for the body; we choose the grape rather than the aloe, for it is sweeter. Our bodies are beautiful structures; and the red worms feed on them. What is that part of us which escapes the grave?"

"Did the Gods make man only for decay?" asked the Greek.

"The field-flower," said Statius, "is more beautiful than us, yet its life is shorter than man's. Hush the flower a soul, Chyllias!"

"Thou hast studied Lucretius, my friend!"

"Is it strange? He is natural."

"Roman, art thou proud of thy native land?"

And the flushing cheek and sparkling eye of Statius replied.

"Well, she gained not her power, her glory, and her empire by enervate ease. She is glorious, but not serene. It was the restless soul that scoffed at peace; it was the strong heart that viewed pleasure as dust in the balance, which won for the eternal city her splendor and her pride."

"Chyllias, I have chosen. Glory is better than happiness, even if it last not beyond life."

II.

"Were you at the games, Glaucus?"

"Yes; and more splendid, Greece never saw."

"Who was the chariot-race?"

"Chyllias, the son of Harmodius."

"And the foot-race?"

"Statius, the only child of the Proconsul."

"And the wrestling?"

"Chyllias and Statius distanced all competitors; they stood alone in the arena; Chyllias refused to rival his friend, and the Judges decreed two wreaths."

"Do you know them, Glaucus?"

"No! they are Stoics."

III.

Thus they progressed, the young Greek and his friend. Their cheeks were pale with study, but their frames were as iron with their gymnastic practice. Already they were pointed out to the stranger in Athens. Already their fellow-citizens coupled their names with 'virtue.' Each was commander of a cohort.

A high office, one full of danger, and requiring much wisdom, was vacant. It was in the gift of the Proconsul. The citizens hesitated who to pray for, Chyllias or Statius. To-morrow must decide it.

And the friends walked together by the prophet waters of the Cephissus.

"How much better our choice than its alternative," said Chyllias.

"A thousand-fold," was the reply. "We have promise of fame. We have trust in the future."

"Rome shall and will be proud of us," cried both.

Yet their names here written are all that remain of either.

A shriek from behind them rung out on the still noon tide: a frantic cry for help. They turned, and saw a female struggling with some rude soldiers.

"They are my own followers, Chyllias," said the Roman. "This cannot be allowed."

As they approached, the men recognised their commander, and retired abashed at his rebuke. The girl raised her eyes, murmured a few words of thanks, and went her way toward the city.

The friends walked again by the river. They were silent for some time. At length Chyllias spoke:

"The mechanism of our nature is wonderful."

"Yes," said Statius; "and strange to me it is, that whereas our feelings possess so much affinity, our outward features differ so. Thou art tall, black-eyed, and straight, and fine of feature. I am shorter, swarthy, and have organs of vision coloured a deep gray. Did you notice that woman-creature's eyes, Chyllias?"

"Yes, of the same deep blue as yonder firmament."

"Nay, they were very black, my friend."

"How could it be? Her hair was of a golden color."

"But her brows and lashes were jet."

"I could swear they were blue."

"By Venus! they were black."

A singular dispute for stoics.

IV.

Glaucus and Chyllias were together.

"Good Glaucus, I would join your college with pleasure; I am tired of the cold excitement of the gymnasium; I loathe the hollow precepts of the Stoics; the iron and the ice of their teachings and feelings. An Epicurean I soul, I would be one in practice. But good Glaucus, mention it not to Statius."

"Rely upon me, my Chyllias."

"When shall I be initiated?"

"Meet me to-morrow night at our gardens; this will admit you."

He drew a ring from his finger, gave it to Chyllias, and they parted.

On the next morning Statius consulted Glaucus, and the result was the same. Alcibiades were thine eyes blue or black?

V.

The birthday of Epicurus,—the good, the moral, the abstinent. What was his school now? A voluptuous assemblage of the worshippers of materialism.

"Thine authority to pass!" demanded the garden porter of Chyllias. The ring was exhibited, and he sauntered on.

"A new disciple," muttered the porter, looking after him. "He will be a favourite." And the next he let it was Statius.

A way, amid long vistas of colored lamps; burning with perfumed oil, strayed the Athenian. Up from a thousand flowers floated their mingled incense. Down streamed the mellow and holy starlight, mingling with the rich lustre of the lamps. From flashing eyes out poured the pensive light; from crimson lips swelled out the voluptuous song; from long, dark tresses, fragrance was scattered on the night wind. Brains were burning with the generous wine; bosoms were maddening with the wild dreams of love. Music of harp and voice and tutored forest birds swelled the sweet chorus. Fountains were gleaming; silver brooks were flowing every where settling in motion some sweet, harmonic sounds; every idler

breeze sighing through *Æolian* strings. High-browed youths and dark-eyed maidens joined the choral dance,—wandered through the shaded pathways,—leant together over some romantic volume——. And through them all wandered the *Athenian* *Chyllias*, wild with excitement; feeling the young man's first burning desire to be loved. Wondering whether *Alcibiades*' eyes were really blue or black.

Suddenly there sweeps past him a troop of *Bacchanals* and *Bacchantes*, with the rich wine, and singing forth their praises to its god.

I.

Shout for the grape! for the purple grape!
It bringeth us dreams of heaven,
Where love steals forth in a woman's shape,
Like a star in the cope of even.
Oh! who would live if this earth of ours
Had neither wine nor beauty!
If we must turn aside from pleasure's flowers
To the bitter herbs of duty.
Not I, not I! my heart shall aye
The foam of the bowl in lightness.
As we shout for the grape, for the purple grape,
And the eyes whence it gains its brightness!

II.

When *Bacchus* first invented drink,
'Twas dull as a misty sky, boys:
'Till 'mid its waves there came to sink
A flash from a woman's eye, boys;
And a smile from her ripe, red lip there fell,
With the sweets of the said lip's roses;
Now where is the dream of a kiss so well,
As that which the wine discloses?
There's none! there's none! Let greybeards gape
For us who have still youth's lightness,
We'll shout for the grape! for the purple grape,
And the eyes whence it gains its brightness!

And as the merry song was chorused, the heart of the young Greek echoed the sentiment. And as the troop passed, and he wandered on, he blamed himself for so long neglecting the pleasures of existence; and wondered how he should begin to enjoy them. A black slave, a mute, approached him, and placed in his hand a rose. The *Athenian* stared first at the gift, and then at the donor. He knew that the rose spoke of love—but from whom? It could not be that it was from the mute. He was an exceedingly respectable old personage, black as ebony, wrinkled, grey-headed, and had but one eye. As the impression that it must be a message grew upon his mind, he observed the slave beckoning him. He nodded his head in acquiescence, and followed him through the throngs of the dances, passing the loaded tables, away from the glittering lamps, till the *Ethiops* stopped at a bower constructed of framework, over which the vine grew almost impenetrable in luxuriance. The slave waved his hand and disappeared, and the young Greek entered. Here was a small, exquisitely chiselled altar of white marble, on which was placed a copy of the *Phidæan Venus*. One lamp swung above it, and lighted the recess. Reclining at the foot of the altar was the form of a girl, intent upon the pages before her. The thin, white dress falling over her recumbent form displayed its magnificent proportions; a little, snowy hand held the volume, the other was buried in her rich tresses. *Chyllias* coughed; the maiden sprang up, and showed the face of *Alcibiades*; first came an expression of joyfulness, then astonishment.

"Does the noble *Chyllias* require anything?"

Poor *Chyllias*! He was utterly amazed. He did not know woman then. He could not suppose that all this was for effect,—that it had been arranged and practised.

"Forgive me, lovely *Alcibiades*," he stammered—"I mistook—I—I——" and he was retiring——.

"*Chyllias*!"

He looked up, and met those eyes. He could not mistake their meaning. Warm passion was there,—warm passion in the crimson blush,—in the swelling bosom; Fire darted through the youth's veins. His sprang forward, pressed her in his arms, and showered his wild kisses on her lips. Poor fool!

The *Athenian* had commenced a new life. Once he had many feelings, hopes, desires. Fame, ambition, glory of conquest, were his dreams.

Now, he had one. From the depths of the heart, where it had so long slept neglected choked by the sterner thought,—frozen by the colder principles,—up welled the hot-spring of passion; and life and death, and honour and immortality, where were they?

Alcibiades had plighted heart and hand; she had lain upon his breast, and vowed her truth. She had given the kiss that pledges soul to soul for ever.

VI.

Chyllias was wandering about the city. He had left *Alcibiades*, and had no other object to occupy him. He drew nigh the *Acropolis*. There were thousands of the citizens gathered around,—the helot, the patrician, the warrior, the orator,—all listening to one who spoke from the centre of the human mass.

"What is it?" asked the youth, of one who seemed most interested. But he received no answer; all the man's senses were destroyed for one, listening.

Chyllias looked at the orator. A small, dark man, with a long robe, short hair, the forehead of glorious intellect; an eye of holy fire; a tongue of melody and strength. And he spoke of another God; a God who had been made man, who had loved and suffered and died. He spoke of the resurrection; and back on the young Greek's heart came his longings for immortality. He spoke of a home where all was love: the right cord was touched,—the lattice was opened, and through it, on the dark heart of the heathen, poured the glory and the light of Christianity. The orator had finished; some believed,—some shook their heads,—some railed,—some spoke of blasphemy; some stood silent, gazing on the earth. That night *Chyllias* passed with the apostle.

VII.

A year had passed away. There were many changes. Nightly the handful of *Athenian* Christians assembled outside the city, in the house of *Dionysius* the *Areopagite*.

It was the marriage eve of *Chyllias* and *Alcibiades*. He had brought her hither; side by side they knelt unto the true God: side by side they had sung the new hymns: side by side they had uttered the new prayers.

An old man, with long white hair, rose.

"My brethren, let us pray to Him who has brought us safely together." And as all knelt, the old man's lips poured forth a fervent blessing and supplication to the Maker of all.

After the prayer they sang an hymn.

"Music," says some one, "is the handmaid of Religion"—it is rather an angel taking the new-born soul upon its wings, and bearing it in one pure moment to the throne of Him who made it. Who can stand in the holy fane, what time the swelling organ peals its rich, triumphant notes, without acknowledging that God is there?—when the choir chime in; when the head is bowed in prayer; when the sacred melody echoes to the arching roof, shakes the high dome, and dies away from our ears on its passage to Heaven. Oh! how deeply did *Chyllias* feel the inspiration of music. Yet here were no pealing organs,—here no trained choir; but in a simple hymn the trembling voice of the old was heard with the rich tones of the strong man, and the ringing sweetness of woman.

Tremble, thou young man, when she sings to thee, at her home or in the temple, the pure hymn, or the songs of mortal affections! When thy heart beats wildly to her voice, thy cheek loses its colour,—thy breath ceases,—thine eyes rivet on the syren,—then art thou nearest unto ruin!

Clear did *Alcibiades*' voice breathe out that hymn. It was hushed; all was silent. *Dionysius* raised his hands to Heaven, and prayed inwardly.

A noise in the hall,—a shuffling of feet,—a shriek,—a low moan; fierce shouts and oaths; and a troop of Roman soldiery surrounded the door. In command was *Statius*.

Alcibiades flung herself into her lover's arms. *Chyllias* had some time since parted with his friend. He now confronted him sternly.

"What means the proconsul by this intrusion?" For the father of *Statius* had been succeeded by his son in the government of *Achaia*.

"Cast them into different cells, *Quintus*!" he said to an officer.

"Never, never, shall they tear me from thee!" shrieked the girl, as she clung to her lover's breast. He was unarmed, but as the Roman centurion grasped the girl, passion lent him strength, and with one blow of his clenched fist, he dashed the soldier senseless to the floor.

That night he slept in prison.

VIII.

The morning rose. A dull, drizzling rain fell ceaselessly, and the thick black clouds covered the whole horizon. Up and down the mosaic marble of her palace floor paced Euphrasia, the mother of Chyllias. Not a Spartan mother, praised by the poets and remonstrators, but a mother who was a woman, heart full of all gentle affections.

"He must die to-morrow," she muttered, wringing her white hands—"an apostate—but my son. Torn by the brutes of the arena,—his limbs severed, and left quivering on the sands of the amphitheatre. My son! my son! But Statius is Proconsul. Ho! Nydia! my chima! and bid Syphax attend me!"—and followed by her slave, she wandered toward the Proconsul's.

"The most noble Statius is at his morning meal," said the pouter in reply to her demand of entrance.

"Tell him 'tis the mother of Chyllias."

The slave departed, and returned with his lord's command for her admission. Up the broad marble staircase, through files of the veteran soldiers of old Rome, Euphrasia followed the slave. At the entrance of the apartment which the proconsul now occupied, they were met by his freedmen, who conducted the matron to the presence of the ruler. Statius sat upon an ivory throne, that once had held the old Achaian kings. Flasks of the rich wines of Cyprus, Chios, and Maresia stood upon the garlanded board. A jewelled cup was in his hands. He set it down upon the table as the matron entered, and turned his eyes toward her. She looked eagerly in his face—looked to find the bosom friend of Chyllias, but she only saw the Roman Tetrarch. She fell upon her knees at his feet, and gasped out—

"Noble Statius, my son!"

"He dies at noonday to-morrow!" said the Roman.

"Not so! not so!" prayed the mother. "He was thine early friend; from boyhood ye were together; ye studied from the same book,—ye slept in the same couch,—ye prayed in the same temple——"

"He is an apostate," said the Proconsul.

"Ye were as one," groaned the mother in her anguish—"the same in your amusements and in your loves."

"Woman!" cried Statius, springing to his feet, "he dies to-morrow! He has forsaken his religion and deceived his friend. He has crossed me in the dearest hope of my heart; he has won away from me the love that was almost in my grasp. He dies to-morrow!—by all the gods I swear it!"

"Will nothing move thee?"

"Yes, one thing. Doubtless he loves his life. Go thou to his cell; win him to renounce Aléthé, and return to the altars of his fathers. Here is my signet"—and he drew a ring from his finger, and gave it to her.

Away through the cold and the storm sped the Grecian mother—for oh! what can tire a mother's love!—and as she walked, she muttered, "First for the maiden—she may be won." She found Aléthé, the beautiful and young,—in that dark cell, with the rose gone from her cheek, and the roundness worn from her figure. At once the mother prayed that the offers of the ruler might be accepted. The hot flush of pride sprung to the maiden's face. The mother, misled and half frantic, set forth the glories of a proconsul's bride. She used the wrong pleadings to the girl. Aléthé refused all; she would listen no more. "Leave me!" she said. "I will die; but I will not forsake him!"

The mother flew to the cell of her son; she implored him to save himself; but the answer was firm.

"The Tyrant, my mother, may destroy the body. Let him exercise his power. My soul has a higher destiny."

"And Aléthé?"

"My God would turn from me, if I forsook her now. Mother, I am ready to die!"

She looked in his face; it was beautiful, but full of unutterable firmness.

"Then I, too, will die here," she cried, and fell at his feet. He raised her, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her high forehead. One long, clinging embrace she gave him, and then her clasp loosened forever!—The heart-strings of the mother had broken.

He laid upon his hard couch the form of her who had perished for him, knelt down and prayed.

* A thick cloak for cold or rainy weather.

IX.

The betrothed of Chyllias was alone in her cell. In her hand she held a parchment; a letter from Statius. There a choice was given, she must share the glories of his rule with him or she must die to-morrow.—She must turn from the true God she had just learned to kneel to, from the troth she had plighted or she must pass away from life.

It was a terrible thing to die; and she shuddered. So young and so beautiful, and to die by the tigers. She heard the shouts of the fierce populace ring in her ears, and the war of the savage beasts. It was a horrible thing to die so!

X.

"Do you go to the Amphitheatre to-day, Glaucus?"

"Certainly, they let loose the new tigers to-day. Real Hircynians, they say, and splendid creatures."

"This Chyllias; will he die bravely, think you?"

"I trust so; for there is but little sport in the mere devouring."

"He was your friend, was not he?"

"He joined our college, and I knew him. But he was an errorist, and wanted to be immortal. We know better than that, do we not, Stephen? But my hair has scarcely essence enough, Vale! we will meet at the Theatre."

And that morning the sun streamed in through the bars of the dungeon door upon the cold white face of Euphrasia. Chyllias had passed the night in prayer, by the side of his true-hearted dead. As the morning wore on, he heard the gathering of the people, for his cell was in the building of the theatre. Aeon came their shouts, as they encouraged or rebuked the athletes. High noon had come. His cell door was thrown open, and a centurion and file of soldiers stood before him. A shout filled the air as the centurion advanced. He stopped and turned inquiringly around. To the gesture, a soldier replied—

"The wife of the Pro-consul has given a wreath to Cebes, the wrestler."

"I knew not that the noble Pro-consul was married," said the centurion.

"She was carried to the palace this morning," said the soldier.

"Didst hear her name, Bubo?"

"Aléthé, the daughter of Diomed"—and as he spake a trumpet pealed forth.

"Lead on!" said the centurion; and they led the prisoner to the arena. The soldiers retired. The doors of the cage were thrown open, and forth with a wild roar bounded a royal tiger.

Proud, beautiful, with a smile of holy fortitude on his lips, the Athenian knelt down upon the ground. One bound, and the fangs of the tiger gnawed together in his throat. As he fell back, his eyes rolled upward upon Aléthé, and fixed there until the glaze of death stole over them.

She thought of a young bride's power with her husband, and the words issued unconsciously from her mouth—"I might have saved him!"

A voice rose from the crowd, "That is already done; *Kypios oecumene sere*; God hath saved the sacrifice!"

Which will thou choose, the love that young Greek won, or the glory of the Pro-consul? Put thy trust in neither. There are higher things for man than glory or love. They perish too easily. But pass thou through this world justly, and with goodness, and thou canst leave it with a smile.

COOK AND WHEATSTONE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The laying of the four wires of this line is now nearly completed from Paddington to Slough. The wires are now carried at about a height of eight feet in the open air, extended by posts at every forty or fifty feet. It will thus be much cheaper than even by the old plan. By this line the court at Windsor will have ready communication with London, and allowing for time to reach the station, will be able, within a couple of hours, to summon to the cabinet a minister from Downing-street. The success of this attempt will no doubt lead to the electro-magnetic telegraph being laid down on the Brighton line for the convenience of the Pavilion, and thus gradually will the way be prepared for its earlier adoption as the general means of telegraphic communication, which sooner or later it must become. The opening of the Paris and Rouen Railway will render it a matter of necessity both to the English and French governments to avail themselves of the electro-magnetic telegraph in communication between London and Paris, via Brighton and Southampton. We may further observe on this subject, that the electro-magnetic telegraph is to be laid down on the proposed Northampton and Peterborough Railway. Advances from the United States also affirm that a line is to be established from Washington to Baltimore under a grant from Congress. —*Railway Magazine*.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Monday evening, having made her passage from Liverpool in thirteen days. We are in receipt of London papers to the 3d inst., but we find little news of interest or importance. The repeal agitation still continues, and O'Connell is travelling through the country, addressing immense assemblies and levying contributions to a large amount.

One of his Repeal demonstrations took place at Skibbereen on Thursday the 22d June; which was of the usual character, both at the meeting and at the dinner. The *Cork Examiner* says that it is impossible to give anything like a correct estimate of the numbers present, but afterwards calculates them to be between 500,000 and 600,000. Much was made of Sir James Graham's speech on the Arms Bill, which was construed to proclaim the Irish a nation of perjurers: it was alluded to both at the meeting and at the dinner, with a plentiful use of the words "he lies!" at the meeting, Mr. Shea Lalor said—

"I say to him, and before you, he lies. (*Vémetent chéring*) He lies damnable—he lies—he lies loosely—and I wish to God I was in the House of Commons to tell him to his teeth 'you lie.' (*Prolonged chéring*.) I am not like O'Connor Don—I am not like the gentleman who is satisfied that he should be called a perjurer, provided it be done in a gentlemanly way. (*Hear, hear!*) I say, tho', before this enormous mass—I say before the Protestants as well as Catholics, for there are many Protestants and I have the honor of knowing and they will bear me out in what I say—I say, then, before you all, Sir James Graham, 'you lie.' (*Vémetent chéring*.)"

Galway was next taken possession of by the Repealers, on Sunday, with the same style of proceedings: Dr. Browne, the Bishop of Galway, taking an active part. Lord French was the Chairman. At the dinner, about six hundred gentlemen sat down to table in a pavilion specially erected for the purpose. Mr. O'Connell put the peaceable turn of his views more decidedly than he has yet done—

"It is but a fortnight ago, when attending a meeting at Mallow that there came upon me the maddening information that the country of my birth was threatened to be deluged with the blood of her children."

"... Watching during that short period with an eye of eagerness the evolutions of our enemies, I now proclaim to you a perpetual peace, and a struggle—merely in political strife—bloodless, stainless, sinless upon our part—leaving to our enemy the paltry resource only of a useless and unavailing resistance."

The Repeal rent for the week, announced at the Monday meeting of the Association at the Dublin Coin Exchange, was 1,258*l*.

The Irish Army Bill was still discussed in Parliament—no action having been taken.

Intelligence from India and China had been received, from the former to the 20th, and the latter the 28th March.

That from India is confined to some details of secondary interest on the situation of Scinde, Khyul, and Bundeelund, which are somewhat more tranquil.

In China the state of affairs continues favorable, Colonel Malcolm had arrived on the 16th with the treaty, but it was feared that the death of the Commissioner, Elieppoo, would cause a longer delay in the Imperial ratifications.

Madrid was tranquil. The Governor of Valladolid had retired into the fort with the troops after the proclamation.

The entire population of Barcelona was still encamped in the neighborhood of the city on the 26th, and the English and French Consuls were the only members of the consular body who had remained at their posts.

Seoane had sent Brigadier Enau to march by Teruel to join Espartero at Valencia.

The ministry at Madrid disavow the conciliatory proclamation of Zurich.

There is no satisfactory news from Granada and Malaga. Couriers are arrested at Burgos, but the French government ones are allowed to pass.

The marriage of H. R. H. the Princess Augusta and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, took place on the 28th of June.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has intimated his intention of taking off the extra shilling of duty lately imposed upon spirits in Ireland. The reason assigned for this act of liberality is the increase of smuggling in that country, caused, as he represents, by this unfortunate shilling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are at present three Queens and two Kings in London: the Queen of England, the Queen Dowager, and the Queen of the Belgians; the King of Hanover and the King of the Belgians.

The sum produced by the plate alone, which constituted a part of the property of the Duke of Sussex, is calculated at upwards of £30,000.

The subscription raising for Miss Martineau, who refused the pension offered by the late government, now reaches the sum of £1,000.

The city of London contains 1,29,251 inhabitants, and a number of charity schools for the poor amount to 50, containing 5,916 scholars. The Dame schools are 78 in number, containing 1,369 scholars; and the common day schools 81, containing 2,631 scholars. The borough of Micklethorp, with a population of 150,000, gives education to 17,400

children; and the eastern part of London, including Whitechapel, St. George's, Wapping, and Shadwell, with a population of 30,000 gives education to 4,813 children.

Petrarch's tomb at Arqua has just been restored by the care of Count Looni. In the course of the works, the remains of the great poet were uncovered, and part of the body was found almost untouched by time. A fragment of cloth in which he was enveloped was taken away, and will be solemnly deposited in the parish church.

SEDANS COMING IN AGAIN.—It is said that the elegant fashion of sedan-chairs is going to be revived in Paris, particularly in the Faubourg St. Germain. The other day the Duchesse de Choiseul paid a visit to the Duchesse de Fitz-James in an equipage of this description.

The report that her Majesty had taken upon herself the charge of nursing the 'baby' is contradicted 'by authority.'

The suit against Lord Ashburton, and Baring and Brothers, charged with a conspiracy in having united together to prevent certain parties purchasing lands from the Mexican Government, was set down for trial during the last term of the Court of Queen's Bench, but postponed for a twelvemonth.

The briefs which had been delivered were exceedingly heavy; and some idea of the nature and importance of the cause may be formed from the fact that the junior counsel in behalf of the noble defendant and his relations received 150 guineas with his brief.

A suit to set aside the will of the late Ex-Sheriff Parkins, was argued before the Privy Council, London, a short time since.

It will be born in mind, that Mr. Parkins bequeathed the whole of his property, except a small landed estate in Westmoreland, to a Mr. Best in whose house he resided.

The validity of the will was disputed by Mrs. Findlay, a sister of the deceased, on the ground that it had been obtained by operating upon the disordered or weakened intellect of the deceased. The bill was general, short, and contained no specification of the property. On the part of Mr. Best the will was supported by evidence that the deceased had been estranged from his relatives, and was very much attached to Mr. Best and his family. Judgment was not given.

EMIGRATION.—THE RETURNS of the number of emigrants who have sailed this season from the port of Derry to British America and the United States, have been made up for the quarter ending the 30th ult., and show a very good increase as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. Taking into consideration the increased facilities afforded to the emigrant this year, both by reduced passage money, and the government allowance of 1lb of bread per day, we are inclined to attribute the deficiency to the want of employment in America, and the difficulty which holders of small patches of land in this country have had in getting money for their right of tenure on account of the low prices of grain. As no other emigration vessel has been announced, we presume the following table will suffice for the year:—

For the Months of April, May and June.				
	Present Year.		Last Year.	Deficiency of the present Year.
Ships.	Emigrants.	Ships.	Emigrants.	
For St. John's,	1 .. 133	.. 1056	.. 923	
" Quebec,	6 .. 953	.. 710	.. 717	
" U. States 6	.. 901	.. 1692	.. 791	
Total,	.. 1987	.. 4518	.. 2531	

The emigration continued last year beyond June; and at the end of the season the numbers were—

For St. John's,	1958
" Quebec,	1770
" United States,	2082
Total,	5109

Total number of emigrants this year, 1987

Decrease of ditto ditto, 3413

In Liverpool the cotton and other markets for American produce are in a very discouraging condition. With respect to cotton, since the arrival of the Acadia many merchants have withdrawn their stocks from the market, indulging in the belief that the next crop will fall considerably short of an average one, which has produced more steadiness in the market, and prices, which previously had a downward tendency, have been more fully maintained. The total sales of the month, ending June the 30th, amounted to 108,800 bales, of which 4,500 were American, taken for speculation. Tobacco is selling at prices nearly as low as were ever known, although some large speculators have recently been buying in progress.

This trade is advancing rapidly in this port; and the deliveries for home consumption have been increasing steadily for some time, and now we find that, for the last six months, there is but a small difference between the amount of duty received here and in London, the trade in these parts having taken nearly 25 per cent. more this year than they did last.

We have been assured, upon unauthorised authority, that the amount of treasure, in gold, diamonds, &c. rapished by St. Charles, near Hyderabad, falls little short of three millions of money. The share of the gilliant General is estimated at not less than £200,000.

DEATH OF MADAME BARTOLOZZI, MOTHER OF MADAME VESTRIS.—Fanny, the mother of Madame Vestris and Mrs. Addison, the vocalist, expired on the 30th ult. at the advanced age of 73 years.

The Cork packet announces the arrival off the bay of Cionackly, of the American ship *Genoa* Washington, bound from New York to Liverpool. She left the former port on the 7th instant, and after a fair and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, first made land off the coast of Kerry, on the 19th inst. She had fair light winds during nearly the whole of the passage; but for the last three or four days was nearly becalmed, in consequence of which the following passengers had themselves put on shore at Cork on Wednesday night, and arrived in Cork the following day. The list of names suggests, at the present time, rather curious reflections:—The Right Rev. Dr. Hughes Roman Catholic Bishop of New York; Right Rev. Dr. Purcell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati; Very Rev. Mr. De Smet, missionary amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains; Rev. C. Hammer, Roman Catholic clergyman of Cincinnati; and Mr. Thomas De Smet, of New York.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

The changes since last month have been more numerous than usual, and, generally speaking, in better taste. The following may be considered decided upon:—

CAPOTES.—The materials for capotes and chapeaux continue to be very various, but those of the lightest kind are preferred. Silk is seldom employed except for drawn bonnets, or for those made with chip fronts. The lining consists, in general, of white muslin or lace. The capotes are always of a close shape. Cape capotes are much in favour in half-dress; some are made close, but the majority moderately open. White lace is much in favour for capotes and chapeaux. Some are entirely composed of it, and are trimmed with flowers of such exquisite lightness, as perfectly to harmonize with the transparency of the lace. White lace is employed only for trimming, it nearly covers the chapeaux.

CAMAILLS.—Camails and mantels retain their vogue. The *camail* *Clementine* is one of the prettiest. The mantels à la *Duchesse* increase in favour. They continue to be made either in white lace or organdy, and are lined with pink or blue organdy. The trimming is always of lace, with a double heading surmounted by an embroidery in application. Mantels and paleots of tulle are, generally embroidered, lined with colour (tulle) and trimmed with broad white lace.

SCARFS.—Bargue scarfs are decidedly fashionable, and will no doubt continue to be so, although some summer scarfs, made of the same material, but with Cashmere patterns, have made their appearance.

ROBES.—Light materials for robes are decidedly in a majority, although silk, *soie cambrée*, *barège* are much in request. Tucks and deep flounces are much in favour for *neglige* or *décolleté*; but deep flounces are preferred for the latter. Both tucks and flounces are edged with fringe, and for evening dress, with lace. They are very becoming for tall, graceful figures, but are not adapted for short ones. Trimmings *en Taffier* will be equally fashionable, and may be most advantageously adopted by those ladies who are underdressed.

CAPS.—Caps, and head dresses of hair, are nearly equally fashionable; the latter are always ornamented in a very simple style. A wreath of flowers, or one formed of coils of ribbon, with a knot on one side, or else a lace lappet, confined on one side by a bow, or three small flowers, will, we have authority to state, be adopted by the most distinguished leaders of fashion.

BRACELETS.—Bracelets are indispensable for half dress and evening toilettes. Those of blue, enamel and gold, will decidedly be most in request.—*Berger's Ladies' Gazette*.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres are still closed. There appears to be a difference of opinion who are to be the future lessees of those establishments. Harley and Cooper are mentioned for Drury Lane, and in another journal we find the following:

We believe it is now almost settled that Madame Vestris will again assume the management of Covent Garden for next season. She has declined all her country engagements for the next month, and will no doubt make the directors of that establishment under her management considerably pleased, and with the experience of three years' previous occupancy be able to make many profitable alterations. The proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre and the late lessee, Mr. Macready, are yet likely to make up their differences. The latter is willing to resume the management of the theatre (as we learn), on condition that he shall not be required to pay any rent after the weekly expenses are deducted unless the receipts are such as to enable him to do so.

HAYMARKET.—Charles Kean continues his performances at this theatre, where he is going the round of his principal characters.

STRAED THEATRE.—Mr. Maywood carries on the management of this theatre with spirit and apparent success. He has brought out a new burlesque, called *Nice Young Ladies*, which, though far from original in its subject, contains many amusing points, and has been well received.

THE FRENCH PLAYERS.—Bouffé is playing a round of his best parts, and draws full and fashionable audiences. Her MAJESTY was present on Monday to witness his performance of *L'Oracle Baptiste* and *Nicolas Perrin*. The first of these pieces was new to us in the original, but an English version of it was performed last season at the Haymarket, under the title of *Peter and Paul*, FARRER playing the part which, in the original is *BUFFÉ*'S. Their style of performance is, in many points, very different; but on the whole our countryman does not suffer from a comparison with his accomplished rival.

Leaping, vaulting, and posturing, and other dangerous exhibitions of this kind, have secured the regular-built drama at the Victoria Theatre, where a troop of Morocco Arabs are now performing, whose feats are nightly received with shouts of surprised delight. The performers are twelve in number, "chequered in bulk as in brains," from maturity to boyhood. Their feats are said to be very surprising.

Mr. Charles Kean has purchased Key Dell, a villa near Horsham, in Hampshire, for 3700 guineas. There is a park of 30 acres attached to it.

The Dury Lane company, with Mr. Tully, had a meeting at the English Opera House on Saturday last, for the purpose of framing a petition to the Legislature, to enable them to perform the regular drama at any other theatre than the two royal houses.

Anderson and Miss Helen Faucit are playing at the Dublin Theatre, and Mr. Hudson, an wife, with Mr. Tully, the musical director, have quitted London for a musical tour after the manner of Wilson's Scottish entertainments.

Mr. Bramah and son, with Rice (Jim Crow), have been performing to most indifferent audiences in the Ipswich Theatre.

PRESENTATION OF THE "MACBETH TESTIMONIAL."—On Monday a superb piece of plate was presented to Mr. Macready, at Willis's Rooms, King's Street, St. James's, in acknowledgment of that gentleman's exertions to restore the national drama. The presentation was made by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and acknowledged in an eloquent and feeling manner by Mr. Macready. The testimonial, which was executed by Mr. Benjamin Smith, silversmith, of Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, is admirable both in design and workmanship. It consists of a group of figures, the prominent one being that of Shakespeare seated on a pedestal at the base of which is seated a figure intended to represent Mr. Macready, in the costume of the ancient drama, attended by Thalia and Melpomene, engaged in the restoration of the original text of Shakespeare's plays, and preparing for their representation in a pure and classic form. The mass Clio is introduced recording the restoration. Apollo, with attendants, celebrating the bard's triumphs, from the back part of the group. Upon the three sides of the base, in bas-relief, are the scenes from *Othello*, the prologue scene from *Henry the Fifth*, and the senate scene from *Coriolanus*. At the angles are three boys bearing tablets, on which are depicted the storm scene in *Leir*, the meeting with the witches in *Macbeth*, and the appearance of Ariel in *The Tempest*. On one side of the tripod base appears the following inscription:—"To William Charles Macready, in commemoration of his management of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the seasons 1837, '38, '39, when his personation of the characters, his restoration of the text, and his illustrations of the historical facts and poetical creations of the plays of Shakespeare formed an epoch in theatrical annals alike honorable to his own genius and elevating in its influence upon public taste, this testimonial is presented by the lovers of the national drama."

Literature and society have sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Murray, the eminent and estimable publisher. He had been in indifferent health for several months, but the symptoms did not excite alarm in his family till Friday searight; and he died on Tuesday morning the 28th ult.

The opera of Don Pasquale has been produced with great success at the Italian Opera, and a new ballet by Perrot, entitled *Ondine* or *La Nadee*.

The suit of Mr. Gregory, the proprietor of the *Batistat*, against the Duke of Brunswick and others, to recover damages for the injury which the plaintiff had sustained by an alleged conspiracy on the part of the defendants and others to drive him from the stage and ruin him in his profession as an actor, resulted in a verdict for the defendants.

Mlle Rachel has been received at Marseilles with the greatest enthusiasm—with honors unprecedented. A numerous cavalcade was waiting for her at the gates of the city, and in the evening they gave her a serenade under her windows.

The concluding concert of the Philharmonic Society, is to be conducted by Spohr, who is also to perform a concerto on the violin.

The French Government has granted the subventions to the three Royal Theatres, and has also allowed 60,000 francs to the Odéon. The application in favor of Les Italiens has been refused. Nothing has as yet been settled at the Opera regarding the spectacle to be given in honor of Rossini. Adolph Adam was to have undertaken the task of arranging a kind of pasticcio, but he has now declined doing so. "William Tell," with Poulitier, has been given at the Académie Royale, and considering Duprez made always a great hit in the part of *Arséid*, Poulitier succeeded in tolerably well. Rossini's funeral is expected to take place in the middle of July. His opera "Don Sebastian," has been twice rehearsed, also Sacchini's opera, "Gilde et Colonne," which Duprez has chosen for his benefit.

The report of Rossini having brought with him an opera ("Sardanapalus") to be produced at Paris without the slightest foundation; such is the declaration of the *marâtre* himself.

While Fanny Elssler is pursuing her successful career at Brussels, Mons. Leon Pillet, the *directeur* of the Paris Opera, has initiated law proceedings and obtained an attachment against her salary. The *directeur* acts in virtue of the well-known judgment of the Tribunal de Commerce, which has twice pronounced his damages in the action brought against the fair gipsy for non-fulfilment of contract.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY.

BY E. S. P.

Oh! for the Country! with its soft sweet air,
 And meadows green, and wild-flowers blooming there;
 Oh! for the Forest! with its cool retreat,
 When noon-day rages in her fiercest heat;
 Where the deep shade by greenest boughs o'erspread,
 Greets the cool zephyr wandering over head.
 Oh! for the Music! from the insect throng
 With gilded pinion fluttering all day long!
 The wild alga-chorus from the marshy reeds,
 Where the Queen Frog her merry-gathering leads,
 Up to the tribes that mount the sparkling air;
 Each with his own note gushing wild and rare.
 Oh! for the Brook! its white foam whirling round,
 Dancing o'er pebbles with a laughing sound;
 Flashing in sunshine, sleeping in the shade,
 Where the tall trees are stooping to the glade.
 Oh! for the Hills! with wild woods blossoming o'er,
 The green turf spangled to your very door—
 The hollows green! the fountain, cool and sweet;
 Its waters bubbling at your very feet!
 Oh! for the Fields! where children are at play;
 And ripe red strawberries burn along their way!
 Where glossy blackberries cluster in the hedge,
 And fair plump blueberries, on every ledge;
 Then for the apples, golden, rich and ripe,
 Drooping perchance into your very gripe;
 Melons and pears, to hail the Autumn sun,
 And end the work that Summer's breath begun.
 Then hail! O Country! with thy offerings rare,
 Life-spring of health and joy, would I were always there!

Stay! prattler, stay! a single word with thee,
 Thy Country is no paradise for me;
 Groves, hills, and meadows, spreading all around,
 And wondrous flowerets spangling all the ground.
 Sweet-scented all, perhaps—and fair to see,
 But oh! they have no living voice for me!
 No Soul, no Heart, no gentle thrilling tone,
 Where'er you go, you feel yourself alone!
 Trees, flowers, and brooks may weave around your heart
 A binding link, a hallowed spell impart;
 Some gentle tone, or treasured word may be
 Linked with each flower and every waving tree.
 Within each brook, thy dreaming eye may trace
 The beaming features of some long-loved face,
 That once with thee roamed over hill and dale,
 Plucked the wild flowers and breathed the evening gale;
 And the deep forest with its low-toned roar,
 Like the far thunder on the Ocean-shore,
 May wake wild thoughts no city could impart,
 And thrill each tendril of thy leaping heart;
 Yet, if alone, what soul would wish to share
 Perpetual sweetness, with no heart to share?
 Oh! better far the kindred soul and eye,
 The smiling looks where sunshine seems to lie;
 The busy streets and living voices of Man,
 Than the dim grove and hills that breezes fan.
 Mute statues all! and who would live alone,
 With faces round him turning all to stone?
 Life-like and perfect, yet so strangely still,
 That while they hush and soften you, they chill.
 The human soul is most with beauty rife,
 And kindred feelings make the chain of life;
 Burst but those tendrils, and an empty space
 Seems the wide World, though crowned with every grace.
 Earth, Sea and Sky are silent to the soul,
 And the blood stagnates where it longs to roll:

A Desert all! the whole broad country's range,
 Compared with Cities, ever fall of change.
 There nestle there amid God's noblest flowers,
 Earth's myriads *hearts*, nor sigh for wild wood bowers!

INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. J. C. Rives, Blair's partner in the Globe, publishes a long letter in the *Madisonian*, in explanation of something that has been said against him. We find in it the following—a plain story told in a new off-hand *aisee* style:—

"In the Fall of the year 1834, I became connected with the Globe, by purchasing from Francis P. Blair, then its sole editor, and proprietor, one half of the establishment, and he and I have been its sole proprietors ever since. At the time I became connected with the Globe, I was a single man, and as poor a man in a pecuniary point of view, probably, as any editor about here. There's self abasement for those who think that 'money makes the man, and the want of it the fellow'—As soon as I became connected with the Globe I began to pick up, which made me think of other connections. On the 30th of December, 1838, I asked Mary Ann Elliot, the eldest sister of the editor of the *Missouri Standard*, if she would like to be connected with me in the holy state of Matrimony! She answered with less than the usual hesitancy, I suppose from what I heard from others, that she would. Her previous reply in answering the question pleased me. I then asked her to fix the day on which the ceremonies should be solemnized; and she fixed on the 12th day of January, 1839, on which day we were married."

A COGRAGIOUS WOMAN.—Some weeks ago a party of three or four Winnebago Indians attempted to steal a hog from the pen of Mr. Garrison, at Sauk Prairie. Mr. G. was from home. Mrs. G. hearing a disturbance among the pigs, went out when the Indians dropped their coats and confronted the lady who had interrupted their vocations. Mrs. G. ordered them off—but they did not seem disposed to obey a single woman. She then hastened into the house, and the Indians resumed their attempts to supply themselves with pork; but they did not succeed in making a choice before they saw Mrs. G. coming towards them with a double-barrelled gun. "On this hint" they ran—but the lady deemed it improper to wait with her pistols without some real ceremony, and so she discharged one of the barrels at them—and, though "the game were flying," she made a pretty good shot—one of the visitors bearing off a few small favors in the shape of pigeon shot.—*Wisconsin Democrat.*

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—"The love-utterance of the spirit-life is only found in generic forms of speech. The essence of the child-heart is known in unity of desire. Food is the primitive idea. First, milk; which is positive in the mother source. Second, pap; which is comparative and indolent. Third, the subjective of any dental ordeal. In this last genus the exoteric mind vibrates through infinity. Simple bread has oneness of visible properties, but multiplicity of constituents. Horse-cake is dual. Sugar-puffs are orbed. Molasses in hogheads is derivative—through straws."

The village of Warrenton, Miss., about ten miles below Vicksburg, was almost entirely destroyed by fire a few days since. One entire square, comprising the business portion of the town was swept away. The amount of loss is not stated. There was no engine in town and so rapid was the progress of the fire that the explosion of nine kegs of powder in a warehouse gave the first intimation of its existence.

THE PATTERSON RAILROAD has reduced its rate of fare to twenty-five cents. This Road goes out to the Passaic Falls.

MARRIED.

At Boston, July 12, Henry W. Longfellow to Fanny Elizabeth Appleton.
 At Boston, on the 13th inst., Edgar W. Bray to Isabella I. Weeks.
 At Lowell, July 9th, William H. E. Hayes to Sarah L. Andrews.
 At Solon, Me., June 29, Mr. Isaac Foster to Miss Nancy Hillier.
 At Toronto, Canada, July 6, J. Hillyard Cameron to Elizabeth Boutwell.
 At Adamsville, July 5, Duncan Campbell to Miss Louisa Hope.

DIED,

On the 15th inst., of consumption, Richard R. Shoeman, in his 23d year.
 On the 15th inst., Capt. Nicholas Bracken, in his 66th year.
 At Jamaica, L. I. July 15th, James Foster, in his 29d year.
 At Utica, July 14, Mrs. Emma Wright, in her 94th year.
 At Whitesboro, on the 14th inst., Eliza Campbell, aged 99 years.
 On board ship Newark, Peter C. Deane of this city, aged 36 years.
 At Washington City, July 12th, J. H. Ritter, in his 63d year.
 At Charleston, S. C. July 6, Hon. Thom. Lowndes, in his 78th year.
 At Boston, July 11, Nathaniel Emerson, Esq., aged 24 years.
 At Boston on the 7th inst., Elizabeth Blake, daughter of Amos Wood, Jr. aged 10 months.
 At Shirley Village, Mass., June 19, Augustus G. Parker, aged 47 years.
 At Uxbridge, Me., Sarah Whitney, aged 100 years and 6 months.
 On the 15th inst., Phoebe Ann Tiller, aged 9 months and 10 days.
 On Monday, Jacob Butcher Crook, aged 1 year and 6 months.
 On the 17th inst., Bartholomew Reilly, in the 19th year of his age.
WEEKLY REPORT OF INTERMENTS.—In the city and county of New York, from the 1st day of July to the 15th day of July, 1842.—49 Men; 89 Women; 74 Boys; 57 Girls. Total 235.

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jj1

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Rev. Dr. GEORGE FOTTS,
Rev. Dr. G. SPRINGER,
Rev. Dr. SCHROEDER.

jj1 6t

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New York, May 19, 1843.

m27tf

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New-York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Joseph Perkins, late of the City of New-York, engraver, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor to the subscribers, at B. H. Day's residence, No. 75 Duane-street, in the City of New-York, on or before the sixth day of August next. Dated New-York, the twenty-eighth day of January, 1843.

R 6m

E. PERKINS, Administrator.
JENNY H. DAY, Administrator.

Great Improvements IN THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

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JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in highly numbered of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nouvelles tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works.

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Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world. Will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "hunted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annuals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

In our arrangements, our country friends shall not be neglected, and we shall endeavor to give frequently articles on

Agricultural and Horticultural

subjects, which will prove useful and interesting to those of our readers who "turn up the fresh earth."

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A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

Each number of the JONATHAN will also contain an article on MONEY AND TRADE, embracing prices of principal articles of commerce in the New York market, and the state of the financial world, furnished by a gentleman connected with one of the commercial daily papers.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

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Wilson & Company, Publishers. Office 162 Nassau Street, New-York. Price \$3a year.

VOL. V.—NO. 13.

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 211

For the Brother Jonathan.

RUTH ELDER.

BY JOHN KEAT.

(Continued from page 205)

Heaven and Earth!

And so! said her father, turning to me with a troubled countenance— which, to tell the truth I didn't half like, under all the circumstances of the case—be he a large, powerful man, with a broad chest, a gloomy look about the eyes, and a flat like a sledge-hammer—and I not more than half his match—with his daughter in my lap—a stranger—and, for aught he knew, a thoroughbred Yankee pedlar: and so, Mister— what may I call your name, d'ye see?

Thinking it best to be civil, though I didn't much like his way of putting the question, I answered, Page—Rufus Page, at your service.

And so! continued he, handing the brooch to his daughter, and fetching me a snap on the back that almost loosened my teeth—and so! the old granny is dead, hey?

Why, father! cried Ruth, I should be ashamed!

A-shamed of what, child?

O, father! you'll be sorry for this!

S'ry for what, simpleton?

Y'es, father, and before you sleep, too. O, how sorry you will be!

Why, what the plague would the man have! Hadn't I bought the place, and paid for it? and wasn't the trees mine?

But he's dead now, father.

Well, what if he is! Haven't I enough to do, these hard times, and with such a family, without raisin' clover for great lubberly boys and girls to tumble about in—hey?

But he's dead, father, and he died of a broken heart—poor old man! Died of a fiddlestick's-end, sure like! Therer, there, don't go to crying. People of his temper an build are not so easily frightened as all that comes to, I can tell ye! Why, he was one of the healthiest and strongest men in all this part of the country.

And so are you, father.

Well! and what if I am! He was always mor'n a match for me; an when he was o' my age, wouldn't mind tacklin' a gries mill, if his dander was up, an a plenty o' gals about.

Y'es, father—but he's dead now.

Her voice and manner was so touching that her father stopped short and looked at her awhile, as if not quite sure that he understood her meaning, and then he grew thoughtful and gloomy. I turned away, pretending not to hear, till her sobbing reached him, though she did her best to smother it, by hiding her face in my bosom, and hugging me as if I had been her father—when he turned sharply upon her, saying, There, there—that will do—that's enough. Crying won't mend the matter.

I knew it, father, and that's what makes me cry.

Poh, poh—just look o' the heavy grass along the slope there. D you ever see anything like that in this part o' the world, afore I cleared up round here, an got t' d o' that great overhangin' tree you've all been makin such a towse about, hey?

Poor Ruth lifted her head for a minute, and took another peep at the bough, and then fell a crying again, as if her little heart would break.

Cut well on to half a load o' hay round that ere spring, not mor'n a month ago; and now, if the plaguy children don't spile it, we're like to have jest about as much more at the second crop, and that's a good ten dollar's worth; and ten dollars a year, you see's, the valley of s'enamost two hundred dollars—and I should like to see the tree that's worth a quarter o' that money—shouldn't you, Mr. Page?

Thus appealed to, and getting a pinch from Ruth at the same time, I answered—O, sir, I've seen many a tree worth five times two hundred dollars.

What! five times two hundred dollars! Why, that's a—let me see— five times nought's nought—and five times nought's nought, and two to carry. I wish I had my chalk here. How much is it, Ruth?

Just a thousand dollars, father!

Just a thousand dollars—ever see the beat o' that! Ever see anybody quicker at cipherin! Tell you what tis, my friend, if your eyeseth aint cut, you'll find that air gal a pretty tough match for you, afore you're done with her.

Why!—father!—and then she giggled and winked at me, and gave me another pinch.

A thousand dollars for a tree! why it must have been mahogany, or frutick, or sala wood, or some sort o' dye-stuff! A thousand dollars for a tree! That puts me in mind of what old Mr. Roberts told me once, about raising a ship and selling the timber for snuff-boxes; and I've heard tell afore to-day about retelling mahogany dust by the pound, or some sort o' dust, and about selling cabinet woods in sheets not thicker'n a sheet o' paper, for their weight in gold, or thereabouts. Y'es, y'es, I understand you now—but I was a speakin about trees that aint good for nothin.

And I of trees that you would call good for nothing, perhaps, since they are never used for cabinet-work, or building, or firewood. There are many such all over the country, worth more than a thousand dollars apiece to their owners—trees of more value to-day in dollars and cents than the houses they shelter—and others which triple the value of the land they occupy; nay, without which the land itself would be comparatively worthless.

But what on earth are they good for?

Good for! ask the Builder of the skies.

The builder of what?

Here Ruth gave me another bug, and I continued, 'Sir! said I, with un-speakable solemnity—sir! the time is coming when large farms will be good for nothing, b'cause they are stripped of these worthless trees!

the day is not far off when a large, handsome tree will be the making of a whole neighbourhood—a rich inheritance for the careful and thrifty.

By jingo! what d'ye say to that, father! cried Ruth, clapping her hands, and kicking with all her might, and shaking her head at her father, as if she would shake it off.

What do I say to that? why I say that I should be glad to see the man that would give me half that money, or even a quarter—looking sharply at me—or anything like it, for my trees—and I'd throw him in the farm. What d'ye say for a rap, Mr. Page, unsaid, unseen?

I made no reply. The earnestness of the man's look startled me.

As a general thing, now—continued he, in a low, distinct voice—I don't believe in second crops. They're never good for much—stopping about and fixing his eyes upon the children, who were tumbling about in the grass a long way off, and speaking in a tone I never shall forget, I have thought of it a thousand times since—never good for much—never pay for raising.

O, father! father! how can you talk so!—said Ruth, in a sort of earnest whisper, and as if unwilling to have me hear. But I know you don't mean what you say.

But I do mean what I say. A second crop seldom ripens aye, Ruth; and 'taint often worth harvesting anywhere.

No you don't, father! I can see it in your eyes now! It's all make-believe, Mr. Page, and you needn't say 'taint father. Don't I know! That's just the way he used to talk to mother—poor mother! O, if you could have seen her, Mr. Page! There was a woman worth going a thousand miles to look at; wasn't she, father? She was something like!

The father turned away suddenly without speaking, and after a short silence, he stooped and began to fumble about in the damp grass, and among the strawberry blossoms at his feet, as if he had dropped something.

Ruth touched my arm, and pointing to her father, made a sign to me to watch him.

I followed her eyes, and saw that his hands trembled, and the next moment he was muttering to himself and snuffling; and little Ruth jumped about his neck, and he started up as if a young panther had leaped upon him; and while he was trying to disengage her arms, I saw his mouth seek hers, and when he kissed her, he trembled all over, and a large tear was upon her forehead—too large a tear for any woman to shed—altogether too large for a child like her; and then putting her down, and smoothing her hair with his prodigious palms, he called her a simpleton, and told her to mind her own business for the future, and not make such a fool of herself before strangers, and turned and left us—ay, left us, and went away, without once looking behind him—like a man wandering in his sleep.

But we stayed where we were, his daughter and I. The children had crept away one after another. It was near nightfall—and there was no human being in sight—and we were alone together.

A tear fell upon my hand. I started and looked all around me, and then drew her closer to my heart. Was the man a fool? Or did he think me so? He had left his child with my arm about her waist—Had he flung her off? Had he forsaken her? or had he given her to me for a trial of my strength? I was to find her more than my match, hey! We shall see thought I. If the father has gone off counting upon that—we shall see! And then I stooped and tried to look into her eyes—her large, clear, innocent eyes—in the delicious stillness that followed, forgetful of everything and everybody—forgetful alike of her age and of my own—and then, instead of seeing them droop abashed at my gaze, I found them fixed upon her father and following him, step by step over the next hill.

And then I drew her nearer to me—yet nearer—and set my lips to her forehead, like a seal, reverentially and passionately, expecting her to tremble or resist; but she did neither. And then, again—after waiting, I dare not say how long, to see if her father would look up, or turn his head once more, and finding that he did not, I stooped and was about to set my lips to hers, with a feeling I have been ashamed of since, and very sorry for, when she whispered something I did not well understand at the time, though I did afterwards, and made a sign to me, without speaking, to sit down with her upon the sloping turf.

No, said I—no, my dear child—you would get your death of cold. And saying this, I betook myself to the stump and drew her into my lap once more, and in such a way that her left arm happened to fall upon my

shoulder. And again I looked into her eyes—they were untroubled and clear; and her breathing was that of a little child. And when I whispered to her, I hardly knew what—for I was scarcely conscious, and her behaviour puzzled me beyond anything I had ever met with in all my life. She did not appear to understand me. Her color came and went, to be sure—but it came and went in coldness and purity, like sunset over water lilies, and I felt rebuked and ashamed—yet none the better for the tremendous trial I was preparing for myself.

At last she turned to me and smiled; and pointing to her father who was a long way off, and just disappearing over the furthestmost undulation, whispered, hush, hush! not a word a-re!

I took the hint and waited. Her little, soft, plump hands were clasped together in mine—I could feel them beating at every breath she drew. Her cheek almost touched mine, and her low breathing was like the murmur of a sea-shell in my ear. Suddenly she started to her feet and her whole countenance lighted up. Her father had vanished! and we were indeed alone—altogether alone with the cool pleasant shadow of a summer night settling upon us like a transparent drapery.

I thought so! she cried, I thought so! and then she put up her mouth and kissed me—without waiting for me to kiss her—I'll be hanged if she didn't!—and pointing to the woods and starting off at full speed, she called upon me to follow, follow!

Was the creature mad? Was she, in sober truth, what everybody called her—a simpleton; or had I indeed met with my match, as her father promised me I should? I knew not, nor did I much care. But having since gathered her to my heart, with all my strength, child though she was, I felt sure that we should become better acquainted; and so I followed her—I knew not whither.

She ran fast, and I had some difficulty in keeping up with her. There was no path, and we were already upon the edge of the wood—the darkest and thickest part of the wood, it seemed to me, when she slackened her pace for me to come up with her, and laying her finger upon her lip, darted off among the large pine trees like a shadow, and there stopped until I was at her side again.

Hush, hush! not a word above your breath! said she. If you are a man, the man I take you to be, you'll thank me the longest day you have to live. Yes, yes—there—you may take my hand, if you will—we are almost there now. Walk softly—hush—hush—I wouldn't have anybody hear us! And I wouldn't have you disappointed for the world.

Disappointed!—what could the little jade mean! I have often thought of the word since.

There—there!—hush—don't breathe, for your life.

And saying this, we left the wood—she took my hand between both of hers, and leading me two or three steps forward, whispered—There, now! what did I tell ye! Aint that wood going a thousand miles to see!

I shuddered. A strange chill came over me. In the dreary dimness I saw two shadows, like tombstones, moving. We were upon the brink of a graveyard—upon the very threshold of another world.

Merciful Heaven! I cried—why have you brought me here!

Here! why that's my mother's grave you see there!—the woman I was telling you of; and that's my father you see standing over it, with his hat off—dear father!—I knew we should find him here. He never goes to bed now, without coming to bid mother good night.

And who in the name of God are you!—and what are you? I am completely bewildered!

!—O, I'm only Ruth—poor little Ruth—the only child of the woman that sleeps there.

I covered my face: and the next moment I was alone. The child and the father had vanished. And there was I looking upon the grave—I! with my mind in a tumult, standing by the death-bed, as I hope for mercy! of that child's mother. Do you wonder that I felt afraid—that a chill, like that of the chamber of death, struck to my very heart—are you amazed to hear that I staggered away toward the loneliest part of the wood—or that I wandered about until I had lost myself!

How I found my way back to the house I never knew, but when I passed the window and looked in, I saw the grandmother reading the Bible—a large, handsome woman, with the youngest child in her lap—the father sitting moodily apart, and poor little Ruth asleep on a wooden settle behind her grandmother's chair. What change my appearance had undergone, I knew not—but when I opened the door, they all started up, and Ruth screamed as if she saw a ghost.

The grandmother made a sign to me to be seated—two of the larger girls began whispering together, but were instantly silenced by a look—and after the chapter was through, and everybody had drawn a long breath, I was greeted with great kindness by all, and the dear old grandmother, pushing up her spectacles at me, insisted on my being looked upon as a particular friend of the family, for the sake of old Si Page; while her daughter-in-law—the second wife—took an opportunity of saying that they had sent after me to the burying-ground; that my horse had fallen lame, and refused to eat, and she was very sorry, but there was no help for it, as Nathan had done his best.

Sorry, mother! said her husband—I started to hear him call her mother, but afterwards learned that such had always been his habit, as if to distinguish her from his first wife—Sorry, mother!—why, don't you see, Mr. Page'll have to put up with us only so much the longer for that!

And so be will, I declare!

Oh, I am so glad!—whispered Ruth.

Glad, Ruthy! said Nathan, (the hired man, who had just got back from the search)—glad the stranger's oblige to stay here all night, hey! I thought as much—ho, ho!—after what I see by the spring—ha, ha!

I believe in my heart I blushed—but as for Ruthy, she only looked up and laughed; and then kissing her grandmother, and little Nabby and Josh, and bidding her mother-in-law good night, she sprang into her father's lap, and throwing her arms round his neck, whispered just loud enough for me to hear—*now, don't you sorry, father!*

The father nodded, and wiped his eyes with his fingers; and then turning to me, she cried—what did I tell you, Mr. Page!—and then she jumped about my neck, and kissed me—by my faith, she did!—and her father smiled, and her grandmother laughed—and her mother-in-law cried, for shame, Ruth!—and the girls giggled and pointed at her—and then we all went to bed, and the house was still as death, and I saw her no more till next morning—if you'll believe me.

For the Brother Jonathan.

Lines to LAIDA.

By C. DONALD SUTCLIFF.

"The love born of sorrow like sorrow is true."—MOORE.

Oh, never in my wildest hour

With Passion's seal on heart and brow—

Did I so own thy matchless power,

Or love thee half so well as now.

I bless thee that thou didst not lend

An ear to my young mad desire;

I bless thee that I could not bend

Thy gentle spirit to my fire.

For then I had not known the spell

Thou hast, to fill my soul with truth.

Then absence had not taught so well,

Nor knowledge calmed the heat of youth.

Now—when withdrawn from all apart—

With vividness go time can dull,

Thy face looks is upon my heart,

Pure, holy, calm and beautiful.

This do I owe to thee—that prone

Are Passion and young Folly buried;

That arms of Knowledge are girt on,

And I can battle with the world.

And though we never more may meet;

Or meet as strangers; and may be

Naught to each other; yet, 'tis sweet

To think I owe it all to thee.

Now I can meet thee, nor shall pride

Gloom on my brow, nor vain regret.

Can see thee as another's bride—

But no! not that—not that! 'e'en yet.

For never in my wildest hour,

With passion's seal on soul and brow;

Did I so own thy matchless power,

Or love thee half so well as now!

New York, 1843.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.]

MRS. FARNHAM'S REPLY TO JOHN NEAL, ESQ.

Sir—I have read your very pleasant epistle in the *Brother Jonathan* of July 15th, and in replying to it, beg leave to adopt the some easy style of address which you have chosen.

I pass over all that is said in reply to my answer to the question—"What is liberty?" as briefly as possible. I have not the time to write, nor I fear, will the public have patience to read all that might be said in clearing the several points with which you have surrounded it.

You refer to the Revolutionary fathers to prove "that people are free (whether men or women) only just so far as they are *allowed to govern themselves*;" in other words, to make, expound and execute their own laws." I deny that the noble Fathers of the Revolution taught any such thing—in the sense which you use this doctrine! If you mean that women are a *part of the people* as enumerated in a census, or as those who inhabit our towns and cities, who are to be clothed and taken care of when sick, or destitute, or buried when dead, I agree with you. But you mean that women were considered a *part of the people* in the sense that they, (the people of these colonies,) rebelled against the authority of Great Britain; in the sense that they unrolled their banner, and, defying oppression, pledged their *lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors* to defend it! in the sense in which they poured out their blood at Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown, and finally devised a government to secure the happiness of all who live under it—I deny that these noble men were guilty of any such folly.

They never considered women as a part of the people to do these things—they never said that any people were not free except so far as the women with the men, made and executed their own laws—they never fought to secure to the women of America any such privilege, and I hold this charge a libel on the good sense of our Revolutionary Fathers.

In reply to my assertion, that "liberty is of as many different kinds as there are differently constituted species (and I should have added *sexes*) to enjoy it"—you say, "If by species, you mean other than those belonging to the genus man, granted; but if you mean that liberty for women ought to be or is in the nature of things, any other or different from what we call liberty in man, then I deny it. God himself does not so teach. Women are answerable as men are. And accountability is everywhere and always with Him exactly coextensive with freedom."—You will find woman's equal accountability asserted in my reply to your Lecture, and if not in so many words, I have by implication, insisted that it is commensurate with her freedom. But I have yet to learn that to be equally responsible as a moral agent, she must be accountable for the exercise of the *aimed* powers for which men is responsible!

You ask me if I have well considered the assertion, that what would be liberty to one would be slavery to another. Yes, sir; and by a reference to the actual constitution and duties of the two sexes, from the beginning of time, am prepared to maintain it.

One admission which you make, I rejoice to find, viz: that a law of our being, impressed upon us by Deity, is *therefore* calculated to make us happy. Let us see to what this admission leads. If obedience to these laws be calculated to secure our happiness, the privilege to obey all of them is the largest liberty which any order, class, or sex can enjoy, and consequently the right to obey the laws of another order, class, or sex, can be no privilege nor the remotest shadow of one, but the most absurd gift conceivable.

Man was made with a certain description of physical and mental endowments of action, adapted *perfectly* in the first instance, to the sphere of duties, rights and obligations for which he was designed. Woman was created with physical and mental capabilities different from those of man, but equally adapted to the sphere for which she was intended.—And undoubtedly the liberty of each is equally large with that of the other, when each is permitted to obey these distinct and peculiar laws of physical and mental economy which calls them to different duties and responsibilities.

You say much of the *inferiority* which I have assumed of woman.—You misapprehend me—I acknowledge no inferiority. Such an idea is, I believe, somewhat prevalent among the unthinking, but forms no part of the opinion I am defending. A *difference* I have assumed, but this does not necessarily imply inferiority.

But you ask—"Do you mean to argue seriously that the nature of

man differs from the nature of woman as the nature of the eagle does from that of the robin?" Certainly I do, in a sense which you undoubtedly well understood when you wrote this query. As the robin's nature seeks retirement from the tempests and violence of the elements—and from the rude and cold heights of the aerial world—among the branches and protecting nooks and pleasures of the vale—so does woman seek, and so has woman from the beginning of ages, by the impulses of her nature, sought the quiet walls of a home, and the pleasures of its ennobling, refining, and virtue-giving duties: and she has never been known in any age or nation to exhibit a different nature, or to indulge in different notions of the true sources of her happiness and duties, unless forced to do so by the exercise of *your accident*—I beg your pardon, *accident*—of superior strength in the other sex. You, sir, undoubtedly felt the force and appositeness of the other part of the simile, but the weakness of your cause has hooded itself under a most ingenious and well-timed fog of special pleading, to evade the force of a great law of creation, and requires to be noticed. Allow me to do it in the form of questions. Do you not, sir, perceive in the physical capacities of man his superior muscular powers,—his action on the lofty and obtruding obstacles to agriculture and civilisation,—the boldness and strength of the eagle contrasted well with the modest songster of the orchard—the chosen type of woman? I will not wrong your understanding by supposing that you do not.

But you say—"force the eagle, or man, or woman to do anything against his or her will, (you should have said, the laws of being) and you deprive them of happiness and liberty together;" and then follow some benevolent disclaimers of any intention or wish to force woman to the exercise of any rights which she does not choose to exercise; and a demand for liberty that she may be man when she pleases, woman when she pleases, and, for aught I knew, anything else. Now, since the liberty is as impossible among human beings as that we should scale the empyrean while we inhabit the house of clay, this seems almost trifling with the subject. You would not *compel* woman to do anything, not even to make bread for her children, if she prefer at the time to attend a political caucus—you would give her the *right* to do everything.

The subordination of the race to the law of its interest and duties would receive a strange impulse from such a state of things. Hitherto both sexes, of all orders, have lived under a willing necessity of remaining what they were created. To the extent of structure and primary endowments, either mental or physical, existence has been a fatality. The wild lion of the desert cannot transform himself into the peaceful tenant of our fields—the eagle cannot become a rebbin, nor the wolf a lamb. Nor can man transform himself into a woman.

But if your theory prevail, she will escape the operation of this universal law. She will have liberty to be true to her sex, and the original constitution of her being, when she chooses; but when circumstance, or morbid passions, or perverted understanding, leads her to seek another sphere of being, she shall not be prevented. Nay, this is the very liberty which our Revolutionary fathers battled and died for, according to your doctrine.

Allow me to say that for nearly a page of what follows here, you either misapprehend, or deliberately misrepresent, my argument. My distinction between the duties and obligations of woman, and the duties and obligations of man, is founded on the *original difference of structure—a difference stamped by Deity, and inflexible as the stars of Heaven*—not on the paltry and random differences which health, habits, hereditary gifts, &c., may make between individuals of different sexes. It matters not though, of two persons, a man and a woman, the difference of size and strength preponderate entirely in her favour—though she be *ten feet high*, and otherwise proportionally endowed, and the man a pigmy—he is a woman still, and he a man; and her natural duties and rights are those of a woman, and his duties and obligations remain the same of a man.

You talk much, sir, of the fact that large numbers of men enjoy all the rights which you ask for females, without the corresponding obligations—being excused from serving on juries, doing military service, &c., from ill health, old age, or bodily infirmities; and you reason hence that woman might enjoy all the rights that men have—be eligible to office, and have the power to make, expound, and execute the laws by which she is governed, without incurring any of the obligations connected with

the exercise of them: *because she need not exercise these rights unless she choose!*

Am I mistaken? Is this the absurdity which it appears on paper? or is there some delicate thread of thought which I have not yet discovered, that makes good sense of it? As I have no other means of ascertaining than your own language, I am compelled to adopt its obvious meaning. To what end could rights be conferred on any being, except the corresponding and necessary obligations accompanied them? Can there be a right without a duty and an obligation? Is not this supposition a nullity? Is not the offer of such privileges an ostracism of common reason?

You specify the freedom from obligation to serve on juries, and to do military duty, which the quakers and some other persons enjoy, as evidence that all the rights which you claim for woman are enjoyed by some of our citizens, without the responsibilities which are objected to as unsuited to her. But is this fair? Are these obligations which you specify all or a tithes of the obligations which rest upon men? Besides, these disabilities may be removed from men; but you cannot change the constitution or the nature of woman.

And why are these people exempted? Some because ill health or bodily infirmities render them unable to perform these duties—and the law of necessity is humanely recognised with us as superior to any other. Others biding the performance of them morally wrong, and prejudicial to their own and the general interests, are excused, *because there are others to hold them!* But does this privilege remove in fact from them the responsibilities of men? No! if the general well suffer through their refusal to perform the obligations which are only commensurate with their rights, can they escape the condemnation which must always follow a failure to perform duty? By no means, sir, unless some fortunate discoverer of a new principle in ethics will draw the thorn of responsibility from the crown of liberty, and have us to revel in the largest freedom without accounting for our use of it.

But what is there in this splendid proposition to confer rights for which nature has given no capacity of enjoyment?

You talk of "a woman breaking her neck from a three story window" if she be prohibited from going out doors in an easier manner. This may be true, but in this case she is prohibited the exercise of a right with which God endowed her, and therefore, one which she has the capacity to enjoy. But prohibit a woman from becoming President of the United States, Governor of a State, a Commodore in our Navy, or a Major of Militia, I will pledge my word that she will break neither her head nor her heart about it.

You ask with an earnest entreaty for my attention, "what would be the consequence supposing the quakers, and men who from ill health, age, bodily infirmity, are excused from the obligations of Jury service, and military duty, were to be suddenly disfranchised? forbidden to hold property—taxed without their own consent? And you answer the question as I would, but with more poetical eloquence. You say it would be replied to "by the trumpet-blast and the cannon roar! banners and cities blazing, and garments rolled in blood!"

Precisely this answer, would men return to such propositions, and what would it prove? That men who shrink from action and responsibility, when no rights are at stake, or when these are others to defend them, will, when they are endangered, obey the instinct of defence to the last drop of blood, and the last gasp of life—an instinct as deathless and universal in man, as his hope of a future. Such an answer and such acts would prove man true to himself; that however wrong or right the institutions of society might be—however they might be infused obedience by the mistaken or the deluded, in times of exigency and peril, to what the human heart most prizes on earth—liberty, he has no choice of paths. Duty and obligation lie where rights are to be defended.

But if man would reply thus promptly by what would *compel* his oppressor into a cessation of his rights, and woman is equally entitled to these rights, why has she not answered long ago, "by the trumpet's blast, and the cannon roar!" by "banners, and cities blazing, and garments rolled in blood!" Simply because these are not *her* rights, and she has therefore no capacity or desire to defend them. From the beginning of time woman has lived without the exercise of these rights. Millions upon millions have sprung to life, and gone to their graves without them. Empires have risen and sunk, and nations burst into being and gone to decay, and man has left his bones to bleach upon the shores of every continent under the sun, and his blood to fertilise every acre that

he has trod—a lasting and fearful declaration that he will not suffer these, his rights, to be wrested from him—while woman denied, not a few only, but all that you claim for her, has never rebelled; has never declared by “the trumpet peal or the cannon roar,” her sense of wrong, nor ever dreamed that her happiness would be increased by granting her these rights. The declaration of rights with which you quarrel, is for woman in her natural primitive condition, not in the artificial one to which the miserable expedients and multiplied wrongs of society have reduced both sexes. That every individual of ours, as well as of the less valuable species, is designed by nature to contribute to the continuation of its kind, cannot be doubted. As a philosophical truth it needs no proof, and is worthy of graver treatment than it has received at your hands.

Besides, it is true now of an infinitely greater proportion of women than *Our Fathers*’ declaration of rights was of men. And because by a false state of society a few are thrown without its pale, shall we therefore, overlap all boundaries, and say that for these hundred thousand, or these ten thousand, or whatever they may be, the whole of womankind shall be made to forsake (neminem) for there is to be no compulsory practice under this new theory, the true position and duties of woman, and to say, “because these sisters of ours unfortunately cannot, or do not, discharge all the duties of woman, therefore let them and us have the right to discharge the duties of man if we please? Throw such subterfuge to the winds! all the arduous and solemn duties of the maternal office and its necessary precedents and dependents are entirely sufficient to employ every physical and moral energy with which woman is endowed; these endowments are not only in degree, but in character precisely adapted to these duties, and unsuited to those of man.

Besides, it is exceedingly doubtful if our single sisters for whom you claim these rights, would return any gratitude for the effort; few of them would feel inclined to accept political or any other rights of men as an equivalent for the chance which until death remains to every one, of exercising more natural and therefore congenial duties. Unmarried females are not less likely to be endowed with common sense and that perception of fitness which has kept and forever will keep woman from the exercise of those rights—merely because they are unmarried.

Nor will they, I fear, feel complimented at my proposal to provide a *dernier resort*, by accepting which they shall confess themselves no longer candidates for the office which every woman ought to seek.

But how can it be said of Christianity, that “it has not narrowed by one hair’s breadth the difference between the privileges of men and the privileges of women?”

You cannot shut up your wife or daughter as the Chinese do, or veil them as the Mohammedans do, and inflict the penalty if they show their faces. You cannot bar women of her children at your pleasure, without an inquiry into her own or your fitness to have them in charge. You cannot forsake her at anytime when your caprice leads you, without providing for her maintenance. I might go on to enumerate the abuses from which Christianity has exempted woman, but these must suffice.

You confess that it “has forbidden the widow to lay her trembling body on the smoking pile,” but ask, who heeds the prohibition? Thousands and tens of thousands, millions all over the world, heed this and similar prohibitions, who but for Christianity, would to this day have been hewing down to the blind idolatries and cruel sacrifices which Paganism every where compels the weak and defenceless to submit to! It is impossible that a great moral truth could be promulgated and working in the popular mind for two thousand years, without producing an approach toward justice and righteousness! What is Christianity good for, what is any truth worth to man, except as it leads him to abandon wrong and brings him nearer to where, alone he can be happy?

To distinguish between what Christianity has done and what it *owes to do*, is to leave principle and descend to detail—and detail too, which does not seem to aid the original inquiry. It cannot be known how many women in Hindoostan and other Pagan countries have heeded its prohibitions, or what number of men heeding them, have emancipated their women from the revolting sacrifices which they have demanded without them. The prohibitions of Christianity cannot be heeded to the securing of any one’s rights, till they are known, and those who are acquainted with the vast amount of labor that has been expended to make them known, and the success that has attended it, will not ask in the cold tone of ungrateful sarcasm, “who heeds them?”

The answer to the questions (which certainly were put in good faith,) “Ought woman to have any rights but such as harmonize with those of man?” “Can she have any such?” “Could they be necessary to her happiness?” is certainly very ingenious, and reminds one of the rule given by the Irish school-master to his pupils, “When you come to a word you can’t spell, call it Latin and spell the next.” It is true that “every thing depends upon what is meant by *harmonizing*.” But there can be no difficulty in this; it is not a word of great latitude or variety of application; so there can be little room for dispute about it. Harmony under the natural law, (and this is the harmony we are inquiring about,) is enjoyed only so far as each individual lives in the exercise of his natural rights, and this is interrupted between man and woman as often and to the extent that either is denied the exercise of these rights.

In the paper to which you reply, it was freely admitted, that man denies woman some of her natural rights; but it is also true that she trenches as deeply on his, as her power will permit, and that he with all the law-making power in his hands, lives in but the partial exercise of his own rights. It cannot be necessary to repeat what was there shown that without ever casting a vote, holding an office, or saying aye or no on a legislative enactment, woman approaches to a perfect enjoyment of her rights as fast as man secures his.

It should have been seriously and honestly admitted, that harmony between the male and female branches of the human family does not consist either in the power or right to do the same acts, and that the rights of each are indicated by the natural and necessary duties; that the necessary duties of each must forever harmonize with those of the other; that one sex cannot possess a right or duty physical, moral or intellectual, which the laws of the physical, moral or intellectual creation have appropriated to the other. The most certain method of depriving either sex of the rights they are capable of enjoying, of subjecting them to unrequited slavery and misery, and of destroying all harmony between them, is to disturb the laws of nature, and leave each at the mercy of impulse to drift without compass or star across the other’s track.

Let these questions be repeated and re-written in every line of this discussion; and if there be any force and utility in that great rule of the fitness of things which—from the violet to the oak, from the glow worm to the sun, from the dew drop to the ocean—assigns each and every existing thing a harmonious and peculiar place in the economy of Nature, the duties and consequently the rights of the two sexes are different; and in this difference are the very elements of their harmony.

You “inquire why in defending the men I assail the women?” This question is put with much ingenuity and shrewdness of design.

The object apparently is to turn the attention of the reader from the important fact which I have stated, viz: that in these states men are held in bondage by the extravagance of the women—toiling to the ruin of health—and the destruction of every rational source of happiness, to support style and idleness. The fact was mentioned in proof of the great power which women hold in the social relations of life, and demonstrates so far as a generally prevailing fact can establish anything, the error of supposing that woman’s liberty and happiness need to be enlarged in this country by granting to her political privileges, military privileges, &c., when she already holds a despot’s scepter over the misery or blessedness of the whole people. Why not meet this matter also, with fairness? Why cast it from you with the remark that, if the husband, brother and sons allow such a state of things, “they are fools,”—that the women are not idle—but are employed in making their families wretched, because their husbands will not allow them to shoulder muskets, and make laws with themselves, it being ungenial to them to be idle. The reader will decide if I have any where presented as degrading a picture of female character. Woman—a true woman, desires no such privileges, she only needs to be encouraged to understand her natural duties, the use of the holy influences of her virtues, and the power of her loveliness as the daughter, the sister, the mother—and the close communion of her handy work with that of heaven, and she will prove herself worthy the high position which her Maker has assigned her.

You say much is admitted in the acknowledgment that woman suffers by “bad legislation,” by “being insufficiently protected in her property rights”—that “she is a nonentity in the eyes of the law,” “that she may be stripped of a livelihood possessed before marriage in her own right.”

and that "men are responsible for these evils." Yes, I grant, much evil which should be remedied—which is being remedied, as you yourself admit in France and in some of these states. But even this partial reformation has not been produced by woman at the polls—in military cap and epaulettes—by harangues on the stump or the form of legislation, or by the mere grant of a right to be booted and spurred, and the privilege of rocking their infants in the halls of justice, without exercising these rights. The voice of woman has come up to the places of manly eloquence and noble moral daring, from the cradles of her children, from the sacred quiet of the hearthstone, from the holy shrines which witness the devotion of the wife and mother, and their sons and husbands have heard it, and acted like men. The prevailing error of your whole proposition and argument appears in this admission. The means you propose to remedy a few evils surrounded by an ocean of good, would exhaust that ocean and multiply the evils. In other words your means would produce greater evils than those you propose to remedy; you would put women in rebellion against a large majority of the laws of her being, in order to destroy a few evils, which, by your own admission, are being removed by her action on society, in what I contend to be her natural sphere.

The argument in reference to difference of stature, is utterly misapprehended or misrepresented. In the article to which you reply, the right to govern was nowhere asserted to reside in any number of feet and inches of flesh and bone, but in man—and not in him to an extent which would limit obedience to the laws of natural duty. The whole of what you assume, therefore, about men six feet high, and Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, and the sappers, and miners, and gladiators, and Mons. Paul, and Freeman the American giant, I pass over without comment. If any answer be due, it does not belong to this discussion. The point at issue is whether women shall share the right of government with men—whether men six or eight feet high, shall share it with those of diminutive stature! Men are men, whether six or four feet high; but neither large nor small women have heretofore been considered men. It seemed necessary to thrust this out of sight, in your paper, the essential fact of difference of stature, whether large or small, and bring forward this long array of humor, pleasantry and eloquence, about a matter foreign to that under discussion in order to avert the attention. It is a well-known physiological fact, that if the nervous stimulus in the female form be diverted from its chief offices, and expended on those which are secondary and subsidiary, the laws of her existence, and the direful penalties must fall on the integrity of her existence, and the accomplishment of her appointed functions. As well may the soul worship God and mammon, as the body and mind of either sex attempt the duties of both without evil consequences. You find it necessary to pass over this principle in physics and morals, on which so much of this issue depends, and hang the success of your theory upon a mere witicism, pleasant of itself, but somewhat out of place in a grave discussion.

God has made woman for one set of duties—man for another; distinct duties, but of equal dignity.

As to ladies taking charge "of the quiet, modest and proper duties of a public bureau under the management of women," there can be no objection whatever. There are many employments now monopolized by man admirably adapted to females, which every true and enlightened man would rejoice to see thrown open to the anxious and suffering hearts, and hands of her sex. In this matter we have no dispute, nor can I consent to receive as my due, the very grave and earnest lecture, which opens with "madam! men and women work together, &c." because I coincide perfectly with the view you take of the propriety of the two sexes associating every where, when enjoyments or occupations proper to both offer occasion. One might suppose from the solemnities of this reprimand, that I had a prudish horror of *mere propriety*, and therefore would exclude women from halls of legislation, court rooms, &c. On the contrary, women have duties to discharge in these places! I should rejoice to see them there, as much as in the parlor or nursery, and I prize equally with yourself, the advantages resulting from an intimate association of the sexes, not only in private but in public, wherever women have proper duties to perform.

But you ask "why expound to women the mysteries of government if it does not concern them, nor trench upon their happiness?" A volume might answer this question—a paragraph or a chapter can only indicate the character of the answer.

It is no part of my doctrine that "government" does not concern women, nor trench upon their happiness. If any one entertain this opinion, it is no business of mine to defend it. Government does concern women deeply, and trench upon their happiness too, but this is not the sole reason "why its mysteries should be expounded to them." Why should the geologist understand how a continent is made? He never expects to construct one; or the astronomer how a planet moves? He never thinks to project one into space. I could mention some noble uses to which woman could put this knowledge—without ever exhibiting herself as a politician or office-holder; but it is not necessary, and I have neither time nor space.

In the passage which follows this, in reply to the inquiry "whether it is rational to suppose that the Creator has added to woman's peculiar functions with her weaker frame, the same tasks for which he calls on the stronger frame of man untaxed by any of these?" there is a display of ingenuity, mirth and irony which would alone sustain the high reputation of its author.

But two elements of the foregoing argument are lost sight of in it, and it does not therefore tell so effectually on the discussion as on the ribilities of the reader. If the frailest and least healthy looking men ever assume those peculiar duties of women alluded to in this passage, it is a fact entirely new in Zoology, and one which cannot too soon be brought before the scientific world! If they do, there would be the greatest mercy and propriety in offering them the escape which you have proposed from their present duties as Lords of Creation!

But again! it is very doubtful whether the most benevolent man could persuade his neighbors that their interests are as identical as those which unite him and the household circle at his fire side. Men are often sorely afflicted with a species of incredulity, which prevents their seeing this view of the question; though very few will hesitate to confess that their happiness is so identical with that of their wives, their daughters, their sisters, their mothers, that to provide for the one, is to secure the other.

One of the last points which your paper touches is the fact that women are taxed under laws which they neither make nor execute. From this you infer that women in order to be free should be permitted to vote, legislate, &c. And since they are not permitted to do these acts, they are not free, but slaves. In my first reply, I stated that no injustice could be done to woman in this country, by this state of things, where the law-makers, the men, tax their own property, in the same ratio that they do the property of women. And you have not produced a case, in this or any other land, in which an opposite course has been attempted. Until we learn that man has somewhere become so abandoned as to tax the property of women more than he does his own, no actual injury to her property rights is likely to accrue from her deprivation of civil rights. But this does not satisfy your notions of freedom. You would have woman at liberty to do all those things for herself, which it is the natural duty of the other sex to perform for her,—protection, sustenance, home, while she is employed in those other duties peculiar to her nature, which I have more fully mentioned above. You do not seem to perceive this distinction, and the countervailing force it has on the question under discussion, the division of labours and responsibilities of life between the sexes. The appropriate part of each is unerringly learned from the direction given to their energies by the nature of their physical structure and their unavoidable and paramount duties.

But this is not sufficient, and we are told that our Revolutionary Fathers were of opinion that women should make their own laws, and tax themselves! This was not the opinion of Washington, Franklin or any other sage of the Revolution, at least not those propounded in their writings. The question from which the Revolutionary war arose was whether the property of American subjects should be taxed by the British Parliament without a representation of American men, not American women.

Who, in those trying times of more than mortal thought, of more than human justice, when the strong arm was levelling the institutions of ages, cutting away the pall of tyranny from the bier of Freedom, and eliminating one by one every shred of sinew and nerve of the prostrate form, found the doctrines sought to be established in this lecture and this epistle? Women legislate!—women perform the civil duties of the other sex! Our Fathers battled for this; our Fathers taught this! Can any one so misapprehend the great and mighty dead?

A second time it is urged, that the law classes woman with infants,

idiots and lunatics. In some things—far from it in others—it has been confessed that the law wrongs woman; but the principal sense in which it classes her with those, disqualifying her from the exercise of political rights, from eligibility to office, &c. is not in itself a wrong. The classification does not look well, it must be confessed, on paper, especially when italicized. But these same infants are often highly respectable company; such names as Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun and others, for the first twenty-one years, eleven months and twenty-nine days of their lives. It is not so deeply insulting as it appears in the flash of sarcasm which you have flung about it; but there is a difference which must be acknowledged. These male infants will pass from infancy to the full exercise of the rights of man—woman never can. To ascertain then the extent of the wrong that is done her, we must see how far she is reduced to the condition of *infants, idiots and lunatics.* Unmarried she can always hold property in her own right, and sell or divide it, sue and be sued, and transact all business that man can. Idiots and lunatics have no such privileges. Unmarried or married she is liable for personal wrongs, unless committed under compulsion by her husband—*idiots and lunatics* are not. Unmarried she has all the civil rights which men exercise, except those of voting, legislating, holding office, and others of a like kind; *idiots and lunatics* have none; and even in forming the marriage contract she has a right to decide whether her husband shall control her property or not. Married she has all those rights over her own property if she do not choose to entrust it to her husband. The law does therefore repose a little more confidence in her capacity, than it does in that of the *idiots of our hospitals and nurseries!*

Thus I have followed you, Sir, in the devious track of your elaborate reply to my first paper. I may not have succeeded in laying over this exceedingly interesting question the strong lines of illustration which its importance demands, and which more extended reflection might have enabled me to do; but I feel confident that I have touched on truths opposed to your views, which will remain forever as the indestructible laws of our being; and tend to convince even you, Sir, that before you can establish woman's right to elect and hold all and any of the offices of Government, and perform all the duties of men, you must prove—

First—That she can perform all those duties which in the necessity of things she alone can perform, and have time to help man do those acts which he has abundant ability and time to perform.

Second—If he can show sufficient time to do this, then he must make it appear that her physical and mental capabilities are adapted to the performance of this work of Government in all its parts, and that in these respects she is so far superior to man—that she was designed and is able to perform not only her own peculiar duties, but a part of his.

Third—If you are unable to show that there is neither time nor capacity in woman to do these things, you must then find some law in physics or morals or religion by which she has moral and natural right to do what she cannot perform.

Fourth—As you have proved none of these things, I have only to say that you have failed to convince me that woman was ever made for the performance of political duties, or that she either has, or ought to have, political rights. That which a mortal, whether man or woman, cannot do without warring with the primary and leading laws of creation—no mortal, whether man or woman, can have any right or permission from God or man to do.

After all, the whole force of your argument, and all this brilliancy of eloquence, has been exhausted in an effort to prove that a cation of wise law-makers should meet in council and decide with grave and solemn deliberation, that women should be permitted to do that which nature has rendered both improper and impossible—that which you have not pretended to insist is either her duty or desire, and which would result in the entire disorganization of society.

Now permit me to add, with that admiration and respect for your abilities which so many express in common with myself, that I regret deeply and from my whole heart, that powers like yours should be devoted to a theory which I solemnly believe is calculated to work a fatal and pernicious influence on the sex it professes to defend.

When I look about for the female proselytes and advocates of these doctrines, that have from time to time stood with brazen front, unsealing themselves in the very face of public opinion, the danger has seemed but slight. Their first steps toward the goal to which you would encourage them, have trampled down the modesty of the sex, and by their unfer-

nine acts they have lost all influence either on men or women. A few females led on by a thirst for notoriety, and it is sometimes to be feared, by motives still more reprehensible—may always be found ready to plunge headlong into anything which promises to bring them before the public; but there is little danger that beings so unsexed can retain the power to do much harm. But when a leading mind among men steps forth to encourage this unnatural treason to our womanhood, there would be cause for alarm, but for that faith which may be placed in the good sense of that portion of the sex worthy the name of women, which will enable them to resist fallacies, even when worn ingeniously with a tissue of poetry, and disguised in eloquence such as you have flung around a doctrine hideous and repulsive as the skeleton, which is but a skeleton though shrouded by a pall of crimson and gold. I am happy to say that this discussion has but the more firmly established my faith in the fitness of these relations now existing between the sexes—my belief in their distinct duties and distinct capacities for performing those duties. I am not convinced that you are right, and never can be until my judgment, heart, and taste can be perverted, and my sense of woman's dignity utterly destroyed.

That you may have the advantage of me in brilliancy of language and lawyer-like sophistry, I am ready to admit; but that you have in truth, I respectfully deny, since the Creator himself has supplied me with all the argument that I have been capable of using. Believe me, Sir, it has been from no love of display, or thirst for disputation, that I have ventured to reply to your papers—I have written from a solemn sense of duty to the sex,—from a desire to refute a dangerous doctrine, which, if uncontroverted, might mislead the ignorant and ambitious of that sex to become disconcerted with their natural and now happy condition. I have written not to convince you of a truth which nothing but a pride of argument could conceal from a mind like yours, but to prevent others from adopting sophistries which must have found birth in pride of argument alone.

And now permit me, in ending this subject, to express my sense of the courtesy extended to me throughout the argument now terminated between us. I would thank you for rendering me the advantage of the closing paper, but that it is only one of the natural advantages which women have demanded from time immemorial, and one which you as a champion of the sex, could not of course withhold—"a woman's right" to the last word!

ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

GOOD BYE.

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—is a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Where'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with care and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts, and fears,
For the loved one's future life
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go; watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is as cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—"last" "Good bye!"

THE PRAIRIE AND THE SWAMP.

AN ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

It was a sultry September afternoon in the year 18—. My friend Carleton and myself had been three days wandering about the prairie, and had nearly killed ourself in the water reed-beds with specimens of rare and curious plants. But we had not escaped paying the penalty of our zeal as naturalists, in the shape of a perfect roasting from the sun, which had shot down his rays during the whole time of our ramble, with an ardent order to be appreciated by those who have visited the Louisiana prairie. What made matters worse, our little store of wine had been early expended; some Taffia, with which we had replenished our flask, had also evaporated; and the water reed-beds, besides being rare, contained so much vegetable and animal matter, as to be undrinkable unless qualified in some manner. In this dilemma, we came to a halt under a clump of hickory trees, and dispatched Martin, Carleton's Acadian servant, upon a voyage of discovery. He had assured us that we must ere long fall in with some party of Americans—our Cochon Yankee, as he called them—who, in spite of the hatred borne them by the Acadians and Creoles, were daily becoming more numerous in the country.

After waiting, in anxious expectation of Martin's return, for a full hour, during which the air seemed to get more and more sultry, my companion began to wax impatient. "What ran the fellow be about?" cried he. "Give a blast on the horn," he added, handing me the instrument: "I cannot sound it myself, for my tongue cleaves to my palate from heat and thirst."

I put the horn to my mouth and gave a blast. But the tones emitted were not the clear echo-awakening sounds that cheer and strengthen the hunter. They were dull and short, as though the air had lost all elasticity and vibration, and by its weight crushed back the sounds into the horn. It was a warning of some insupportable danger. We gazed around us, and saw that others were not wanting.

The spot where we had halted was on the edge of one of the pine forests that extend, almost without interruption, from the hills of the Core Gilets to the Opelousa mountains, and of a vast prairie, sprinkled here and there with palmetto fields, clumps of trees, and broad patches of brushwood, which appeared mere dark specks on the immense extent of plain that lay before us, covered with grass of the brightest green, and so long, as to reach up to our horses' shoulders. To the right was a plantation of palmetto, half a mile wide, and bounded by a sort of creek or gully, the banks of which were covered with gigantic cypress trees. Beyond this, more prairie and a wood of evergreen oak. To the east, an impenetrable thicket of magnolias, papaws, oak and bean trees—to the north, the pine wood before mentioned.

Such was the rich landscape we had been surrounded by a short hour before. But now, on looking round, the scene changed: the air, our horizon became far more limited by rising clouds of bluish grey vapor, which approach us rapidly from the wind quarter. Each moment this fog appeared to become thicker; the sun no longer dazzled our eyes when we gazed on it, but showed through the mist like a pale red moon; the outlines of the forest disappeared, veiled from our sight by masses of vapor; and the air, which, during the morning, had been light and elastic, although hot, became each moment heavier and more difficult to inhale. The part of the prairie that remained visible, presented the appearance of a narrow, misty valley, enclosed between two mighty ranges of grey mountains, which the fog represented. As we gazed around us and beheld these strange phenomena, our eyes met, and we read in each other's countenance that embarrassment which the bravest and most light-hearted are apt to feel, when hemmed in by perils of which they cannot conjecture the nature.

"Fire up your guns," said I to Carleton. I started as I spoke at the alteration in my own voice. The gun went off, but the report was, as it were, stifled by the compressed atmosphere. It did not even alarm some water-fowl that were plashing and floundering in the creek a few hundred paces from us.

"Look at our horses!" exclaimed Carleton. "They are surely going mad." The animals were evidently uneasy at something. They pricked up their ears, turned half round, and gazed with startled eye behind them; then strained with their heads and necks in the opposite direction to the vapor, snorting violently, and at last trying to break away from the trees to which they were tied. A short time previously they had appeared much fatigued, but now they were all fire and impatience.

"It is impossible to remain here," said Carleton.

"But whither shall we go?"

"Wherever our horses choose to take us."

We united the animals and sprang upon them. But scarcely were we in the saddle when they started off at a pace as frantic as if a pack of wolves had been at their heels; and taking the direction of the creek, which ran between the palmetto plantation and a cypress wood, continued along the banks at the same wild gallop. As we advanced, the creek began to widen; in place of palmetto, clumps of marsh reeds, and rushes showed themselves here and there. A unwearily stillness prevailed, only broken now and then by the cry of a wild goose; and even that appeared strange and unnatural in its sound.

"What can be the meaning of this?" cried Carleton. "I am burning with heat, and yet I have not the slightest moisture on my skin. All these signs are incomprehensible. For God's sake sound the horn again."

I did so, but this time the sound seemed to be forced back through the bun, and to die away upon my lips. The air was so hot and parching, that our horses' coats, which a short time previously had been dripping with sweat, were now perfectly dry, and the hair plastered upon them, the animals' tongues hung out of their mouths, and they seemed panting for cooler air. "Look yonder!" cried Carleton, and he pointed to the line of the horizon, which had hitherto been of grey, lead-colored vapor. It was now becoming red with fire, and in the south-west quarter the vapor had taken the appearance of smoke. At the same time we heard a sort of distant crackling, like a heavy running fire of musketry, and which was repeated at short intervals. Each time it was heard, our horses appeared scared and trembling.

The creek was getting rapidly wider, and the ground so swampy that it was impossible to proceed further. Seeing this, we agreed to return to the prairie, and to try if it were not cool in the palmetto forest. But when we came to the place where we had crossed the creek, our horses refused to take the leap again, and it was with the greatest difficulty we at length forced them over. All this time the redness in the horizon was getting brighter and the atmosphere hotter and drier; the smoke had spread itself over prairie, forest and plantations. We continued retracing our steps as well as we could to the spot where we had halted. "See there!" said Carleton; "not half an hour ago those reeds were as fresh and green as if they had just sprung out of the earth, and now look at them—the leaves are hanging down, parched and curled up by the heat."

The whole prairie, the whole horizon to the south-west, was now one mass of dense smoke, through which the sun's disk looked scarcely brighter than a paper-lantern. Behind the thick curtain which thus concealed the sun, we saw from our view, we heard a loud hissing, like that of a multitude of snakes. The smoke was stifling and unbearable; our horses again turned panting round, and tore madly towards the creek. On reaching it we dismounted, but had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from leaping into the water. The streaks of red to our right became brighter and brighter, and gleamed through the huge, dark trunks of the cypress-trees. The crackling and hissing grew louder than ever. Suddenly the frightful trade flash-blinded upon us, and at the very same moment Carleton and I exclaimed, "The prairie is on fire!"

As we uttered the words, there was a loud rustling behind us, and a herd of deer broke headlong through a thicket of tall reeds and bulrushes and dashed up to their necks into the water. There they remained, not fifty paces from us, little more than their heads above the surface, gazing at us, as though imploring our help and compassion. We fancied we could see each animal's eyes.

We looked behind us. On came the pillars of flame, flickering and threatening through the smoke, licking up all before them; and, at times a gust so hot and blasting a wind as seemed to dry the very marrow in our bones. The roaring of the fire was now distinctly audible, mingled with hissing, whistling sounds, and crackling noises, as if mighty trees were falling beneath a bright flame-shot up through the stilling smoke, and immediately afterwards a sea of fire burst upon our aching eyeballs. The whole palmetto field was in flames.

The heat was so great, that we every moment expected to see our clothes take fire. Our horses dragged us still nearer to the creek, sprang into the water, and drew us down the bank after them. Another rustling and noise in the thicket of reeds. A she-bear, with her cubs at her heels, came towards us; and at the same time a second herd of deer rushed into the water not twenty yards from where we were standing. We pointed our guns at the bears; they moved off towards the deer, who remained undisturbed at their approach; and there they stood, bears and deer, not five paces apart, but taking no more notice of each other than if they had been animals of the same species. More beasts now came flocking to the river. Deer, wolves, foxes, hares—all came in answer to one element in our element, the fire of another. Most of them, however, went further up the creek, where it took a north easterly direction, and widened into a sort of lake. Those that had first arrived began to follow the new comers, and we did the same.

Suddenly the baying of hounds was heard. "Hurra! there are dogs; men must be near." A volley from a duzen rifles was the answer to our explanation. The shots were fired not two hundred yards from us, yet we saw nothing but the smoke which fired them. It was getting past a joke. "Halt!" shouted we, "stop firing till you see what you are firing at. There was a dead silence for a moment, then a burst of savage laughter. "Fire! fire!" cried two or three voices.

"If you fire," cried I, "look out for yourselves, for we shall do the same." Have a care what you are about."

"Moultre! Sacre!" roared half a score of voices. "Who is that who dares to give us orders! Fire on the dogs!"

"If you do, we return it."

"Sacre!" screamed the savages. "They are gentlemen from the towns. Their speech betrays them. Shoot them—the dogs, the spies! What do they want in the prairie?"

"Your blood be on your own heads," cried I. And, with the feelings of desperate men, we levelled our guns in the direction in which we had

seen the flashes of the last volley. At that moment—"Halt! What is here?" shouted a stentorian voice close to us.

"Stop firing, or you are dead men," cried five or six other voices.

"*Sauve! ce sont des Américains!*" muttered the Acadians.

"Monsieur Carleton!" cried a voice.

"Here!" replied my friend. A boat shot out of the smoke, between us and our antagonists. Carleton's servant was in it. The next moment we were surrounded by a score of Acadians and half-breed Americans.

It appeared that the Acadians, so soon as they perceived the prairie to be on fire, they had got into a boat and descended a creek that flowed into the Chocot creek, on which we now were. The beasts of the forest and prairie, flying to the water, found themselves inclosed in the angle formed by the two creeks, and their retreat being cut off by the fire, they fell an easy prey to the Acadians, wild, half savage fellows, who slaughtered them in a profusion and with a brutality that excited our disgust, a feeling which the Americans seemed to share.

"Well, stranger!" said one of the latter, an old man, to Carleton, "do you go with them Acadians or come with us?"

"Who are you, my friends?"

"Friends!" repeated the Yankee, shaking his head, "your friendships are soon made. Friends, indeed! We ain't that yet; but if you be minded to come with us, well and good."

"I met them American gentlemen," now put to Martin, "and when they heard that you had lost your way, and were out of provisions, they were so good as to come and seek you."

"You be a't much used to the prairie, I reckon," observed the American who had spoken before.

"No, indeed, my friend," said I.

"I told you 'eadly," replied the man with some degree of pride, "we ain't no friends; but if you choose to accept American hospitality, you're welcome."

We glanced at the Acadians, who were still firing, and dragging the beasts they slaughtered into their boat and to the shore. They appeared perfect savages, and there was little temptation to seek guidance or assistance at their hands.

"If it is agreeable to you, we will accompany you," said I to the American, making a step towards the boat. We were eager to be off, for the heat and smoke were unbearable. The Yankee answered neither yes nor no. His attention seemed taken up by the proceedings of the Acadians.

"They're worse than Indians," said he to a young man standing by him. "They shoot more in an hour than they could eat in a year, to their torment French wastefulness."

"I've a notion of 'em leaving off," replied the young man.

"The country's theirs, or their masters' at least," rejoined the other. "I reckon it's no business of ours."

This dialogue was carried on with the greatest possible degree of drawing dilaution, and under circumstances in which, certainly, none but a Yankee would have thought of wasting time in words. A prairie twenty miles long and ten broad, and a couple of miles of palmetto ground, all in a blaze of fire, and a drawing twenty minutes, and having, in some places, already reached up to the shores of the creek. On the other side a couple of dozen wild Acadians firing right and left, without paying the least attention where or whom their bullets struck. Carleton and myself, up to our waists in water, and the Americans, chatting together as unconcernedly as if they had been sitting under the roofs of their own blackhouses.

"Do you live far from here?" said I at last to the Yankee rather impatiently.

"Not so far as I sometimes wish," answered he, with a contemptuous glance at the Acadians, "but far enough to get you an appetite for your supper, if you ain't got one already." And taking a thin roll of tobacco out of his pocket, he bit of a piece of it, laid his hands upon the muzzle of his rifle, leant his chin upon his hands, and seemed to have forgotten all about us.

This apathy became intolerable to men in our situation.

"My good man," said I, "will you put your hospitable offer into execution, and take—"

I could not continue, for I was literally suffocated with the heat and smoke. The very water of the creek was getting warm.

"I've a notion," said the Yankee, with his usual drawl, and apparently only just perceiving our distress, "I've a notion we had better be mavin' out of the way of the fire. Now, stranger, is with you." And he helped Carleton and myself into the boat, where we lay down, and became insensible from heat and exhaustion.

When we recovered our senses, we found ourselves in the bottom of the boat, and the old Yankee standing by us with a bottle of whiskey in his hand, which he invited us to taste. We felt better for the cordial and began to look around us.

Before us lay an apparently interminable cypress swamp, behind us a sheet of water, formed by the junction of the two creeks, and at present over-buried by a mass of smoke that concealed the horizon from our view. From time to time there was a burst of flame that lit up the swamp, and caused the cypress-trees to appear as if they grew out of a sea of fire.

"Come," said the old Yankee, "we must get on. It is near sunset, and we have far to go."

"And which way does the road lie?" I asked.

"Across the cypress swamp, unless you'd rather go around it."

"The shortest road is the best," said Carleton.

"The shortest road is the best!" repeated the Yankee contemptuously,

and turning to his companions. "Spoken like a Britisher. Well, he shall have his own way, and the more so as I believe it to be as good a one as the other. James," added he, turning to one of the men, "you go further down, through the Snapping Turtle swamp; we will cross here."

"And our horses?" said I.

"They are grazing in the rushes. They'll be took care of. We shall have rain to-night, and to-morrow they may come round without slugging a hoof."

I had found myself once or twice upon the borders of the swamp that now lay before us, but had always considered it impenetrable, and I did not understand, as I gazed into its gloomy depths, how we could possibly cross it.

"Is there any beaten path or road through the swamp?" inquired I of the old man.

"Path or road! Do you take it for a gentleman's park? There's the path that nature has made." And he sprang upon the trunk of a tree covered with moss and creepers, which rose out of the vast depth of mud that formed the swamp.

"Here's the path," said he.

"Then we will wait and come round with our horses," I replied.—"Where shall we find them?"

"As you please, stranger. We shall cross the swamp. Only, if you can't do like your horses, and sup off bulrushes, you are likely to fast for the next twenty-four hours."

"And why so? There is game and wild fowl for the shooting."

"No doubt there is, if you can eat them raw like the Indians. Where will you find, within two miles round, a square foot of dry land to make your fire on?"

To say the truth, we did not altogether like the company we had fallen amongst. These Yankee squatters born in general but an indifferent character. They were said to fear neither God nor man, to trust entirely to their axe and their rifle, and to be little scrupulous in questions of property; in short, to be scarce less wild and dangerous than the Indians themselves.

The Yankee who had hitherto acted as spokesman, and who seemed to be in some way or other the chief of the party, was a man apparently near sixty years of age, upwards of six feet high, thin in person, but with such bone and muscle as indicated great strength in the possessor. His features were keen and sharp; his eye like a falcon's; his bearing and manner bespoke an exalted opinion of himself, and (at least as far as we were concerned) a tolerable degree of contempt for others. His dress consisted of a jacket of skins, secured round the waist by a girdle, in which was a long knife; a leather breech, secured round the waist without a belt, and moccasins. His companion was similarly accoutred.

"Where is Martin?" cried Carleton.

"Do you mean the Acadian lad who brought us to you?"

"The same."

The Yankee pointed towards the smoke. "Yonder, no doubt, with his courtship; but I reckon their infernal boat is over. I hear no more about him."

"I've a notion," said one of the younger men, "the stranger don't rightly know what he wants. Your horses are grazing half a mile off. You would not have had us make the poor beasts swim through the creek to the stern of the boat? 'L-jah! with them."

"And what will be do with them?"

"Joel is going back with the boat, and when the fire is out he will bring them round," said the elder Yankee. "You don't suppose?"

added he. He left the sentence unfinished, but a smile of scornful meaning flitted over his features.

I looked at Carleton. He nodded. "We will go with you," said I, "and trust entirely to your guidance."

"You would well," was the brief reply. "Joel," added he, turning to one of the young men, "where are the torches? We shall want them!"

"Torches!" exclaimed I.

The Yankee gave me a look, as much as to say— you must muddle with every thing. "Yes," replied he, "and, if you had ten lives, it would be as much as they are all worth to enter this swamp without torches." So saying, he struck fire, and selecting a couple of pine splinters from several lying in the boat, he lighted them, doing every thing with such extraordinary deliberation, and so readily, that in spite of our unpleasant situation we could scarce help laughing. Meanwhile the boat pushed off into the water, leaving Carleton, myself, the old man, and another American, standing at the edge of the swamp.

"Follow me, step by step, and as if you were treading on eggs," said our leader; "and you, Jonathan, have an eye to the strangers, and don't wait till they are up to their necks in the mud to pick them out of it."

We did not feel much comforted by this speech; but mustering all our courage, we strode on after our plain speech guide.

We had proceeded but a very short distance into the swamp before we found out the use of the torches. The huge trunks of the cypress-trees, which stood four or five yards asunder, and up to a height of fifty feet, entirely free from branches, which then, however, spread out at right angles to the stem, making the trees appear like gigantic umbrellas, and covering the whole morass with an impenetrable roof, through which not even a subterranean could find a passage. On looking behind us, we saw the daylight at the entrance of the dark swamp, as at the mouth of a cavern. The further we went the thicker became the air; and at last the effluvia was so stifling and preloctical, that the torches burnt pale and dim, and more than once threatened to go out.

"Yes, yes," muttered our guide to himself, "a night passed in this swamp would leave a man as good as dead for the rest of his days. A night—say, an hour would do it, if your pores were ever so little open; but now there's no danger; the prairie fire's good for that, dries the sweat and closes the pores."

He went on conversing thus with himself, but still striding forward, throwing his torchlight on each log or tree trunk, and trying its solidity with his foot before he trusted his weight upon it—doing all this with a dexterity and speed that proved his familiarity with these dangerous paths.

"Keep close to me," said he to us, "but make yourselves light—as light as Britishers can make themselves. Hold your breath, and—

—ha! what is that log? Hello, Nathan," continued he to himself, "what's come to you, man! Don't you know a sixteen foot alligator from a tree?"

He had stretched out his foot, but fortunately, before setting it down, he poked what he took for a log with the butt of his gun. The supposed block of wood gave way a little, and the old squatter, throwing himself back, was within an ace of pushing me into the swamp.

"Ah, friend!" said he, not to the least disconcerted, "you thought to accustom honest folk with your devilry and cunning."

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Not much the matter," he replied, drawing his knife from its sheath. "Only an alligator; there it is again."

And in the place of the log, which had disappeared, the jaws of a huge alligator gaped before us. I raised my gun to my shoulder. The Yankee seized my arm.

"Don't fire," whispered he. "Don't fire, so long as you can help it. We ain't alone here. This will do us well," he added, as he stooped down, and drove his long knife into the alligator's eye. The monster gave a frightful howl, and lashed violently with its tail, besprinkling us with the black geyser of its blood.

"Take that," said the squatter with a grim smile, "and that, and that!" stabbing the brute repeatedly between the neck and the ribs, while it writhed and snapped furiously at him. Then wiping his knife, he stuck it in his belt, and looked keenly and cautiously around him.

"I've a notion, there must be a tree trunk hereway; it ain't the first time I've followed this track. There it is, but a good six foot off." And as saying he gave a spring, and, with his safety down, he stepping place.

"Have a care, man," cried I. "There is water there. I see it glimmer."

"Pho, water! What you call water there. Come on."

I hesitated, and a shudder came over me. The leap, as regarded distance, was a trifling one, but it was over an almost bottomless chasm, full of the foulest mud, on which the moccasins snakes, that deadliest of the American reptiles, were swarming.

"Come on!"

Necessity lent me strength, and, pressing my left foot firmly against the log on which I was standing, and which was each moment sinking with our weight deeper into the soft slimy ground, I sprang across. Carleton followed me.

"Well done!" cried the old man. "Courage, and a couple more such leaps, and we shall be getting over the worst of it."

We pushed on, steadily but slowly, never setting our foot on a log till we had ascertained its solidity with the butt of our guns. The cypress swamp extended four or five miles along the shores of the creek; it was a deep lake of black mud, covered over and disguised by a deceitful bright green veil of creeping plants and mosses, which had spread themselves in their rank luxuriance over its whole surface, and over the branches and trunks of trees scattered about the swamp. These latter were not placed with any very great regularity, but had yet been evidently arranged by the hand of man.

"There seems to have been a sort of path made here," said I to our guide, "far?"

"Silence!" interrupted he, in a low tone; "silence for your life, till we are on firm ground again. Don't mind the snakes," added he, as the torch-light revealed some enormous ones lying coiled up on the moss and liana close to us. "Follow me closely."

But just as I stretched forward my foot, and was about to place it in the very print that his had left, the hideous jaw of an alligator was suddenly stretched over the tree trunk, not six inches from my leg, and the creature snapped at me so suddenly, that I had just time to fly my gun into his glittering lizard-like eye. The monster barked back, uttered a sound between a howl and a groan, and, striking wildly about him in the morass, disappeared.

The American looked round when I fired, and an appalling smile played about his mouth as he said something to me which I did not bear, owing to the infernal uproar that now arose on all sides of us, and at first completely deafened me.

Thousands, tens of thousands, of birds and reptiles, alligators, enormous bull-frogs, night-owls, alligators, herons, whose dwellings were in the mud of the swamp, or on its leafy roof, now lifted up their voices, bellowing, hooting, shrieking, and growling. Bursting forth from the obscure retreat in which they had hitherto lain hidden, the alligators raised their hideous snouts out of the green coating of the swamp, gnashing their teeth and straining towards us, while the owls and other birds circled round our heads flapping and striking us with their wings as they passed. We drew our knives, and endeavored to defend at least our heads and eyes; but all was in vain against the myriads of enemies that surrounded us; and the unequal combat could not possibly have lasted long, when suddenly a shot was fired, followed immediately by another. The effect they

produced was magical. The growls and cries of rage and fury were exchanged for howls of fear and complaint; the alligators withdrew gradually into their native mud; the birds flew in wilder circles around us; the unclean multitudes were in full retreat. By degrees the various noises died away. But our torches had gone out, and all around us was black as pitch.

"In God's name, are you there, old man?" asked I.

"What? still alive?" he replied with a laugh that jarred unpleasantly upon my nerves, "and the other Brit man too? I told you we were not alone. These brutes defend themselves if you attack them upon their own ground, and a single shot is sufficient to bring them about one's ears. But when they see you in earnest, they soon get tired of it, and a couple more shots sent them generally drive them away again; for they are but senseless squalid creatures after all."

While the old man was speaking he struck fire, and lit one of the torches.

"Luckily we have rather better footing here," continued he. "And now, forward quickly; for the sun is set, and we have half some way to go."

And again he led the march with a skill and confidence in himself which each moment increased our reliance on him. After proceeding in this manner for about half an hour, we saw a pale light glimmering in the distance.

"Five minutes more to call out your troubles are over; but now is the time to be cautious, for it is on the borders of these cursed swamps the alligators best love to lie."

In my eagerness to find myself once more on dry land, I scarcely heard the Yankee's words; and as the stepping places were now near together, I hastened on, and got a little in front of the party. Suddenly I felt a log on which I had just placed my foot, give way under me. I had scarcely time to call out "halt!" when I was up to the armpits in the swamp, with every prospect of sinking still deeper.

"You will hurry on," said the old man with a laugh; and at the same time, stepping forward, he caught me by the hair. "Take warning for the future," added he, as he helped me out of the mud; "and look there!"

I did look, and saw half a dozen alligators writhing and crawling in the shallow slime within a few feet of us. I felt a shivering sensation, and for a moment I could not utter a word; the Yankee produced his whistley-flask.

"Take a swallow of this," said he, "but no, better wait till we are out of the swamp. Stop a little till your heart beats quieter. So, you are better now. When you've made two or three such journeys with old Nathan, you'll be quite another man. Now—forward again!"

A few minutes more, and we were out of the swamp, and looking over a field of palmettos that waved and rustled in the moonbeams. The air was fresh, and once more we breathed freely.

"Now then," said our guide, "a dram, and then in half an hour we are at the Salt Lick."

"Where?" asked I.

"At the Salt Lick, to shoot a deer or two for supper. Hailo! what is that?"

"A thunderclap! You have heard but few of them in Louisiana, I guess, or you would know the difference betwixt thunder and the crack of a back woodman's rifle. To be sure, yonder oak wood has an almighty echo. That's James's rifle—he has shot a stag. There's a shorter shot."

This time it was evidently a rifle shot, but re-echoed like thunder from the depths of the immense forest.

"We must let them know that we're still in whole skins, and not in the maw of an alligator," said the old man, who had been loading his rifle, and now fired it off.

In half an hour we were at the Salt Lick, where we found our guide's two sons busy disemboweling and cutting up a fine buck that they had killed, an occupation in which they were so engrossed that they scarce seemed to notice our arrival. We sat down, not a little glad to repose after the fatigue and dangers we had gone through. Wives and four quarters, breast and back, were all divided in right lustre like style, the young men looked at their father. "Will you take a bite and a sup here!" said the latter, addressing Carleton and myself, "or will you wait till we get home?"

"How far is there still to go?"

"How far? With a good trotting horse, and a better road, three quarters of an hour would bring you there. You may reckon it a couple of hours."

"Then we would prefer eating something here."

"As you will."

Without more words, or loss of time, a launch was cut off one of the hind-quarters; yard leaves and branches collected; and in one minute a fire was blazing brightly, the joint turning before it on a wooden spit. In half an hour the party were collected round a large table of venison, which, although eaten without bread or any of the usual condiments, certainly appeared to us to be the very best we had ever tasted.

A beggar asked a bishop for a penny—the bishop refused. He then asked for his blessing, which the bishop very readily consented to accord. The beggar reflected a moment, and concluded he would not take it—'for,' said he, 'if it were worth a penny, you would not give it to me.'

THE TWO HEADS:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

I AM the second son of a gentleman of ancient descent but moderate fortune, in one of the northern states of Germany. My father, a man of high and honorable feeling, resolved that as his means would not allow him to provide adequately for all of his four sons, the younger ones should endeavor to carve out fortune for themselves, rather than pass their lives in the useless and often painful position of *cadets de famille*. He was esteemed by the sovereigns of his country, and he trusted that with the aid of some interest and a good education, his children might rise high in the professions they should adopt. From an early age, therefore, one of my brothers went to the army, another to the church, and I, myself, was to become a lawyer.

However good my father's intentions undoubtedly were, he committed an error of judgment when he allotted to me the dry and stilted study of the law, which was in every way unsuited to my character and disposition. Of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, it was painful, and almost impossible for me to fix my mind and attention on any thing that did not in some degree appeal to or captivate my imagination. Even in my boyish days, and in my intercourse with ladies of my own age, a tendency to the fantastic and ideal, and distaste for the more solid and material affairs of life revealed themselves in an unusual degree, and were unfortunately counterpoised by free access to a style of reading that should have been carefully withheld from me.

I had a maiden aunt who resided at my father's, a most determined reader of fiction, and who, pleased to discover a kindred taste in me, liberally supplied me with the latest novels, which I read with delight. The wildest and most fantastic creations of the German school were hourly in my hand, and I would remain whole days, filling my mind to repletion with this unwholesome food, till I attained such a pitch of excitement, that the hours allotted to sleep were passed in uneasy and dream-broken slumbers, or in tossing to and fro on my feverish bed, and recapitulating the horrors and wild fancies I had read of in the day.

At college my singular and fanciful disposition was not to be little sought after by other students, whom I, in my turn, gladly sought out, devoting to solitude and the perusal of my favorite authors, all the time I was not compelled to give to study. Even now the pleasantest hours I can call to mind are those spent in the greenwoods that surround the university town of C—. Many were the long summer afternoons I passed under their shade, absorbed in my books; and when my temples ached, and my brain grew dizzy with the excitement the latter occasioned, I would bury my face in the grass, and, as the sun shone down on a black and shining mirror, scenes and figures surpassing the wildest dreams of Callot and Hoffman, glided before my disordered vision.

My vacations I usually spent at a country-house belonging to my father, which to me offered a peculiar charm, from its bizarre and antique construction, and still more from the thousand tales and superstitions that existed concerning it, and which it was my delight to collect from the neighbouring peasants and the one or two old domestics, who had grown gray in the service of the family.

The outside of this mansion had been carefully preserved in all its picturesque rudeness, but the interior had undergone numerous changes suggested by increase of luxury, and was as comfortable as a more modern dwelling could have been. One room, however, had been in no way altered since its first construction. It was a spacious apartment, of greater length than width, roofed and wainscotted with black oak. Its original destination was that of a picture-gallery, and to this use it had always been applied. Panels three or four feet in width were left plain, and filled up with pictures, between which were carved devices of the most strange and fanciful nature. Fauns and satyrs, grim-looking helmeted heads, fabulous animals, and chimeras of all kinds, were placed round the spaces occupied by the pictures, which latter were, for the most part, family portraits.

This gallery, which was seldom visited, except by some doting doting menial, was my favorite haunt. There was one picture that attracted my particular attention. It represented a lady in an eastern costume, holding in her hand a large open fan, on which was depicted a combat between Moorish and Christian cavaliers, minutely and beautifully painted. The lady's face was of exceeding loveliness, and bore the impress of stormy passions and much suffering.

There was a story connected with this picture and one of my ancestors, who had gone to aid the Spaniards in their wars against the Moors.

He had been taken prisoner, so ran the legend, and escaped by the assistance of the daughter of a Moorish prince. Before they had got far from the fortress in which he had been confined, they were met by the lady's father. A struggle ensued, and the Christian being unarmed, was about to be overcome, when his mistress supplied him with a poniard, which a moment later was reddened in her father's blood. The escape was effected, but the lady died of remorse a year afterwards.

Before this picture I used to pass hours, lying on an old settee, book in hand, and occasionally suspending my reading to gaze on that beautiful face, in whose fierce passion and deep remorse were so strangely blended.

I cannot define the feeling which the contemplation of this painting occasioned me. Had the picture had a living original, I doubt not I should have become passionately enamoured of her, so great was the fascination which those deep, sad, and yet fierce eyes exerted over me. If, however, I remained in the gallery after dusk, my admiration was

exchanged for a superstitious terror, and I would hasten trembling away, hardly daring to turn my back to the picture lest it should leave its frame and follow me.

Habits and reveries of the nature I have sketched, were, as may be supposed, by no means favourable to serious study, and I scarce know how it was, and at what rare intervals I succeeded in gaining a sufficient knowledge of the law to be admitted to practise as a barrister.

A year passed away, and found me still unchanged or improved in the weaker points of my character. On the few occasions on which I was employed during that space of time, I managed to acquit myself tolerably, but without giving any indications of talent; and it was owing to family interest, and not to merit of my own, that at an unusually early age I was appointed public prosecutor at the criminal court of a small provincial town.

Some months passed by my new appointment, it was with a feeling more like ardour in my profession than anything I had yet felt, that I entered the court on the opening day of the assizes.

The first and only important case that came on for trial, was that of a murder committed on a traveller, and of which an inhabitant of a neighbouring village was accused. I opened the prosecution in a tame speech, amounting to no more than a tolerably plain statement of the facts. The evidence was gone through, and it was late in the day when it again came to my turn to address the court. I was in a very different frame of mind from that in which I had first spoken.

As the proceedings had advanced, my interest in them, and a feeling of partisanship against the prisoner, of which I was myself unconscious, had rapidly increased. I had also become irritated by the badgering cross examination which the counsel for the defence had made some of my witnesses submit to. It was with a flushed brow and almost untiring volubility of diction, that I now drew in the second case. As I proceeded, however, my utterance became less rapid, my ideas more collected. I felt that I was eloquent, and that feeling made me more so. I was listened to with the deepest attention, and when I wound up an energetic and powerful speech, by a forcible appeal to the justice of my country, and a tremendous denunciation of the murderer's crime a loud buzz of applause burst from the hitherto breathless audience.

A glance round the court, and in the admiration expressed on every countenance, my eyes met those of the prisoner. The revulsion of feeling was instant, from the pride of triumph to the dejection of compassion and remorse.

The accused was a man who had been a soldier from his childhood, and had left the service only a few months before the commission of the crime for which he was now arraigned. He was about fifty years of age, and his countenance, of those men whom stern countenance that still in a willingly choose for more when driven to depicting the *tragedy* of a veteran soldier. His thick, black mustaches, in which a few lines of gray were perceptible, added to the military turn of his features, but took away nothing from the frankness expressed in his bronzed, open countenance, and clear gray eyes, that were now fixed upon me with an expression of reproach and proud contempt, that seemed to say as plainly as looks could speak—

"Well done! have sacrificed an innocent man to the empty triumph of a moment!"

I sank back upon my chair. Conviction of the prisoner's innocence replaced the violence which had so recently animated me. That man, I thought, cannot be a murderer. I was scarcely conscious of what passed around me till I heard the word "Guilty" pronounced, and the next moment sentence of death was passed.

Unwillingly my eyes turned towards the condemned man, as he was being led away from the bar at which he had stood.

"I shall die innocent," said he, "may my blood be at the door of those who caused it to flow."

And his eyes were fixed upon me as he said it.

I shuddered, and the alteration of my countenance must have been very perceptible, for two persons stepped forward to support me, as though I had been about to faint. A glass of water was brought, but in a few minutes I was able to leave the court. My agitation was attributed to fatigue and the heat of the crowded hall.

The two days following the trial I passed in a state of indescribable agitation. My first care was to go attentively over all the depositions in the hopes of finding something that would convince me of the culprit's guilt.

But the contrary effect was produced; the evidence against him, although strong, appeared entirely circumstantial. There existed a doubt; and prepossessed as I now was in favor of the accused, the more I pored over the proceedings, the more I became convinced of his innocence.

Two days elapsed in these investigations. On the fourth the sentence was to be put in force. Hastening to the executive authorities, I declared to them my doubts, or rather my conviction that the man was innocent, and besought them to delay his punishment, that I might have time to return to the court, and use all my efforts to obtain a remission or commutation of the sentence.

My request was refused. The man had been found guilty. Several murders had recently taken place in that province; an example was wanted, and the law must take its course. My repeated entreaties, and wild, hurried manner, excited surprise, but produced no other effect.

It was late on the evening preceding the execution, before I became convinced that all my efforts were vain. I ordered post-horns to be at my door at day-break, for I could not bear to remain at N. while the execution took place.

It was about noon when I drove into a town some twenty leagues off. As the carriage arrived in a large, open square, its progress was impeded by a dense crowd of persons, apparently assembled to witness some spectacle, and whose numbers increased so rapidly, that before the postilion could make up his mind whether to turn back, or endeavour to push through the mob, we found ourselves wedged in among carts and pedestrians, in a manner that made it impossible to move either backwards or forwards.

Absorbed in painful thoughts I had at first not noticed the stoppage, but, at last looking through the window, I saw the cause of the assemblage that barred our passage. In the centre of the square a scaffold was erected, on which a man dressed in coarse black, and surrounded by a crowd of men with broad, bright swords in his hand, were standing round a block.

An execution was about to take place. Scarcely had I observed these preparations when four persons ascended the scaffold. Two of them were priests, but in one of the others I recognised to my horror the unfortunate man of whose unjust condemnation I considered myself the principal cause. The headman at N. had been seized with sudden illness, and as there was an execution to take place at the town in which I now found myself, the prisoner had been transferred thither. Of this arrangement I had not been made aware.

I called to the postilion to drive on. He endeavoured to do so; but it was impossible.

At this instant, and while my eyes were fixed, as by a species of fascination upon the scaffold, one of the prisoners knelt down, the executioner's ax fell, and the headman, and the other two men, who an assistant held up a human head. The blood was streaming from the severed arteries, and some of it had splashed upon the pale face, and dripped from the long mustache, while the as yet unclosed eyes seemed fixed upon me, with the same expression they had worn on the day of the trial.

My head aching and my senses left me. When they returned, I found myself lying in bed at a hotel, with a physician standing over me, administering restoratives.

A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation and excitement I had gone through; and, although I at length recovered, there remained a depression of spirits, which from its long duration excited the alarm of my friends. My nights were terrible. I scarcely dared to sleep. For in my dreams I was perpetually haunted by the features of him whom I considered my victim.

Night after night was the scene of the execution present to me in my feverish slumbers. Even when not sleeping, but in a sort of doubtful state between slumber and wakefulness, the most horrible visions passed before me. The same pale, blood-stained visage would pour out at me from behind the furniture of my room, hover in the air above my head, and even place itself in frightful proximity upon my very pillow. My friends, and especially a kind-hearted and skilful physician, who was a near connexion of mine, had been tried every means to rid me of these hallucinations. I was persuaded to travel, and to take share in amusements of all kinds; but although change of scene and pleasures at first produced a beneficial effect, the improvement was only temporary.

A circumstance at length occurred, which gave those who interested themselves in me, the strongest hopes of my recovering a healthy tone of mind.

I became deeply attached to a young lady of good family and great personal attractions. The medical man, who with friendly zeal had studied my case, and meditated on all the remedies most likely to benefit me, declared that marriage was of all means that in which most hope might be placed. The obligations of a married life, the new object of interest it would offer, and duties it would impose upon me as a husband and father, were, he sagaciously surmised, almost certain to produce a beneficial result.

The passion with which Cecilia von S. had inspired me was not unreciprocated by her, and nothing remained but to obtain the consent of her family.

She was an only daughter, and in order to induce her parents, who were wealthy, to receive my suit favourably, my father, with the full acquiescence of my brothers, assumed me greater advantages than he could give to all his children. Among other things he made over to me the country-house, that I have already had occasion to mention.

The necessary delays were abridged as much as possible, and the marriage solemnized in the capital, where several weeks passed in a round of pleasures and amusements, and my friends observed with delight that the predictions of my medical adviser seemed fully realised. The harassing nervous fancies that had hitherto rendered my existence burdensome left me, my spirits improved, and while the unpleasant recollections of the past became dim and faint, the future presented itself to my view with an unclouded horizon.

My marriage had taken place in early spring, and at the beginning of May I set out with my bride for the country-house, the gift of my father, at which we intended to pass the summer. The curious architecture of the building excited my wife's admiration, and the day following our arrival, I accompanied her over the house, which she was desirous of inspecting in its minutest details.

From some unaccountable feeling, perhaps a presentiment, I felt unwilling to visit the picture-gallery that had been the favourite resort of my more youthful days. Its old worn eastern door, however, attracted her attention, and as I had no reason to assign for refusing to open it, I went for the key and we entered the apartment.

Nothing had been changed in the arrangement of the room during the four years that had elapsed since I last visited it. Probably no one had ever entered it during that space of time. I thought I recognised the same cabinets hanging about the mirror, and felt certain of the identity of one or two venerable spiders, who, seated pompously in the centre of their webs, seemed to greet me as an old acquaintance. I scarcely heard Cecilia's exclamations of delight at the picturesque aspect of the apartment, and answered I know not how to her questions concerning the grim-looking warriors, and hooped and powdered dames that decorated the walls.

At length we arrived opposite the portrait of the Moorish lady, and, somewhat startled, and excited upon feeling a shiver over us, we stood before it. There hung the picture, the object of my boyish admiration and terror, the same half demon half Magdalen look upon the features, the same fascinating gaze in the deep dark eyes that again fixed mine beyond the power of withdrawal. My wife repeated her questions concerning this picture several times without obtaining an answer, and at last, surprised at my silence, and at the reverie in which I appeared plunged, gazed earnestly in my face, and called me by my name.

"Rudolph!" cried she.

I started, and as though the spell were broken, I turned my eyes from the gray old picture to her bright and blooming countenance. But what strange idea flashed across me at that moment? Was it Cecilia's portrait I had been gazing on? The features were the same, the same eyes, the same oval beautiful face, the same straight, Grecian nose, and full pouting lips. All was identical. Even the earnest expression of my Cecilia's countenance was a softened and softened version of the marked and less pleasing one worn by the portrait. I felt a strange, overpowering sensation in my head. It was as though a hot hand were pressed upon my brain. Feigning a sudden indisposition I hurried my wife from the gallery.

During the remainder of the day I was in a high fever, and I felt all my former malady returning with redoubled violence. Cecilia was greatly alarmed, and insisted upon sending for a physician, who prescribed sedative, which I drank, although fully convinced it would be of no avail. But that night, how horrible was that night! The opiate gave me sleep, but sleep a thousand times more fatiguing than wakefulness. The most frightful visions hovered round my pillow, and conspicuous among them all was that ghastly, blood dripping head, as it had appeared to me when held up by the executioner. The Moorish princess, or my wife in an interesting garb, or I, then or both, I thought or dreamed, were the dream, would pass before me with pale and menacing countenance, and seizing in their arms the gray head that grinned and chattered in exultation at my terrors, danced and waltzed around me in horrible revelry. Thrice welcome was the dawn that at length appeared. But it brought little relief. The state of feverish agitation was succeeded by a depression of spirits that crushed me to the very earth, and to which I could not, I could not assign to myself a reason for this feeling, which was accompanied by an indefinite sensation of terror. It seemed as though some invisible power drew me against my will to a crisis I would gladly have avoided. I paced up and down for some time, struggling against the feeling, but at length seizing a light I buried from the room.

A damp chill came over me as I pushed back the creaking door and entered the old gallery. The feeble light of the taper I was carrying glanced and glimmered over the canvas, and I started and shrank back from age. Hastening on with rapid step, I paused before the portrait of the Moorish lady, but as far from it as the opposite wall would allow. Gazing earnestly at the painting, I again sought the resemblance to Cecilia that had so forcibly struck and affected me on the preceding day. But the head of the portrait had disappeared! The body and dress were there; the slender form, the snow white fingers laden with jewels, the pale face, the painted fan, all were in their places. Only the head was wanting.

I passed my hand before my eyes, doubting whether I saw aright, and again looked at the portrait. Across the dark bary space where the head had been, a something appeared to be flitting, some mysterious change to be going on. At length the features of a human face were faintly shadowed out, became stronger, took light, shade, and colour. I remained motionless, watching the strange appearance, and that was no woman's face! It became more vivid, distinct. Horror and amazement! The head I had beheld upon the scaffold, the grim and blood-stained features of my victim were before me, the glazed wide open eyes glaring revengefully upon me. The light dropped from my hand, and uttering a shriek of despair I fell senseless to the ground.

I know not how long I remained in this state. When I recovered, all was dark around me, and I felt cold, very cold, but my brain burned like fire. I felt that I had been deceived, and that the strange things my thoughts were far too confused to direct my steps, should my bedroom.

Two wax-lights were burning upon the table, but partially illuminating the apartment, which was large and lofty. I threw myself upon a chair, and leaning my head upon my hands endeavoured, but in vain, to collect my ideas, and check the violent throbbings that seemed to pierce my very

skull sander. I might have been some minutes in this attitude, when I was startled by a rattling in the direction of the bed. I looked up. The heavy purple curtains were drawn nearly together, but between them was an opening a few inches wide, behind which I saw something moving. I fixed the object, and pushing away the light that dazzled my eyes, gazed intently into the dusky space behind the drape. Did I see aught? Again that ghastly face was before me!

Frankie I started up, and seeing one of the heavy bronze candlesticks hurled it with the strength of a desperate man at the vision that persecuted me. There was a faint cry. I rushed towards the bed and tore asunder the curtains. Oh, God! the sight I there beheld! My adored wife expiring, murdered by my hand. A stream of blood flowed from her temple. One gentle sigh, one mild forgetting look, and my Cecilia was a corpse.

A long blank succeeded. When I awoke as from a deep sleep to the torture of memory and remorse I was in the madhouse, whence I now write. My first sane interval was but short. It has been succeeded by others, during which my family visit me, and do all in their power to soothe and console. But my lucid moments are too rare and uncertain in their duration to render it advisable to remove me even for a space from this dreary abode. During my periods of insanity I have no consciousness; they pass as long nights of heavy and unrefreshing sleep, and I awake from them weak and exhausted, as by severe illness. That one may arrive from which no waking is, is my constant prayer; to that Being in whom I place my trust. May it please Him soon to bestow upon me the repose that would be the greatest of all boons, that repose which is unbroken in this life, the deep and dreamless slumber of death.

HANS RUDNER; OR, THE FIGURE OF NINE.

In the year 1632, the Great Forest in the neighborhood of Frankfurt was infested by poachers. When game was not to be found in sufficient plenty for their wants, they waylaid the travellers on the high road which passed through a portion of the forest; and after stripping them of all their effects, betook themselves for concealment to the recesses of the woods. Poachers and brigands were, in that age, nearly synonymous terms; indeed, at all periods, there is a great affinity between the two characters. A man whose nightly occupation is to go out in the pursuit of game, provided with arms and skilled in their use, is always ready to fire upon any one who shall be rash enough to oppose himself to his depredations. Even at this day, in the heart of enlightened England, scarcely a month passes without the newspapers supplying us with the details of desperate encounters of this description.

Two centuries ago, throughout Europe, life and property were but slightly protected, compared with the arrangements of our advanced system. When the poacher failed to capture a sufficiency of game, the temptation to supply the want by obtaining the ready possession of a purse well filled with gold, was irresistible to the half savage minds of men living in a lawless state. The latter course had this advantage, that it precluded the necessity of going to the market, and disposing of the game under suspicious circumstances, and at a reduced price; while, in either case, the prize was won by the pulling a trigger!

The leader of the band of poachers which frequented this forest, was a young man of a good family, residing near a village upon the skirts of the forest. Libertinism had lured him into crime. Passionately enamoured of a young girl, who had been refused him in marriage, he had decided upon her abduction. For this purpose he associated himself with some wild youths, of dubious or decidedly bad character; and to escape the vengeance of the laws which the greater number of them had outraged, they went together to pass their lives in the midst of the forest. Skillful and fearless poachers, they presently became the terror of the keepers; and when any of these opposed their depredations, a shot from an arquebuse (the fire-arm with which the poachers supplied us with the advantage, that it precluded the necessity of going to the market, and disposing of the game under suspicious circumstances, and at a reduced price; while, in either case, the prize was won by the pulling a trigger!) soon speedily silenced the game-keepers' attack. Presently no one dared penetrate within the recesses of the Great Forest; and few were hardy enough even to journey on its environs. Hans Rudner, the leader of this daring band, had commenced the reckless life of an outlaw by carrying off the young girl of whom I have already spoken; but unsuited riot in the excess of his unbridled power, he presently became sated with his conquest. Like other gallant lawless strikers from society, but scarcely less mischievous, he was fond of change. He visited the neighboring towns and villages under different disguises, and whenever he spied a beautiful woman, he was sure to watch all her movements, until a favorable moment arose, and then pouncing upon her like a vulture, he bore her away into the heart of the woods! After this came the turn of a second, and a third, until, presently, there were reckoned in Frankfurt no fewer than three beautiful girls that carried off, eight of whom were subsequently returned to the disappointed parents in a state little calculated to allay their sad disquietude.

Hans Rudner left to his companions his share of the plunder, reserving for himself the maidens, whom he tore from their homes and kindred. The best shot for many a long German mile around, the stags, wild boars and roebucks, which passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuse, were sure to receive a fatal ball, which usually passed through their hearts.

When the keepers of the forests jointly attacked the poachers, the latter, forming an ambuscade in the pits and ravines with which the forest abounded, or amidst the branches of the tall trees, allowed the enemy to

advance. As a signal given by Rudner, their pieces were all fired at once, and seldom did one of the unfortunate keepers escape from the cruel massacre to carry the fearful intelligence to the neighboring villages. Rudner's companions fired at the bodies of their opponents; but Rudner himself always lodged his ball (so at least said the peasantry) in the left eye of the man at whom he took aim. Whenever a poor wretch was found lying dead upon one of the forest paths, or of the roads adjoining, with the mark of a ball having passed through his left eye, the customary exclamation was, "Tis the ball of Rudner. *Leuck-aye!*" (left eye.)

Enemies like these could not fail to lead to a decisive catastrophe. The senators of Frankfurt assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up and utterly exterminating this atrocious band. Troops were hastily enrolled for the service. All the hardy youths of the neighboring villages, including the brothers and those who had been affianced to the injured maidens, panting for revenge, joined the expedition with an ardor which was nursed by the sense of personal wrong, armed themselves to the teeth, proclaimed a sacred crusade, and swore never to return without the body of Hans Rudner, living or dead.

The forest was surrounded, and the circle contracted by degrees, as in the grand hunting expeditions of the East, until the poacher-brigade was at length discovered, hunted to their lair; and, urged to extremity, these lawless men defended themselves with great bravery; but, overpowered by numbers, they were at length slain, and the corpses of their chief, the dreaded "*Left-eye*," and led in triumph to Frankfurt, to be judged and hung.

As might well be expected, short work was made of such notorious criminals. The inhabitants of all the surrounding districts rushed to Frankfurt to witness their execution, as to a most delightful spectacle.

But men, and women, and children who had been taught to fix his name in terror, deeply regretted that Hans Rudner was not the first to mount the scaffold.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, leading a child by the hand, was standing near the gibbet, watching the executioner performing his office, when, on suddenly turning her head, she perceived a tall man standing by her side. A cry of terror escaped her.

"Silence!" said the tall man, in a deep but concentrated and ferocious tone, while at the same time he displayed a long woodman's knife: "*Silence*, or that infant is an orphan!"

She uttered not a word; but that wild cry of terror, and the faint murmur of the stranger's muttered words, were heard by one of the municipal officers. He eyed the mysterious man before him, and remembered that the woman had passed some months in the brigand-poacher's cave. Comparing his face with that of the child, he perceived a striking resemblance; and he made a sign to the municipal officers, who were then precipitating themselves upon the stranger, made him a prisoner, in spite of his violent resistance, and led him before the senators.

"The poachers have been executed," said the man who had been principally instrumental in effecting the capture. "Worshipful senators, you wanted the arch-villain that led them—there he stands!"

"Spare him!" spare him!" shrieked the woman, whose involuntary cry had been the arrest of the stranger. "For Heaven's sake, spare him!"

"Wall, be it so!" said the prisoner; "let there be no farce about it! This woman has betrayed me, but I pardon her; I am Rudner—*Radner Leuck-aye!*" he added, fearlessly and proudly.

"Go tell the hangman," said a senator, "that his day's work is not yet accomplished."

"That paltry wretch, who, with the assistance of two others, has made me a prisoner," quoth Rudner, "I played with him yesterday at a hundred paces' distance. I was about to plant a ball in his left eye; but pity withheld my hand. Had I followed my first impulse he would have fallen dead the next instant, and," bitterly he continued, "I should not now be standing before you with fettered hands."

"You reckon with certainty, then, on lodging a ball at two hundred paces' distance in the eye of a man?"

"Ah, ten—no! after the other. They shall enter through the same hole."

"Pooh, impossible!" said the arquebusers of the city, who assisted at the execution, with the banner of their craft displayed.

"Because you are all bunglers," said the poacher, with an ill-suppressed sneer; "you imagine I am no better; good! if you desire to be amused, I am ready, before I die, to show you how to handle an arquebuse."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted several of the bystanders, eagerly closing with the proposal.

The senators did not oppose the wishes of the people, and the chief of the arquebusers said—

"Let a bottle be placed at two hundred paces' distance. If the ball enter through the neck without breaking it, I would most humbly suggest right worshipful senators, that a free pardon be accorded to this man." "A mere nothing!" said Rudner. "True," said another of the arquebuse troop; "besides, chance might serve his turn; for the devil hath his luck. This lawless galliard hath borne off nine of the fattest maidens in all the district; let him, then, with nine balls, write the figure of 9 upon the weather-cock which surmounts the Thor Kraschelmur (a gate so called); let him hang else."

The bystanders roared out their applause.

"If he fail but once," continued the same voice; if one of the balls is ill-placed, assuredly we will hang him."

"Good! good! excellent!" shouted the crowd, charmed at the idea of having two sights instead of one.

"Agreed," said Rudner. "If I do what is required of me I shall have my pardon?"

"Yes, yes," cried the arquebusers; "we shall demand it!"
The senators consulted together for some time; and, as the majority of the law least so great supremacy in those days, they informed Rudner that the condition was accepted.

"Let me have an arquebuser's powder, and nine balls," said Rudner.
"Place him beneath the gibbet," said the burgomaster; "put the rope round his neck, and if he be not as good as his word, pull until death ensues!"

Hans Rudner examined the arquebuser, without seeming to pay the smallest attention to the pains-taking and revolting laboriousness with which the executioner disposed the fatal knot, so that, at the slightest signal, he might execute the burgomaster's order. Rudner charged the piece with powder and ball, and rammed the wadding tightly down. After finishing these preparations with the minutest attention, he fired, and the weathercock, turning on its pivot, showed itself pierced through and through.

"Oh, that's nothing at all!" said one of the arquebusers.

"Any one might do as much," said another.

"I'm waiting for the remaining balls," said a third.

"I'll wager a brace of florins," said a fourth, "that he is hung before the third ball!"

"My business now is with the second and not with the third ball," said Rudner. "Hold for a moment—look sharp—there it is. Is it well placed?"

The arquebuser assented.

"Now for a third," said Rudner; and he fired. "Does that describe the curve which the ball is to follow?"

"To admiration!" was the reply.

"And the fourth—and the fifth!" quoth Rudner; "there, the 0's made, I've only to put the ball to it now."

"Better and better!" cried out the astonished arquebusers; forgetting their hatred of the man in their admiration of his skill.

"Now for the sixth!" The ball flew from the muzzle of Rudner's piece, and hit as accurately as if he had schoolmaster of the town had designed its place.

"Long live Rudner!" shouted the crowd; "the foremost marksman in all the world!"

Thousands of people who, a few moments before, eagerly desired the poucher's death, now offered up ardent vows for his safety! Such is human nature. The arquebusers trembled with apprehension, lest the remaining balls should not be so accurately placed; the young woman who had been the latest victim of the execution of jeopardy in which he was placed, pressed her infant closer to her breast, and her heart beat almost audibly, to think that one single ball, diverging in the smallest degree from the right line, might be the signal for his instant execution.

The three remaining balls were fired, and ranged themselves in the order which was necessary to complete the figure of 9, with as much accuracy as if they had been placed there with the hand.

"Hurra!" cried the arquebusers.

"Hurra!" echoed the arquebusers.

"Hurra!" repeated the people.

Rudner was instantly released from his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

"What dost thou mean to do," was the first question asked, "with the life which we are about to render to thee?"

"I will employ it in caring the character of an honest citizen."

"Lawless man, why didst thou not begin sooner?"

"My companions prevented me. They are dead,—may they rest in peace! If this young woman consents, I shall become her husband to-morrow; and Frankfort shall possess no better citizen."

Hans Rudner kept his word. He became "an honest citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband," in the familiar words of the epigrammatist, and he was now as happy as a king. He was unanimously appointed chief of the municipal government of the city. Go to Frankfort on the Main: above the gate which is called the Thor, the Erbschneider, you will see a small Gothic dungeon, surmounted by a weathercock. Look closely, and you may read the figure of 9 traced upon it by the balls of Rudner Lincke-Auge.

FISH DINNERS.—We find in the Journal the following remarks about fish dinners:—"The custom of dining on fish one day of the week, which has been prevalent for many years in New England, is a good one. It was instituted originally, doubtless, for the purpose of encouraging the fisheries on the coast, which employ a great number of men, and there is no reason why this good old custom should be abandoned. Saturday is the day which, by common consent, seems to be set apart for a fish dinner—and foreigners and north-westerners, on visiting this State, marvel greatly at the enormous quantity of fish which is cooked and eagerly devoured by the Yankees every Saturday!"

AN EDITOR IN DISTRESS.—The editor of the Florida Journal, published at Apalachicola, thus bewails the state of the weather and of his own pockets:

For the last two weeks we have had nothing but shower upon shower, and every now and then a settled rain—we are completely drowned out—our umbrellas worn out and no money to buy another. Our river is high and the Gulf of Mexico is a terrible swell.

THE MERCANTILE CLASS IN PETERSBURG.

THE centre of the whole traffic of the Petersburg Exchange, the sun around which everything revolves, the thermometer whose movements are closely watched by all, the source from which universal life and activity is diffused, is a scene of that remarkable race which has for ages produced all the wealthiest men of their time. The Rothschild of Russia is Baron S., without whom scarcely any great undertaking can be set on foot.—The amount of the property which he has realized is estimated at from 40 to 50 millions. The capital tormented by him annually in maritime commerce alone is from 30 to 35 millions. He has invested a great deal of money in landed estates in all parts of Russia as far as the Black Sea. His shrewd, sparkling eye, his short, stout Napoleon figure, a thick old, simple green great coat, are to be seen daily in the middle of the Exchange. Near this centre, upon which the strongest light falls direct from the roof, is the great resort of the English, German, and French merchants.

In the six side rooms, the sugar-bakers, and the dealers in tallow, corn and timber, have established themselves without any formal regulation to that effect; and each class has from habit taken possession of a particular spot. These are composed almost exclusively of Russians, and without board, some old men still in kaftans, others in modern French coats. Between them and the lords of the sea in the centre are the German brokers, with silver marks at the button hole. Lastly, in the outermost circles, are the *aristochitchiki*, a sort of messengers, for carrying letters or money, and performing other errands, one of whom constantly attends every Petersburg merchant; and these are always Russians, who seem to be best qualified for that service.

This assemblage of the merchants of Petersburg is certainly the largest company of respectable and politically active men that is to be seen in Russia without order or cross of any kind. Besides those silver marks worn by the brokers in their business as a sign that they have been duly appointed and sworn, and medals of a pound weight hanging about the necks of a few of the Russian merchants, you perceive no distinctions of this sort—nothing but black frocks and simple green suits. He who is accustomed to move continually among the richly decorated uniforms of Russian generals and courtiers, or at Petersburg amid the brilliant uniforms whose gold-embroidered coats glitter marked with extraordinary merits than Orion with alpha and beta, may be struck by the sight of so many persons in one uniform color, and whose behaviour is nevertheless decorous and polite; he may think it singular, and his eye may feel offended at the extraordinary scene, but many there are on the other hand that will dwell upon it with especial gratification.

The assembly, which, for the rest, is by no means gentlemanlike in all its air, and fastidious in its manners, where no one has any offence at the intrusion of Polish Jews and the occasional intrusion of Tartars and Bucharians, appears in the highest degree interesting to him who is acquainted with the interior of the country, and is capable of interpreting the echo of two or three words uttered in these halls, may often only a few pantomimic gestures, which extend their influence over vast tracts of country. With rapid pencil the broker notes in his books some hundred tons of tallow, a tremendous number of pigs, and the price of hundreds of beavers grazing in distant pastures is decided. What messages, what letters, what hallooing of herdsmen, what slaughter, what bloodshed, what toiling and molling, in consequence of that simple memorandum and that silent nod, till the tallow has been transferred from the carcasses of the cattle to the cauldrons of the *sauzgars*, (tallow melting establishments in South Russia) from the sealgases to the vessels on the Volga, Oka, Neva, and from the Neva despatched over the East Sea, the West Sea, and the North Sea to London; until at length, in Dublin, or Glasgow, or God knows what corner of the earth, some evening a master says to his servant, "Charles, light the candle!" and this product of such manifold labors, toils and exertions passes off into the general reservoir of all the dissolving elements.

"Gospodin Muller and Co., will you not get me a commission for a stick?" "I think you would be satisfied with my goods," says a long bearded Tartar in a German surcoat, with both hands in his pockets. "Well, let us see, Gospodin Pawlow: I note down for you the largest size, 6000 spars, and 1800 oak-planks, 18 inches broad and 2 thick," replies Muller and Co.; and away he goes without betraying any particular emotion to give fresh orders. Can Muller and Co., bestow the tenth part of a single thought on the flocks of pigeons and owls which he is driving by this ruthless commission from their maternal nests, and of the hundred and thirty gradye who will fall through his order the axes of the plottings of Wologda and Wiarka? Can he coldly imagine for himself the most distant conception of the havoc which his commission will cause in a few days in those fine aboriginal forests, where the servants of Nature, the sylphids and gnomes, have for ages been laboring and creating? What can Muller and Co. know about this? In a year and a half—or so long it takes before the heavy timbers, which the credit of the merchant uprooted and saw off, can be felled, work their way through the different systems of rivers in the interior, and appear in the Neva—Muller and Co., receive the "sticks," enter so much on the credit side, so much on the debit, so much as received, desire to be advised when the timber arrives in London, and then care not a brass farthing what flag will be borne by those masts which have torn against their will from their native forests and launched into a tempestuous life, what quarters of the globe they will circumnavigate, on what rocks they will be dashed, and at the bottom of rivers where they will await their slow decomposition.

Large parcels of sugar are wanted. Mr. Karsten wants 50 tons, Mr. Machowsky as much, and Mr. Stanikewitsch is buying all that is offered

him, be the quality what it may. The fair of Novgorod is approaching, and the last Charkoff fair has exhausted almost the whole stock on hand. The Kamskalks have of late taken to drinking sugar in their tea; and in the country of the Kirgises every child sells for a lump to his father, and cries if mamma does not give it immediately. The Bucharians, the Oreshbergers, and the Tartars have heard this cry, and accounts have reached Petersburg, that they are on the road for Novgorod in large caravans to take back all the sugar with them. Ha! what showers of stripes now descend on the shoulders of all the poor slaves in the West Indies! "Beast thee, negro, quick, break up the ground, cut down the canes, drive the oxen, work the press, sharp, sharp, that the sweet juice may flow, stir the cauldron, give it immediately!" The Oreshbergers, ye elements, ye stars show the way, for the Bucharians have sent word to Novgorod, the Novgoroders have forwarded the message to Mr. Machowsky in Petersburg, Mr. Machowsky has communicated the information to Mr. Stokes, Mr. Stokes has written to Hicks and Son in London, and Hicks and Son have made it known beyond sea that the Kirgise boys are crying for sugar, and will not be pacified without it!

The hall of the Petersburg Exchange is so large, that the bands of all the regiments of the guard might conveniently find their echo in it, but it is built only for whippers. An audible conversation was never held there. Nothing is spoken aloud save mere bagatelles. "How is your good lady?" "Oh, we enjoyed exceedingly our water-party yesterday; we were at this place and that, at such a one's, and such a one's." "Yes I admit that A. B. C. gives an excellent dinner, but I find myself more comfortable at B. A. Y." "Yes, I have heard that. But when you see two persons put their heads together, talk in the lowest whisper, and pallidate themselves a circle with their backs, so that not a mouse could get into it, be sure that there was something in the wind, that a bargain has been made, that the whispering has led to some result." "Yes, sir." "No, sir." "Too much—Three thousand—four—twenty—a hundred thousand"—October—November—London—Hull"—"Edinburgh"—"Wall, I will take it." "Does it settle tight?" "Mr. Curdus." "What was this about?" Mr. Curdus sold 600 lasts of fine T. A. wheat, 500 lasts of the best Pleasau linseed, and 300 stens of Livonian flax to Mr. O'Higgins. Those 600 lasts of wheat have been wrung from the toil of as many poor peasant families. Many a Russian has on their account been driven into the cul-de-sac to the fields, and how many of those little never-tiring horses, whose breed has spread so far northward, have been worked at ploughing and harrowing and sowing and reaping, until smarting with tumbling able stripes they have sunk to the ground. In harvest-time the people were obliged to keep at night and day, mothers, boys, and girls, while the little infants lay crying in the damp grass, and the sick were left untended in the houses. But what care Messrs. Curdus and O'Higgins for that! Let the rigid landlords settle their account with Heaven, and then let them inquire if there are any hungry creatures in London; they will leave them always as they are, and will be found in all Russia, and that in this manner the hard crust at last reaches the lips of the English pauper, who says to himself, "If my lords were not such marble-hearted statues, and the Petersburg merchant did not screw such a profit out of bread to keep a carriage for his daughters, and to supply his table with the best wines, perhaps I, too, might be able to treat myself with a drop more; and after all he has reason to thank the Russian pameschitch for not suffering his people to be idle, and keeping them closely to their work, which has saved the Englishman at least from famishing."

GRINDING PRECIOUS STONES.

In the same building with the paper manufactory, there is an imperial establishment for grinding precious stones, where brilliant particles of diamonds may, with infinite trouble, be picked out of the rubbish. Owing to the profusion of precious stones in the East and West, and the eagerness with which they are sought after, this institution is likely to have some employment by and by. Its activity at present, however is considerable, and supposes that of any other royal or imperial establishment of the kind; for there is scarcely any second sort that itself uses or gives away such quantities of precious stones as that of Petersburg. The number consumed by the stars and crosses that are continually showering down upon the uniforms of native and foreign grandees is incredibly great, and still greater that expended on rings, bracelets, and a thousand other trinkets with which the court is continually giving tokens of its favor; for it is customary with the emperor and the empress, let them go where they will, if they have reason to be pleased, to leave behind them a gracious present—a custom reversed in the East, where no one can appear before the sovereign without bringing a handsome present to propitiate his favor. Thus, when the emperor and the empress travel, there is always among their baggage a box and a chest, which generally comes back quite empty. Numberless ladies, therefore, appear covered with these incorporations of imperial favor. If all these presents were faithfully kept as memorials, and not regularly turned into money, after which they circulate through the hands of Jews and goldsmiths, and frequently find their way back to the imperial treasury, all the diamond mines of Brazil, and all the granite quarries of the East and West, would not be rich enough to supply the demands. A small cabinet of polished stones connected with this institution exhibits the most interesting rarities, snuff-boxes, rings of all patterns, and, among other things a collection of small obelisks cut out of topaz, on which are engraved the arms of all the Russian governments. Each of them stands on a pedestal composed of stones of all sorts of colors from the respective governments.—*Kohl's Russia.*

A TALK OF TRAVEL.—A friend has related to us the following story, which he received from the mouth of one of the parties. In 1841, a young, broad-shouldered, big-nosed Kentuckyian—a regular bred stock-raiser and drover—went out to Buffalo, New York, to purchase of Lewis Allen, who had just returned from England, some of his imported stock. After he had closed his purchases, finding he had a day to spare, he determined to spend it in a visit to the Falls of Niagara. So, after breakfast, he stepped into the passenger cars, and found the apartment which he selected, occupied by a modest looking and plainly dressed gentleman. In a few moments, he commenced a conversation upon the subject most interesting to him, to wit, imported stock, and the bargain he had made, and informed his fellow traveller, in the most decisive manner, what was the best breeds, &c. The stranger after hearing him out, without dissenting to what he said, spoke upon the subject of English stock generally, the different kind of breeds, the properties of each, the best cross for milk, butter, &c. and displayed, in a modest and most unassuming manner, such minute and general information on the subject, that it astonished the other, and he asked him if he was not a stock-raiser. He said no, and the Kentuckyian asked, as usual, "What might be your name, sir?" "Morpeth," was the reply. "Morpeth," said he, "Morpeth! Now, I have been all over Kentucky, and travelled to Arkansas, but I never heard of the name before. Where did you come from, Mr. Morpeth?" "From York," "York," said he, "New York! A great place—beats Lexington or Louisville, I admit; but did you come from the city or country, Mr. Morpeth?" "From the country." "Well, it is a very great State; always saving and excepting old Kentucky, it is the finest country I ever saw."

In short, while they conversed, the subject of farming, and the stranger, without the least parade, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject, and after hearing at length the superior style of agriculture in Kentucky, and the astonishing productions there, the cords of fine stock, grain, &c. he related the improvements which had been made in agriculture by means of chemical experiments, the different kinds of soil the distinguishing properties of each, rotation of crops, effect of climate upon productions, &c. &c.; at length the Kentuckyian cried out, "Why, Mr. Morpeth, you must have followed farming for a living!" "No," he said he had not, "but it was a subject of great interest. The rest of the journey was filled up with a description of what the Kentuckyian had seen on the Mississippi and in Arkansas, to which the stranger listened with apparent interest. At length, they reached the Falls, and amidst constant exclamations of astonishment on the part of the Kentuckyian, they passed on to the Canadian side.

After while, the bell of the tavern rung for dinner, and they both hastened in, the Kentuckyian before. They sat down to dinner, drank their wine, and the Kentuckyian filled up the chalice between the courses, with praises of Kentucky, and abuse of the Canadians and British. He had always hated them, and he always would hate them; he would just like to have another brush with them to lick them again, and a great deal more in the same strain, to which the stranger listened patiently, and sometimes with a kind of quiet irony. He went on to say that he had heard that the English were in the habit of travelling through the country, and then writing books ridiculing and abusing us. He just wished, by Heaven, that he could catch some of them in old Kentucky. He had heard, as he came along, that there was now a great English Lord travelling through the country to write a book, and had heard his name. "It was Lord—Lord—Lord Morpeth, I believe." "That's my name, sir," said the stranger. "—and you don't say so? Tavern keeper, what do I have to pay?"—[*Arkansas Gazette.*]

THE ST. JOHN'S STORY.

The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;
"Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light!
I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night.
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride."

And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John.
And soon as the young maid her true knot tied,
With noiseless tread,
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
"Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power!
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!"
But it droop'd its head, that plant of power;
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.
And when a year was pass'd away,
All pale on her bed the young maid lay!
And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone,
Through the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

New-York :

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1843.

EDITED BY JOHN KEEL, G. M. SNOW, AND EDWARD STEPHENS.

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Nobody would ever think of denying that Edward Everett is a remarkable man. But remarkable men are often the creatures of a day. The wind bloweth upon them—and they perish.

So, too, it would seem to be generally acknowledged, that he is an extraordinary man. But, in a country like ours, extraordinary men are to be met with at every step. They are as plentiful as newspapers, or politicians, or fourth of July orators—there is no stirring for them, at certain seasons of the year. At the best, they are only “giants among pigmies—the one eyed monarchs of the blind.” They are wonderful—by comparison—that’s all. They are looked up to, and followed after, and glorified, nineteen times out of twenty, not because they deserve it, but because mankind are so given to the worship of themselves; and because among our people, even in the barrenest and bleakest neighborhoods, there is never wanting stuff to make an idol of.

These extraordinary men are measured only by the shadows they cast—while the light behind them is on a level with themselves: a standard apt to mislead the wisest; since it goes to show, not so much their own altitude, as the lowliness of that on which they depend for reputation. Were they a thousand times greater than they are; and the light above them, their shadows, instead of being projected along the earth to the uttermost verge of the horizon, would be but a dark spot underneath their feet—no larger than the penumbra of a horse-clock.

To say that Edward Everett is a remarkable man, therefore; to say that he is an extraordinary man, were to say little or nothing worthy of remembrance. It would help nobody in the search hereafter. It would fail neither to characterize, nor to distinguish him. Dust to dust! Ashes to ashes! and after a few years, he would be lost in the great shapeless, ever-shifting mob of remarkable and extraordinary men—the sweepings of the earth; or peradventure remembered only for having once been reckoned of their number.

The world is full of the Great Forgotten. The best of us are overshadowed at every step—the wisest, overborne, all their lives long—by the mighty of earth, who will never be asked for after their debts are paid. At every page of History—at every footfall, as we go in pilgrimage among the monuments of the past—we stumble upon the names and actions—or startle the dust of thousands, who, in their day were counted among the Imperishables—giants! whose very names are forgotten about their burial places!

Shall it be so hereafter, with the mighty of our day? Shall there be nothing left of the ten thousand times ten thousand, who are now filling the world with the clamor, as the Great of their age?—or nothing but a name among whole pages of other names, to puzzle and perplex the reader of history; to put the diligent and pains-taking searcher after truth upon asking—who the plague these people were; what they were ever good for, and why it was ever thought worth while to give their names at full length, anywhere but in a directory, or a list of taxpayers?

In other words, are we prepared to class Edward Everett, and his doings, with these, the remarkable and extraordinary men of their day, and their doings? Or shall we go a step farther, and try to distinguish him while we may—while the man is yet living and breathing in our midst—from the great multitude of

glimmering shadows—mere penumbra—who are mistaken here for one reason, and there, for another; to-day by the People themselves, to-morrow by their drivers, for substantial creatures, endowed from the first with extraordinary power, and anointed by God himself for dominion over their fellows?

Or suppose the question were presented in another shape. Suppose a jury were called together from among those who have longest known and best loved Edward Everett; and such only would be qualified—for the living are never to be tried by the country at large, nor even by the Grand Inquest of the nation, though the dead may:—suppose that jury impennelled, and charged to inquire—not whether Edward Everett was a remarkable man, or an extraordinary man, but whether he was a *great* man?—what would be their answer?—suppose they were called upon to say by their oaths—and to say it as if they were all upon their deathbeds, with a messenger for another world standing at the door, and waiting their answer—what then would it be?—would it be the same, do you believe?—the very same, without qualification or change?

And then—a single step further, we beseech you! Suppose they were commanded to seal up their verdict for a hundred years—with the solemn understanding and assurance that it should be opened *first*, not before a mighty congregation of the risen dead, but before three hundred millions of living men—their children’s children—gathered together as one people, and spreading from sea to sea, and from shore to shore—with the great skies overhead for a whispering gallery, and the whole earth for a publishing office—what then would be the answer! and who would ever dare to question its truth!

Much, of course, would depend upon what might happen to be their understanding of *greatness*; much upon the length and breadth allowed them for inquiry—but more upon the language made use of in stating the question,—and still more—*a thousand times more*—upon the *time of publication*. Were the verdict to be declared to-day, or to-morrow, or within the next five-and-twenty years, while the jurors were upon earth, it would be one way; were it withheld for fifty or a hundred years, and then published with the names of the jury at full length, it would be another. Does not everybody see?—and are there not some with honesty enough, or manhood enough, to acknowledge this?

And wherefore?—simply because great men are almost always great by comparison. Greatness, therefore, is continually changing its character. The great man of our day, might have been a small man among our fathers—for there were giants in those days. The temperate man of yesterday, though, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, he altereth not, may be in the judgment of all who knew him, to-morrow, a wine-bibber: and why?—not because the man himself has changed—but because the standard is changed—because public opinion has changed—and Temperance and Total-abstinence are looked upon as one and the same thing. Just so is it with greatness. The great man of to-day moves into another neighbourhood—or joins himself to another church—and go whither you will to-morrow, you may look in vain for any acknowledgment of his power. It is never but a step from the throne to the scaffold; and the mightiest of our idols, having to fall furthest, are the soonest buried in their own dust and rubbish. They, therefore, who set up their verdict for the future—to be first opened before the Areopagus of another age, and another world, must, in the nature of things, have a higher and more lasting standard of greatness than they who render theirs by the mouth of a common-crier in the market-place. The judgment which may be recorded hereafter upon their grave, is not the judgment men choose to be answerable for in the newspapers. Beyond the reach of the Attorney-General and the Sho-

riff—unapproachable alike to the appointing and the punishing power—at peace with all the world—what have they to fear?—and why should they not speak the truth?

Whether Edward Everett is one of the universally acknowledged GREAT—one of the mighty FEW whose birth is an era in the history of mankind—whose coming is like a watch-tower kindled upon the mountain-tops—whose presence everywhere is encouragement and hope for the nations, and a pledge for the people—whose sayings and doings through life are like the "trumpet's dread hurrah,"—and whose death, happen when it may, will be looked upon as a judgment—like the going out of a signal fire, to which all eyes are lifted—like the overthrow of a stronghold, beleaguered by the powers of darkness—whether Edward Everett is now, or ever was, or ever could be, under any circumstances whatever, one of these few, may well be doubted. He was never made for a Deliverer—a Reformer—a Leader—or a Martyr. He wants the revolutionary element of power—spontaneous combustion. He is altogether conservative—everywhere and always conservative. The whole being of the man—the whole genius of the man—all the habits of the man—are as if they had been carefully moulded for him, and brightened and polished for him, by the institutions of society, ages and ages before he began to breathe the breath of life. Not for the world—no! not even for the world, with all its pomp and power,—would Edward Everett allow himself to be coaxed over the threshold of things that are established, even to look into the great teeming and sweltering void beyond—swarming with apparitions.

If there be only one kind of greatness, therefore—if a man may be great in no other way—then do we all foresee what must be the award of those who have Edward Everett now in charge; and before whom he is now on trial, for his life. Already may we trace the handwriting upon the wall, and the steadfast, anxious countenances that are upturned to it, are waxing paler and paler, and more and more sorrowful at every breath. He has chosen to be tried by his country—whose country you are—and God send him a good deliverance!

But—if to have uplifted himself, by the inward, inherent strength of his own nature, from the dead level of the multitude about him; if to have undertaken almost everything praiseworthy and lofty—short of essential reform—within his allotted sphere—and to have succeeded in everything he undertook; if to have made a place for himself in the foremost rank, at the very first trial, and to have kept that place ever afterwards, through good report and through evil report, in whatever department he chose to try his strength; if to have been a Preacher among Preschers, while yet a boy, so remarkable as to draw after him a full third of the host of Heaven, about Cambridge—to possess them, as it were, with his language and thought and manner, so that he had a school of his own, and set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears, before he was twenty; if to have been a scholar of such promise—while yet a boy—as to shame the ripest of our country; if to have been a writer among writers of such extraordinary power—while yet a boy—as to be entrusted with the guardianship and government of the North American Review—when then the North American Review was not a monthly magazine, published quarterly; if to have been so popular that grave men allowed him to play fast and loose with their literature, their politics, and their religion—to say nothing of their consciences and their purses,—to wander away from the church to the professor's chair—from the shadows of Cambridge into the sunshine of Greece, at the public charge—and back to his own country at last, through the bewildering twilight of German theology; if to have been greatly distinguished as a public speaker, year after year, alike in the Halls of Congress, in the lecture-room, and at the gather-

ings of the people—if to have done all this, and after being a member of Congress and the Governor of a State, (one of the largest and wealthiest of the confederacy) to be our resident minister abroad at the Court of Her Britannic Majesty—if all this be not evidence of something near akin to greatness, we should be glad to know what is.

Hardly fifty, though in his fiftieth year, we believe, (notwithstanding the representations of a contemporary—who set him down not long ago, if we do not strangely mistake, for a youth of some twenty-five or thirty-five, or thereabouts)—we find Mr. Everett acknowledged, on both sides of the water, for one of our first men. His opinions are watched—his language quoted—he is complimented for his fine scholarship; his dinner-speeches are better understood, better received, and ten thousand times better suited to the occasions that call them forth, than those of any other men, or set of men, we have ever had there. Those of Daniel Webster were pitiable failures; and at last, that neither he nor we—*wz*, the people of America—may have anything to complain of, the University of Oxford are down upon him with all the honors—and the old women and Pusses that breed there, take to countermarching their disapprobation, with so much earnestness and zeal, that he was obliged to clear out with a flea in his ear.

Now, we rather like this, take it altogether; and while we thank the government of Oxford for having paid so handsome a compliment to our Representative, we are not much disposed to find fault with those who set their faces like a flint against the desecration of a theatre where Platoff, the old heathen—or Blucher—we forget which—one or both, however—were converted into L.L.D.'s, instead of D.C.L.'s—a fashion followed soon after in this country by the appointing of Andrew Jackson, at Cambridge, L.L.D.—or D.D.—it matters little which: because the simple truth happens to be, not only that Mr. Everett is known to the leading men of that country as a preacher opposed to them in religious faith, but as a kind of German freethinker—for such he was on his return from Germany, through England, about 1834, as he himself there and then acknowledged.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, therefore, have we not much to be thankful for, in the reception he has met with as our National Representative, and still more to be proud of, in the character and behaviour of the man himself?

Can it be that he should be able to make so profound, so favorable, and so lasting an impression upon the public mind there, without being indeed and in truth somewhat more than a remarkable man? something better than an extraordinary man? Are we to say of those who undertake the boldest enterprises allowed to them by the circumstances, in which they are placed; who persevere to the last, and carry through whatever they undertake without flinching or faltering, that they are only of a piece with the many, instead of the few?

Or shall we say, what is undoubtedly true, that it may require as much of wisdom and strength to keep, as to gain power?—to preserve as to overthrow?—to suffer and bear and hope, as to deliver?—that Moses and Joshua were no more needed than Joseph—and that, to say all in a word, when "heads upon cherry stones" are wanted, and a "colossus from a rock" is not wanted, there may be less of divinity indicated by "cutting a colossus from a rock," than by carrying "heads upon cherry stones."

And here we might stop, our chief purpose being accomplished, and we should, but for a notion that we might be supposed to have had another purpose in view when we began—nothing less perhaps than a biographical sketch of the man, Edward Everett, with peradventure, a brief estimate of his powers, and some account of his labors in the field of literature and in public life.

Be it so! It can be no disadvantage to him, and may be a help to others.—Would we might all know before it is too late, how we are looked upon by such of our fellow-citizens as are qualified to set in judgment upon our doings! We should be better and wiser men—even the wisest and best of us. But Death stands forever in our way. There is always a lion in our path. And we know in our own souls, that the truth can never reach our ears while we are in the flesh, nor afterwards, unless the translated are to be in communication with the living after death. Alive, our beloved ones are incapable of judging—our foes disqualified—and all the rest of mankind too busy to take the trouble. And even after death—who is there alive silly enough to believe that anything like the truth will ever be told of him? We appeal to the newspapers. No sooner are the mighty *Housed*—"the Desolator desolate—the Victor overthrown," than a struggle begins between partial friends and magnanimous foes, trying who shall heap most flowers upon the grave of him, who, in life was put to death, and pitted by one half of all those who knew him, and cruelly belied by the other.

Of one thing he may be sure—a great advantage for a public man. He shall hear nothing but the truth—or at least what is meant for truth; and at any rate, whether true or false, well founded or otherwise, he may be sure of hearing what most public men have no chance of hearing in this world—nor in the world to come—the honest opinions, whether right or wrong, is a matter of comparative unimportance—the *honest* opinions, of a fellow-citizen, upon his sayings and doings, without remorse or qualification.

Be it so, therefore! And first, of Edward Everett, as a *PREACHER*. We remember him well. Though rather too smooth spoken for the taste of grown men, who relish a rough wholesome energy; and somewhat of the daintiest in the use of language, and of the timidest in the choice of a subject—being essentially conservative, by nature, as we have said before, he was clear, pleasant, persuasive and affectionate; and always left a lasting, if not a strong impression of his power upon the memory of his hearers. We do not say upon their understandings, or hearts—for we mean to be understood; but upon their *memories*.

The subjects he dwelt upon were always inoffensive—generally *taking*—and never dangerous; the words he employed were neither fiery serpents, nor cloven tongues—but they were words of great worth, well chosen and well arranged—and smooth and polished, like stones that of yore, the youthful David chose from the running brook, when he stepped forth to war with the Philistine—and all the beautiful women of Israel had their eyes upon him. His embellishments were of a piece with the language he employed, simple, happy and tasteful—his tones were captivating—so much so, indeed, that he set all the new-fledged Unitarians about him a singing their sermons to the same tune; and there was a sort of warmth, almost amounting to unction, a kind of heavenly earnestness at times, in what he said, which looking to his youth, (and he was hardly out of his teens when we first heard him,) wrought with a marvellous power, not only upon the warm hearted girls who worshipped there at the time, but upon their fathers—the cold hearted, reasonable creatures, who paid their bills, and upon their mothers, who were on the look out for sons-in-law, and a perpetuation of such ministry. And yet, with all his earnestness and heavenly-mindedness, you never could bring yourself to believe that he meant all he said, or that he felt a tittle of what he pretended. Nor did he. For "the copper snake breathed in his ear"—and instantly, as Achilles himself might have done, while spinning with the maidens of yore—if instead of sword and buckler, and all the glittering furniture of war, being

laid at his feet, a trumpet had sounded in his ear—he *flung* away from the church—turned his back upon the pale and blighted roses about him—forsook the sisterhood—tore off the cassock—and leaped into the saddle.

As a *SCHOLAR*, we are not able to judge of his qualifications—being no scholar, and having no pretensions to scholarship ourselves. Nevertheless, that we be not suspected of dodging the question, we are willing to suppose—and we do suppose—with a hope that we may not altogether mistake the standard, nor underrate the scholarship of our country—that he may read an easy Latin author, at sight, perhaps; that he could puzzle out a page of Greek he had never studied before, by the help of a dictionary; that he knows something of the metres, and a very little of Hebrew, that he has gone through a regular course of college study; that he is well acquainted with the French, Italian, German, and perhaps the Spanish languages and literature, and with the modern Greek—though we doubt whether he is able to talk any other language than his own.

As a *WRITER*—he is undeniably one of the most finished and beautiful to be found any where. His contributions to the *North American Review*; his published lectures; his orations—addresses—and after dinner speeches—are all of a piece; all deliberately fashioned, and most laboriously finished, and paltered with, till they are often so nearly faultless as to be tiresome. Occasional outbursts may be found, bespeaking a half smothered sense of something loftier and worthier—but they are only occasional; and you are let down, at the very next breath, as if somebody had whispered in your ear—"You may not blame," "his true, but you may sleep." Do not understand by this, however, that Edward Everett is a tame or a feeble writer, for he is neither—but he is too beautiful by half; and your understanding is lulled and oftentimes wearied, when you have nothing to complain of, much as if you were listening to poetry, with the smell of blossoming trees about you, and a waterfall forever singing in your ears.

And so as an *ORATOR*. Having made himself at home with the mighty Greek—whose orations give the lie to all history; being satisfied, that if Demosthenes himself was a "*Syren*," while Pericles only "thundered and lightened," it were better to sing his orations by lamplight, or to say them over by a pitch-pipe along the sea shore, than to thunder like Olympian Jove—he has become greatly distinguished for a style of eloquence which we take it for granted will be much praised over sea. But, in public speaking, as in everything else, worth trying for—nothing risk, nothing have. Better fail ninety-nine times, so dismally as to make your best friends ashamed of you, while your worst enemies pity you—if, the hundredth time, you can lift the people off their feet, than to go on, forever and forever, making speeches that nobody can find fault with—not even the newspapers. It is as much by not doing, as by doing, that *MEN* are made. Little minds cannot fail greatly. Where everything is to be gained—everything must be risked. That which would be bold and generous playing for marbles or paw-paws, would be wretched drivelling with crowns and sceptres for a stake.

As a *STATESMAN*—but stop. Of Mr. Everett as a statesman, we have nothing to say. It would lead us into a quagmire. We could not touch upon his career as a statesman—of which by the way, we don't think very highly—without speaking of him as a politician. And that, with us, in a journal like the *Brother Jonathan*, must always be a forbidden thing.

But enough. The same character—the same reasonable steadfastness—the same half way loquacity of purpose—the same clear, beautiful, happy and temperate manifestations—the same equable and serene bearing—will be found in everything that Mr. Everett has ever done or attempted to do in life. The

impression he has made upon the public mind is healthful and beneficent; though far from being either vast or profound, and, most assuredly, unless he should live to do something much greater than he has ever yet dreamed of doing, he will be forgotten before the next generation have passed away—or be remembered only as one of the remarkable and extraordinary men of our day, who are “as plenty as blackberries.”

OUR BETTING SIN.—We are too good-natured by half—that’s the fact! and we don’t care who knows it. For example—about a month ago, a page of what was meant for poetry, accompanied by a letter in a *female hand*, as we believed, (else we’d have seen the author hanged first) came to our charge. Believing, for more reasons than one, that it was by a woman, we took the trouble to lick it into shape. And what was our reward!—a letter from the *Treasury Department* of the U.S., threatening to publish a song about us, with notes—“in conspicuous type!—in every newspaper of the United States!”—unless we sent an apology to J. E. T. of the *Treasury Department*, by return of mail!

Now, this we can’t do—since the boot happens to be on t’other leg. But next to an apology, we’ll do the best we can to appease the author—who turns out to be *no lady*—and still less of a gentleman, though very much of a blockhead—we will give him the benefit of one of his own stanzas, *just as it stands in the original MS*—declaring that we would gladly give the whole song a place, if it were worth a single snap—and leaving our readers to judge of the labor we *must* have had in making the verses we published what they were.

“I lectures and I writes

For everybody here!—

I boxes all who speites

Me whenever I appear!—

I writes in Yankee style;

To hide my want of English;

And when I gets a pile

I hunts the world to publish!”

And then follows a *chorus*.

There, then, my little man!—that’ll do—where’s your pocket-handkerchief?

P. S. They certainly do run hard to poetry at Washington; and but for the fact that Mr. Robert Tyler is in the North somewhere just now, we should be half inclined to — but no! Some of his *department* issues are really fine.

ELEMOSYNARY PATRIOTS.—Lord Brougham.—Our country, like that of England, is overrun with people who are not so much office-seekers as *office-beggars*. They are, of a truth, all things to all men. They put themselves up for sale in the market-place, and are not ashamed to go about with a label upon their foreheads, the moment a change is threatened in high places, which amounts to an offer of themselves, body and soul, to the highest bidder.

Not many years ago a capital caricature came out in England, which told the story there in very few words. A new song had just been written for Madam Vestris, entitled ‘*Buy a broom*.’ She appeared upon the little Haymarket boards in the attire of a Swiss girl, with a bundle of brooms, and singing archly enough, we can assure you, as she handed them to any distinguished person who might happen to occupy the stage-boxes, or the front of the pit, *Py a broom! py a broom!* The caricature represented the Lord Chancellor in the same attire, with short petticoats, a high cap and thick shoes, offering a little birch broom, and saying *Py a broom! py a broom!* Capital was it in every sense of the word. The design was clever—the likeness admirable—and the burning truth of the charge evident to everybody that knew him: the most changeable and

capricious of men—forever in the market—and with no more conscience in politics than he was expected to have in courts of justice, as one of the “*indiscriminate defenders of right and wrong*”—for hire.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Everybody has by this time read the last received chapter of Martin Chuzzlewit, and we need not undertake nor desire to disguise the fact, everybody is also waiting in a sort of smouldering but inwardly raging fever of curiosity and impatience for the resumption of the history of Martin’s adventures among us. And why so? Is the story racy, witty, graphic, truly satirical, or in any wise original, pleasant or agreeable? ‘No,’ every second man is ready to answer, ‘Certainly not—scarcely were eyes ever laid upon anything in which the spirit of malignity and thorough hatred were more conspicuous; in which the determination to distort and misrepresent was more obvious, in which the utter impotency of infuriate malice stood out in bolder promtency. But Dickens has now landed his hero, he is running about at large in our midst; and for my part I want to know what he is going to do with him; where he will next make him alight; whose turn to be abused and belled will come now.’

And these few words explain, better than a volume of reasons would do, the cause of the general eagerness with which the ensuing chapter of ‘*Box’s new work*,’ are looked for.

Not that the thing is “either rich or rare;” but it is *abusive*, and abuse is the darling ailment of that universal, all pervading human passion, egotism,—the desire to know how important, how good, and more particularly how *bad*, we are in the estimation of others. It is easy to surfeit with commendation;—there are few who are not very soon cloyed with praise and flattery. But your railing traducer, your zealous libeller who enjoys his task, and whose whole heart is devoted to and bound up in his work, is never tiresome, never tedious. If the Dickens had sought to praise us, some few of our scribbling countrymen would doubtless have been hugely delighted with his candor and condescension, and have exclaimed “*agacious fellow that Box, He can appreciate us!*” But says M. Balzac, or somebody else, there is a critic of purer taste, of more unerring truth of judgment than all others, from *Voltaire* to *M. Jules Janin* himself, and that is “all the world” (i.e., to all true Frenchmen, Paris). And so, we say, had the Dickens praised us “all the world,” from the Madawasca to Alligators’ Lick, would very likely have said or thought “*Ah! he likes us, does he? Well who cares about his likings? What does he know about us?*” In that case, his book would have excited little remark. People would have taken the author’s good intentions upon trust—have taken it for granted the work was a dull patronizing affair, and would have given themselves no further concern about the matter.

But if ever a man left our shores in the humor to write an ill-natured, illiberal book upon America, that man was Charles Dickens. His reception here was most brilliant. The fuss made about him was such as almost to lay those who were concerned in it, open to the charge of fulsome adulation;—such as was foolish enough in them, but yet, after all said and sung to the contrary, such as could not but have highly delighted Mr. Dickens, or any man of his calibre. Still, he did not come here to be *feted* and feasted, and toasted and lionized. He came on a pure business errand, by the success of which he expected to get money in his purse. Congress was in session, and he soon broke away from his entertainers and posted direct to Washington. On the day after his arrival he discovered from conversations with Messrs. Buchanan, Berrian, Clay, and Calhoun, with the grave, upright, and well informed Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, Mr. Roosevelt, of this city, and the courtly and witty Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, and other honorable Members of Congress that, whatever might be the general opinion in this country upon the abstract justice of an international copyright law, to talk or think of passing such an act was idle. Now Mr. Dickens dearly loves the dollars, and here was the most promising scheme for scraping them together, ever presented to his imagination, crushed, utterly annihilated. All those glittering visions of heaps of the yellow boys, of goblets brimming with mint drops, were entirely, remorselessly swept away. The blow was a cruel one, and, as it were, knocked him all of a heap. Of course he made up his mind on the instant that the Americans, both in the aggregate and individually, were naturally, constitutionally, and

from inveterate habit, no better than they should be, and, if anything, a great deal worse. But, though sorely enough troubled by this loss of anticipated peace, there were other things to make him discontented. The long pent up enthusiasm which had forced its corks, and run over on his first arrival, had now done its office, and the Dickens, during the rest of his stay in this country, moved about quite unnoticed. He stood in the busy crowd "alike unknown and unknown." He departed on a short tour of *espionage* to the west, a sadder and a madder man. His only comfort during the weary journey appears, from his journal, to have been the frequent absorption of juleps and cobbleries. He took as his *vade mecum*, we imagine from the tone of his last book, Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners;" noting down in the margin of the same all such of the peculiarities of our countrymen as had not already been immortalized in that renowned production. Of this *melange* we suppose the ensuing chapter of *Chuzzlewit* (*Muzzlewit's*!) adventures will in part consist, embellished and supported by the proper admixture of incident and invention.

Nobody should, therefore, be disappointed, unless in the rather dull, rapid, and feeble tone which pervaded the attempted sketches in these last chapters. We are sure, however, that when the Dickens has cooled down a little, he will do better. As we are to be taken off, we hope he will try to do it pungently and with spirit. For Dickens has been in his day "a fellow of infinite jest" say what we may of him.

Though we may despise his narrow and bitter spirit of prejudice, we will not deny ourselves the pleasure of laughing at his 'good things.' 'Every dog has his day,' and some insist that the Dickens has had his, and that he has written himself out. There never was a greater mistake. He has good fun in him yet, and when he gets in better humour and hears that his friend Mr. Mark Tapscott has not yet had his throat cut, on account of his abolition opinions, which even he appears at the last dates from that interesting young gentleman to have been much concerned about, the fun will begin to ooze out. We expect glimpses of the real, genuine humour and jollity that danced and sparkled through every page of the *Pickwick Papers*. If we are disappointed, we shall give up poor Bob, and class him with the *Richmond* and *Kadcliffe* who have shown their hour, disappeared, and been forgotten.

In the mean time there is no occasion to work ourselves into a passion with *Chuzzlewit* and its author, as we are sorry to see many editors of the daily press have thought it necessary and proper to do for their individual selves, and on the part of their readers. July is the worst month in the year for indulging in angry and vindictive feeling, and the best following is no better. It will be but fair to wait until the kalends of September, about which time we submit if the wit of *Martin Chuzzlewit* does not improve, will be a suitable period for a general onslaught and crusade upon the work and its author.

THE CONTROVERSY IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Rev Drs. Anthon and Smith have made their promised statement in explanation and justification of their course on the occasion of the late ordination at St. Stephen's Church in this city. It appears in the shape of a pamphlet of forty-six pages, entitled "*The true issue for the true Churchman*." This affair has received such general attention, that we shall presume all our readers so well apprised of the leading incidents connected with it as to render any recapitulation of them unnecessary. The pamphlet contains a detailed and connected recital of what took place during the examination, before the Bishop and the principal Clergy of the Diocese, of Mr. Carey, the gentleman whose supposed heretical opinions led Drs. Smith and Anthon to oppose his admission to orders, and subsequently to their public protest against the proceedings of their Bishop and fellow ministers at the ordination scene.

It appears that Mr. Carey while a student of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, and until he graduated therefrom, was connected with St. Peter's Church, of which Dr. Smith is Rector. Mr. C. therefore applied to him for the customary and required certificate as to orthodoxy of belief, moral fitness, &c., which was to show him entitled to his examination before admission to the ministry. Dr. Smith declined furnishing the certificate, unless previously satisfied that certain reports respecting him, (Mr. Carey's) acquiescence in the extreme views imputed to the Oxford Tractarians, were erroneous. The result of the conversation between the young candidate and his pastor, at several interviews, was, that the latter was confirmed in his suspicions of Mr. Carey's heterodoxy.

He became convinced that his opinions were at variance with the doctrines of the American and English Episcopal Church, and amply conformable to those of the Church of Rome, on the following points:—transubstantiation—the real presence—the doctrine of purgatory—the offering the cup to the laity—and upon several others held by Dr. Smith, and protestant theologians generally, to be of essential importance. Dr. Smith refused to sign the desired testimonial as to soundness of faith. He also notified Bishop Onderdonk of the grounds of his objections to Mr. Carey, and of the necessity under which he should feel himself placed to oppose his admission to the ministry. In consequence, the Bishop decided to subject Mr. Carey to a special examination; which accordingly took place at St. John's Chapel, on the evening of June 30th. Mr. Carey had in the mean time obtained a certificate from Dr. Berrien, of Trinity Church. The Bishop and eight principal ministers of the diocese were present and took part in the examination. It ended satisfactorily to all but Drs. Smith and Anthon. We make a short extract from the "Statement" to show the impression made upon the minds of these two gentlemen by the result of the enquiry.

"The effect was the confirmation strong and sure of our previous impression, as to his soundness, and how could it be otherwise? He deemed the difference between us and Rome such as embraced a point of faith—doubted whether the Church of Rome or the Anglican Church was the more pure, considered the Reformation from Rome unjustifiable, and followed by grievous and lamentable results—though not without others of an opposite character—faulted not the Church of Rome for reading the Apocrypha for proof of doctrine—did not consider that we were bound to receive the thirty-nine articles of our church in rigid construction of the same—declared that he did not know how to answer the question which had been repeatedly asked, whether he considered the Church of Rome to be now in error in matter of faith?—was not prepared to pronounce the doctrine of transubstantiation an absurd or impossible doctrine!" * * * "did not object to the Romish doctrine of purgatory as defined by the Council of Trent. Thus far for the NEGATIVES, now for the AFFIRMATIVES. He believed that the state of the soul after death, was one in which it could be benefited by the prayer of the faithful, and the sacrifices at the altar—regarded the denial of the cup to the laity as a severe act of discipline only—justified the invocation of saints"—&c. &c.

This is the substance of what the statement contains, which was before unknown to the public. The two clergymen whose names are signed to it, considered it their duty to make a public protest against the ordination of Mr. Carey, which the canons of the church appear to have given them a right to do. But we have no intention of entering into the merits of the controversy, nor of making any remarks upon the propriety of the conduct of any of the parties to it. Our readers have in the above as full a synopsis as our limits this week enable us to present of facts in an affair, which forms a very interesting episode in one of the most important, and as yet inexplicable, movements of the day; for in that light we look upon those events in the ecclesiastical world of which Oxford in England seems the principal theatre.

It is probable that we shall very soon have the other side of the question, and in expectation that such a counter statement will be made, we have not referred to some complaints in the present publication against the Bishop, Dr. Seabury, and others for arbitrary conduct. Laymen won't hide clerical interference in their quarrels, and perhaps it is only exercising a fair reciprocity to be very cautious in our remarks upon ecclesiastical squabbles, which will occasionally arise even among the ministers of peace.

The foregoing was crowded out of our last week's issue. Since it was written the clergymen present at Mr. Carey's examination, who dissent from the published statement of what then passed, have announced their intention to make no public reply to it.

Questions in Algebra.—Required the difference between having a whole bed for half an hour, and half a bed for a whole hour?—the whole of a half loaf, and the half of a whole loaf?

THE FIRE AT SING SING.—The Inspectors of the Mount Pleasant State Prison have officially stated that the late destructive fire in that Prison was caused by accident, or rather the carelessness of an engineer. The convicts did their best to stop the fire and save the property, making no attempt to escape. The loss to the State will not exceed \$300; the balance falling on the contractors.

ONE WORD MORE!—Having had our attention called to the subject of our friends of the "press gang," to borrow the charming and sweet-tongued language of many a British traveller, since "Fanny dearest" vanished from our country, we beg leave to add a short list of words generally, if not universally pronounced wrong by people of education among us:

Barbecue—Always accented on the first, should be on the last.
Barbante—Generally pronounced in three syllables instead of two.
Tassil—Generally pronounced *Tossil*.
Yolk—Generally pronounced *Yolk* instead of *Yoke*.
Vicergerent—Generally pronounced *Vicerger-ent* instead of *Vicerger-runt*.

Cam-leopard—Almost always pronounced *Cam-i-leopard*, with the accent on the first syllable, as if it were in fact a camel and a leopard, instead of camelopard, with the accent on the second syllable.

Turquoise—The proper pronunciation, *Turkeese*, you never hear, even from a jeweller.

Harlequin—Did you ever hear this word pronounced properly in English, that is, *Harlekín*?

Congeries—A Latin word in common use; the accent should be on the second syllable, *conge-ri-ees*.

Abdomen—Another, universally pronounced wrong by the medical profession. They say, *ab-domen*; should be *ab-do-men*, with the accent on the second syllable.

Occult—Another, usually pronounced *oc-cult*, with the accent on the first syllable, instead of *oc-cult*.

Tetanus—Another, oftentimes called *Te-tanus*, instead of *tet-a-nus*, that is, with the accent on the second syllable, instead of the first.

Adult—Most people of ordinary education pronounce this word with the accent on the first syllable, *ad-ult*, instead of *a-dult*.

Hymenal—Generally pronounced *hyme-nial*, instead of *hymen-é al*.

Pronunciation—Usually, say generally pronounced, as if the *ci* in English had not the sound of *sh*, which it always has. Instead of pronunciation, we should say pronun-shi-ation. Just as we say, not *eff-ci-ol*, but *eff-shal*.

Say not these things are unimportant! a scrupulously correct style of pronunciation is a charm which all are ready to acknowledge. One single error may so disturb the attention of your hearers as to neutralise your argument, and keep them thinking, not of your discourse, but of you—not of that which you are aiming to teach, but of that which you supposed everybody knew. Beware of being too curious though. Affectation, oddity, or fastidiousness may also defeat your purpose, and keep your listeners thinking of your pronunciation when they should be thinking of your argument,—if a single word, perhaps, when you are trying to bear them away with you in a torrent of earnest, and perhaps eloquent illustration. What is then to be done? If certain words are universally pronounced wrong, or even but generally, do you not risk much by daring to be right? Certainly you do. And therefore it should always be a question whether it is worth your while to be wise above what is written. As a general rule you had better always talk to your listeners *in their own language*—if you can. Are they Irish?—be you Irish. Are they sailors?—if you can talk *seilor*, honestly and naturally, depend upon it, other things being equal, you have all the blue jackets with you to a dead certainty. But, then, you must not be altogether Irish, nor altogether a Jack-tar—but only just enough to engage their sympathy, and secure their attention. So with the delicacies of speech. If, generally speaking, you are at home with your audience, and able to speak *their language*, you may venture now and then to slip in a gentle correction of some prevailing error, and they will like you all the better for it. You will set them thinking, and help them—as we do now—without exposing or mortifying them.

THE WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW. (*H. irundo bicolor*, VIEILL. N. *viridis*, WILSON.)—We have just happened to be an eye witness to the singular darning of this little bird, and have heard on authority not to be questioned, another fact even more wonderful. On passing a stone cottage towards nightfall, our attention was called to a large Maltese cat perched on the seat of an open window, and pretending to be asleep.—Something in her manner satisfied us, however, that she was playing possum—for just behind her stood her mistress, making a sign with her forefinger to watch what was going on. The next moment a swallow swept by

the nose of the cat with the swiftness of an arrow, uttering a faint cry, and almost brushing her eyes. The cat dodged, and striking out her paw, just grazed the wing of the venturesome bird. Another and another attack followed, some real, and some evidently intended for make-believes; but whenever the cat closed her eyes, and there was time for the arrowy course of the bird to change, the feint was converted into a real attack. After a while the bird flew off and soon returned with two companions; and upon further enquiry, I heard the following facts.—Two or three days before, the swallows found the cat by herself upon the roof of a shed in the rear of the house, and attacking her with great boldness and force, drove her away; and from that time to this, whenever they found her alone, they would renew the war. The cat was rather good-natured on the whole; but fond of a lark, bird-mnesting and climbing trees; and whenever her mistress happened to be near, would tough it out, otherwise she would turn tail. At the time I saw her, she stood her ground with a most amusing stubbornness, and we have good reason to believe because her mistress was near. Many birds have courage to defend their young, and even their nests; but here there was no young and the nests of the swallows were under the eaves of a large three story house, in a hole accidentally left open when the gutter was finished, and altogether safe from the foraging enterprise of poor puss. Under all the circumstances of the case therefore, it seemed to be rather a frolic on the part of the birds, and perhaps on the part of the cat; since they were in no sort of danger, and she by no means predisposed for mischief. Her sleepy eyes, and the motion of her paw, as the swallows darted by her, while she laid stretched out upon the window-seat, were all in favor of our hypothesis; and it was only when they were too many for her, and she was obliged to fly, that the affair looked at all serious.

He who has the highest opinion of himself and of his own sagacity is most easily deceived by a simoleon or a child. Believing that he can see through anybody, it matters little with him whether he *does* or not. And then, too, it would be so preposterous for such people to think of deceiving him! and therefore such men are eternally making laughing-stocks of themselves, to the consternation and amazement of the block-heads about them. There's our friend Col. S., for example. What wouldn't the man swallow, if he had a chance, upon the affidavit of anybody with hardly wit enough to keep himself out of fire and water.

A DIFFERENCE HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING.—The articles *a* and *the* are inextricably employed in speech by careless talkers, but seldom in writing. Cases do happen, however, and sometimes of the drollest. For example—"my father died a year before I was born." Preface to ——. Of course the author meant to say the year before she was born: a year might tell a different story.

Rev. Charles W. Hackley, A. M., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College. He formerly filled the like chair in the New York University, and has since been President of Jefferson College, Mississippi. His ability is undoubted.

CHANGES.—Some little idea may be formed of what an uneasy place this Gotham is, by the following table, showing the alterations which Dugget's Directory exhibits as compared with that of last year:—

Names expunged.....	19 240
Names added.....	23 884
Removals.....	14 021
Total changes.....	57 748
Whole number of names.....	59 027

NOT A LIGHT SENTENCE.—A man who was convicted at Baltimore of stealing *candles*, was sent to the Penitentiary for ten years.

"Puseyism, puseyism!" said an old lady, looking staringly over her specs, at a newspaper which had much to say about Puseyism, "I always thought folks would get more in favor of *cats*, and this editor is clear carried away with them."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affectionate dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it!" replied George, "she's observed she had a *eye* in them when I saw her last!"

From the *nice young woman* we had the pleasure of introducing to our readers, a month or two ago, and here, we owe it to her perhaps to acknowledge, that we could not resist the temptation of *interpolating* a few—partly for mischief and partly for fun—to see how she would bear it—in her “Two Students.” She bore it bravely; and charged *herself* with the *authorship*; whereupon, we have promised better fashions; and here you have the evidence. Here we let the lady speak for herself.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

It was a sweet summer night, and the sparkling dew-drops that lay on the bosom of each open flower, and each green leaf, gave back the mild radiation of the full moon, now sailing tranquilly, through as gentle, and loving a sky as ever shadowed the heart of old England.

In a large and tastefully arranged garden, with its groups of shady trees, green arbors, and sparkling fountains, attached to a noble mansion on the borders of the Thames, walked a young and lovely girl. Her white dress glittered in the moonbeams as she glided along; and the dark tresses of her waving hair lay in sweet contrast on her neck, as she stooped to gather the clustering buds just bursting into bloom. All was beautiful and bright without; but the heart of the maiden was sad. She had stood beneath the dark foliage of the cypress vines that closely netted and covered a verdant summer house, bending her gentle gaze on the azure sky, till her eyes filled with tears, and throwing herself on the rude garden sofa she sobbed bitterly.

“Once, only once more, and we part perhaps forever!” burst from her trembling lips, while the large glittering tear-drops rolled down her pale cheeks, and mingled with the dew at her feet. It was the troubled heart yielding to the full tide of its first young grief; and long and bitterly did the agitated waves away each awakened pulse, and thrill each trembling chord of that devoted heart. A long hour passed by, and the maiden still wail; but its light foot-fall echoes on her ear, a shadow darkened the foliage at the entrance, and she sprang from her rude seat, and in a moment was clasped in the arms of her lover. Neither spoke, but the long passionate kiss, and stifled sobs, told more than words could, of the mingled love and sorrow they felt.

“Isabel,” at length, softly whispered the stranger, “will you forget me when I am gone; will you cease to remember your teacher, your friend, he who would bare his heart to shelter you from the rude breath of heaven?”

The young girl did not speak, but clasping his hand in hers, she led him forward, and pointed upward to the deep blue sky that lay stretched like an interminable ocean above them. “The sky smiles just as sweetly Clarence; the stars shine as brightly, and the moon looks as lovingly upon us now, as when I first knew you. They have not changed, they will not change, yet sooner shall these pass away, than my love for you. It was you, who first taught me to love; it was you who led me to worship intellect; and unfolded to me, one by one, the mighty secrets of nature, till my spirit grew enamored, and I too drank at the fountain of philosophy. Since then, you have been to me the light of my life, the sunshine of my heart. I cannot change, I cannot be otherwise, than I now am—will you longer doubt me?”

“I do not doubt you, Isabel; I know your nature, I have made it my study; I have sided in training you to what you now are; I have spared no pains, conceded no faults, and cannot believe that this heart which has leaned so trustfully on mine, could prove fickle or faithless. No, Isabel, I do not doubt you; forgive me if my words implied a doubt; it was only a test, but the ordeal is now over, I shall torment you no more.”

The young girl fixed her dark eyes on his, as he spoke, and as his last words fell upon her ear, a slight smile dimpled her lovely mouth, and lighted with a brilliant glow her pale features for a moment, as they lay exposed to the mellow moonlight. She lifted the hand that was clasped in hers to her lips, and kissed it fervently.

“My truth is revealed Clarence, and now for yours!—how shall I know that you are always mine?”

“The same thing dear Isabel, that proves your faith will prove mine—do you feel these wild throbbings here, (and he pressed her hand

to his heart), when even these are hushed in death, I shall still be with you.

“But shall we never meet again here—here on earth? I know not why, but a strange presentiment, a deep fear has settled on my heart—something whispers me, we may not meet again here, and I am almost wretched. Tell me Clarence, may I heed such thoughts, or are they always wrong?” She nestled closer, to his side, as she spoke, with the confiding simplicity of youth and innocence, anxiously awaiting his answer; as if a single breath of his might dispel the gloom that had settled on her heart.

“Nay Isabel, you must not heed them. True, there are shadows in life. There is a veil of uncertainty thrown over the future which none may pierce; but believe me, there is much happiness in store for you—much sunshine for both of us; we shall meet again, I know it, I feel it; nay love, do not weep, do not let tears darken the hour that parts us.” And passing his arm around her slight waist, he drew her within the arbour, where they again seated themselves on the rough bench.

Those only who have felt the pain of separating from a beloved object, with the uncertainty of meeting again for years, perhaps for life, can fully appreciate the emotions that sway the hearts of these truly devoted lovers; for never did a more constant or bolder love light the pathway of mortals, than that which filled the bosom of Clarence Hayward and Isabel Sumner. She was very beautiful, and the blush of seventeen had scarcely tinged her cheeks; yet for years, it would be impossible to say how many, her heart had been his—in its every pulse and tone, and the additional weight of experience that ten years gave to her betrothed, sufficed to claim from her that reverential homage, that almost idolatry of affection ever reposed in one, on whom we feel we can lean for support, and to whom we can cling in trust and love. A true Woman must and would feel her dependence on Man; and the highest love alone pervades that heart, which can repose on the object of her affection, and look up to superior mental and physical excellence. And so was it with Isabel. She first revered Clarence Hayward, because he was her teacher; then admired the depth and devotion of his noble intellect, then loved, she hardly knew why. She was grateful for his manner to her; and gratitude, is near akin to love they say. She felt that without him she should be like the ivy bereft of its natural stay, and now, as the last embrace was given, the last adieu breathed from trembling lips, she turned to her solitary chamber with a sense of loneliness that she had never felt before. She sat by the window, looking out upon the night, until the moon dipped her silvery crest in the far off sea, and when its mild light no longer mellowed the scene without, she felt as if the light of her existence was also quenched; and throwing herself upon the bed she cried here! to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

The father of Isabel Sumner, was the younger son of a noble house; and early educated for the Church. But the *business* of theology, did not at all suit his taste, and deprived alike of title and fortune by his elder brother; but possessed of a proud and ambitious spirit, he turned with disgust from the pulpit, abjured the gown forever, and enlisted in the army, where scarcely twenty years of age. He afterwards entered upon the business of merchandize, and amassed a large fortune, and married a lady of high rank and great pretensions to beauty. But too late, he learned that her nature was haughty, passionate and overbearing. The capricious beauty had been spoiled by flattery and indulgence, and accustomed to have her slightest wish obeyed, she could not now brook the least denial or restraint; and when open flattery would not win the day, she had recourse to craft and policy, which in her hands seldom failed of success.

Two children were the only fruit of this union. The eldest was a blue-eyed boy, with fair curling locks, and features strongly resembling the mother, and in him seemed centred all the affections of that mother, for when the little daughter followed with the raven tresses and hazel eyes of the father, she turned from it with complete indifference, and abandoning it to the care of nurses, and the attentions of the fond father, bestowed her whole attention upon the eldest-born. Edward was indeed a beautiful boy, and though resembling the mother in looks, yet as he grew up, his disposition proved the very reverse. He was gentle, placid and yielding of temper, and won the affections of all who knew him by his constant endeavors to please, and his bounding and frolicsome disposition.

Isabel grew up neglected by the mother, but rich in the affections of

her joyous-hearted brother, and the assiduous care and attention of her father. If ever the mother bestowed a smile upon the daughter, it was when she saw her walking with her little brother, linked hand in hand, laughing and sporting the hours away, and both as happy as summer-birds; or when lying upon some grassy mound with their arms inter-twined, and their rosy cheeks pressed close together, while the sweet breathing of lincomms and love stole over them, and sweetened their sleep. Then would the mother steal softly up, gently entwine their arms, and raising the sleeping boy from the turf, carry him into the house, and lay him on her own soft bed, while poor Isabel would be left, until discovered by the watchful eye of the father, who would instantly spring forward, clasp his darling daughter to his heart, and murmuring over her a thousand blessings, again lay her by the side of her little playmate. Often had this very scene occurred; and once the mother's eye quailed beneath the angry glance of the father, as he perceived her sternly for such neglect of her daughter; she turned away trembling, and while the father lived, her treatment of Isabel amounted only to neglect, never to downright harshness. As the children grew in stature and years, their affection for each other increased, and if over the slightest whisper of reproach from any of their playmates against Isabel reached the ear of Edward, a sharp quarrel was quite sure to follow, or a keen and well-aimed retort would leave the offender ashamed or sorry for his behaviour. But Edward had scarcely reached his twentieth year, when a sudden illness seized him, and within three days, he lay dead before his agonised parents. The mother's grief was deep, and she bowed her head over her beautiful child, as he lay in the repose of death, with that restlessness and agony of spirit, which the misguided and passionate heart ever feels, when bereft of all it loves on earth. Isabel was but ten years old; yet she felt keenly and bitterly the loss of her darling brother who had performed the double office of a friend and a protector. She would creep silently and softly into the room, where he lay shrouded in the grave-clothes, and pressing her lips to his pale cheek, would kiss him again and again; calling him by name, and praying him to awake, and once as her father stood by her side, she suddenly raised her eyes to his face, and said—

"Will brother never awake!" "Never my child; never in this world;" and taking his daughter in his arms, he bore her sobbing from the room. This was the last time she beheld the face of her brother, and never afterwards could she bear to hear him mentioned in her presence. She had learned the mysteries of death.

As Isabel grew up, the beauty of her person, the grace and gentleness of her manners, fulfilled all that her early childhood had promised. No pains were spared with her education. She played, she sang, and she danced, with great ease and naturalness; and when, at the age of thirteen, she was put under the charge of Clarence Hayward, a highly gifted and well-educated young man, that she might follow her studies with him in the higher branches of education, there never was a more lovely young creature than Isabel Sumner. And yet she was a child at heart, with strong and deep affections, she was ready to lavish her caresses on all who looked upon her with eyes of love. The father idolised his daughter more and more, as he watched the unfolding graces of youth; but strange to say, with each passing hour the mother's heart grew more and more estranged. It was not surprising then that Isabel should cling to her father, with deep and earnest devotion; the only being left on earth, who could return her love, for love—nor was it strange that the winning manners of young Hayward, who behaved toward his beautiful charge, with the utmost gentleness—if not prudence—should fasten themselves upon the fancy of the mere child, who lavished her caresses on him for a long time with the same warmth and willingness, that she did upon her father. As years rolled on, she loved without knowing it. While Hayward formed within his heart a stronger passion, than, as a mere scholar, Isabel could claim; yet never, until she had reached sixteen, had he breathed a word of love into her ear; and when at length he told her of his deep affection for her, of his willingness to devote his whole life to her future welfare and happiness, the words came so naturally and easily from his lips, they were uttered so much in the usual tone of his heart, that she scarcely heeded the transit, scarcely thought of the words themselves; she only knew she was beloved, and in that thought, she was happy. She did not tremble, nor turn away, nor did the soft glance of her eye grow dim, or the long lashes droop—no!—but just laying her hand in his, without a single word of answer, they walked on, each knowing and trusting in the

other's love. A year passed by in the sunshine of perfect happiness, but then, they were doomed to part. The guardianship of Hayward was over; and turning his face to the Indies, he left Isabel to mourn his departure; and from the depth of her solitude, to look into her heart and feel for the first time, how much it was devoted to him.

Time passed on, and at first the letters of Hayward were frequent and filled with strong assurances of attachment; filling the heart of poor Isabel with joy, and obliging her to steal away by herself, where she would press the lettered missives to her lips, and weep in the very ecstasy of her heart, at the truth and constancy they betrayed. Her answers went back, fresh with the warm gush of first impulses of an untutored heart; and it would have been easier for the joyous brook to stop sparkling in the sunbeams, than for her to be reserved or cold while answering his dear letters. But after a while at the close of the first year, a change came over the destiny of Isabel. Her beloved and idolized father was taken suddenly ill, and the rapid progress that disease made on his frame but too surely told that the seeds of death were there. Poor child! with what trembling anxiety did she watch the bed of her father, ministering to his every want, and scarcely leaving him night or day, during the brief period of his sickness. No hands could smooth the pillow so well for him, none prepare the opiate so gratefully to his taste, and none breathe such words of consolation and hope as fell from his daughter's lips. It was a time of great trial and suffering for Isabel, but the strife between hope and fear was doomed to be of short duration. One mild sweet twilight in August, just as the sun went down to rest behind the western hills in a golden flame, Isabel had seated herself as usual by the bedside of her father, and drawing aside the folds of the curtains, was gazing on the pallid features of the sick man, who had sunk into what seemed a pleasant and natural slumber. So emaciated and so wan was the countenance however, and so sunken and rigid the features, that they bore too much the resemblance of death; and while gazing, she grew frightened—and, all at once the real situation of her father burst upon her mind, in all its truth and terror; and burying her face in the bed-clothes, she gave way to the most ungovernable sorrows. An hour passed by; and when at last the patient awoke, the attendants all saw that a change had come over him. He opened his eyes—he fixed them for a moment on his daughter; and then reaching forth his hand, he took hers and gently drew it to his lips.

"My daughter," he whispered faintly, "I am going, do not mourn my loss, do not grieve for me much, when I am gone. Clarence Hayward,—marry him—be his forever—and may your devoted attachment to myself be rewarded as it deserves. My daughter—my dear, dear Isabel," he faintly gasped, "may God bless you! I am going."

Isabel flung herself upon the breast of her father, and kissed from his pale lips, the last quivering breath of life.

"Father! father!" she almost shrieked, "don't leave me!"

The wife stood at the foot of the bed, and leaning over, looked for an instant into the bloodless and rigid face of her husband, as it fell from the daughter's arms. A long drawn sigh fell on the silent air,—a single tear-drop rolled down the cheek of the wife, and murmuring "it is all over!" she turned away, and with her, the grief itself was done.

Not so with Isabel. In her first overwhelming sorrow, she longed to lie down by her father's side, and sleep with him the sleep of death: But she remembered his dying words; and when the thoughts of Hayward came back to her heart, she determined to live for his sake, and let no wasting grief,—no blighting sorrow, destroy the blossoming hope of her youth. She immediately wrote him an account of her father's death; describing in a pathetic manner the sorrow and loneliness of her heart. But many a long month passed by, and she received no answer; and now just when she most needed the support of his love and sympathy, his letters entirely ceased. Poor Isabel! With what trembling anxiety, did she await each coming day; hoping that the morrow's post would bring a balm to her fears, and a relief to her aching heart. But day by day, week by week, stole by, and still no tidings came. The cheek of the bereaved girl, grew paler and thinner; her eye no longer beamed with its wonted joy, and the mouth, around which had clustered a thousand joyous smiles ready to bestow themselves on all, now wore that patient, unchanging expression of suffering which always betrays the true children of sorrow. Isabel was indeed wretched. Her father, who had been the sharer of all her joys and troubles, now slept the sleep of death; and with no brother, no sister to whom she could

turn for comfort, she had become the drudge of a heartless and imperious mother. It was strange to see a parent so steeled against an only child; and that child so lovely as Isabel. Gladly would she have thrown herself into the arms of that mother; gladly would she have sought a shelter in her bosom; but the mother's eye never beamed with love upon her daughter, her arms were never open for that embrace; and that poor young heart, so full of the gushing impulses of love, was obliged to shrink within itself, and feed only on its own bitterness; and yet was the cup of her sorrows not full. Thrown upon society, she formed an unwilling acquaintance with a young foreigner, who styled himself the Count de Rosier. Anything but pleasing in looks or agreeable in manners, Isabel avoided his society, but he evidently sought hers, while his haughty manners and presumptuous bearing stirred within her a feeling of dislike, amounting almost to hatred. She gave him no encouragement either by word or look; and though the mother evidently favored him, she was greatly surprised one day, on receiving from him a proposal in due form, written on gilt-edged and perfumed paper,—a wretched scrawl—most wretchedly spelt. She gave the letter immediately to her mother, while an expression of withering scorn for the first time in her life, almost curled her bright lip, as she pointed to the signature. There was a look of secret pleasure in the mother's countenance, while she read the note, and a sinister smile rested on her thin lips as she replied.

"So! you are to become a countess; and the loss of Mr. Hayward will only bring you a golden harvest after all! Cheer up and let not another tear-drop dim your cheek; heave not another sigh to the memory of that faithless man!"

Isabel raised her eyes to her mother's face, and the pupils grew larger and larger, as they dwelt upon her features; and when she saw that the stamp of earnestness was indeed there, she rushed forward, threw her arms around her neck, and sobbed hysterically upon her bosom. At a single glance, she had read her doom; and it smote upon her like a thunderbolt.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot, mother; I cannot marry him!" she exclaimed, in bitter agony of heart. The mother's eye grew stern with anger; and putting her daughter aside, she took the unanswered note from the table; and leaving the room, closed the door and turned the key on the unhappy Isabel, who paced the floor a few moments in an agony of spirit past bearing; and as the fearful probability, almost certainty of her fate, rushed upon her mind, her brain grew dizzy, and throwing herself upon a sofa, and gasping for breath, she gave way to the tumult within her and swooned. Mrs. Sumner soon returned with an unfolded paper in her hand, and approaching her daughter, said—

"Come Isabel! the answer is ready; it only awaits your signature—make haste and sign, the Count must have his answer to-night." But the harsh words fell on an unheeding ear; and when she saw that Isabel was really senseless, no pity moved her heart, but stooping down, she raised the lifeless hand, placed a pen between the fingers, and made them write in plain and legible characters the words, "*Isabel Sumner.*"

CHAPTER III.

Again it was night; but no star glittered on the darkness without, no moonbeams silvered the thick heavy clouds, that were driven by the cold gusty winds of November across a black and cheerless sky. The hour of midnight had long passed away; and one and two had tolled with a heavy muffled sound upon the damp thick air, yet the desolate heart of Isabel found no rest, and no sleep had visited her eye-lids. She was alone in her chamber; and the lamp gave forth a faint sickly light, betraying the coldness of the furniture, richly carved and polished, the ottomans wrought with flowers, the well stuffed chairs, the heavy and beautiful tapestry shadowing the walls, and the highly polished inlaid oaken floor—all of which were in strange contrast with the evident wretchedness of that fair girl, who sat leaning over a table, with her face buried in her hands. She had loosened her rich satin dress, and it had slipped away from her neck displaying her beautifully turned shoulders, white and dazzling as the warmest and purest marble, over which the raven tresses poured themselves with luxuriant profusion. The heavy breathing that issued from her shut lips, and the deep convulsive sobs that one by one broke on the still air, as if her very heart yielding to the strife within—were all the sounds that betokened life in that chamber. Hour after hour had she sat there in the complete abandonment of

grief; one only thought filling her whole heart and swelling it almost to bursting; that of utter and hopeless wretchedness; and now, as the door slowly opened, and the noise awoke her as it were from a swoon, she started up with a shudder to her feet, pressed both hands upon her heart, and looked bewilderingly at the figure before her. It was her mother in a white night dress hanging loosely around her; bearing in one hand a lamp, while with the other she shaded her brow, and looked from beneath at her frightened daughter.

"Why are you up, shaking and trembling in the cold night air at this late hour? It is past two o'clock; to bed, child—to bed with you; this is no way to fit a countess for a bridal night."

"Oh! mother, mother!" exclaimed the poor girl, falling on her knees—"do not speak of the bridal night, I can never, never marry that man."

"Hush, child, hush; the banns are already published, the guests are invited, the Count is here, and everything is ready for the marriage. It cannot be avoided, nor postponed."

"Oh mother! it cannot be—it must be broken off; is there no way mother—no escape from this dreadful doom?"

"Ah—and is it indeed so dreadful a thing to be a Countess; to have his title united to your fortune! to shine at courts and be perhaps a star of the first magnitude among other stars? Nay, nay—stand up, if you please, you cannot persuade me, that even you will not be satisfied with your destiny, when once the nuptial knot is tied."

"No, mother, no! I shall never be happy if I marry that man; there is a dreadful weight here, on my heart; it is burning deeper and deeper; it is the doom you have set off, as a seal—and once, only once more, do I pray you to take it off!—here, on my knees,—O mother!—mother will you not listen to the prayer of your own child?"

There was no pity in the mother's eye, so softness in her tone, as she replied. "I have told you already, and I now tell you again, Isabel Sumner, that it must be so—to-morrow night you are Countess de Rosier. Did not your own hand sign the marriage contract, and would you revoke it? Stand up!—and behave no longer like a simpleton. I am weary of such childishness."

And Isabel stood up, and instantly there was a change in her whole countenance and courage. Her tears were dried, as with a blast from the desert; her cheek, perhaps, grew somewhat paler—and it might be that her lips were a little more firmly pressed together; and folding her arms quietly on her breast, she raised her head and firmly and unquaveringly met the glance of her mother; and when she spoke, no trembling word—no wavering syllable passed her lips. "Be it then as you say, but remember what I say, you will have doomed your own—your only child—to an early death. You have battered away my heart's blood; with my lifeless hand, you signed the marriage contract; you have ordered the preparations for marriage, and now you drag me like a lamb to the sacrifice; I shall go—I shall obey you, mother. But mark me, my death will lie at your door; I tell you that Clarence Hayward still lives—you know it; and you know that his heart beats no less truly for me, than does mine for him—and forever. I dreamed last night, that he stood before me, and his eyes were bent on me with looks of love;—but as you he cast a withering glance that dried up the very blood in your heart; your flesh wasted from your bones,—mother!—your very eye-balls were seared in their sockets, and—and—but no matter now—we shall meet again; the future is revealed to me—the word is uttered that cannot be recalled. I yield to the doom, but remember—my death lies at your door—mother—*my blood be upon your head!*"

For once, the eye of the mother quailed before the steady glance of the daughter. Surprised at the sudden change of manner in the timid and gentle girl, and terrified at her words, she placed her hand upon the lock. There she stopped—and lifting her eyes to her daughter's face, and seemed about to speak—and then slowly withdrew them. Was it indeed Isabel who stood before her? or was it some mighty spirit transformed into her likeness, and roused to indignation for her wrongs? There she stood, her black hair streaming over her shoulders, her arms still folded upon her breast, her head thrown proudly up, and motionless and still as a marble statue. Her whole nature had undergone a sudden revolution; and the few hours of agony she had just endured, had wrought a change in her, which years of common suffering would not; and now she stood much older in heart and mind, much firmer of purpose, and nobler in soul than she was at the going down of

the sun; and when the mother closed the door after her, without a single syllable of reply, she hastily but calmly undressed, threw herself upon the bed, and worn out with long watching, soon fell asleep.

So mysterious is human nature! The will subdued, and we can sleep alike on a bed of straw or a couch of daws, in a cottage or a palace—in the damp of a dreary dungeon, as if cradled beneath the roof-tree of our own home. The will subdued! and martyrs have gone singing to the stake, leaped fearlessly into the boiling caldron and passed without a groan into the world of spirits. The will subdued! and the murderer stands unflinchingly on the scaffold, and with the coiled rope around his throat springs into the empty air. The will subdued! and we can baze the heart even to the murderer's knife and leap with joy when the blow falls that was meant for another! Marydoun is no martyrdom; 'tis the strife with the will that sharpens the dagger—this conquered and the ordeal is over, the fiery fire passed! And so was it with poor Isabel—the long hours of night had borne witness to her agony; but her strong will was never conquered, and though the cup remained as bitter as ever—she was mistress of herself, and slept.

Never did Isabel look more beautiful than on the wedding night, as she stood robed in her bridal garment—a glittering white satin, closely fitting a form of the most perfect symmetry; with no ornament save her own beautiful hair and a white rose-bud drooping gracefully over the right temple. She was very pale, nevertheless—and the same expression of suffering martyrdom rested on her beautiful mouth; yet was she calm and self possessed. Once, and but once, there was a slight trembling of the lips, a quivering of the eye-lids as she placed her hand in that of her future husband while the words were pronounced that bound them together—*forever and ever!*—and now large tear stole out from beneath her dark lashes, and rested like melted frost upon the pale blossom of her cheek. This was all that told of suffering, and a few moments after she received the congratulations of the guests, as Countess de Rosier, with a gentle smile, and a cheerful word for all.

CHAPTER IV.

From the hour that Isabel yielded to her mother's will, a spirit of endurance appeared to have taken possession of her. She determined to live for the future, and with perhaps a distant hope in her heart, that she might one day meet alive the object of her earliest and only love, she yielded herself up to whatever destiny she might be called upon to suffer; and when at length she had become established in a large house, a feeling of tranquillity, almost of cheerfulness, sprang up in her heart. But time soon proved that the Count de Rosier, was a man of low birth—a mere adventurer—without rank or fortune; and worse than all, he turned out a gambler and a drunkard. As the fortune of Isabel, not love, had been the bait, she was obliged to endure much of his society, and often for a whole week at a time, would he be away on his wild riots, and return again only to replenish an empty purse. But her limited fortune could not always last, the principal was rapidly diminishing, and a cold shudder would often creep over the young wife, as she looked into the future and saw nothing there but want and wretchedness. And come it did at length in all its dreadful bitterness! Would the reader look with me a little further? I have but one more scene to paint, and for me the task is over.

At the time of which I write, in the western suburbs of London, where the scattered population marks the utmost limits of that bravely extended metropolis, stood an old shattered mansion fast falling to ruins. The worn estate blinds were hanging loose on their hinges; the doors were half torn away, the walls rotten and crumbling with every blast, while a large part of the eastern wing had fallen to the earth leaving the space open, and all exposed to the winds and rain of Heaven. The garden spot, fenced off with such rude broken railings, was all overgrown with thistles and briars. Two large weeping willows grew in front, shading the entrance, while the neatness of the grass plot beneath, and a sweetly blooming honey-suckle, twined to the broken window, and half covering the faded and mended shutters, showed that the hand of taste had been there in spite of the desolation about. The appearance of the apartment within denoted the utmost poverty; yet what little it contained was arranged with perfect neatness and order. A few old fashioned, broken chairs were ranged about the room, a rickety table stood underneath a large cracked glass, and a single two legged stool and a barp, was all the furniture it contained. Yet with all its poverty there was something

of refinement and good taste visible in the room. An earthen vase of wild flowers stood upon the table; the large open fire-place—a rarity for a hundred years to that neighborhood, was filled with fresh gathered boughs of evergreens, beneath which rested a beautiful gray kitten, purring musically, and occasionally opening her round bright eyes, and watching the play boughs, as she struck them with her playful paw. Yet this was not all of life within the apartment. Pale and sad, yet oh, how beautiful! sat a woman by the open window, who had tasted all the bitterness of death—and outlived the trial. Never—never perhaps, in the first flush of maiden glory had she looked so lovingly fair as now. The glossy ringlets of her dark hair fell over shoulders of the same snowy whiteness—and somewhat fuller, and yet her forehead was as smooth, and her eyes beamed as lustreously from their basle depths; and were it not for the saddened, sorrowful expression of the mouth, there was nothing to tell of suffering. The three years of trial, that had gone by since her marriage, had refined and exalted and beautified her character, uplifting her mild and clustering within her heart a thousand new charms and affections.

Hardly two years and a-half had elapsed after their marriage, before Isabel's property was all gone, and when the last shilling was staked at the gaming-table, and bartered for the intoxicating draught, the life of the miserable man was finished by a fall upon the pavement, while they were helping him into a carriage. The wife, shocked and grieved at the suddenness of his death, shed some tears of bitterness over his fate; but she could not mourn him, for she had never loved him; nor had he ever proved himself worthy of her love. True, he had not been altogether a brute—he had never trampled on her with his feet, nor struck her with his hand; but he had done all he could do—all he durst to break her heart; he had taken her from her home, linked her fate to his, squandered her fortune, and brought her to the threshold of the workhouse. One by one every article of former luxury and comfort had been wrung from her, and now nothing but her old harp remained to tell of the past. From this she could never part—it was her idol—it should be buried with her; it was the one long cherished friend of her heart, and now as her fingers waved listlessly over the strings a melody awoke in her heart, and tuning the instrument with the memory of other days, she played and sang in a low sweet voice the following words, written some months before, and set to her own music:

When sorrow waves her pision
And Sadness dims thine eye,
Let hope still softly whisper,
I am aigh, I am aigh!
Let hope still softly whisper,
I am aigh, I am aigh!

When dark misfortune presses,
And thorns lie thick around,
Tara thee fancy's regions,
And hit the hallowed sound.
While hope still softly whispers, &c.

If joy or sorrow greet thee,
Thy cup be "wail or woe,"
O! still let fancy meet me,
Where'er thou mayst go.
While hope still softly whispers, &c.

She had sung it with much pathos and beauty, and as the last words died away from her lips, the plaintive tones had awakened a corresponding echo in her heart; and leaning her head upon the window sill she burst into tears; the first she had shed for many a long and weary month. One small white hand lay half buried in the falling tresses of her hair, as it fell carelessly over the casement, while she pressed the other on her heart as if to quell the throbbings there. Her thoughts were with the past—her sunny children came back to her; her little brother with his mild loving eyes again stood by her side; again she was fondled on her father's knee, and her arms were clasped about his neck—but more than all—again she was with Clarence, her beloved teacher, her friend—and the cherished idol of long shadowy years. Again she was singing and reading and sketching with him, and roaming whithersoever she would with him under the sweet blue sky of her old home; and then the last parting scene came back to her, and O! how her heart swelled within her as each incident awoke in her memory but as the dolings of yesterday. His very look, his words, all, all were burning at her heart. It was the living sunshine of the past lending a deeper gloom to the shadows of to-day; and as they dazzled up one by one from the

darkness, her tears fell faster and faster with the buried Past. But there was another near—another whom the young mourner heeded not; an ear that drank in the thrilling tones of her voice, as she sang; and a heart that responded with every pulse to hers. It was that of Clarence Hayward himself. He had wandered away from town, and happening to pass the window of that lonely and deserted mansion, heard the strange bewildering music—listened—approached the window unobserved—and the first words that fell on his ear distinctly enough to be understood, filled him with amazement. Nearer and yet nearer he stole—stopping and listening at every step—and still the wonder grew, and scarcely had the first verse closed ere he felt himself trembling, and was obliged to lean against the weeping willow for support. The voice, the words, the tone and attitude of the singer, all convinced him, that it was indeed Isabel;—*ah*, whom he had cherished within his heart's core for so many long sad years, and who had been the guiding star of his hopes, which after years of blight and misery had been crushed forever.

Again she was before him, in all her past beauty, but saddened and chastened by the hand of sorrow. Hardly knowing that it might not be all a dream—so wonderful it seemed—he softly entered the open door, and noiselessly approached the window where she sat, with her face resting upon her folded arms and weeping bitterly. For a moment, a single moment, he stood gazing down upon her; her slight form quivering and trembling with the convulsions of heart; and that fair white hand which he had so often pressed in his, half-concealed under the dark abundant hair that had fallen over her folded arms—the same shadowy locks he had sported and toyed with long years ago in days of sunshine and joy;—a moment, a single moment he gazed, then laid his trembling hand upon hers, while the fingers tightened with the pressure of other days. Greatly alarmed—and yet—bewildered perhaps by something in the touch itself—he checked the scream that was rising from her heart—looked up—finished the scream—tried to smile—and fainted upon the bosom of the only man she had ever loved in her life—except her father. Her arms tightened with a convulsive energy about his neck; and she clung to him while his kisses were pressed to her lips and forehead, as the infant clings to its mother's breast, fearful that a breath or a whisper might part them. For a long time not a single word was spoken by either—and the first that escaped from the lips of Isabel, were—“Oh don't, don't leave me again!”

“Never—never, dear Isabel,” he murmured, as he alternately pressed her to his heart, and then held her at arm's length to look into her sweet face, and deep gentle eyes brimming with tears—“Never my beloved! We will never, never part again!”

It was long before explanations were made, and when they were, it was only at intervals, in broken sentences and half uttered exclamations of wonder and surprise.

Hayward had never ceased writing for a single month, but on the death of Isabel's father his letters were intercepted by the cruel and envious mother; hers were not allowed to pass to him, and thus the correspondence had been utterly broken off, and all traces of the lover had been lost. Mrs. Somner had always manifested a great dislike to Hayward, and even during her husband's life, she had used her utmost endeavors to have him discarded by the family; but falling in this, while the father of Isabel was living; immediately upon his death she had recourse to the means we have mentioned, and with what perfect success the reader is already made acquainted. But the mother was not happy, she remembered the words of her daughter on the night previous to her marriage; and fear and remorse gradually undermined her constitution, and she fell into an incurable disease. When Hayward left the East Indies, he had hastened immediately to the home of his beloved Isabel, where he found the mother on her death-bed, and received from her the story of the wrongs inflicted upon them, together with a large package of his own and Isabel's letters. From that time, he had sought her with untiring assiduity; but failed to discover her retreat, until chance threw him so strangely in her way. Thus at last, the two lovers were restored to each other; the sorrows of the past had purified the hearts of both; increased their capacity and rendered sweeter the sunshine and happiness that hallowed their future path. The shadow left the brow of Isabel, and her voice rang musically and sweetly once more, through the pictured halls, the richly decorated apartments, the green woods, and the broad spreading parks, through which her husband was delighted to lead her and call them her own. The doom had passed—

the ordeal was over; but the real was at length broken, and sunshine streamed in upon their path of life—and they were happy.

E. S. P.

LETTERS TO MY COUNTRY COUSINS.

NO. 1.

TO MELLA.

I've arrived here at last, dearest Cor, and 'tis pity you did not yourself come with me to the city; 'Tis a world of itself—such queer sights to be seen—So wondrous to one who is any thing green; But the folks know but little—as sure as you're born I believe there aint one that knows how to hoe corn; And all I've yet seen have been wasting the day To look at each other in walking Broadway. They say there are some, work in shops and on houses As we do at home, in their shirt sleeves and trousers; And some, with their brooms in the dirty streets swarming— But, the poor silly folks, they know nothing of farming.

I intend to describe you whatever I see, And 'twill please you I know if it interests me. I shall speak of the buildings, the harbor and shipping. The new *Alkama*—where shertob I've been stepping— The men of both sexes—the beautiful women— The fountains so large that a thousand might swim in— The Hall and the Tombs—The Carlton and Astor— The new *Constritor* who's equal to *Pasta*— Th' Exchange and the Custom House—all things, in fin, That with a free pen I can sketch in a line.

By the bye, I'll imagine you here, for a day; So lean on my arm and we'll walk down Broadway. If they think we're engaged, or are like to be matched, 'Tis no matter—they'll see, by the arms, we're attached.

What myriads of people, to us all unknown;— Ten thousand around us, yet we all alone! Oh never the heart is so lonely as when We tread as a stranger the thronged haunts of men; The hum of the thousands is like the wind's sigh To the mariner left on a lone wreck to die.

You see that tall man with a fine florid face, That is chatting with Morris just here by Park Place. He is now coming towards us—his hat on one side, His hair deftly curled like the locks of a bride, Blue scarf and blue coat—you ask who it can be— 'Tis he that made *Pescillings* over the sea. He's a lion that long over Europe once raged, But in the New Mirror now safely is caged. In the great war of words he's a sort of Achilles;— You've read Malanie! 'twas by him—N. F. Willis. This Lord of Glen Mary, neath a bridge sat of late And fished for applause with a letter for bait.

Let's continue our walk till the fountain we've seen That is trying to play on the old Bowling Green. See it foam, fret and splash—it is hard-working, very, Like dull folks at parties that try to be merry. I like not the fountain—art cannot be Nature, Merely by stealing one bold ragged feature.

Now turn we up town—we'll give Wall street the pass. Where the Bulls and the Bears have been turned out to grass Where lame ducks are waddling, and barbers are known In their very close shaving to cut to the bone. It is hoped when this *Minster* has lifted its head Three hundred feet over this swindler's hot bed, It will *frown* on such doeds—but 'twill yet be outwitted. In the face of the church greatest sins are committed. Here we are at the Park, that the *Deans* stalk about in, To see the great Hall and the big fountain spouting; See their antics, as on the fence chains they now perch,

The Park has fine skin gals, like the roof of a church.
And here are the *Tombs*, where poor Colt kicked the bucket,
And people turned *poil* and in high dudgdon took it;
Here *Toppin* awaited the moment to swing swing,
But was saved from the gallows and sent up to Sing Sing.

This Hotel you have seen—Holt built it long since
Too big for his purse, with less taste than expense.
It has a deep well and they drilled it down more
Than five hundred feet—twas a very great bore.
Holt was once a good cook—'tis by some explained why
He so oft went to Greece, but I think it a-ly.

We are now at the Astor—'tis where I put up
And you at this palace, I'll fancy to stop.
You are tired out you say—well we'll seek the saloon
And rest there,—I'll order a private room soon.
"Mine Host of the Astor, a room,—and the best—
This lady, my cousin, now wishes to rest."
"She must take the room attic," 's she shall not, that's fiat
You could travel to your *rope* as easy as that."
Nunquam *mens*, cousin Mella, no choice can be given
When the house is so full,—you'll be nrawer to Heaven.
There, I've written the letter I promised to you
And will you reply to it!—sweet Mella, do—
Good bye—my regard to your sisters I send—
And do not forget me—your cousin and friend.

BABER WINSLOW.

New York July 15th 1843.

PUNCHINGS FROM PUNCH.

PUNCH'S FRUIT AND FLOWER-SHOW.—There was a fruit and flower-show on Saturday-night last in Lambeth Walk, at which the attendance was very numerous. The stalls were brought forward several feet into the carriage-way, and were brilliantly lighted with a preparation procured from the fat of sheep, which is placed round a species of white material that is grown in America.

Among the fruit, the prize was obtained by an exhibitor whose gooseberries were so fine that a pint and a half went to a quart—which was the result of forcing—that is to say forcing in the bottom and the sides of the measure so as to contract the space in the internal cavity.

The second prize was awarded to a peck of peas; so fine, that though little more than half a peck, they completely filled the measure. This achievement was the result of a peculiar treatment of the peas—a plan in some respects similar to the modern system of agricultural chemistry—for there had been a large application of mint and some other leafy substance which had the effect of causing the peas to swell out so as to fill the measure.

Among the flowers we observed nothing very remarkable. The finest show was in the window of a chemist, where we observed some camille flowers in great perfection, and in a considerable quantity.

ROYAL PENSIONERS.—It was remarked that on Saturday last there were two kings in London, both of them the sovereigns of foreign countries. When it is remembered that both receive very large pensions from England, and that Saturday last was quarter-day there is no difficulty in guessing the object of their visit.

THE MARKETS.—Our Covent Garden correspondent has sent us potatoes up to Saturday week. Peas have not improved: they were hard at the opening, and threaten to continue so.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—During the last month there have been some severe frosts in Berne, but the heat in Chili has been intense.

A PRESENT FROM 'PETER'.—Why would Lavater have made a good soldier?—Because he was a capital fellow to "write about face."

NOTICES OF MOTION.—Mr. Hume, for a return of the name of "one passenger" from the Adelphi Pier to Richmond, on the very wet day in the week before last, together with his reasons for going there in the wet,—the expenses of his trip, an account of its results, and a copy of the check given to him before he disembarked by the captain of the vessel.

Mr. Barthwick, for leave to bring in all his private bills, and lay them on the table.

IMPORTANT TO SUITORS IN CHANCERY.—Having occasion the other day to visit the Chancery Offices, we discovered an announcement which we are surprised has not been more generally noticed, and we take no little credit to ourselves for being the first to give extended publicity to the important public directions to the unhappy suitors, who may have been wandering in the Court so many years. The information is contained in the following short announcement—"The way out"—which we can assure our readers we have copied from an official notice stuck up in that Court.

THE TRIUMPH OF ART.—A certain quack dentist celebrated for a mineral composition for stopping the teeth having got greatly into debt, has, we understand, been trying a new composition (called ten pence in the pound), with which he has succeeded in supping the teeth of his creditors.

WHYS AND WHATS.—Why is a horseman riding on the wooden pavement likely to share the fate of Charles the First?—Because in all probability his head will be brought to the block.

What branch of the fine arts ought horses to be taught?—The art of drawing on wood.

THE SMALLEST HOMOPATHIC DOSE EVER KNOWN.—On Thursday last we read that Sir Robert Peel took the *sense* of the House.

ON THE WOODEN PAVEMENT.

Upon the pavement made of wood
The horses are poor things, such trippers,
They cannot make their footing good,
Their iron shoes are iron slippers.
No wonder that they lose their feet,
The fact a matter quite of course is,
For when with wood they floor the street,
It naturally floors the horses.

ON A VIEW OF THE AERIAL SHIP FASHIONED OVER THE NILE.

To see so soon the aerial ship
Engaged in such a lengthy trip
Will make the doubtful smile;
And some will try to show their wit,
Quoting "*ex nihilo nihil fit*,"
Nothing like that can reach the Nile.

QUATRAINS FOR QUARTER-DAT.

We have liv'd and lov'd together
In the cottage of content,
But I'm sure I know not whether
We ever paid the rent.

We watch'd the daylight going
To the west on golden wings,
Then without our landlord's knowing
We slyly mov'd our things.

We have seen the dark-eyed stranger
Still watching our abode;
We knew that there was danger,
For we thought of what we owed.

We have seen our assets dwindle
Down to our final sin,
You felt that we must swindle,
And I always felt with you.

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

BY ELIZA COOK.

As we wander alone where the moonlight reposes,
And the wind o'er the ripple is tuneless and sweet,
When the stars glitter out as the day flower closes,
And the night bird and dew-drop are all that we meet:

Oh! then, when the warm flush of thought is unequaling
The hands that a cold world too often keeps fast,
We shall find that the deepest and dearest of feeling
Is pouring its tide in a dream of the past.

Oh! who shall have travelled through life's misty morning
Forgetting all way-marks that rose on their track,
Tho' the things we loved then had maturity's scorching
Tho' we cast them behind, yet we like to look back.

Tho' the present may charm us with magical numbers
And lull the rapt spirit, entrancing it fast,
Yet 'tis rarely the heart is so sound in its slumbers,
As to rest without mingling some dream of the past.

Oh! the days that are gone, they will have no returning,
And 'tis wisest to bury the hopes that decay,
But the license that's purest and richest in burning,
Is often placed where all around it is fading away.

Tho' the days that are gone had more cancer than blossom,
And even that blossom too tender to last,
Yet had we the power, ah! where is the boom
Would thrust from its visions the dreams of the past?

A STEAMBOAT WITH A BUSTLE ON.—A stern-wheel boat was passing one of the Hotels at Beaver Point, Pa., the other day, a little girl who was standing on the porch watched it for a moment and then ran into the house to her mother, exclaiming, "mother, mother, come out and see this steamboat—it's got a bustle on."

LITERARY.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—By William Atkinson; with an introduction by Horace Greeley. Price 25 cents. Greeley & McElrath, N. Y.

Though a great book be a great evil—as everybody who doesn't write, and many who do, are always ready enough to acknowledge—it does not follow that a little book is a little evil. On the contrary, it may be a great blessing, and all the greater for being put within the reach of everybody, like air and water, and the elements of natural rendering, called common sense.

In a word, then, we like this little book, and for many reasons we have no time to set forth. And we like it none the worse, our readers may be sure, because of certain coincidences of opinion between ourselves and the author and the American editor: coincidences which prove to our mind that both of us are right, since neither could have been much indebted to the other two—our notions having been set forth for the first time in public, before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, some three years ago, and never published, nor even reduced to writing; and Mr. Atkinson's book, with Mr. Greeley's introduction, never having fallen in our way till within the last four and twenty hours.

The presumption is, if two distinct persons, acting, not together, but apart—holding no communion with each other, and pursuing each his own path—arrive at the same result, that both are right; and the presumption grows stronger and stronger in proportion as the subject itself is of a mathematical or certain character, and capable of demonstration. Thus, if two individuals add up a column of figures, each by himself, and come at precisely the same result, our most cautious men of business are satisfied, and ought to be, or there would be no safety in business, and we should have all questions in arithmetic submitted to the world, as were Rowlett's interest tables.

Well then, are the foundations of political economy one whit less certain than the results of arithmetic? If they are, as all the business of the world does in fact depend upon a right understanding of the principles that govern, or should govern, in political economy, what is to become of us?

Mystified, to be sure, by people who never appear to understand anything: written about by men who would be lost upon a butcher's bill—and out of their depth in a trial-balance, by the youngest clerk of an establishment under reasonable headway, Political Economy has come to be regarded as the great *bugbear*—the *ura major* of our sky—the great *bug*—about of all that love to lose themselves in a labyrinth of outlandish terms, until they not only get bewildered, but are exceedingly apt, in their progress, to bewilder everybody else that comes in their way, or tries to follow them.

Now, we contend that the deepest principles of Political Economy, like those of Religion, lie upon the surface of things, and within reach of the commonest understandings—and this from necessity. Else, what were they good for? Wanted every moment, in all the business of life, like the first principles of religion and common sense—being, indeed, but another name for both—we may take it for granted that if we do not understand them, the fault is our own—that we have gone the wrong way to work, or trusted to the traditions of men. So clear and self-evident are they—so unchangeable—and so necessary to be understood by all—that we may be sure men would never disagree about them, any more than they would about the first principles of morality, as put forth in the decalogue, or the sermon on the Mount—had not some ingenious people, with not much to do in this world, and still less to do with, undertaken to lead them astray.

For, it is one thing to understand these principles, and another to be able to answer every possible objection that can be urged against them, or to correct every possible misrepresentation. Left to themselves, without commentary, they would make their own way everywhere—have made their way *naturally* over the whole earth. But explained—qualified—interpreted by the careless—overburdened with commentaries by ingenious and clever men, all burning to distinguish themselves in some way—it mattered little how—by a great discovery, a brilliant puzzle, or a thundering paradox—no wonder the business men of our age have grown weary of the unprofitable talk; no wonder the statesmen of our day have lost themselves by hundreds among the mysteries of the multiplication table.

Now, what this little work professes to do, and what it *does*—and does well—is, to clear away some of this rubbish, and set people to thinking for themselves; and we recommend it therefore, in all heartiness, to our fellow countrymen as the very thing they want; as worth more to them than whole libraries upon the same subject, heretofore published by our friends over sea; who, not satisfied with manufacturing our broadclothes and calicoes, insist upon manufacturing our opinions for us—with a reasonable discount to the trade.

Now this, we don't like. And we thank Mr. Greeley for having helped the stranger to an acquaintance with our people; and we say to Mr. Atkinson, that bating a few errors, not worth quarrelling about here—Mr. Greeley will understand us—these Principles of Political Economy, are a treasure for the people, everywhere, and for the people of America, a mine of wealth and familiar wisdom.

We cannot, of course undertake to review such a book in a newspaper. It would lead us into making another book, and might mislead us before we got through, into a most unprofitable controversy; for how is it possible to agree with anybody, through chapter after chapter, in a work of *eighty-three* closely printed pages with double columns? We should be ashamed of ourselves, to agree with Solomon himself to such an unreasonable extent. But though we cannot do this, we will try to do something better. We will enter the field side by side with Mr. Greeley, and assist him in bearing up the banner of what is indeed Free Trade—the freest of all trades—the free interchange of thought. We will go *ALL LENGTHS* in maintaining the right to think for ourselves—and to make ourselves understood by the great working masses of mankind.

The chief leading errors of the schools we take to be these, and must be corrected by the counting-houses and workshops. The founders of the science of Political Economy, begin with assuming certain facts, and establishing certain laws; after which, their lives are consumed in trying to accommodate everything that happens to some one of these long established laws. Every mystery they undertake to explain—every anomaly—to justify. But how? By forming a table of exceptions; by acknowledging that they may be wrong? No, indeed; but always in *one way*—and in *one way only*—as if they could not possibly be mistaken, or, rather, as if *common sense* had nothing in the world to do with the science of Political Economy. Perhaps they are right, after all—and if Political Economy be what they say it is, they are right—and we must give up the question.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August, is a capital number. The engravings are very beautiful, the "Family Jewels" especially is a gem, and well sustains the reputation Dick has gained as an excellent artist. "The Consequences of being too late," by Dick, conveys a good lesson, but as an engraving does not equal some of Dick's previous efforts. The contributors to the present number are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Annan, and Mrs. Hale, H. T. Tucker, T. S. Arthur, H. W. Herbert, Morton McMichael, &c. There is an attractive variety in the list of contents, and some of the articles are of an excellence above the usual standard of magazine articles. Burgess and Stringer, agents, New York.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—Burgess & Stringer, have also sent us the August number of this work. It contains thirteen pieces of music and we learn from the reports of our musical friends, that it is the best number yet issued. The music with two or three exceptions is very attractive.

PROTESTANTISM, the Parent and Guardian of civil and religious liberty. By the Rev. John Neil Macleod, D. D. New York, Robert Carter, 58 Canal street.

This is an excellent lecture, showing the great aim of the Roman Catholic church to be the possession of power, both civil and religious; and that that power is proven from the experience of the past, and from the very nature of the church and her doctrines, to be not only uncongenial but inimical to republicanism. Dr. Macleod shows that the very aim of Protestantism is to explain and understand all things. Not to hide its own history nor that of Romanism from any, while the doctrine of Papacy is directly opposed to this. Altogether, the work is an admirable one, and at this time of disturbance in the Christian church, is peculiarly well-timed. The external of the book reflects credit on its publishers.

EXERCISES OF THE ALUMNA OF THE ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY.—C. Van Bruntzger, Albany.—This is a very interesting brochure con-

taining the address of the President of the Academy, at the celebration of the second anniversary, July 20th, and also containing the compositions which obtained the prizes. More than half of the work is occupied by one of these, a moral tale, entitled "Home Education," written by Miss Mary E. Field, of Hadam, Ct.

A RETURN OF DEPARTED SPIRITS.—*J. R. Colon, Philadelphia.*—This is a curious account of the sayings and doings of distinguished personages of this and other ages, who have recently returned in spirit to earth and held converse with the Shakers of Watervliet. A most transparent humbug.

THE SCOTTISH HEIRESS.—A novel with this title has been issued from this office in a very neat cabinet shape, well calculated for reading and binding. The Heiress is a work of deep interest, the characters are truthfully drawn and the incidents effective. It will no doubt be very extensively read.

THE LIFE OF GEO. WASHINGTON.—*Tappan & Dennett, Boston.*—Messrs. Burgess & Stringer have sent us No. 13 of this valuable serial. It is embellished with a map of the battle of Germantown.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—*Swan Office.*—No. 11 has been received. This is a work every farmer should possess.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.—No. 7 has been issued by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, with illustrations by Paiz.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from the publisher, Jas. L. Hewitt, Broadway, the following new music: "The New Brighton Galop," composed by Musak, and arranged by Johann Munk; the "Woodside Waltz," composed by Miss Marion S. McGregg; "The Alpine Horn," composed by John H. Hewitt, and the "Ragatta Galop," composed by J. Loecker and arranged by Johann Munk.

THEATRICAL.

NIBLO has continued very attractive during the week, and the house has been crowded every evening. Mail's *Calix* in "La Fille du Regiment" has won new admiration, and proved to her friends she is capable of greater efforts than she had before attempted. The music of this Opera is throughout the piece beautiful, and has become already universally popular. The "refrain du regiment" has already been adopted by our whistling population, which is a certain sign of excellence. The Opera on the whole is well cast, although weak in some points. The orchestral accompaniments are of course perfect. "Le Rossignol" is undervalued. The Ravens draw still, as well as when they first appeared. Their feats never tire. But they must give us some novelty. Gabriel must set his never failing invention at work.

AMERICAN PULPIT ELOQUENCE.—At a camp-meeting in Tennessee last year, an eccentric Man-worm was holding forth, who had contrived so to work upon the feelings of his auditory, that the straw on the ground beside the altar was completely covered with prostrate mourners. Perceiving there were many others present ready to cast themselves down, who refrained from so doing solely through the lack of straw to kneel upon, he cried out in the midst of his exhortation:—"Straw! straw! we want more straw here! Brother Hopkins, for heaven's sake, send up to your house and get some more straw! Forty-five souls lost for want of straw!" And a kindred speaker, on a similar occasion, in the same section of country, closed his exhortation with these words:—"You must be up and doing; you must run with patience, but also with unremitting alacrity, the race set before you. You must flee for your lives, for the Avenger of Blood is behind you! However, if there are any among you who cannot take this trouble; who prefer their pleasure to their future safety, and who wish only to dash away their lives in careless indolence; to such I can only say—'Enjoy your dream; fold your arms; sit down—and be d—d!'"

A Pair of lovers in St. Mary's Parish, La., lately concluded to enter the holy estate of matrimony, but found themselves, though both rich, braded by formidable obstructions interposed by the young lady's guardian. So they took a canoe, with four blacks for rowers, and put out on one of the "bayous" of that region.—After rowing about three days, they were picked up by the steamboat *Cresole*, carried into Mobile, and the rest of the story reads thus:—

Married, by J. W. Jones, Esq., Mr. Wm. F. Hall, New Orleans, to Miss Azale C. Champontier, both of the Parish of St. Mary, La.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court of Errors at New Haven, Conn., have decided, in effect, that the proprietors of the lost steamboat *Lexington* are responsible for all the freight on board at the time of the destruction, although notices were posted up to the boat, and inserted in the bills of lading, that all freight was to be at the risk of the owners.

LATE AND INFORTUNATE FROM ST. THOMAS.—The schooner *William Allen* arrived from St. Thomas yesterday with dates to the 9th instant. The intelligence from that place is alarming; the yellow fever was raging with all its horrors among foreigners, principally English and Scotchmen, of whom there are a great many. Numbers are dying daily, and greater numbers leaving the island. A very few of the natives died with the fever, although many were attacked. The number of deaths was increasing every day, and some appearances it was supposed it would reach an alarming extent in a week or two. Business was consequently dull, and the markets glutted with American produce. Indigo was scarce, and commanded a high price. This is the only product of the island that was scarce.

HANGED.—Thomas N. McCaule, who was convicted of the murder of Lord, on the 13th March, 1842, and sentenced at the sitting of the Appeal Court in Columbia on 22d May last, suffered the penalty of the law, by being hung in the yard of the jail, between 10 and 11 o'clock, 14th inst., at Charleston, South Carolina.

The Toronto Constitutionalist says that a young man named Bailey, a prisoner in the Penitentiary, in consequence of insubordination was placed for punishment in a cell, where it was necessary he should work in order to prevent the water overflowing him, and that during the process he was overpowered by the water and drowned. The Montreal Times treats the story as an idle and unfounded rumor.

The N. O. Bulletin of the 25th says:—"The influenza continues to prevail with unmitigated violence in every part of the city. It is not dangerous, we believe, but as uncomfortable as need be. The yellow fever, we understand, also exists to some extent, but has not assumed a malignant type."

QUICK WORK.—Mr. Isaac M. Denison, warden of the almshouse in Baltimore county, Md., cut on Saturday from the farm attached to that institution, a quantity of wheat, which he had subsequently threshed, fanned, ground, bolted and baked into bread, ready for eating, in the amazingly short period of twenty-three minutes from the time the process of cutting commenced.

MATCH AT EEL SWALLOWING.—An extraordinary wager took place a few days ago, between two men of Neuchâtel, in Normandy. Having been out fishing during the day, and caught only a small number of eels, it was agreed that, instead of dividing them, the whole should be taken by him who swallowed the greater number alive. The contest resulted very evenly; but: after a single eel had been swallowed by one, and two by the other, they immediately commenced eating bread, and were obliged to be removed to the hospital in an alarming state.—*English Paper.*

A groomsmen was his' married by mistake for the bridegroom a few days since at Cleveland. He was sadly frightened, as may be supposed, and has resolved never to be caught in as dangerous a position again till he means something by it.

A LONG TAIL.—According to the minutes of the Royal Astronomical Society's proceedings, it appears that on March the 5th, the great comet which recently disappeared, was 8 000 000 German miles from the earth, having a tail 12,000,000 German miles long, and 4,000,000 broad.

PROFITABLE FRUGALITY.—Doehlitz, the composer, has written upwards of eighty operas. He has made a very handsome fortune by the same means that are often the cause of getting rid of one, namely by running up score after score as fast as possible.

A PRIMITIVE STATE OF THINGS.—In the town of Halli, there is no minister, doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, currier, church, poor house, or pauper. The small but concentrated population constitutes one of the most comfortable communities in all creation.

Ninety-four vessels arrived at Buffalo last week from up the Lake. They brought, among other things, 120,000 barrels of Wheat and 30,000 barrels of Flour.

Saratoga has thus far had more visitors this season than for several years before. There are about 1,000 strangers there regularly—300 at the United States Hotel.

Mr. Porter the gentleman who made the liberal present of \$300,000 on the 4th of July to his four relatives, resides at Princeton, N. J., and it is said to have been the second act of the kind on the part of Mr. P.

The fare from Richmond, Va. by Railroad to Fredericksburg, 38 miles from Washington City, is \$5 or \$5 both ways if you return in four days.

An Iron War Steamer is now being constructed at Erie, Pa. for the Government, with materials fabricated at Pittsburgh.

An Iowa paper says that money is so scarce in some parts of that Territory that the people are compelled to pay their postage in *beeswax*! Yellow Fever has made its appearance at New Orleans, but not to any great extent, as yet.

The fare from Boston to Buffalo by Railroad is \$14.
A Wyndot squaw, 112 years old, died at Cincinnati, on the 19th inst.

THE FATE OF AN ACTOR—GEORGE HYATT.—We saw it stated in a paper lately, that this person is now a common soldier in Malacca. Fifteen years ago, says the *Mobile Herald*, Hyatt was the very soul of one of the most select circles in Boston—the best comedian in the United States, and a poet of the first water. Some of his songs are even now popular—the "Mellow Horn," for instance, and several others that we cannot now name. Hyatt married a beautiful girl, who in a few years was obliged to desert him for the luxury of riches, and take to herself for a subsistence; her father lived in one of the most splendid mansions in Boston—and nine years ago she was dragging out a miserable existence in a cellar in New York. At last she was driven mad and died in the same house. Reader, you must know the secret of this tale of misery! George Hyatt, the educated, favor-winning man of genius, was a drunkard! When he reflects upon his past life, as he paces his lonely round at eight, what must be his thoughts? Pity that he could not teach others to feel as he felt them!

The above paragraph has lately been going the round of the papers, and as much of it is untrue, it is but an act of justice to Hyatt to correct it. The girl he married was very respectably connected, but her family had no pretensions to splendor. It is true that in the course of time Hyatt's circumstances became so reduced that she was compelled to take in work for support—she died in a cellar, nor did she go and die in the same house—she died at her own apartments of consumption. Hyatt enlisted for a soldier, and was very soon made clerk of the Regiment, which situation he now fills—the Regiment is in Maine, and Hyatt is President of a Temperance Society.

HOSTILITIES COMMENCED IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—The St. Louis *New Era* of the 13th, says:—We have been permitted to see a letter from the United States Blacksmith at Willow Creek, (Pawnee country,) to his friend, in this city, dated on the 29th June, giving an account of the murders committed by the Sioux Indians upon the Pawnees, and upon the wife of the Blacksmith. His wife was shot on Tuesday morning the 27th, about 7 o'clock. The husband had endeavored to save her by shutting her up in the shop, but she had not time to bolt the door, and it was burst open. She was killed, and they fell to whipping the Blacksmith, without doing him serious injury, having their guns all the while cocked, ready to fire. The Indians had also killed Linsapel the U. S. Interpreter, who had been in that country for 25 years; Capt. Blue, first chief of the Pawnee Tappages, and father-in-law of the Interpreter; a son-in-law of the chief Moulou, and several other Chiefs and Braves, young men, women and children.

It is also stated, that out of 41 lodges, 21 of the largest were burnt, and most of the horses were stolen or killed on the spot. The Pawnee Indians had left their villages to go on their spring hunt. Willow Creek, from whence this letter is dated, is 150 miles up the Platte river, and the Sioux are 250 miles above it. These Indians exhibited hostile feelings on several occasions during the winter, and this attack on the Pawnees had been expected for some time. We are told that the United States are bound, by treaty stipulations, to protect the Pawnee tribes from such invasions, and are surprised that some efforts have not been made to prevent these murders. If the Indians are not entitled to protection, certainly those in the employ of the Government may claim it.

IMPORTANT SLAVE CASE.—A case of harboring and concealing runaway slaves, was tried at the July term of the U. S. Circuit Court, District of Ohio, Judge McLean presiding, which, after considerable delay incidental to the receiving of testimony, was concluded on the 13th inst. It appeared in evidence that on Monday morning, the 24th of April, 1848, a wagon, driven by a negro boy, was noticed going through Sharonville, in Hamilton county, at a very rapid rate. Suspicion was excited, and some persons started in pursuit on horseback. The wagon was overtaken and found to contain seven negroes, with the defendant, (John Van Zandt.) When asked if the negroes were slaves, he said they were free by nature; and being questioned as to where he met them, replied that they got into his wagon at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati. The pursuing party then committed the negroes to jail at Covington, where they were identified by the plaintiff, (Wherton Jones) as his slaves. The extent of damages claimed by the plaintiff was \$1200, for which amount the jury returned a verdict.

In another action on the same, for penalty (\$500) provided by the law of the United States, a similar verdict was obtained.

A religious lunatic named Howard escaped recently from the Poor House of Erie County, Pa., stole some watches and an oil-jug, broke into a church through a window, lit up, and preached a sermon; stole part of the furniture and left; booked a jug, and filled it with oil as an oil mill borrowed a blind horse, and struck a bee-line westward, offering his "spells" for sale. Finding his horse blind, he abandoned him in utter contempt. He was overtaken about fifteen miles off, and taken back to the Poor House.

Bishop Doane, of the New Jersey diocese, has issued a manifesto declaring his "unswerving confidence in Dr. Pusey's fidelity to the standards of his church, and his integrity as a Catholic Churchman."

STEWART'S EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—FROGABLE FAILURE.—We learn from the St. Louis *Gazette* of the 12th inst. that six more of the American Fur Companies' boats arrived at the levee on the 12th, forty-five days from the Yellow Stone, laden with buffalo robes furs, &c. Among the persons who came down with these boats were several who left St. Louis with Sir William Drummond Stewart. They describe the fatigues attending the expedition and the overbearing rudeness of Sir William as insupportable. Thirteen of the company had left him at the South Fork of the Platte, and many others were preparing to leave. Some of the company had threatened to shoot him if he persisted in his tyrannical course. The Indians were manifesting a disposition to steal the horses, and as all but three or four of Sir William's men were green hands, some fears were entertained that their efforts might be successful. A war party of 300 Ojibwas, returning from an expedition against the Pawnees, who had refused to fight them, were with Stewart when the men left. All were in good health, though worn down with fatigue.

A JOYFUL MEETING.—A few days since, at Buffalo, a boat load of Germans landed from the Canal, evidently direct from the "Faderless." Among them was an old lady and some three or four children, quite grown up; several tavern keepers were around the boat, as is customary to solicit patronage from the immigrants, and one of these approached the old lady, who, immediately upon seeing him, threw herself upon his neck and wept, the children also embraced him, and tears and smiles alternately bore their sway; the explanation of the scene gave was, that the old lady was on her way to Detroit in search of her husband, who had emigrated some years previous, and she had thus unexpectedly fallen upon him at this place.

A SINGULAR GAME OF CHESS.—A game of chess has been playing at Cincinnati, which was commenced on the 23d January last, and was only finished on the 14th of last month. The players are considered the best known in the West—one a native of Albany, the other a native of Mayville, Ky.—both gentlemen of the highest respectability, and merchants of Cincinnati. The game was kept up daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 in the evening till 8 in the morning. No one was allowed to enter the room while the game was going on, and only a few friends were admitted during the recess. The loser was to pay room rent, (extra) boarding, cigars, ice water, and theatre expenses, for both, during the time they should play. The Albanian was the winner. The bill was \$107.75, which was promptly paid. Not a drop of intoxicating liquors or wines was used.—*Madisonian*.

The time actually occupied in playing the game was one thousand three hundred and eighty hours.

A GOOD STORY SPOTTED.—Newspaper readers no doubt remember that it was lately stated that a young lawyer of Boston had become heir to a large estate. The Boston Daily Advertiser contradicts the story as follows:—

"We learn with regret that the fortune which it was supposed had fallen from Ireland to a deserving member of the bar of this country, has been current in the legal circles, and was published with some inaccuracies in one of the evening papers; but it appears that some of the important papers in the affair were forgeries, and the whole fabric has vanished into air, and although it seems probable that "there is some money somewhere," it has unhappily eluded the grasp of the supposed "child of fortune."

MARRIED.

On the 23d inst., by the Rev. Dr. Maxeley, George W. Morton to Miss Emeline Fenton, all of this city.

On the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Starr, Thomas Kelly to Maria Friel, all of this city.

On the 25th inst., by the Rev. W. W. Everett, Thomas C. Simister to Miss Joanna McDonald, all of this city.

July 23, Knox Stewart, to Lucia Rugg, of Boston, Mass.

At Boston, July 18, Joshua B. Morton to Margaret E. Montgomery.

At Boston, James M. Crichton, to Miss Letitia Williams.

At Boston, William McFarland to Sarah R. Oliver.

At Roxbury, Mass., July 13, Otis Burdett to Miss Hannah F. Bruden.

DIED.

On the 23d inst., William Sterling, in the 7th year of his age.

On the 24th inst., Mrs. Sarah Judith Hooker.

On the 24th inst., Hannah, infant daughter of A. Riker Jr.

On the 24th inst., Cornelius, son of Cornelius Wheeler, aged 2 years.

On the 24th inst., Edward, infant son of Edward Hanson.

On the 25th inst., Archibald McCallum, aged 86 years.

Suddenly, Mrs. Eliza Edmonds.

At Brooklyn, July 25, Edwin Rodney Smith, aged 10 years and 4 months.

At New Haven, Ct., July 25, Elizabeth Sanford, aged 71.

At Boston, July 25, Lucretia Sims, aged 81.

At Boston, July 25, Sarah Moore, aged 73 years.

At Boston, July 25, Sophia Harris.

At Charlestown, Mass., July 25, Mrs. Lucy Dunn, of Lowell, aged 69.

At Montville, Me., Ebenezer Allen, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 94.

At St. Louis, July 25, Alfred Richardson, aged 27 years.

At Dardanelles Springs, Ark., June 26, Mads Whalen, aged 30.

At Sutton, Mass., July 6, Anna Kelly, aged 100 years.

At Sinal July 3, James Platt Lansing, in his 96th year.

WEEKLY REPORT OF INTERMENTS.—In the city and county of New York, from the 15th day of July to the 23d day of July, 1848.—30 Men; 27 Women; 75 Boys;

27 Girls. Total 169.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES

OF ALL PARTIES, ALL CREDS, ALL CALIBRS.

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Each Speech is prefaced by a brief introductory paragraph explaining the circumstances which called it forth, and, whenever it is desirable, and not otherwise indicated, a note at the end gives the fate of the measure under discussion.

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THIS Institution, established to render to the afflicted sound and scientific Medical and Surgical Aid, has already been in successful operation for nearly a year. All forms of diseases are treated here. Patients who come to the Institution have their cases skillfully investigated and prescribed for, and receive their medical treatment under the eye of the Attending Physician; and those who, from indolence or other causes, are prevented from applying personally, are visited at their residences. Affections of the HEART, LUNGS and LIVER, and Diseases of WOMEN and CHILDREN are paid particular attention to.

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Rev. Dr. W. C. BROWNLEE,
Rev. Dr. GEORGE POTTS,
Rev. Dr. G. SPRIN,
Rev. Dr. SCHROEDER.

jy 16

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The proprietors having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, have leave now to present to them, and the public in general, the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing, show-baths upon an improved principle, and boys' swimming-school, that were ever offered to public patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of salt water, all surface matter is completely excluded.

The Franklin Bath is now ready at its usual station, the north side of Castle Garden Bridge. Books are open for the season subscription, and the inspection of citizens and strangers is respectfully solicited.

jy 1

The London Lancet,

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN TWO VOLUMES ANNUALLY.)

EDITED BY THOMAS WAKLEY, M. P., SURGEON.

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New York, May 19, 1843.

m27f

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New-York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Joseph Perkins, late of the City of New York, engraver, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereon to the subscribers, at R. H. Day's residence, No. 72 Duane-street, in the City of New-York, on or before the sixth day of August next. Dated New-York, the twenty-eighth day of January, 1843.

E. PERKINS, Administrator.
HENRY H. DAY, Administrator.

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BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most Interesting of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRIBUTES for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

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Staten Island, July 8, 1843.

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WHOLE NO 212.

[Original.]

FALL OF PALENCUE:

A STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY G. DONALD MACLEOD.

CHAPTER I.

"It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho, the wind and rain;
Through scorned, Loves recreant to be,
Ah! well aday, Refrain.
Just brave knight buckled to his brand,
Heigho, the wind and rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah! well aday, in pain.

MOTHERWELL.

LOVERS' QUARRELS—A SCENE IN OLD SPAIN.

The sun is setting—golden and purple, the clouds sleep in the west—early Spring has covered the land with her treasury of fruits and flowers, and slowly the waves of the Guadiana rolled on. On the banks of the river stood the castle of the proud race of di Castro, and in it our history begins.

Inez di Castro was just seventeen—seventeen in Spain, where woman ripens so early—where love is a madness, and where every woman loves or dies.

Inez had long been of opinion, that among all the young knights and nobles she had ever seen, her cousin Hernan was the handsomest and best; and she had promised that if she ever fell in love it should be with him.

Well, on the evening described, two figures sat within a lofty room, carved with Gothic-work, but carpeted and hung from the looms of the Moreasco. The elder of the two was an old grandee, proud of his name and rank. He had seen much service under the banner of Sant' Jago. The other, a tall young knight, well built, and well-looking enough, stood playing with his dagger-hilt.

"And so, Hernan," said the Fidalgo, "you wish to marry Inez."

"So please you, good uncle."

"Dost love the girl, Hernan?"

"Better than ought but honor, Senor."

"And what says Inez, nephew?"

"I have reason to believe she loves me, sir."

"Humph! art of good counsel, Hernan?"

The color rose to the young man's cheek as he answered—"I have been little tried yet, uncle, but I am a di Castro."

"And you would like to sit down quiet as a priest, with no occupation for youth but raising a family, and no memory for your old age but of your marriage-day. Not so! not so, Hernan: when you have well proven

yourself; when your glory can add to the lustre of our house, then will I give you my daughter."

"But, uncle——" began Hernan.

"I have spoken, Hernan; and trust me, I shall remain firm." As he spoke, Don Francis di Castro waved his hand; and his nephew venturing no more, bowed and retired.

What could be juster or kinder than the uncle's conditions; but they did not satisfy Hernan. With the hot blood of youth, he worried himself into anger with his relative. Alas! that hot blood of youth! how oftentimes it ruins and curses and destroys forever the brightness and the prospects of a life.

"Why should he dictate thus to me!" thought Hernan. "Am I not his heir even now by right of birth? Wait forthso! He would have me to the wars, and come back to seek for Inez, with a broken leg, perhaps, or one arm shortened at the shoulder, or one eye maybe. Fancy me making love with one eye! 'Tis sheer, rank tyranny, and I'll not endure it. If he will not give his consent, why, thank the Virgin! Inez loves me, and, by Sant' Jago! we will wed without his consent. I will go speak to her. But first to make arrangements. Ho! Diego!" At this call, a short, burly, good-natured-looking man appeared, saying, as he came up, "D'ld you call me, Don Hernan?"

"Did I call you? yes. Why else are you here?"

"Surely," quoth Diego, "I could give you an hundred and fifty reasons for coming. First, I might have come to see if you wanted anything: secondly, I might have a message for you: thirdly, I might want something myself: fourthly——"

"Fourthly," interrupted his master, "if thy tongue does not rest shortly, thou mayst chance by a broken head."

"Nay, good master mine; if one cannot speak——"

"One can be silent; exactly. Listen, Diego, I have business for you. Here," he continued, taking a gold chain from his neck, "take this to Father Xaviera; beg him to add it to the stores of the church; and also ask him, for the love he bears me, to have lights and a breviary in the chapel two hours after vespers. And hark ye, Diego, if you prate one word of this to any one, I'll slit your tongue with my dagger. Away." And as the attendant departed, he turned into the house again.

He found the lady seated in the embrasure of a low window, busied at her embroidery. She welcomed her lover-cousin with a blush and a smile.

"What ails you, Hernan?" she asked. "You look as solemn as Father Xaviera at confessional."

"I have cause to look solemn," said Hernan; and bending down, he whispered—"Inez, do you love me?"

"I have told you," said the donna, blushing and looking down.

"Well, Inez, your father has refused me your hand."

"My father, Hernan!" said she, growing pale, and looking up.

"Why, he has always esteemed you as his son."

"Truly, a harsh father," said the knight. "But you, Inez, you know

that I love you, and have promised to be mine: will you fly with me, Inez? Father Xaviera will be ready in the chapel, to unite us; and once mine, no tyranny can separate us."

"Why does my father refuse his consent, Hernan?"

"Truly," replied the lover, "because I am not famous. I must go to the wars for a year or so, before I can aspire to you."

"Is that all?" asked the lady.

"All!" cried her cousin—"what would you have, Inez? Do you want me to come back bruised and battered out of all human shape? Would you love me any better for that?"

"No, Hernan!—but in this I think my father right. It is but so long an absence. Can you not trust me for two years, Hernan?"

"But, Inez—"

"But Hernan! my father is right—nay," she continued, as she saw him about to plead further—"nay, I can be just as obstinate as himself."

"Then you will not marry me."

"Yes, but not now."

"Then I free you from your promises!" he exclaimed angrily. "You never loved me, and now dismiss me for a trifle, as coolly as if I were your dog. You are false, coquettish and cold. I free you, Donna; and for myself, you see me for the last time; and he turned away and stamped from the apartment."

"Excellency," said Diego with a grin, as the knight came forth, "I went to the holy father, and—"

"Go to the devil!" interrupted his master.

"But the chapel—"

"The curse of St. Vitus be upon—!" roared Hernan. "Be silent!—mount and follow me!"

That night Hernan joined a band who were going to join Cortez in America.

And now let us, without apology or delay, pass over two years, and we will find Hernan second in command of a large troop who had parted from Cortez to seek adventure far in the interior.

Already many had learned the Indian tongue. Already had they taught the oppressed natives to hate them. Already had the Inca of Palenque learned to know that the strangers must be masters of his land.

CHAPTER II.

"Yes, face to face once arrayed,
stood the Betrayer—the Betrayed!
Oh, how through all those guilty years,
When Guilt revolves what Conscience fears,
Had that wretched victim breathed the vow
That if but face to face!—And now!"—BULWER.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS—THE FATE OF DON ANDREAS.

Moonlight was over Palenque. Rich silver light wrapped the tall towers of the city. There was the altar-pyramid, half in light, half in darkness, the type of its worship. Here the polished Peruvian obelisk, gleaming like a shaft of fire. And far away beyond the city, the brows of the mountains glistened, and the leaves of the tree tops trembled in radiance; and the Tarma, seen but like a thread from the loftily-situated city, rushed on in its blue course alike beneath the shadows or the sheen. The hum of insects was heard; the mocking-bird poured out his rich mosaic work of song upon the air; the breaking of waters, the murmur of the foliage, and all the voices of the Night mingled. And the gentle race of silent night-flowers were the audience of the harmony, as they looked up fondly on their sister stars.

And to-morrow Palenque holds high festival; wreaths her chains with flowers, and waking the ghosts of other days, takes Memory for Happiness. To-morrow is the first-born day of Spring,—the glad, beautiful season of Flowers!

The morning came,—the day-birds awakened and sang their matin hymn,—while bright as the morning, and early as the birds, those hearts of Palenque who could even yet be gay, thronged from the gates.

An immense plain, smooth and level as a lawn, stretched in front of the city, at the foot of the mountain; and in all directions upon this, small arbors were raised, with now and then a long shade, built of tree-boughs, underneath which the fruit-feasts were spread.

From the centre of the plain rose a column, covered with rich and painted sculpture, and at its base was an altar covered with *bassi relievés*. Borne upon the shoulders of men, in a carved and gilded litter, Aroyah

and his young queen approached this. The people kneeled as he passed; and laid their hands upon their heads.

Nearing the altar, they dismounted, and taking fresh flowers and fruits from the hands of their attendants, offered them up.

Then with a wave of his hand dismissing his retinue to join the sports of their fellows, he was alone with Idama.

"Why art thou so sad?" she asked fondly, as she leaned upon his shoulder.

"Sad, Idama," he answered—"I may well be sad to see my people joyous with death impending over them. Sad, in that I feel our country decaying—that our day of glory is gone by."

"But why all these forebodings, my king?"

"If we believe our priests," he said, "there is no help from God.

Our diviners give reply to all questions, that this new race must master us. They are the Instruments of the Great Power, for do they not bear his lightning and his thunder? How can we contend against such weapons? Yet, deserted by all, the child of the sun will uphold and guard the city of his fathers to the last. And when all is over, I can find a grave beneath the ruins of our home. What want you?" he asked, turning to one who had drawn near.

The man made no reply in words, but pointed to the edge of the forest, where a troop of Spaniards was seen approaching the gay scene.

They brought a cloud with them. Instantly that their presence was known, the sound of music and merry laughter was hushed. The feast was left—the dance was forsaken, and all crowded about the person of the Inca. All, too, were unarmed, and no means of defence near the city, the turrets of which gleamed brightly on the mountain-top above them.

The foreigners came near, and their leader advanced toward the Inca, and through the medium of an interpreter, addressed him.

"We do not come, oh king, to adden your festivities, or destroy your mirth—we would even join in your sports. They tell us that your maidens can love warmly and well. By Saint Jago, we have no objections to try." And as he spoke he fixed a bold gaze upon the beautiful face of Idama.

The eye of Aroyah flashed. "Renegade hound!" he said sternly to the shrinking interpreter; "tell your naughty stranger that he can bear no part in our scrowns or our joys. If we still possess a mockery of pleasure, it is not for him or his to gaze upon."

On this being translated, "Tell him," said the Spaniard, "that he is a slave, and the son of a slave."

"Tell him," said the Inca, "that he lies."

The cheek of the Spaniard flushed, and with his sheathed sword he made a blow at the Indian. Aroyah caught it upon his arm, drew a long flint knife from his bosom, and drove it at his foe's breast. It shivered on his mail, but as the blow was given, out leaped the Spanish sword. "Death to the Indian hounds!" they shouted, and an indiscriminate massacre commenced. Young and old—the beautiful and deformed,—the light-hearted girl and the stern but now defenceless warrior, met the same fate. The moment he gave the blow, apparently without a thought but for himself, Aroyah had dashed aside his cumbersome head-dress and ornaments, and fled toward the mountain with the speed of a frightened deer.

"See that you harm not her," said the Spanish leader, pointing to Idama; but she did not hear him. She had seen the coercion of him who was her all on earth, and coldness was creeping fast over her senses. She reeled and fell, without a wound, but motionless and lifeless as any around her.

Hernan di Castro approached his commander. "For Holy Mother's sake, Don Andreas, stay this murder. Vengeance enough has been taken for the insult of the coward king."

"Well, tender-hearted Hernan, sound the recall;" and gladly did Hernan swell the trumpet-note, and the bloodshed was ended.

Don Andreas sprang upon his horse, and taking his mantle from his shoulders, managed it as a cushion before him. "Here, Hernan," he said, "hand me up your Indian beauty"—pointing, as he spoke, at the still senseless Idama.

"You do not intend to destroy her too, Don Andreas?" asked di Castro.

"I believe, Caballero," answered the Gasman, "that you are only my lieutenant."

"But not your pander," said Hernan, laughingly.

"Forward with your troop, sir!" cried the commander, and the young knight obeyed. "Raise that maiden!" and he was obeyed. "Now, sound forward!" and the troop advanced.

As they rode on, Don Andrea lagged behind, and they were soon nearly out of sight. He had by this time reached a pass through a rocky gorge, rent by the earthquake. Around and above frowned the dark and rugged mountains. A torrent poured down the side, and leaped into a deep chasm amid broken rocks and gnarled roots. Far above on the cliff-top, the pines and tamaracs were waving; and over all was the pure, summer heaven.

Don Andrea dismounted, and bore the senseless Iduma toward a little pool, formed from the spray of the torrent in a hollow of the rock. Here he layed her brow and hands, until life began to steal back to the lips and cheek again. She opened her eyes, gazed round her, and met the fixed look of the Spaniard. Alas! had she been saved to bear a fate far more bitter than death? Ah! where now was the sting of death? Arouyah had deserted her.

And must this fate be borne? Would she live the paramour of the Spaniard? No! the blood of the Incas could not be polluted thus. She looked up upon the pure blue Heaven, and she knew there was One to protect her. She arose and fronted Don Andrea fearless and firm and undimayed.

"Cheer thee, beautiful!" he said, approaching her and speaking in her own tongue, "and thou shalt learn how well a Spanish knight can love."

"Love!" and her passionate eye flashed scorn. "Love! and from thee; with the blood of my kindred still red upon my hands. Oh, had I for one hour the strength of manhood, even with my woman's heart, I would pay thee such love as a child of the Sun may pay the Spaniard!"

"Ah! thou art lovelier for thy passion. Thou must love me, girl!" and he caught her in his arms.

The strength of the Indian girl forsook her; the gentleness and fear, fulness of woman conquered her pride; and bursting into tears, she knelt to him and pleaded.

"Oh, stranger! if you hast a sister dear to thee, in thine own far land; if a mother has watched over thee and blessed thee; think of them as I am, and have mercy!"

She looked in his face, but saw not pity there.

"Nay, then," she added, "I can die!" and before he could prevent her, she had torn some leaves from a shrub at her side, and swallowed them.

"Even yet," he cried, maddened by his passion, and clasping her in his arms, "ere death comes to thee, thou shalt be mine!"

But the gorge rung with a fierce shout—"Not yet! not yet!" and quick and agile as the mountain goat, Arouyah came springing down the side of the mountain.

Don Andrea drew a pistol and fired at the Inca, but the ball whistled harmlessly past him, and ere another could be fired, his knife pierced the throat of his enemy.

But the strength of despair was on him, and he grappled with the Indian. In vain; again and again the keen knife pierced the joints of his armour, and fainting with loss of blood, he was lifted in the sinewy arms of Arouyah, and flung from the edge of the chasm. And the vultures, as they circled overhead, screamed to hear the shattering of his armor among the rocks. Arouyah sprang to his queen.

"Thou thoughtest that I had deserted thee, Iduma. Not so, for I live only for Palenque and for thee!"

The blast of a bugle rung through the valley, and the tramping of the Spanish troop, recalled by the report of the pistol, was heard.

He caught Iduma in his arms, and sprang along the path. But they had caught sight of their prey, and with fierce shouts they pursued him. They had seen the fate of Don Andrea from the top of the hill.

Fast they came behind the fugitives, and when Arouyah launched his canoe, and placed Iduma in it, they were not two hundred yards from the shore. They found the bridge destroyed, but they sent a shower of bullets around the little bark. Safe and un wounded, however, the Inca plied his paddle, and reached the opposite shore. Springing into the water, he drew the same upon the beach, and then stooped to lift the form of Iduma. "She has fainted," he said, as he looked upon her. But Iduma was dead. The poison's work was done. Pale, beautiful but cold, "the face was the face of an angel, but the spirit had passed away."

CHAPTER III.

"And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
And round her marble brow red roses dying;
But she died first—the violet's hue had spread
O'er her sweet eyelids —"
So slept she well! The poison's work was done,—
Love with true heart had striven, but Death had won!"

HEMANS.

AN INDIAN MAIDEN'S FUNERAL.

All the last night from the great pyramid arose the sound of the death-chant, or of prayer. All the last night the white-robed priests of the Sun had knelt around the sacred fire, heaping it with cinnamon and aloes and sandal-wood. The great altar was hung with wreaths of white roses and violets, and in the hand of every priest was a branch of the evergreen pine. The morning broke beautiful in glory, and when the god's first smile lit up the hill tops, the brotherhood prostrated themselves thrice, and then formed round the altar, and sang their usual matin hymn. And then the work for the day began. From their stores of spice-wood they began to form a pile before the altar; on every stick twining flowers, or the leaves of the fragrant balsam; and as they laboured, they chanted a low, mournful chant. They were building the funeral pile. It was finished, and they retired for rest. At high noonday their work would again commence.

All that night had Arouyah passed by the side of the clay that had been Iduma. Looking at the still, sweet face, till sweet memories came upon him, and then he would clasp the hand. But when the stiffened fingers pressed no return to his,—when the cold shot to his heart from their touch,—he would turn away and shudder, and remember that she was nothing now. And when the day broke, a beam came through the lattice, rested on the calm face, and brightened the mysterious smile of death.

He turned to look at the sun. "She loved it!" he said; and the first tear that he had shed rolled down his cheek.

"And thou art gone, Iduma!" he said. "Thy voice is stilled for ever and ever. Who will cheer me now, and bid the dark hour pass away with song and smile? Who will kneel with me at the altar? Who will love me now? None, none, I am alone. Iduma! oh, Iduma!"—and the great bitterness of grief came upon him. "How can I do without thee." He covered his head with his robe, and mourned with the mourning of the stern heart of man when it breaks.

The maidens who came into the room aroused him; but he knew their errand, and did not look up. Then came solemn footsteps, and he knew that the priests were there. Then the rustling of many garments. They were gathering for the funeral.

On a raised bier lay the body, clad in a long robe of white, the dark hair simply swept away from the face, and knotted behind with a golden cord. The left hand was laid upon the bosom, and held a rose.

The High Priest approached and stood at the head of the bier, and the mourners came round it. First a band of girls dressed in white, bringing censers filled with perfume; gems, and flowers already touched, but not yet discoloured, by decay. They strewn them on the bier. Round the pale neck they wound rich chains of gold, and set a diamond where the hair parted on the forehead, and as they went on with the work, they sang with sweet voices their

CHANT OF PREPARATION.

Srew flowers upon the bier:—pale flowers,
Whose life and bloom are fled,—
For such must emblem her—was she not ours?
Is she not with the dead?—
Oh! it were just, when closed her gentle eye,
That flowers and all bright things of Earth should die.

Swing ye on high the perfumed urn,
And watch its fumes ascend;
Let spice and aloes in the censers burn,
And the rich fragrance blend.
Lo! as the vapor Heavenward floats away,
So soared her pure soul from its house of clay.

Bind on the glittering gems aright,—
She cannot place them now;

Let the clear glory of the diamond light
Flash o'er that icy brow.
What need we now the jewel's flashing ray?
Our purest and our best hath passed away.

And join to swell the funeral hymn,
As ye uplift the bier:
And though our hearts be sad, our eyes be dim
With many a bitter tear,
Yet let her pass along her narrow road,
With light, with fragrance, and with song to God!"

A slave touched Arroyah on the shoulder, as the music ceased, and as he looked up, proffered him the mourning mantle. He arose and wrapped its sable folds about him. One long look he fixed on the face of the dead. One long kiss he pressed upon the lips, and then bade her farewell for ever. The bier was raised and borne into the street. The procession was formed, and moved on. First walked the High Priest in his snowy robes,—then two of the ordinary ministers of worship followed, leading a garlanded lamb,—then others bearing the sacred offerings, fruits, flowers, and incense. Next came the bier, surrounded by the band of girls before spoken of. Then the tall form of the mourner, his face shrouded, his step heavy, his eyes bent to the earth; and lastly, a long line of the citizens of Palenque—for all knew and loved Iduma, and all grieved for her loss.

The procession reached the great Pyramid. The sacred officers,—the bearers of the dead,—the officiating maidens, and the mourner succeeded,—the crowd knelt around its base. The lamb, emblem of her gentleness and purity, and the fruits and flowers were offered up. Then the fire was allowed to sink.

The maidens gathered round the corpse of Iduma, and removed the jewels. The High priest signed, and the body was lifted up and placed upon the pile. Then taking a brand from the sacred fire, he applied it, and the flames shot wildly up. They wroathed and wound about that faithless form, as if exulting in their work of destruction. Clouds of incense filled the air, and the people bowed their heads in prayer.

The burning was over, the fire had died out, when the Priest again signed. The attendants stooped and gathered the ashes. These were placed in a golden urn, and borne by the mourner, as the procession again formed and moved on towards a small temple on the banks of the river—the burial-place of the race of the children of the Sun. The urn was placed within a niche,—the gems and fresh garlands hung about it,—and then they sang their

HYMN OF REST.

Sweet rest to thee maiden! the Tarma's blue rushing,
Which nurtures the flowers that grow by thy grave,
Mourns low for a spirit as bright as its gushing,
And pure as the crystal that sleeps 'neath its wave.
The conqueror's insult no more shall divide thee,—
Deep peace dwelleth now on thy brow and thy breast.
Oh, could we but sink to our slumbers beside thee,
How happy to share the sweet calm of thy rest!

Sweet rest to thee maiden! 'tis well the grave smothered
The hopes and the feelings that Passion can start:
For Love whose bright coming brought bliss to all others,
But fell like a blight on thy young, sunny heart.
How sweetly the voice of thy melody pleaded,—
How bright were the roses thy fair brow that dost:
Those roses now flourish or wither unheeded,
And thy lute and the voice of thy song are at rest.

Sweet rest to thee! still at the season of flowers,
Each maiden shall weep when thy story she hears;
Shall turn with a sigh from the pleasure-filled bowers,
And mingle the dew on her garland with tears.
And long from the brave and the fair shall be given
The sigh that shall mourn for their dearest and best—
For the spirit that soared from its sorrows to Heaven,—
For the dust that lies beside the blue Tarma at rest.

The hymn was finished, and one by one the mourners turned away, and left the ashes of the beautiful alone forever.

Calléyo's head was bowed while the hymn was being sung; when all was over, and he knew that he must part even from her ashes, he raised his head and said—"Now, Palenque, I am only thine!"

CHAPTER IV.

"One trial more—one blow on earth—
One thought of love—one prayer on high—
And when all hope for home and hearth
Is o'er, Iduma, we will die."—MRS. POPE.

THE FALL.

At noonday the pealing of horns from the great pyramid called the people together to meet their Inca. And to that gathering they came. The young untired in battle; the old, whose swords had rusted. The mother with her infant on her breast, the aged crone, the guileless laughing child.

Standing on the steps of the pyramid, in his royal robes of spotless white, with plumed and jewelled crown upon his kingly brow, Arroyah overlooked the people. Immediately around him were the priesthood, robed and tiarated. At the foot of the altar grouped the stern warriors, with bow and quiver, copper falchion, and spear and battle-axe of stone. The Inca waved his arm and thrice the mass prostrated themselves and then stood upright.

"Children of the sun!" he said. "My people! This is our last gathering: Priest and prophet and wise man, say the time of our end is come. God hath given Palenque to the spoiler; the stranger must inherit our land; the race of Manco Capac must perish, and if any remain it is but to give birth to slaves. Our arts must decay, our altars and our temples must crumble in the dust; and in the Time to come, the foot of the stranger will wander mid the ruins of our home, and find no trace of name or lineage of those who built these walls. Brothers, the hour is come! Aye ye ready to die?"

And from the people came up the stern response, "We are ready."
The eyes of the chieftains flashed. "Swear then!" he cried passionately, "swear then that ye will not die unavenged; that the invader shall tremble at the ruin he has made; that if we perish they shall fall. Raise your right arms, my people, and recite your oath with mine, that the same grave shall welcome both."

And with one voice pealed out solemnly, "We swear!"
"Enough!" continued the Inca. "This sight I know the Spaniards will attack the city. Take then my commands. Let the gates of the city be opened; take the guard from the walls, and bid the gatekeepers keep no watch; and when the night sets in, gather here, as fully armed as ye may; then one blow for Palenque and we will perish!"

In the Spanish camp fierce were the vows of vengeance for the death of Don Andreas. They resolved to attack the city. Hernan di Castro was chosen leader, but he refused the charge.

"Enough had been done," he said, "to the Indian race to blacken the Spanish name forever: he would no further join them otherwise than for a fair field. A midnight massacre jumped not with his humor."

And as he spoke he retired from the council.

The cousin of Don Andreas, Ferran d'Alvarez, was chosen in his place, and Ferran was but little troubled with scruples. Their plan was to reach the river about two hours before midnight, there to fell trees for a bridge, and when entrance was gained, fire the city and massacre the inhabitants as they came from their dwellings. As for Di Castro he ordered Diego to prepare all things for a departure to the coast.

"Is your Excellency tired of soldiering?" asked Diego.
"Heartily," replied his lord, "for here is no honor to be won."
"Plenty of gold, Excellency," suggested Diego.

"Thou mayest stay," said his master drily.
"No, Señor," cried the man at arms, "I will not leave you. I followed you from home, and I will e'en go back with you. Besides, what would you do without—"

"See to the mails, Diego," interrupted Hernan, "we start to-morrow."

The night came down, silent, rayless and profound. Not a star shone out; not a ray from the moon. The heavens were thickly covered with black clouds; the air was still and sultry and omened a coming storm. And at midnight, in the square at the foot of the great pyramid, Arroyah stood at the head of his warriors. Not a light was in the city. Mo-

thers stilled the cries of their babes within their own dark chambers; children slept soundly, their sports forgotten for awhile; and men busied themselves with thoughts too stern and sad for speech. And in that square stood that patriot band awaiting the hour of destruction.

At length they hear the approaching enemy, betrayed by the ringing of some unguarded step. Slowly they came near, and were soon unwittingly within a few paces of their foemen; and the dead silence was appalling. Suddenly the sky grew red with lightnings, and face to face the flemen saw each other.

"Upon them, brothers," shouted Arouyah, "let us show them how cheerfully we can die for Palenque."

Even as he spoke the living thunder pealed: crash after crash echoed along the sky, the mighty rain poured down in torrents and the spirit of the Earthquake awoke. The ground reeled and shook beneath them; the temple tottered and the obelisk fell. The huge pyramid quivered and rent. And the roar and crash of falling piles; the shrieks of women and the cries of children; the neigh of frightened steeds and the fearful war-cry of warrior men rung commingling up to God. And the thunder rolled in Heaven; and the storm blast howled his song, and the mighty rain poured ceaseless over all.

And when the Sun of the morning sprang up the east in brightness and in glory, he saw that the Fall of Palenque was accomplished.

CHAPTER V.

"The step—the plume—the port—'tis he! 'tis he!"

She rose, she sprang, she clung to his embrace,
'Till his heart throbb'd beneath her hidden face."—*CONSAIR.*

THE CONSAIR.

It was a beautiful evening in old Spain, when from the gates of the di Castro palace a small party issued forth upon the lawn, and walked down toward the river side.

There was a pale girl, with traces of matchless beauty in face and form, but the latter was attenuated by illness, and the first dimmed with a settled melancholy. She leaned upon the arm of an old gentleman in whose sternly but still handsome features could be traced a resemblance to herself. A servant followed these two, and a noble hound walked at the lady's side.

"Well Inez," said the old man, "will you not give up your resolution. I am growing old, and I like it ill that the lands of di Castro should go to the hands of a stranger. The Count Almaviva loves you, Inez—"

"Father, dear father, do not speak of that. I cannot marry. To-morrow, by your kind permission, I will seek the convent of Sant' Angela, and renounce the world that has given me nothing but sorrow."

"Was your father's love a source of sorrow to you, Inez?"

"No, dear father, I meant not that. I meant but to tell you that other love than that I bear you is impossible."

"And to think," said the old noble, sadly, "that your young heart is broken. And for one so worthless—so—"

"Do not blame him, father," pleaded Inez. "He was rash and wild, but he was noble and affectionate. Do not blame him, for ere now he is perhaps beyond the reach of this world's praise or blame"—and the tears gathered in her beautiful eyes.

"Excellency!" said the servant, drawing near. "A cavalier is coming from the castle."

"It is perhaps Almaviva," said the Don.

"I cannot see him, father," said Inez, shuddering slightly.

The old hound walked in front of the pair, and fixed his eyes on the cavalier. Nearer and nearer he came with a quick step.

"It is not Almaviva"—and as the senior spoke the hound sprang forward, crouched at the feet of the cavalier, and then bounded about him with a low whine of joy.

"Father, father, it is Hernan!" and in another moment she had fallen on his breast. He bent over her and murmured, "Who shall part us now, Inez?"

And she answered, "None but Death."

Why is an old maid's bonnet like the cover on James' last novel?—because it covers the "False Hair," (false hair.)

SELECTED TALES.

JACK STUART'S BET ON THE DERBY,

AND HOW HE PAID HIS LOSSES.

COTHERSTONE came in amid great applause, and was the winner of the poorest Derby ever known. Whilst acclamation shook the spheres, and the corners of mouths were pulled down, and betting books mechanically pulled out—while success made some people so benevolent that they did not believe in the existence of poverty any where, and certainly not in the distress of the wretched-looking beggar entreating a penny—whilst all these things were going on, champagne corks flying, the sun shining, toasts resounding, and a perfect hubbub in full activity on all sides, Jack Stuart drew me aside towards the carriage, and said, "Pon my word, it must be a cross. How the deuce could one horse beat the whole field?"

"Oh, you backed the field, did you?"

"To be sure. I always go with the strongest side."

"And you have lost?"

"A hundred and fifty."

No wonder Jack Stuart looked blue. A fifth part of his yearly income gone at one smash—and in such a foolish way, too.

"If the excitement could last three or four days, it would almost be worth the money," he said; "but no sooner do you hear the bell—see the crush of horses at the starting post—bang—bang—off they go!—and in a minute or two all is over, and your money gone. I will have a race of snails between London and York. It would be occupation for a year. But come, let us leave the abominable place." He hurried me into the stanope, gave the rein to his active grey mare, and making a detour towards Kingston, we soon left the crowd behind us.

"I will never bet on a horse again," said Jack, ruminating on his loss. "Why should I? I know nothing about racing, and never could understand odds in my life; and just at this moment, too, I can't spare the coin."

At the same time he did not spare the whip; for you will always observe, that a meditative gentleman in a gig is peculiarly impressive on his horse's shoulder. The grey trotted along, or burst into an occasional canter.

"I'll back this grey against Cotherstone for fifty pounds."

"To stand flogging? I think you would win."

"No, to jump. See how she springs."

Horsemen Jack touched the mare in a very scientific manner, just under the fore-arm, and the animal, impatient at this disrespectful manner of proceeding, gave a prodigious rush forward, and then reared.

"You'll break the shafts," I said.

"I think she is going to run away, but there seems no wall near us—and I don't think any coaches travel this road. Sit still, for she's off."

The mare, in good truth, reentered her master's conduct in a high degree, and took the bit in her teeth.

"If she doesn't kick, it's all right," said Jack.

"She has no time to kick if she goes at this pace," I answered; "keep her straight!"

The speed continued unabated for some time, and we were both silent. I watched the road as far in advance as I could see, in dread of some wagon, or coach, or sudden turn, or even a turnpike gate, for the chances would have been greatly against an agreeable termination.

"I'll tell you what," cried Jack, turning round to me, "I think I've found out a way of paying my losses."

"Indeed! but can't you manage in the mean time to stop the mare?"

"Poh! let her go. I think rapid motion is a great help to the intellect. I feel quite sure I can pay my bets without putting my head into my pocket."

"How? Pull the near check. She'll be in the ditch."

"Why, I think I shall publish a novel."

I could scarcely keep from laughing, though a gardener's cart was two hundred yards in advance.

"You write a novel! Wouldn't you like to build a pyramid at the same time?"

"We've given that old fellow a fright on the top of the cabbage," said Jack, going within an inch of the wheels of the cart. He'll think we've got Cotherstone in harness. But what do you mean about a pyramid?"

"Why, who ever heard of your writing a novel?"

"I did not say write a novel—I said publish a novel."

"Well, who is to write it?" I inquired.

"That's the secret," he answered; "and if that isn't one of Pickford's vans, I'll tell you!"

The man kept up her speed; and, looming before us, apparently filling up the whole road, was one of the moving caissons, drawn by eight horses, that, compared to other vehicles, are like elephants moving among a herd of deer.

"Is there room to pass?" asked Jack, pulling the right rein with all his might.

"Scarcely," I said, "the post is at the side of the road."

"Take the whip," said Jack, "and just when we get up, give her a cut over the left ear."

In dread indeed we sat watching the tremendous gallop. Nearer and nearer we drew to the wagon, and precisely at the right time Jack pulled the mare's bridle, and I cut her over the ear. Within a hair

breadth of the post on one side, and the van on the other, we cut our bright way through.

"This is rather pleasant than otherwise," said Jack, breathing freely; "don't you think so?"

"I can't say it altogether suits my taste," I answered.

"Do you think she begins to tire?"

"Oh, she never tires; don't be the least afraid of that!"

"It's the very thing I wish; but there's a bill coming."

"She likes hills; and at the other side, when we begin to descend, you'll see her pace. I'm very proud of the mare's speed."

"It seems better than her temper; but about the novel?" I inquired.

"I shall publish in a fortnight," answered Jack.

"A whole novel? Three volumes?"

"Six, if you like—or a dozen. I'm not at all particular."

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a specimen you must be! There is but one subject for a novel—historical, philosophical, fashionable, antiquarian, or whatever it calls itself. The whole story, after all, is about a young man and a young woman—be all that is noble, and so all that is good. Every circulating library consists of nothing whatever but Love and Glory—and that shall be the name of my novel."

"But if you don't write it, how are you to publish it?"

"Do you think any living man or any living woman ever wrote a novel?"

"Certainly."

"Stuff, my dear fellow; they never did anything of the kind. They published—that's all. Is that a heap of stones?"

"I think it is."

"Well, that's better than a gravel-pit. Cut her right ear. There, we're past it. Amazing bottom, hasn't she?"

"Too much," I said; "but go on with your novel."

"Well, my plan is simply this—but make a bet, will you? I give odds. I bet you five to one in five, that I produce, in a week from this time, a novel called 'Love and Glory,' not of my own composition or any body else's—a good readable novel—better than any of James's—and a great deal more original."

"And yet not written by any one?"

"Exactly—bet, will you?"

"Done," I said; "and now explain."

"Well, if we get round this corner; but it is very sharp. Bravo, mare! And now we're a mile of level Macadam. I go to a circulating library and order some forty novels—any novels that are sleeping on the shelf. That is a hundred and twenty volumes—or perhaps, making allowance for the five-volume tales of former days, a hundred and fifty volumes altogether. From each of these novels I select one chapter and a half, that makes sixty chapters, which, at twenty chapters to each volume, makes a very good-sized novel."

"But there will be no connexion."

"Not much," replied Jack, "but an amazing degree of variety."

"But the names?"

"Must all be altered—the only trouble I take. There must be a countess and two daughters; let them be the Countess of Lorrington and the Ladies Alice and Matilda—a hero, Lord Berville, originally Mr. Lawrence—and every thing else in the same manner. All castles are to be Lorrington Castle—all the villas are to be Sir Stratford Manservants—all the firms Lady Emily Trecothicks—and all the benevolent Christians, recluses, uncles, guardians, and benefactors—Mr. Percy Wyndford, the younger son of an earl's younger son, very rich, and getting on for sixty-five."

"But nobody will print such wholesale plagiarisms."

"Won't they. See what Colburn publishes, and Bentley, and all of them. Why, they're all made up of things—extracts from old newspapers, or histories of professions of lord-mayors' shows. What's that coming down the hill?"

"Two coaches abreast!" I exclaimed—"racing by Jupiter!—and not an inch left for us to pass!"

"We've a minute yet," said Jack, and looked round. On the left was a park paling; on the right a stout hedge, and beyond it a grass field. "If it weren't for the ditch she could take the hedge," he said.

"Shall we try?"

"We had better!" I answered—"rather be flooded in a ditch than dashed to pieces against a corner!"

"Lay on, then—here goes!"

I applied the whip to the left ear of the mare; Jack pulled at the right check. She turned suddenly out of the road and made a dash at the hedge. Away she went, harness, shafts, and all, leaving the stanhope in the ditch, and sending Jack and me flying, like experimental fifty-sixes in the marshes at Woolwich, halfway across the meadow. The whole incident was so sudden that I could scarcely comprehend what had happened. I looked round, and, in a furrow at a little distance, I saw my friend Jack. We looked for some time at each other, afraid to enquire into the extent of the damage; but at last Jack said, "She's a capital jumper, isn't she? It was as good as flying leap as I ever saw. She's worth two hundred guineas for a heavy weight."

"A flying leap?" I said; "it was a leap to be sure, but the flying, I think, was performed by ourselves."

"Are you hurt?" enquired Jack.

"Not that I know of," I replied; "you're all right!"

"Oh! as for me, I enjoy a quiet drive, like this, very much. I'm certain it gives a flip to the ideas, that you never receive in a family

coach at seven miles an hour. I believe I owe the mare a great sum of money, not to mention all the fame I expect to make by my invention. But let us get on to the next inn, and send people about the stanhope and the mare. We shall get into a car, and go comfortably home."

We did not go to the Oaks on Friday. We were both too stiff; for though a gentleman may escape without breaking his bones, still an equestrian so vigorously executed as the one we had sustained, always leaves its mark. In the mean time Jack was busy. Piles of volumes lay round him, scraps of paper were on the table, marks were put in the pages. He might have stood for the portrait of an industrious author. And yet a man so silly, not to say illiterate, man than he had been before the runaway, did not exist in the Albany. "Curricula collegiæ jurati" are there any individuals to whom their curricula has been a college, and who have done without a university in the strength of a fast-trotting horse? Jack was one of these. He had never listened to Big Tom of Christchurch, nor punned his way to the bachelor's table of St. John's, and yet he was about to assume his place among the illustrious of the land, and have his health proposed by a duke at the literary fair dinner, as "Jack Stuart, and the authors of England!" and perhaps he would deserve the honour as well as some of his predecessors; for who is more qualified to render thanks for the authors of England than a person whose works contain specimens of so many? Your plagiarist is the true representative.

Jack's room is rather dark, and the weather, on the day of the Oaks, was rather disagreeable. We had the shutters closed at half-past seven, and sat down to dinner; soured salmon, periwig pie, cold champagne, and macaroni. Some almonds and raisins, hard biscuits, and a bottle of cool claret, made their appearance when the cloth was removed, and Jack began—"I don't believe there was ever such a jomper as the grey mare since the siege of Troy, when the horse got over the wall."

"Is she hurt?"

"Lord bless you," said Jack, "she's dead. When she got over the hedge she grew too proud of herself, and personal vanity was the ruin of her. She took a tremendous spiked gate, and caught it with her hind legs; the spikes kept her fast, the gate swung open, and the poor mare was so disgusted that she broke her heart. She was worth two hundred guineas; so that the Derby this year has cost me a fortune. The stanhope is all right, and the farmer claims compensation for the gate. It's a very lucky thing I thought of the book."

"Oh, you still go on with the novel!"

"It's done, man, finished—perfect."

"All written out?"

"Not a word of it. That isn't the way the people write books now; no, I have clipped out half of it with a pair of scissors, and the other half is in my pocket."

"But the authors will find you out."

"Not a bit of it. No author reads any body's writings but his own; or if they do, I'll deny it—that's all; and the public will only think the poor fellow prodigiously vain, to believe that any one would quote his book."

"And, besides, here are the reviews."

"Of the book that isn't published?"

"To be sure. Here are two or three sentences from Macaulay's 'Milton,' half a page from Wilson's 'Wordsworth,' and a good lump from Jeffrey's 'Walter Scott.' Between them, they made out my book to be a very fine thing, I assure you. I shan't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name?"

"Certainly not—unless I were a lord. No, I think I shall pass for a woman; a young girl, perhaps; daughter of a bishop; or the divorced wife of a member of parliament."

"I should like to bear some of your work. I am interested."

"I know you are. We have a bet, you know; but I have found out a strange thing in correcting my novel—that you can make a whole story out of five chapters."

"No, you're joking."

"Not I. I tell you, out of any five chapters, of any five novels, you make a very good short tale, and the odd thing is, it doesn't the least matter which chapters you choose. With a very little sagacity, the reader sees the whole; and, let me tell you, the great fault of story-writing is telling too much, and leaving too little for the reader to supply to himself. Recollect what I told you about altering the names of all the characters, and, with that single proviso, read chapter fifteen of the first volume of this—"

Jack handed me a volume, turned down at the two-hundredth page, and I read what he told me to call the first chapter of "Love and Glory."

THE WILDERNESS.

"A tangled thicket is a holy place
For contemplation, lifting to the stars
Its passionate eyes, and breathing paradise
Within a sanctified solemnity."—*Don Plater.*

"That's my own," said Jack. "When people are that I don't even quote a motto, they'll think me a real original. Go on."

The sun's western rays were gliding the windows of the blue velvet drawing-room of Lorrington Castle, and the three ladies sat in silence, as if admiring the glorious light which now sank gradually behind the forest at the extremity of the park. The lady Alice leant her cheek upon her hand, and before her rose a vision of the agitating occurrences of yesterday. The first declaration a girl receives alters her whole character for life. No longer a solitary being, she feels that with her fate the happiness of another is indissolubly united; for, even if she re-

jects the offer, the fact of its having been made, is a bond of union from which neither party gets free—Sir Stratford Manners had proposed: had she accepted him? did she love him? ay, did she love him?—a question how to analyze its feelings, impossible. Sir Stratford was young, handsome, clever—there was a certain something, a *je ne sais quoi*, that gazed with the rest of his faculties, and suggested a thought to the very persons who were enchanted with him, and suggested a thought to generosity—Is this real? Is he not an actor? a consummate actor, if you will—but merely a great performer assuming a part. By the side of the pale and dashing Manners, rose to the visionary eyes of the beautiful girl the pale and thoughtful features of Mr. Lawleigh. She heard the music of his voice, saw the deep eyes fixed on her with the same tender expression of interest and admiration as she had noticed during his visit at the Castle. She almost bound the sight with which he turned away, when she had appeared to listen with pleasure to the sparkling conversation of Sir Stratford. She had not accepted Sir Stratford, and the memory of one is mixed up with the recollection of another, it is certain that she loves neither, and forgot to say, now that her thoughts wandered that she had said so little to Mr. Lawleigh, and was sorry she could not explain why she was pleased when she recollected how and how differently he had appeared the happy night of the county assembly, and at the still happier ball at the Duke of Royley's? Blind, foolish girl, she thought, to have failed to observe these things before, and now!

"I have written to Lorrington, my dear Alice," said the Countess, "as head of the family, and your eldest brother, it is a compliment, must pay him—but it is a mere compliment, remember."

"To write to William?" mamma.

"I presume you know the subject I allude," continued the Countess. "He will give his consent of course."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Alice, while tears sprang into her eyes, "I was in hopes you would have spared me this. Don't write to William; or let me tell him—let me send him a postscript—let me."

"You will do what I wish you, I conclude—and I have told Sir Stratford."

"Oh, what! what have you told him?"

"That he is accepted. I trust I shall hear no more on the subject. The marriage will take place in two months."

"But I don't love him, mamma—indeed."

"I am glad to hear it," said the mother, coldly. "I rejoice that my daughters are too well brought up to love any one—that is of course—(all they are engaged; during that short interval, it is right enough—in moderation; though, even then, it is much more comfortable to continue perfectly indifferent. Persons, of feeling are always vulgar, and only fit for clergymen's wives."

"But Sir Stratford, mamma!"

"Has twenty thousand a year, and is in very good society. He almost lives with the Royleys. The Duke has been trying to get him for his son-in-law for a whole year."

"And Lady Mary so beautiful, too?"

"I believe, my dear, Lady Mary's affections, as they are called, are engaged."

"Indeed!" enquired the daughter, for curiosity in such subjects exists even in the midst of one's own distresses.

"May I ask who has gained Lady Mary's heart?"

"I believe it is the young Mr. Lawleigh, a cousin of the Duchess—old Lord Berville's nephew; you see him here—a quiet, reserved young man. I saw nothing in him, and I understand he is very poor."

"And does—does Mr. Lawleigh—like—love—Lady Mary?" enquired Alice with difficulty.

"He never honoured me with his confidence," replied the Countess—"but I suppose he does—of course he does—Sir Stratford, indeed, told me so—and he ought to know, for he is his confident."

"He keeps the secret well," said Lady Alice with a slight tone of bitterness; "and Mr. Lawleigh could scarcely be obliged to him if he knew the use he makes of his confidence—and Lady Mary still less"—she added.

"Why, if girls will be such fools as to think they have hearts, and then show them away, they must make up their minds to be laughed at. Lady Mary is throwing herself away—her *inamorato* is still at Royley House."

It was lucky the Countess did not perceive the state of surprise with which her communication was received.

Lady Alice again placed her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper reverie than ever.

Sir Stratford also is at Royley, and if he rides over this evening, I have given orders for him to be admitted. You will conduct yourself as I wish. Come, Matilda, let us leave your sister to her happy thoughts."

Her happy thoughts! the Lady Alice was not one of those indifferent beings patronized by the Countess; she had given her whole heart to the young gentleman pale, and longed for the solitude and silence of the wilderness beyond. There, any where but in that sickening room, where the communication had been made to her, she would breathe freer. She

wrapt her mantle over her head, and walked down the flight of steps into the park. Deeply immersed in her own sad contemplation, she pursued her way under the avenue trees, and, opening the wicket gate, found herself on the little terrace of the wood—the terrace so lonely, so quiet—where she had listened, where she had smiled. And now to ask, who she was false! She sat down on the bench at the foot of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and surprise, Harry Lawleigh. Gradually as she looked, his features assumed a different expression, his voice also altered its tone.

"You are weeping, Lady Alice," he said—"I scarcely expected to find you in so melancholy a mood, after the joyous intelligence I heard today."

"Joyous!" repeated Alice, without seeming to comprehend the meaning of the word. "What intelligence do you allude to?"

"Intelligence which I only share Sir Stratford with the whole party at Royley Castle. There was no secret made of the happy event."

"I really can't understand you. What is it you mean? who communicated the news?"

"The fortunate friend announced his conquest himself. Sir Stratford received the congratulations of every one from the duke down to—"

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," said Lady Alice—"my mother, but a few minutes ago, conveyed to me the purport of Sir Stratford's visit." She paused and sighed.

"And you replied?" enquired Lawleigh.

"I gave no reply. I was never consulted on the subject. I know not in what words my mother conveyed her answer."

"The words are of no great importance," said Lawleigh; "the fact seems sufficiently clear; and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects, and the shortness of your memory."

"Few can appreciate the value of the latter quality so well as yourself—your congratulations on the other subject are as usual for as your tastes—I must return home." She rose to depart, and her face and figure had resumed all the grace and dignity which had formerly characterized her beauty.

"One word, Lady Alice!" said Lawleigh; "look round—it was here—some little year ago, that I believed myself the happiest, and felt myself the most fortunate, of men. This spot was the witness of vows—sincerest on one side than any ever registered in heaven—on another of vows more fleeting than the shadows of the leaves that danced on the greenward that calm evening in June, when first I told you that I loved you: the leaves have fallen—the shadows are departed—the vows are broken. Alice!—may you be happy—farewell!"

"If you desire it, be it so—but before part, it is right you should know all. Whatever answer my mother may have given to Sir Stratford Manners, to that answer I am no party. I do not love him; and shall never marry him. Your congratulations, therefore, to both of us, were premature, and I trust the same description will not apply to those I now offer to Mr. Lawleigh and Lady Mary Royley."

"To me—to Lady Mary?—what does this mean?"

"It means that your confidential friend, Sir Stratford, has betrayed your secret—that I know your duplicity, and admire the art with which you conceal your unfaithfulness by an attempt to cast the blame of it on me."

"As I live—Alice! Alice! hear me," cried Lawleigh, stepping after the retreating girl; "I will explain—you are imposed on."

A hand was laid on his arm—

"He!—fairly caught, by Jupiter! whither away?" said Sir Stratford Manners. "Thou'st sprung fair game! the forest, 'faith!—I watched her retreat—a step like a roebuck—a form like a Venus!"

"Unhand me, villain, or in an instant my sword shall drink the blood of thy cowardly breast."

"Fair words! thou'st been studying the maxims of Will Shakespeare, Hal. What's't, man? Is thy bile at boiling heat, because I have let there be brighter eyes than hers, however bright they be?"

"Now, man, we have met," said Lawleigh, in a voice of condensed passion—"met where none shall part us—met where none shall see us—met where none shall have injured—the friend who trusted—the enemy who will slay—draw!"

"This is sheer midsummer madness—put up thy toasting-fork, Hal, Zounds! man, you'll startle all the game with your roaring—and wherefore is all the disturbance?"

"Tis that you have ridiculed me, and injured me in the eyes of one, for a smile of whose lip thou wilt knowest, I would lay down my life—One—thou that blackened me, and I will be avenged on thee! chicken-hearted boaster before women, and black-headed traitor among men, will scolding rouse thee? Hear this, then—'thou hast lied.'"

"Thou mean'st it!" said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

"Oh, on far less, as thou wilt know, in the way of accommodating word, and we fight—but let me ask to what particular achievement of mine thou hast attached so ugly an epithet. I would fain know to what I am indebted for your good opinion so gallantly expressed."

"I will but name two names—and between them thou wilt find how dastardly thy conduct has been—
 "Make it three—then pity to balk the Graces of their numbers; add the young lady who so lately left thee. The forester's fair daughter deserves a niche as well as a duke's daughter."

"The names I mention," said Lawleigh, "are Lady Alice Lorrington, and Lady Mary Rosley."

Sir Stratford lifted his cap. "Fair ladies," he said, "I greet you well; that I have named me the bright blue eyes of one, and the dark lustrous glances of the other, is true—yet, 'tis but acting in love as people are justified in doing in other things. When health begins to fail, physicians recommend a change of climate—when admiration begins to decay, I always adopt a different style of beauty; when the cold climate is too severe, I fly to the sunny plains of Italy—when Lady Alice frowns, I go to bask in the smiles of Lady Mary."

"And are a villain, a calumniator, and boaster in all—defend thyself."

"As best I may," replied Sir Stratford, and drew his sword. It was easy for him to parry the rapid thrusts of his enraged adversary—and warily and slowly he was beginning the offensive in his turn, when a sudden flash was seen, a loud report took place, and the baronet was stretched upon the ground. Rapid steps were heard retreating in the direction of the thicket in the park, and Lawleigh hurried to the pallage, and saw the form of a tall man, in a dark velvet coat, disappear over the hedge."

"How good that is!" said Jack Stuart, as I came to the end of the chapter, and laid down the volume. "How good that is! Did you perceive where the joining took place?"

"No—I saw no joining."

"Why, you stupid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel of the present day, and the other from a story of the rebellion—who the deuce do you think is the author of these and those except the Quaker?"

"I didn't notice it, I confess."

"Glad to hear it; nobody else will; and in the next chapter, which is the seventeenth of the second volume of this romance, you will see how closely the story fits. Recollect to change the names as I have marked them in pencil, and go on."

CHAPTER II.

"Hope springs eternal in the human mind,
 I would be crail only to be kind;

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 Barren fields grow fertile in the eye;

How long by sinners shall thy courts be trod!

An honest man's the noblest work of God."—MS. Poem—(original)

Night, thick, heavy, deep night! No star visible amid the sulphurous blackness of the overcharged clouds; and silence, dreadful as I distilled from the voicelessness of the graves of a buried world! Night and silence, the twins that keep watch over the destinies of the slumbering earth, which booms round thee ceaseless revolution, grand, myric, sublime, but years in the dim vastness of its sunless course, for the bright morning-hour which shall again invest it with a radiance fresh from heaven! Darkness, and night, and silence! and suddenly rushing down, on whirlwind wings, the storm burst fearfully upon their domain—wind and rain, and the hollow sound of the swaying branches! And Lawleigh pressed onward. His horse, which for several miles had shown symptoms of fatigue, now yielded to the difficulties it could no longer encounter; and after a few heavy struggles, fell forward, and did not attempt to rise. Thirteen hours had elapsed from the time the chase on that day commenced, and unless for a short minute, he had seen nothing of the fugitive. Yet he had dashed onward, feeling occasionally his holsters, and satisfied that his pistols were in serviceable condition. He was now nearly as much exhausted as his horse; but determining to yield to no obstruction, he seized the pistol, and proceeded through the wood, leaving his gallant charger to its fate. Lawleigh was strong and active beyond most men of his day; and, when excited, more vigorous and determined than could have been supposed from the ordinary equanimity of his character. But here a great murder had been committed—before his very eyes!—accusations had been hazarded!—and one soft voice dwelt for ever on his ear—"Find out the murderer, or see me no more." Had Lady Alice, indeed, allowed a suspicion to invade her mind, that he had been accessory to the death of Sir Stratford? Manvers! But no!—he would pursue the dreadful thought no further. Sufficient that, after many efforts, he had regained a clue to the discovery of the tall man he had seen escape into the thicket. He had tracked him unawares from place to place—had nearly overtaken him in the cave at Nottingham Hill—caught glimpses of him in the gipsy camp at Hutton Grange—and now he was assured he was close upon his track in the savage ranges of Barnley Woods. Though the wood was a wild, unenclosed district, interspersed at irregular intervals with the remains of an ancient forest, and firs, at the period of our narrative, as the resort of many lawless and dangerous characters. Emerging from one of the patches of wood, which he have said, studied the immense expanse of the wood, Lawleigh was rejoiced to perceive a faint brightening of the sky, which betokened the near approach of the morning. He looked all around, and, as the slowly increasing light, he thought he perceived, at the top of a bush growing at some distance, a shepherd's hut, or one of the rough beds put up for the accommodation of the woodmen. He strove to hurry towards it, but his gigantic strength failed at length; and, on reaching the humble cottage, he sank exhausted at the door. When

he recovered consciousness, he perceived he was laid on a rough bed, in a very small chamber, illuminated feebly by the still slanting beams of the eastern sun. He slowly regained his full recollection; but, on hearing voices in the room, he shut his eyes again, and allowed the same insensibility as before.

"What could I do?" said a voice, in a deprecating tone.

"Leave him to die, to be sure," was the rough-toned answer. "I thought thee had had enough of gentlefolks, without bringing another fair-forevered fellow to the nest." There was something in the expression with which this was said, that seemed to have a powerful effect on the first speaker.

"After the years of grief I've suffered, you might have spared your taunt, George. The gentleman lay almost dead at the door, and you yourself helped me to bring him in."

"'Twould have been better, perhaps, for him, if we had led him some where else; for your father seems bitter now against all the fine folks together."

"Because his fancies he has cause of hatred to me—but he never had answered the girl."

"And the gentleman had pistols, too," said the man. "You had better hide them, or your father will maybe use them against the owner."

"I did not move them from the gentleman's breast. We must wake him, and hurry him off before my father's return—but, hark! I hear his whistle. Oh!—Gent!—tell me, what shall we do?"

Lawleigh, who lost not a syllable of the conversation, imperceptibly moved his hand to his breast, and grasped the pistol. The man and the girl, in the mean time, went to the door, and, in a minute or two, returned with a third party—an old man dressed like a gamekeeper, and carrying a short, stout fowling piece in his hand. His eyes were wild and cruel, and his haggard features were the trophies of years of dissipation and recklessness. "Does he carry a purse, George?" said the newcomer, in a low whisper, as he looked towards the bed.

"Don't know—never looked," said George. "Where have you been all the week? We expected you home three days ago."

"All over the world, boy—and now you'll see me rest quiet and happy—oh, vary! Don't you think I look as gleesome, Janet, as if I was a gentleman?"

The tone in which he spoke was at variance with the words; and it is likely that his face betwixt the expression he attributed to it; for his daughter, looking at him for the first time, exclaimed—

"Oh, father! what has happened? I never saw you look so wild."

"Lots has happened, Janet—such a lot of deaths I've been in, at to be sure—all great folks, too; none of your paltry little fellows of pencers or gamekeepers, but real quality. What do you think of a lord, my girl?"

"I know nothing about them, father."

"You used, though, when you lived at the big house. Well, I was a passing, two nights since, rather in a hurry, for I was a little pressed for time, near the house of that old fellow that keeps his game as close as if he was a Turk, and they was his wives—old Berwill—Lord Berwill, you remember, as got hit Bunkers transported for making law to a hew pleasant. Well, thinks I, I'll just make bold to ask if there's any more of them in his lordship's covers, when, bing, bang goes a great bell at the Castle, and all the village folks went up to see what it was. I went with them, and there we seed all the servants a rummaging and scrumming through the whole house, as if they was the French; and, as I seed them all making free with snuff-boxes, and spoons, and such like, I thought I'd be neighborly, and just carried off this gold watch as a keepsake of my old friends."

"Oh, father! what will his lordship do?"

"He'll rot, Janet, without thinking either about me or his watch; for he's dead. He was found in his bed that very morning, when he was going to sign away all the estate from his nephew. So that it's lucky for that 'ere covy that the old boy slept when he did. People were sent off in all directions to find him; for it seems the old jacksaw and the young jacksaw wasn't on good terms, and nobody knows where he's gone to."

"They would have knowed Rosley Castle," said the girl, but checked herself, when her father burst out—

"To the foul fiend with Rosley Castle, girl! Will you never get such fancies out of your head. If you name that cursed house to me again, you die! But, hark! his you may name it now," he added, with a wild laugh. "We've done it."

"Who? Who have done it?"

"She and I," said the ruffian, and nodded towards the fowling-piece, which he had laid upon the table; "and now we're safe, I think; so give me some breakfast, girl, and ask no more foolish questions. You, George, get ready to see if the snarers have caught us any thing, and I'll go to bed in the lot. I'll speak to this springald when I get up."

"Done who your father?" said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm. "For mercy's sake, tell me what it is you have done—your looks frights me."

"Why, lodged a slug in the breast of a golden pheasant, that's all—a favorite bird of yours—but he off, and get me breakfast."

While waiting for his meal, he sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the bed where Lawleigh, or, as we must now call him, Lord Berwill lay apparently asleep. What the ruffian's thoughts were we cannot say, but those of his involuntary guest were strange enough. His uncle dead, and the fortune not alienated, as, with the exception of a very small portion, he had always understood his predecessor had already done—his

life at this moment in jeopardy; for a cursory glance at the tall figure of the murderer, as he had entered, had sufficed to show that the object of his search was before him; and too well he knew the unscrupulous villainy of the man to doubt for a moment what his conduct would be if he found his prisoner in his power. If he could slip from the bed unobserved, and master the weapon on the table, he might effect his escape, and even secure the murderer; for he made light of the resistance that could be offered by the young woman, George. But he felt, without opening his eyes, that the glance of the old man was fixed on him; and, with the determination to use his pistol on the first demonstration of violence, he resolved to wait the course of events. The breakfast in the mean time was brought in, and Janet was about to remove the fowl-pie from the table, when she was startled by the rough voice of her father, ordering her to leave it alone, as it might have work to do before long.

The girl's looks must have conveyed an enquiry; he answered them with a shake of his head towards the bed. "I may have business to settle with him," he said, in a hoarse whisper; and the girl, whose room, taken in silence. The old man, after cautioning her not to touch the gun, turned to the dark press at one end of the room, and in about half a minute had filled his pipe with tobacco, and re-seated himself in the chair. But Janet had seized the opportunity of his back being turned, and poured the hot-water from the tapet into the touch-hole, and was again busy to arranging the cups and saucers.

"Where's George?" inquired the father: "but poh, he's a chicken-hearted fellow, and would be of no use in case of a row." So saying, he went on with his breakfast.

"He's awake!" he said suddenly. "I seed his eye."
"Oh no, father! he's too weak to open his eyes—indeed he is."
"I seed his eye, I tell ye; and more than that, I've seed the eye afore. His! am I bestrayed?"

He started up, and seized the fowl-pie. His step sounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the cloths in a moment, and sprang to his feet.

"You here?" cried the ruffian, and levelled the gun, drew the trigger, and recoiled to blank dismay, when he missed fire, and saw the athletic figure of Berville distended to its full size with rage, and a pistol pointed with deadly aim within a yard of his heart. He raised the butt-end of his gun; but his daughter, rushing forward, clung to his arm.

"Fire not—but fly!" she cried to Berville. "Others are within call, and you are lost."

"Villain!" said Berville, "miscreant! murderer! you have but a moment to live!"—and cocked the pistol.

"Let go my arm, girl!" cried the old man, struggling.

"I have saved your life!" hindered the gun from going off—all I ask you in return is to spare my father." She still retained her hold on the old man's arm, who, however, no longer struggled to get it free.

"What you turned against me?" he said, looking fiercely at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. "You, to revenge whom I did kill! Do you know what I did! I watched your silken woeer till I saw him to the presence of this youth—I killed Sir Sraford Mavers!"

"And shall die for your crime," cried Berville; "but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and shall have come other at my hands. In the mean time, as I think you are so fit companion for the young woman to whom I am indebted for my life, I shall offer her the protection of my mother, and take her from your house. If you consent to let us go in peace, I spare your life for the present; and will even for three days abstain from setting the emissaries of the law in search of you. After that, I will hunt you to the death. Young woman do, you accept my terms? If you refuse, your father dies before your face."

"Shall I accept, father?"

"If you stay, I lodge a bullet in your brain," said the old savage, and drew himself up.

"Come, then," said Berville, leading Janet to the door. She turned round ere she quitted the cottage, but met a glance of such anger and threatening, that she hurried forward with Berville, who pursued his way rapidly through the wood.

"[That fits in very nicely," said Jack Stuart; "and you may be getting ready the five pound note, for I feel sure you know you back the losing horse. Can say thing be more like a genuine, *bona fide* novel, the work of one man, and a devilish clever man too? Confess now, that if you didn't know the trick of it, you would have thought it a splendid original work! But perhaps you're not a dry stick so much reading! Here's another bottle of Ledit; and we can mix over a volume and a half of foreign scenes, which you can imagine; for they are to be found in every one of the forty novels I sent for. Just imagine that the Countess takes her daughters abroad—that Berville encounters them in the Colosseum by moonlight—quarrels—doubts—suspicions—and a reconciliation; finally, they all come home, and you will find the last chapter of the last volume in this.]

Jack handed me a volume, evidently popular among circulating library readers, for it was very dirty; and I was just going to commence when Jack interrupted me.

"Say," he said; "you must have a motto. Do you know Italian?"

"Not a word."

"Or Spanish, or German?"

"No."

"Well, you surely can recollect some Greek—for next to manuscript quotations and old plays, you can't do better than have some foreign

lines at the beginning of the chapter. What Greek do you remember?—for, 'pon my honor, I've forgotten 'em all."

"My dear Jack, I only know a line here and there."

"Out with them. Put them all in a row, and never mind the meaning."

Thus urged, I imited the following as a headpiece.]

"Delivé de clanzé gneriolo biolo,
Be d'akelon para thien poliphobolo thalassero,
Thelo jretri Atreidis, threlo é Cadmon aderin,
Ton d'apemichomero thepso é podas-onso Achilleus."

HOMER, *Iliad*, l. 1.

"Excellent! bravo!" said Jack; "they'll see at once the author is a gentleman and a scholar; and now go on."

The crimson and gold drawing-room of Lorrington Castle was filled with company, the courtyard crowded with carriages, and the esplanade and foremen in gorgeous liveries, with a splendid white satin favor at the side of their hat. The view from the window—

"Stop," said Jack Stuart, "here's a better description. I cut it out of the *Times*."—

The view from the window involved a spacious assemblage of all the numerous beauties and illustrations that cast a magnificent air of grandeur over one of

ENGLAND'S NOBLEST MANSIONS.

The extensive shrubberies clothed the verdant meads, and threw a shade of deep green tints over an

EXTENSIVE ARTIFICIAL LAKE,

on which floated, like a nymph or naiad, a beautiful

SAILING BOAT,

pointed bright green, and fit for instant use. Further off, in one of those indistinct distances immortalized by the pencil of Turner—now softened into sober beauty by "the autumnal hue, the scar and yellow leaf," as an immortal bard expresses it, in language which the present writer does not imitate, and could not, without great difficulty, excel, was an

IMMENSE DAIRY FARM,

fit for the accommodation of

THIRTY MILK COWS,

of a peculiar breed, highly approved of by the

RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF SPENCER.

In other portions of the landscape rose statues which might have raised the envy of

PRAXITELES, THE GRECIAN SCULPTOR,

or attracted the love of the beautiful "Maid of France," who "sighed her soul away" in presence of

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

a figure, in the words of a living author,

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and workmanship of

JACKSON AND GRAHAM,

enumerating Or-molu tables—sculptures—rosewood chairs richly inlaid—richly colored

AXMINSTER CARPET,

and sofas covered with figured satin.

"[That will do," said Jack. Now go on with the book!"]

But while the company were engaged in detached groups, waiting the signal for proceeding into the great hall, where the ceremony was to be performed by special license, Lord Berville sent a message to the Countess, that he wished to say a few words to Lady Alice, in the library, before the commencement of the ceremony that was to make him the happiest of men. He waited impatiently, and in a few minutes the bride appeared, radiant in joy and beauty. She stated, when she saw seated beside him a beautiful young woman, plainly, but richly dressed. They rose when Lady Alice appeared.

"Dearest Alice," said Berville, "I have told you that there was a person in this neighborhood to whom my gratitude was unbounded, and who, I hope, has now an equal claim on yours, for she is the savior of my life."

"Indeed!"

"Let it be a secret between us three," continued Berville; "but you agree with me, my friends," he said, turning to the stranger, "that there should be no reserve between a man and his wife. I told you, Alice, when we were at Rome, the story of an adventure I had on Barnaby Rudge, and of the heroic conduct of a young girl. In this lady you see her. She is now the wife of the vicar of my parish, and I trust will be a friend of both of us."

Lady Alice threw her arms around Janet's neck, and said, "I know it all; we shall be friends; and nothing makes me so happy as to know we shall be so near each other."

"Ah, my lady, you know not how deeply I am indebted to his lordship's mother, for all her kindness; or how overpaid all my services are by the happiness of this moment."

"And now, having made you thus acquainted, I must ask you, my kind friend, to hurry Lady Alice to the great hall, where your husband, I trust, is waiting to tie the indissoluble bond."

A joyous shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence

of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room. Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old acquaintance George, now softened by a year's sojourn in a foreign land.

"George," said Lord Berville, "no one in the earth knows your position; from this hour, therefore you cease to be my servant, and are the steward of my Lincolnshire estate. Your uncle's fate is unknown!"

"His fate is known, my lord, that he died by his own hand in the hut on Barley Wood; but his crimes are undiscovered."

"Be it so! let them be allied to between us no more. Your cousin Janet is the happy wife of my friend and chaplain; and I am delighted to show my appreciation of her nobleness and purity, by all the kindness I can bestow on her relations. Go down to Lincolnshire, Mr. Andrew," said his lordship, shaking hands with George, "and now when you are installed in the mansion-house, write to me; and send, farewell."

It is difficult to say whose heart was most filled with joy on this eventful day. Lady Mithida, now happily married to Lord Merlands of the Guards, and the lovely Lady Mary Rosely, shortly to be united to the young Earl of Gallowdale, were pleased at the happiness of their friends; and certainly no prayer seemed to be more likely to receive its accomplishment than that which was poured forth, amidst the ringing of bells and the pealing of cannon, for the health and prosperity of Lord and Lady Berville.

Jack Stuart sat, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

"The best novel I have ever read!" he exclaimed; "and now, all I have got to do is to get it copied fairly out, dedicate it to Lord William Lennox of Mr. Henry Bulwer, and get my five or six hundred guineas. It is a capital thing to lose on the Donby; for unless I had been drawn for the hundred and fifty, I don't think the dove-tail novel would ever have come into my head."

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MOSCIEFF, ESQ.

PLAYING THE ROSES.

Every performer whose ambition may occasionally have led him to attempt to shine for a few nights as a theatrical star, must in the progress of his actual excursions have been exposed to many similarly ludicrous incidents as those now about to be related, and could bear testimony to the frequency of their occurrence.

In the full tide and zenith of Elliston's popularity during his first engagement at Drury Lane theatre, he one morning received an offer from a country manager, till then unknown to him, to star for a few nights at a theatre in a somewhat remote part, on highly liberal *shaking terms*. The close of Drury Lane for the summer season, giving our great actor a *cougé* for a few months, he resolved to embrace the offer, but having no acquaintance in the scene of action, nor indeed knowing anything about the place, he applied to a city friend, who had an extensive connection in that locality, to introduce him, with a letter of introduction to its principal resident. Procuring the desired credentials, the performer secured a seat in one of the *long stagers*, then passed through the town to which he was bound.

As all the parties to this anecdote with the exception of the comedian himself, are, it is believed, now living, the narrator will, to avoid personal attack, take the liberty of shadowing both persons and place, under feigned names; the reader will therefore be good enough to suppose the manager is a Mr. Truncheon, the town in question Little Grassington, and the great proprietor of the place, the actor's patron in this instance, as Squire Ramsbottom.

There was but one house of public entertainment at that time in Little Grassington, it could scarcely be called an inn, but was rather a roadside saloon, rejecting in the sign of the Eight Balls; here, Elliston and his luggage were duly deposited. Partaking of such humble refreshment as the house afforded, the comedian after making his toilet, in which he was always very particular, set out to secure the interest of the great man of the town, by delivering his letter of introduction in person, calculating on a *bespeak* for his benefit at least.

Arriving at the squire's residence—the principal mansion in Little Grassington—our actor pompously sent in his card through the obsequious footman, who was much struck with his distinguished appearance; and he was instantly ushered into the presence of the squire, his lady, Mrs. Ramsbottom, and their two fair daughters, the Misses Rosa and Lellie. Being completely on his best behaviour, our actor's prepossessing person and manners, made an instant impression on his favor, the squire was delighted, his lady charmed, while the young ladies were in perfect ecstasies. A servant was dispatched to fetch the Eight Balls for Elliston's luggage, for the good natured squire insisted on our comedian making Ramsbottom Lodge his head quarters during his stay in Little Grassington.

The actor passed a delightful day, the dinner was excellent, the squire's Madeira capital; he drank with his host, complimented his hostess, accompanied the young ladies with his voice in their efforts at the piano, and won the hearts of all the servants with sundry confidential nods and winks, and various funny stories.

It was determined that the whole of the squire's establishment should support our hero's *début*. The squire himself, with his family and some

relations engaging to fill the stage-box, which was to be secured for the purpose. Wonders were expected—thus passed the first day.

The following morning, was that of the night when it had been settled the actor was to make his first appearance, and satish the inhabitants of the good town of Little Grassington; he therefore prepared to visit the theatre, knowing a rehearsal would necessarily be called. Promising the squire to return in time to dinner he proceeded to seek out Mr. Truncheon.

It was with some difficulty that he at length found his way to this functionary's temple of Theopis, which was situated in a by street, at the head of the town. It was a humble-looking structure, the title of it could be seen of it, was very dirty and uninviting, and was as unlike what might have been expected as possible. The whole fabric, from its irregular formation, and the singular way in which it seemed to be stuck, as it were, in the midst of the surrounding houses, had very much the appearance of having been abstracted, bit by bit, and from time to time, from its different neighbors. Theatres have not unfrequently stolen into existence in this manner.

Impiring the way to the stage-door, the comedian was directed through a muddy and ill-scented alley, running down one side of the building, which conducted him to a sort of stable-yard behind, here a ladder afforded access to a kind of loft-door—this was the stage-door. At the risk of breaking his neck, the comedian clambered up this ladder; inquiring for the manager, that important person instantly presented himself. He was a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking, indignant-eyed, and somewhat cross-begone, not he, who drew King Piliam's curtains in the dead of night could have presented a less inviting appearance. He would have needed no pinching in, aptly to have personated the starved apostolic *Lampada*, in the "Honey-moon," or even *Slender Shadow*, or *Jermiah Thim*.

An abundance of very deferential bows followed. Elliston's consequential announcement of himself; he was most respectfully greeted by the manager, who returned the greatest delight at his appearance, and immediately produced a bill, in which the future great promise of Drury saw himself announced to perform the part of *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, that very evening—his name being printed in capitals, so large, as to fill up nearly half the bill.

"I have called a rehearsal of the play, sir," said the manager; "every thing is ready—Little Grassington is all excitement—we shall have a brilliant house. Will you do me the honor to step on the stage, and we will run through the play—take care how you come—there is a large hole in the boards there."

The interior of the theatre was in such a state of darkness, that it was impossible to make out much of its shape or condition. It appeared from the stage, however, as far as our star could distinguish, that it was not very prepossessing, it looked both dirty and dilapidated. A number of ill-dressed persons of either sex, forming the *coro dramatique* of the Theatre Royal, Little Grassington, were assembled at the prompt wing, to whom the manager, with much solemnity, introduced Elliston.

"I hope," said our hero, examining the only stage-box, which, as before mentioned, his new friends the Ramsbottoms, had signified their intention of taking, and which the prompter had pointed out to him, "I hope, Mr. Truncheon, you will have some of those cobwebs, I see, there swept down."

"Everything shall be quite right and fly to night, sir, depend on it," answered Mr. Truncheon, bowing.

The rehearsal commenced—the royalty of Denmark, consisting of the King and Queen, with the chamberlain, old Polonius, were duly present; there was, however, no court. Elliston remarked this to the manager.

"I shall cloak the court, sir," said the manager, "always cloak the aspers here."

Elliston took this assurance in its literal sense, it being a theatrical technicality with which he was not then acquainted, and was satisfied.

"I hope too," continued he, "this is not intended to be the scene—this cottage interior does not at all look like the royal halls of Elsinore."

"It shall be all right at night, sir," rejoined the manager.

In the subsequent platform-scene, Mr. Truncheon began to stand up for the Ghost.

"Where is the gentleman who is to play the Ghost?" inquired Elliston.

"Why does he not attend the rehearsal?"

"It shall be all right—the Ghost shall walk at night, sir, depend on it," said the manager.

As the rehearsal proceeded, the prompter was obliged to read for *Guildestern* and the *Second Player*.

"How is this?" inquired Elliston, waxing warm.

"The *Second Player* will be doubled at night, sir," said the manager.

"And *Guildestern* will be all right."

"Really your company are very remiss in their attendance this morning."

"It will be all right at night, sir, be assured," again reiterated the manager.

"I hope it will, sir," rejoined our actor, rather grudgingly, "for the sake of the very distinguished persons who intend to patronize my performance; but really, I must say, that I never saw a rehearsal conducted in a more slovenly manner; there has not been a single property, nor have your scene shifters in any one instance put on the right pair of flats."

To cloak a part is where the manager, prompter, or other official person goes on enveloped in a large cloak, for any unimportant part, for which there may happen to be no representative. An ingenious country manager has been known to go in, in a heavy play, for half the dramatic personae by this curious expedient.

"Everything will be correct at night, sir," said the manager. The rehearsal then proceeded till it came to the churchyard scene, when Mr. Trunchion read for the *First Gravedigger*.

"Hullo!" said Elliston, "reading again! Where's the *First Gravedigger*?"

"Gone after the skull, sir," said the manager.

"Oh! In that case, dig away," replied Elliston.

The skull was supposed, as indeed almost everything else had been. It now came to the reading of the manager, who again stood up for *Orric*, apologized for the absence of the folks, as they had not arrived from the innman, but pledged his word, they would be all right at night. Elliston therefore went very amiably through the fencing scene with the gentleman who was to play *Laertes*, both of them making the passes, thrusting, parrying, carle and tierce, with their hands.

The rehearsal now ended, and with the exception of the singing being left out, by particular desire of the manager's wife, was to play *Ophebia*, and who only hummed the tunes, everything really promised, as Mr. Trunchion had said, to be all right at night.

With many serious injunctions touching the stage-box, the properties, &c., our actor then departed for the Lodge, where his distinguished friends with their relatives, the Clutterbucks, who were invited for the purpose, were anxiously waiting his arrival to dine.

In proper time it was the evening, after much haste of preparation, the whole of the party proceeded in the squire's own carriage, and an additional one borrowed for that night only, to the theatre. The squire, Mrs. Ramsbottom, Miss Rose, Miss Lillian, and their cousins, the Clutterbucks, were soon installed in the stage-box; all the servants, from the butler downwards were in the pit, and a great many of the squire's tenants had congregated in the gallery.

The music was run by a few old orchestra! To our hero's horror, there was only one fiddler, who acted as leader, a lad who played the pandean pipes, and beat the big drum at the same time, supplied the place of two other musicians; while a gentleman with a French horn, whom Elliston shrewdly suspected to be recognised as the individual officiating as postilion at the Eight Bells, and who had no doubt been expressly engaged to perform the various requisite "flamb of trumpets," completed the band.

The house was extremely crowded, all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Little Grassington was present. The curtains drew up and our *Prince of Denmark* appeared, dressed with great ease in the graceful costume of black velvet, first introduced by John Philip Kemble, and ill-replaced by some subsequent barbarous attempts at a more correct style of dress by would-be *calamistras*. His appearance was hailed with repeated rounds of applause, which he acknowledged by a profusion of his most graceful bows, and the usual touching application of the right hand to the left breast, so beautifully symbolical of theatrical heartiness gratitude.

The play proceeded; but what was our actor's astonishment, when, on being addressed by the usurping *Claudius*, he turned round and found, though assured it would be "all right at night," that the majesty of Denmark was assembled in the identical rustic cottage had repudiated so strongly in the person of Mr. Trunchion, and who was spreading himself out in a very suspicious cloak and beaver.

"How is this, sir?" whispered Elliston, aside rather angrily, "Where are the supers?"

"I'm *clanking* them, sir," said the imperturbable Mr. Trunchion; "I told you I should cloak them—we shall manage very well—beautiful horse, sir!"

Elliston cast an imploring look towards the stage-box; the bland and condescending regard of the squire, Mrs. Ramsbottom's gracious and encouraging looks, and the fascinating smiles of the Misses Rose and Lillian with the plaudits of the Clutterbucks, completely reassured him, and the whole scene went off with great *clat*, music aided by the spirited flourish of the French horn in the orchestra.

In the subsequent platform scene, our star had made himself up for the first of his *great effects*; his attitude and look of astonishment when he encountered the ghost; the awful moment came—the "buried Majesty of Denmark" entered. Elliston gave the usual start, though he did not, like Garrick, disarrange his wig!

"Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!" he exclaimed, with well-learned terror; suddenly breaking off with—"Curse me if I isn't Trunchion again!" recognising that worthy in the character of the *Ghost*, armed with a helmet and breastplate, in the first of which our Danish prince thought he recognised the dish-cover that had kept his kidneys warm at the Eight Bells, while the latter bore a striking resemblance to a tin dripping-pan he had caught a glimpse of when passing the kitchen of the same respectable suburge.

It was some time ere he could recover from his astonishment; the natural look of surprise this discovery involuntarily occasioned was mistaken by the audience for prodigious fine acting, and thunders of applause followed.

"Confound it, Mr. Trunchion," muttered Elliston, aside, chagrined to the last degree, "you here again! This is really too bad! Where is the gentleman that ought to have played the *Ghost*?"

"He was taken very ill, sir, with the toothache, and was obliged to give up the *Ghost*," said the manager, very composedly. "You hear how satisfied the audience are at the change—a brilliant first account, sir, every part crowded."

Elliston again cast a deprecating glance at the stage-box—kind expressions of encouragement, and warm glances of admiration beamed from

the Ramsbottoms, and the play proceeded smoothly enough, till the wall-knower scene of the Recorder with *Guidenstern*, when the ubiquitous manager again presented himself.

"Zounds!" growled the enraged star, "you, *Guidenstern*, too? Why, confound it, if you are not half your company!"

"I have got another dress on sir," whispered the complacent Trunchion; the audience can't know me—no standing room, sir."

"But, my dear sir, what most my distinguished friends in the stage-box can see."

And again he glanced imploringly towards them; but there was the same unvaried smile, accompanied with the tapping of fans, and other tokens of approbation.

Elliston took the mimic musical instrument that was presented to him. "Can you play upon this pipe?" said he to Trunchion.

"My lord, I cannot."

"No, nor anybody else," cried the furious Dane, flinging it indignantly at the manager, and almost breaking his spine with it, on perceiving that it was nothing more nor less than a common mahogany ruler, which had been borrowed from the office of the only attorney then practicing in Little Grassington, and for the loan of which the attorney's clerk had received a free admission, and of course, as in duty bound, duly applauded the mischievous appearance.

"Zounds, sir, though you may *fracture* me, you shall not play upon me!" continued the vexed star furiously.

The poor manager rubbed his shins. The house of course took all this as the natural effect of the scene, and volleys of applause followed.

Then came the celebrated play scene—but here again the perturbed spirit of the manager, who had determined not to rest, nearly frightened the house from its propriety; for when the *Ophebia* was about to be administered—"in *jest*," and Elliston, lying at *Ophebia's* feet, was acting as the chorus to the puppets while they were dallying, and had to say on the entrance of the second play.

"This is one Lucianus, *anaphor* to the king!" he suddenly added, "No, confound me if I isn't Trunchion again!" once more seeing the indefatigable manager, who was really doubling the second actor.

"Yes, my husband, sir," simpered the fair *Ophebia*,—"don't be do it well!"

The pincely Dane growled with inward agony; but a look of sympathy from the beautiful Miss Rose Ramsbottom, enabled him to go on, and as requisite "catch the conscience of the king," so on they went, till the progress of the incidents brought them in the *chamber-door* scene; but here, when agreeably to his cue, *Hamlet* enters with *Horatio*, who should spring his head up to the trap, as the *First Gravedigger*, but the multitudinous manager is again. Elliston was here astounded, brast to a stand still, and the manager stoutly proceeded with the grave wagrery of the part.

There was no remedy. Our actor thought he would make the best of circumstances. One of his greatest excellencies in *Hamlet* had always been the soliloquy on the skull of *Yorick*; he had mentioned this to the Ramsbottoms, and they were of course all expectation; but when the actor, instead of it being, a *veritable caput mortuum*, of anything Christian, or even a respectable imitation, it appeared to be no other than the phenological bones of some innocent animal, whose carcass, by possibility, might previously have served as a dinner for some one of the company. A broad titter followed its display, from the pit to the gallery. Our star could bear it no longer.

"I appeal!" he exclaimed, turning at the same moment, "to my distinguished friends in the stage-box. In this conduct if it be pursued towards Robert William Elliston? "A sheep's-head! Pah! haw it smells!"

Here he threw it in a violent passion at the head of the unfortunate manager. There was a hollow concussion. The well-bred politeness of the Ramsbottoms, however, prevented them indulging their ribble faculties. *Ophebia* was therefore buried in peace.

In due course came the last scene of that ended this strange eventful history, and Elliston hoped for a crowning triumph; but it was doomed to be thwarted to the last. When the "water-bury" *Orric* appeared with the folks, again did one present himself, who had an old, no fellow, who was himself alone, and had been eight or ten other characters besides—Trunchion, the manager. Elliston felt almost stifling with rage.

"The folks, my lord," smirked Mr. Trunchion, presenting them to our prince.

Alas! the folks were only a couple of curate rudes, with a brass button at one end, and a wooden handle at the other.

"Villain!" roared the infuriated Elliston, making a desperate lunge at him with one of the weapons that had been presented to him.

The terrified manager retreated to the back of the stage, and took refuge behind the king; but our *Hamlet* darted towards him, who, as mortally wounded, leaving the friends maner totally exposed and unprotected. Fortunately for him, however, Elliston stumbled over the prostrate monarch's body, and thus allowed him an opportunity of escaping.

The house was in convulsions of laughter, in which they were this time heartily joined by the distinguished family in the stage-box, the politeness of the Ramsbottoms being unable to hold out any longer. The prompter, seeing *Hamlet* fall, concluded that the tragedy was over, and leaving the back the curtain descended amidst the universal roars of laughter of the whole house.

For a long time after this, Elliston was very particular in ascertaining the state of the premises when he went strolling in the country, and never again took it on credit that it would be "all right at night," whenever he had any serious intention of "playing to the forces."

PROVERBS DISPLAYED.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY."

In most provincial towns there is some peculiarity about certain shops, or certain shopkeepers, which makes them so many points of congregation; and people who have once got into the way of visiting them find their limbs as regularly and methodically carry them there as if they really had business to transact over the counter.

Booksellers seem most generally the favorites of the loungers, and probably they find their interest in encouraging the gossip that takes place, for this gossip may lead to argument, and argument may require authority to refer to; and the bibliophile, having the book at hand, takes the opportunity of pointing out what a cheap and useful work it is, &c., &c. There is also the newspaper to be found, and that is a never-failing source of chat; then the bookseller himself, if he does not read everything on his shelves, generally contrives to pick up a portion of intelligence.

Next in public favor the druggists seem to range; and they also can inadvertently allude to a remarkably nice pocket Sedilitz powder apparatus they have just received; or a new effervescing, orange-flavored summer draught; the lavender water; the Tolu lozenges; the tamarisks and tooth brushes. A longer must make an occasional purchase.

Mr. Eugene Dorel was a shop-lounger; and his "palace of idleness," as though rather deficient in the aroma which should pervade a palace, was at the principal chemist's and druggist's of *****

The proprietor, Mr. Slapp, was a worthy, acute, original, and moreover, a musical man (a counter-tenor).

Dorel, himself musical, very shortly made a whimsical discovery of an irresistible propensity. Mr. Slapp; and, being a bit of a wag, he used to make his auditors laugh at the chemist's musical peculiarity, which led many parties to visit him, to ascertain the correctness or foundation of the joke, and which of course was a source of profit to Slapp, as they were obliged to buy some article.

Dorel's joke was this: he found by accident one day, in getting some medicine prepared, that as he happened a tune Mr. Slapp could not help but grind his emulsion in the mortar to the same time.

He tried the adagio "Ah! Pardonna," and there seemed little chance of his phlegm ever getting milder; so he changed it to "Glovesetti," and presto the emulsion was ready.

On one occasion Dorel took some ladies with him, to be amused with Mr. Slapp's peculiarity.

The druggist was very anxious to show particular attention and devoirs to his fair customers. The mischievous Dorel, as if in thoughtlessness, began whistling "Weber's last waltz." The chemist after trying in vain to rub twice in a bar, at last, with a look of imploring distress, audibly whispered to Dorel,—

"Oh! do try 'Fin ch'han dal vino,' and let me get on!"

Dorel now discovered that the waltz in the dance of "Frelch" was underlaid for rolling pills and boluses; that the preparation of pitch plasters and blisters went very smoothly to Arne's "Water parted from the sea," and that Mozart's "Questo poi la conosco pur troppo" was admirably appropriate to pounding with the great pestle and mortar. In short he tried the effect of all sorts of tunes on all sorts of mixtures; and as he had a tolerable musical ear, he found that it formed an excellent finish to an apert drug.

We must now introduce the hero of our tale, who was one of the most constant visitors to Mr. Slapp's laboratory. He was what is designated among a mercantile community a respectable and steady young man; he remained in a wine merchant's employment as managing clerk, after he had served his apprenticeship therein; was methodical, rather graver than to use an inappropriate phrase, was a bad hand at smiling, and of a most matter-of-fact complexion. Thus he was a greater dealer in the real and private virtues of the "No. 1" than in the proverb, and than the ideal; admired the application of the "No. 1" to the proverb, and so modest little with matters out of the routine of his business; indeed, he was a sort of commercial clock; and the pendulum having once oscillated him into Mr. Slapp's shop, he must call there, daily, in his way to his counting-house.

His name was Alexander Plumie.

Mr. Delarue, the wine merchant, was of foreign extraction, and, marrying an English lady, had an only daughter brought into him. His wife, subsequently died; Miss Delarue was sent to Bordeaux to be educated, and she returned a two-months' period to the commencement of this tale, a showy and accomplished girl. She had fortunately been instructed to the care of sensible French people, who did not insist on tight lacing, weak cabbage-soup, profusion of fruit, pale countenance, *bon-bons*, midnight masquerades, too many warm baths, and Victor Hugo's romances. Miss Delarue never practiced the art of endeavoring to look interesting, and she came home in robust health, acquired in the clear air of the department of the Gironde.

Alexander Plumie, when he beheld her first on her return, in the most matter-of-fact way fell head over ears in love with Miss Delarue. Prior to that, in his apprenticeship, he was too much occupied in the various mysteries of his master's trade, and too humble a person to have had a thought of the kind; and the young lady was not then in her full-blown perfection.

The sensation of a young man in love is so common that we shall not attempt to describe all that Mr. Plumie felt; he was invincibly modest, he dared not divulge his passion. In the words of Otway,—

"With folded arms and downcast eyes he stands,
The marks and emblems of a woman's fool."

It became daily a more serious matter to Alexander; it evidently was preying on his health. He had no opportunity of taking the advice of Peter Plunder:—

"Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never lose too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot always last."

Habit, however, brought poor Plumie to the chemist's shop, and after some time an appearance of indolence was palpable to the observer; and, although he denied any feeling of illness that should cause such a change, it increased to such an extent that he himself was aware of it. It was, however, with considerable reluctance that he would consent to take advice; but the urgency of Dorel and other friends having at last overcome his scruples, he applied to Mr. Slapp to recommend him to a physician, as he was told a surgeon would not do.

"Why," said Mr. Slapp, "I recommend you to see Dr. Urna Major; he is rough, but clever."

"And honest?" inquired Plumie. "Will he tell me the truth?"

"That he will, most plainly," replied the chemist.

Plumie departed, and the loungers left behind remarked that the poor fellow was getting worse daily; Dorel wittily saying, that Alexander reminded him of the placard in a bootmaker's window,—that he "was about to bespeak."

The next day Plumie called at his usual time, and with his wonted undisturbed, almost stolid manner, said,—

"Well, Mr. Slapp, I have seen Dr. Urna Major, and he has given me this prescription, at which when the best of chemists glanced, he looked shocked. Not so the imperturbable Plumie, who continued, 'The doctor says I've got oost oost—stop, here's the name written down in my pocket book;' which he quietly took out. He then read, 'Oost oost-fication of the heart. Pray what is that, Mr. Slapp!'"

"A turning of the heart to bone," said the pharmacist, with much feeling.

"Ah! so he said so," continued Plumie, "for I asked him; but it's all nonsense, isn't it! How can he tell what is going on in my heart!" (here Alexander sighed deeply) "however, as I have given him his guinea, I may as well take his physic."

Plumie took the medicine; but as he could not obtain a smile, indeed barely a notice, from Miss Delarue, he got no better for it; in fact, he became rapidly worse; so again he asked the advice of his friend the chemist.

"Mr. Slapp," said Plumie, "I have just heard whether the Dr. Urna Major is right or wrong. What will a constitution, as you call it, cost me?"

"Some three guineas, or so," replied Slapp.

"But if it were your case, would you go to this expense?" anxiously inquired Plumie.

"Certainly, if Dr. Urna Major had any doubt on the matter; but what did he say?"

"What did he say?" echoed Plumie. "Why, he said I should be dead as a door-nail before long; but whether in a month or a twelve-month depended upon accident and circumstances."

"Then I am sorry to tell you, my dear Mr. Plumie," replied the chemist, "that I fear you will only throw your money away; for Urna Major, with all his beatitudes, is no undoubtedly clever and decided, that if the other two physicians differed from him in their conclusions, they would scarcely dare to say so; and then they would join in his opinion."

"Then my mind is made up," said Plumie.

"So is your medicine," said Slapp, handing a vial over in paper with a neat superscription, "The mixture *as before*."

Plumie repaired to his counting-house, to his own peculiar, prim, and private office, wherein he conducted, with the greatest satisfaction to his employers, the affairs of rather an extensive concern.

The worthy Mr. Delarue, who really was attached to Alexander from boyhood, although he could not discover him to be as bright as his comet post, or brisk as his best champagne, had for some time marked the change in his favorite clerk. He now entered the office, and, telling Plumie that he was apprehensive that he was out of health, advised him to take a run into the country, or a steamboat trip; in fact, to get away from the desk for three weeks or a month, and that Mr. Delarue would try and get on without him during his absence. Mr. Delarue had not the slightest notion that Plumie was in any peculiar danger.

"Mr. Delarue," said the poor ossified, very solemnly, "I am going to leave you."

"G'ing to leave me, Alexander! What for, in the name of goodness! You—say you are out of business for yourself!"

Plumie smiled grimly, as much as to insinuate that his business was settled; but he said, "Mr. Delarue, I am going to Italy," at that period an almost unobtainable place, at least for provincial.

"Going to heaven as likely!" remarked the wine merchant.

"Yes, sir, I fervently hope I shall after I have got to Italy, but I want to see as much of the Continent as I can before the fatal event happens," said Plumie, in his wonted matter-of-fact style.

"What the deuce do you mean, my good fellow?" inquired Delarue.

"Sir—Mr. Delarue," continued Plumie, "the fact is, Dr. Urna Major, to whom I have given altogether five guineas for the information, tells me I have got an oost oost-fication of the heart!"

Mr. Delarue looked alarmed.

"Of which you may read," articulated Plumie, "as I did; and not only that, but I have copied the paragraph from the *Encyclopædia*;" and here he took a slip of paper from his waistcoat-pocket, which he handed to Mr. Delarue. Mr. Delarue felt for the spectacles; he had left them on the breakfast-table, so he asked Plumie to read the paragraph to him.

Plumie, having one of his deepest sighs, commenced as follows, in a tremulous tone, interlarding with his own remarks,—

"The internal lining membrane of the heart is often thickened, especially at the valves; and after repeated attacks, or a long chronic form of endocarditis (I don't know what that means,) the valves will not merely be thickened, but will become the seat of a variety of warty excrescences (oh, dear me!) or even cartilaginous and, serious formations (what hard words!) of considerable size, extending into the cavities of the heart (horrible). This ossification is most frequently met with in old persons (I'm only twenty-six, thank Heaven!), and especially those who have been addicted to a too generous mode of living (I'm obliged to drink a little wine, now and then, with our customers.) The morbid sounds produced by these obstructions at the various orifices will resemble those of the bellows (bless my soul!), and file or saw (my goodness!), according to the degree of obstruction; and sometimes a triple or even a quadruple sound will be perceived instead of the two normal sounds (normal, normal, I don't understand that word, though we have a normal school just outside the town.) The effects of these obstructions will be sanguineous and serous (he read it 'serious') congestions (the deuce they will!), oppressions of the breath, apoplectic seizures, and other symptoms of embarrassed circulation."

Mr. Delarue fixed his eyes on his clerk with mute astonishment.

Plumie then said, "The doctor tells me I cannot live more than a month, or a twelvemonth at the longest. You know, Mr. Delarue, that my grand-aunt left me one thousand pounds (eight months ago, and I have neither kin nor claim that I care for (here he sighed again like a forlorn)) therefore I am going to take it out of the bank, journey to France and Italy, see what I can, and live like a gentleman for the short time still spared me; I will then return to be buried here in my native town."

In vain did his friend and employer remonstrate with him, he could only imagine that he was laboring under a delusion, and when he came to bid him farewell he told him he should be but too happy to restore him to his situation again.

Plumie shook his head mournfully, but when Miss Delarue approached to wish him a pleasant journey, his heart almost beat through his silk waistcoat; while she, in a sweet and engaging manner, told him all the sights and exhibitions of Paris that were interesting to a visitor. And here, for the first time, she made the discovery (for young ladies are not apt to be full-sighted in such matters) that she was the object of his humble but ardent admiration.

The confusion, and enjoyment of poor Plumie (for he had not the tact to conceal his emotion) betrayed his secret; and when she extended her hand to him he trembled to a painful degree. He hastened from the room. Oh! if he had dared at that moment to have owned his passion.

Before he started for London, he came to the chemist's to bid good-by to his friend, Dordel and Slapp were sitting a dunt; Slapp, weighing out ounces of Epsom salts, in time to the melody of "Together let us range the Fields." They shook hands heartily with Plumie, and in so doing they really thought they were parting with the poor "ossified" fellow.

Plumie obtained his passap at the French ambassador's. "Yenez, gris," "Nes, gris," "Cherezus, range," &c. &c. &c. "Ratier," &c., and away he was off for Dover.

All now was novelty and enjoyment to him; the deck, the lodges, the superintendence of the wine-cellars, were left far behind. Miss Delarue had spoken kindly to him, he had tremulously pressed her hand; he was wonderfully enraptured, and the steamboat passage from Dover to Calais was a more powerfully acting agent (though distressing while it lasted) than all Doctor Ursa Major's prescriptions or Mr. Slapp's dispensations. Notwithstanding that Calais was a desolate place, every thing was fresh to Plumie. The combined fun of turbot, oysters, mussels, sea-biscuits, decayed sea-weed, stinking fish, were all lost on our emaciated clerk. He was in a foreign land, new views were before him.

He was soon in Paris, with plenty of money in his pocket, and, despite of his little heart, he enjoyed every diversion and amusement that gay city so bountifully affords,—theatres, cafés, exhibitions, bachelors, libraries; he contrived to get into some agreeable French society, where he improved his slight knowledge of the language; and soon found himself under the necessity of putting his person under the tuition of a Parisian professor of dancing. In short, although Mr. Alexander Plumie knew that he must die within a twelvemonth, he lived in so agreeable a manner that the thought troubled him very little.

He was by education a tolerable judge of claret and champagne, and he took the opportunity of improving his taste by imbibing from the most approved vintages.

Mr. Delarue's table (in consequence of his foreign extraction, and the habit engendered thereby) was occasionally graced by humble imitations of French cookery, which were much appreciated by the uninitiated Plumie.

But oh! when he visited Verdy or Beauvilliers', or the Roche de Cancale (our date is 1815) how poor our unfortunate invalid revealed.

The cookery was better then than it is now; that is to say, that modern science has made such rapid strides, chemistry has aspired to so advanced a (kitchen) range, that the *galette* that forms the basis of the Parisian soupe is extracted from substances of which neither the ox, sheep, pig, nor calf, form the original, and yet, by the skill of the *taitier*, they are highly palatable. We are acquainted with an aged Frenchman, a fine fellow of the old school, who frequently passes from France to England, and he is exceedingly chary of discussing the modern soup of modern Paris.

Fourteen months elapsed, Mr. Dordel and Mr. Slapp had established some amateur vocal concerts, where the counter-tenor distinguished himself, which led to much innocent recreation. The chemist's shop was as considerable a lounge as ever.

Slapp had extended his practice. He hired an old lady to the "Dead March of Saul," and he extracted some children's teeth at the tune of "Nancy Dwyer."

No one had heard positively of the death of Mr. Allick Plumie. Delarue missed his valuable clerk woefully, he was compelled in his absence to attend to a great part of the detail of business himself, which interfered considerably with his personal ease and comfort.

There is in the female heart, although it may not respond to the passion in fact, never less created in an admirer, a sufficient portion of commiseration for the sufferings the lover may endure in being deprived of the object of his fondest hopes.

Miss Delarue thought of Plumie with kindness. At this period Frenchmen, and French ways and fashion, moustachios and imperials, were less rare than they have since become, and, consequently, were more remarked and remarkable.

We had seen in Regent Street, as at present, the unspeakable, small-sized, bearded race of foreign individuals, with broad-brimmed hats, sharp-pointed boots, and an attempt at an English slang "coarsely" coat. We had not then the two locks of long hair garlanding a sallow countenance; we had not . . . but, oh! we owe it all to ourselves, to the resistance of one large portion of our indispensable operatives, the veritable English journeyman tailors, the most intractable of all bodies (bodies and souls!) to the terms of wages of their masters.

We know that these masters are an ill-used race. We can speak from experience, for we have not paid our friend these six years! May this public avowal meet his sympathising eye!

The knot at the chemist's was broken in upon one day by the intrusion of a person dressed in the extreme of Parisian costume; stout in figure, rapid in revolution, and with a completely foreign *tennars*, self-possessed, and returning the gaze at his moustachios with cool but well-bred nonchalance.

Waiting for his broken English requisition for some of Mr. Slapp's eau-de-Cologne, or a box of sweet lozenges, what was the surprise of the loungers, when they heard him break out with "Dordel, my boy, how are you Slapp, old fellow, my hand."

They gazed, and gazed again, "Why, is it? Yes, it is, by Proteus. Why, Plumie, where have you come from?"

Plumie raised his French hat, and ran his fingers through his ringlets (when he went away his hair was as rigid as coach-bringe). "Eh, mon Dieu!" said he, "why I am last from town and Brighton—and he ground the 'r' to Brighton in a peculiar foreign way, only equalled by our Northumberland 'burr'). I have been at Paris, Vienna, Florence, and Naples. I have peeped into Vesuvius, popped into the Vatican, and got fined a six dollar for smoking a cigar in the garden of the Schoenbrunn Palace; I have been in every picture-gallery on the Continent, have heard all the best singers, and seen all the best dancers; I have made the discovery that foreign ladies are more affable than the English, and take more pains to please you also; that Napoleon's guards disappeared of the general conduct of the Duke of Wellington towards them. I have ascertained how to order a good dinner (when it is to be got.) French cookery is the best; German, indifferent; Italian, queer. The Palais Royal beats all the world for meat, drink, washing, and lodging."

"My dear Plumie, I am delighted to see you so well," said Dordel.

"Are you?" replied the foreign traveller; I am not; and, as I now want you to recommend me to a lawyer, I hope you will be more fortunate in the choice for me than you were in a physician, that Doctor Ursa Major! *Snerre!*" Here Plumie smoothed his moustachios, and pulled down the extremity of his tip.

"Now, what can you want a lawyer for?" inquired Mr. Slapp.

"What for?" reiterated Plumie. "Why, to speed the last fifty pounds I have left in the world in bringing an action against that *diabla*."

"What *diabla!*" asked the loungers.

"Dr. Ursa Major, confound him!" replied Mr. P. "Here I am in a pretty state of *hors de combat*, believing that abominable brute of a doctor when he spoke of the ossification of my heart, and of its bonifying of my arteries and ventricles; I was induced to quit my friend Mr. Delarue's counting-house, leave every thing I thought charming on earth, and most two gentlemen, forsooth, for a twelvemonth. And here I have become an *unfr*, for it is soon learned with plenty of money in your purse; and just as I have invested my capital in the business, and have become an *unfr*, my thousand pounds have melted—*ventre gris!*"

"But are your improved appearance," said his friends.

"Oh! as to that, *revenons à nos moutons*. I am better than I was when I started; indeed, I am quite well! But if my heart be sound, my purse is empty, and what is to become of me? If I had expired on the doctor's dictum, a coroner's inquest must have found it." Died at the

VERIFICATION OF A PHYSICIAN." So, at all events, I'll have a shy at old Ursula Major to recover my thousand pounds, if law can do it."

At first Mr. Plummie was deaf to all remonstrances, and would not be convinced that any action for damages would not lie; so, to turn the conversation, he began singing, in an antebellum sprightly manner, "*C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour*," &c., which he playfully played the deuce with a tincture of the ingenious Mr. Slapp was filtering for he could not make the drops go through the funnel, or flannel, in correct time to the lively French air.

But when Plummie consulted a worthy solicitor he was candidly informed that, most probably, evidence would be given that the disease was cured by the change from a sedentary and joyless life to one of exercise and locomotion, so the would-be plaintiff against Doctor Ursula Major became more reasonable.

In addition to other improvements of mind and body, Alexander Plummie had made it his business to visit the vineyards in the departments of the Marne, Ardennes, and Aube, and accurately to understand the various growths of champagne wine, the white, straw-colored, pink, and red, the *moosaux, cremant*, and *non moosaux*. He likewise formed an intimacy with the finest produce of the vines of Bourgogne, of Auxerre, Chabertin, Clos Vougeot, &c., and at the particular request of Miss Delarue, he did not omit a visit to Bordeaux, where he obtained a proper introduction to extremely curious clarets.

Mr. Delarue found his exertions in business had annoyed him, he endeavored to replace Plummie by a new managing clerk, a fat fellow, who had failed in business in London, and was a great deal too fond of making samples; in fact, he got into great discredit by making every body dirty who came under his service on any terms. Miss Delarue was single. David made up his mind that he ought to be in love, but he was of too indolent a disposition to fascinate a female; he, however, became intimate at Mr. Delarue's house, and making a prodigious effort one day, proposed to Miss Delarue, and was instantly rejected. This had such an effect upon him, that he was compelled to go into Mr. Slapp's shop and take a dose of ether, and smell to the hartshorn-bottle, when he became better.

Plummie called on Mr. Delarue, who did not at the moment recollect his person, it was so completely transformed; he took him for a foreigner of distinction who had come to order wine. But when he was undeceived he went off into two hearty fits of laughing, the one dedicated to the poor ossified individual, and the other indicative of real delight at again beholding his steady favorite Alexander, who he ardently hoped, he should induce to re-assume his service on any terms.

But when Mr. Plummie was introduced to Mr. Delarue, ye gods, what an altered being! He was no longer gaunt, he had entirely got rid of his *menaceux honte*, his person was *gaudy*, and he addressed his compliments to her with spirit and grace. He dined with his old master and his daughter; he mixed them an incomparable salad; he talked learnedly on his acquired knowledge of wines; he described operas, prima donnas, pictures, and other things of the day, the *Guillemettes*, the *Punch* it is *Romane*, Chateaubriand, Franconi, Watteau, the pope, macaroni, the Bourbons, omelette soufflé, Berger, Tontoni, and Galignani. He sung Rossini's duets with Miss Delarue until the tears came into her father's eyes.

Our readers will anticipate the result. The wine-merchant was so delighted with the wonderful alteration and improvement of Alexander that he not only restored him, or, rather, raised him to a better and more enviable situation by proposing a partnership to him, which his acquired foreign manners of the world better qualified him for than his dry sensuousness had previously done.

Plummie had never lost his amatory feelings for Miss Delarue, and now he had gained the confidence to express them with propriety. We cannot undertake to give all the details which might have actuated the parties, but Mr. Delarue did not withhold his consent to a very important proposition made to him by Mr. Alexander Plummie, and which had already been acceded to by Miss Delarue.

In the smiles and caresses of a charming wife, Mr. Plummie, of the firm of Delarue and Plummie, soon forgot the acerbity of remembrance against the sinning doctor, and quite softened into amiability all tendency to ossification or hardening of the heart.

Plummie lost his ossified heart, but made, by losing it, Miss Delarue "hope of his bone."

The happy pair enjoy an annual trip to sunny France in the vintage season.

The story of Plummie, which is no fiction, verifies the proverb with which we have ended our chapter.

PRINTERS' JOKE.—It is the practice among wags and printers, when a "green 'un" enters the office as *devil*, to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office, for something that he would be sure not to find, and he returns with some strange article or other, thinking that to printers' phrase he has got what he was sent for. A joke of this kind was recently perpetrated in a neighbouring town. A boy was rather "verdant," went to learn the printing business, and one of the journeymen, loving sport, sent him one day with a dish to a certain editor, to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor, understanding the game, returned a picture of a *jackass*. The first one, finding himself rather "come over," set his wits to work to think how he should be even with the other. At last he called the lad, and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was editorial" which he wanted, and not the editor.

JONAS BROWN'S LAW SUIT.

Mr. Jonas Brown was a most respectable middle aged gentleman, with a fine bald and symmetrically powdered head, the least obtrusive of silvery pig tails, a double eye glass, pearl mounted, neatly fitting gaiter pendants, and unexceptionable white waistcoat, carefully plated cambric filled with a superior Saxony blue buttoned for an elderly gentleman's cut coat, and Mr. Jonas Brown was also the bosom and intimate friend of Mr. James Snake, and the patron and general lolly pop, sixpence a week, and sugar candy depot, of five small relics of the before mentioned Mr. James Snake. Now the reason for the extreme friendship of these worthies, was on the part of Mr. Jonas Brown, a kindly feeling of gratitude for many small but to him peculiar pleasant, demonstrations of attention and regard, for which he considered himself the Snake's debtor, and the cause of those manifestations on the part of the Snakes, was the hope of ulterior benefit, which they doubted not they should receive from their flattered guest, upon the accession to a very considerable property to which he was supposed to be the undoubted heir-at-law, and fully expected at the termination of a suit then pending, to become the actual possessor.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Jonas Brown was made a sort of household god by his disinterested friends; nobody could carve like Mr. Brown, nobody could speak like Mr. Brown, nobody could make punch like Mr. Brown, nobody could stir the fire like Mr. Brown, nobody knew anything about politics but Mr. Brown; in short all perfections in all acts were summed up in Mr. Brown, and all the rest of the world, or at least such portions of it as dissented from Mr. Brown, were little better than fools.

Thus had things gone on for some time, the flattered and delighted Mr. Brown frequently dropped vague hints of his future intentions for the dear children, and his determination to convince the senior Snakes that he was not the man to forget one, much less a series of such unchanging kindnesses.

One morning as the whole family were seated at breakfast, and just as dear Mr. Brown's charming dry toast and delicious chocolate were handed to him, the rest of the postman produced, as it for some reason or other generally does, an instant cessation from the topics, to wait, and guess, and wonder who the letter was from, and who it was for.

A brief time solved these doubts, the servant entered the room and placed a letter on the table, subscribed in a bold round hand, "Mr. Jones Brown, Esq." and the ominous words "immediate and important." All eyes were fixed on the letter. Jonas carefully with a deliberation he broke the seal, and after one or two slightly nervous preliminary remarks, proceeded to master the contents. After a brief pause, he laid down the epistle, after having carefully read it, and said:

"My friends, I must leave you for a while."

"Leave us!" exclaimed the full grown Snakes, and "leave us!" trampled the snake fry; and then all gazed on each other, as if attracted by one impulse, they screamed out in a hoarse undertone, "What for?"

"This long expected law-suit," commenced the Snake—

"My dear friend," interrupted the male Snake,

"Is," continued Jonas' "set down for trial."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Snake.

"You don't say so?" in utter and impudent contradiction to his own ears, rejoined Jonas, and "please give us all a sixpence before you go," cried the young Snakes.

"This letter," said Jonas, when allowed to proceed, "is from my very respectable solicitors, who inform me the cause is set down, and they are good enough to add, they have taken the opinion of the attorney-general, who declared I must win it. In that case—but I know your hearts, and think what I would say."

"Kind soul," sobbed the female Snake.

"Man of trust and integrity, gentle of home nature, blossom of friendship, and ripe fruit of honor!" apostrophically ejaculated the excited masculine Snake, "when will you return?"

"In a week."

"A week?" screeched Mrs. Snake, "it will appear a month."

"A month?" groaned Mr. Snake, "a quarter of a year, at least! But I suppose we must submit."

"Kind souls, I must prepare to start."

"Well thought," said Mrs. Snake, "what am I idling here for, when dear Mr. Jonas wants his things. Snake, get your portmanteau, and find Mr. Brown's comforter, and fill the small case bottle with white brandy, and send down to secure the best place, and cut off the wings of those cold fowls, and put up his shaving apparatus, and see his carpet bag properly packed, and children see what you can do for dear Mr. Brown. Thus saying the bustling boy hurried away; in a short time all was done; Mr. Jonas Brown was knuckled into the coach; the children, being so directed, skewered their knuckles into their eyes, and doing some very promising pantomimic grief, and their elders and betters "good bye," and "God blessing," with every appearance of somewhat disconsolate but very affectionate devotion.

"Now brats off to the nursery," were the first words spoken, when their respected sire had returned from his mission of seeing Mr. Brown into the coach.

"Selina, my love, come with me." Shortly after the pair were seated in close converse.

"I hope all will go well with Brown, Selina."

"I hope so, I'm sure; if it don't be a little better than an old impostor."

What is the paltry hundred a year he pays us? I'm sure if, it was not for the expectations he speaks of, I never could or would have put up with his treachery, treachery, treachery!—No! I, my angel! I have the stupid old rump; but if all goes well our fortune is made, and we may as well let him remain with us as suffer him out of our sight to be awindled by some worthless designing people, as he doubtless would be.

'That is so like you, Snake! You are so considerate, and have such a heart! Well, you'll get your reward.'

Thus did the amiable pair converse, and thousands of candles did they build in the air anticipating Mr. Brown's success and their share of his newly acquired wealth. At length a newspaper arrived; it contained an account of Mr. Jonas Brown's success, and was hailed with the most enthusiastic joy! Beautiful! bouquets decorated the mantle piece of his sleeping apartment, new hangings were instantly attached to his bed, and every little additional comfort that could be procured was added to his sitting room. In a state of most nervous excitement they received a letter from the absent Brown, it contained but a few lines, merely announcing that they might expect him that evening. Oh! when everything put in apple order! the table covered with every imaginary dainty, and a blazing fire ready to receive her dear kind Jonas.

At 7 o'clock the coach drew up at the door of Snake's house, in one minute after Mr. Brown was nearly suffocated with the embraces of the Snakes, and nearly deafened by the vociferations of their tender offspring. Having at length regained his liberty, he divested himself of his coat, and was conducted to the well spread board, where all vied in bidding him welcome—a welcome, they assured him, as kind, unaltered—a welcome from the heart, not influenced by his worldly goods but their love for the man himself.

'Kind and noble!' gasped Jonas. 'I have much to say to you both.'

'Not now sir—dear sir, not now,' interposed Snake, 'eat first, and refresh yourself.'

Thus saying, all parties proceeded to fill up Mr. Jonas Brown's plate, and we must confess, never did a hungry traveller do more justice to their excellent fare, than did our worthy friend Jonas.

'How can I ever repay you, my kindest, my dearest—'

'Oh!' from Mrs. Snake, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

'Best!'

'Oh!' from Mr. Snake, with a thump on his breast.

'Most generous friends.'

Here there was a short pause.

Jonas resumed—

'You have heard the news?'

'We have—we have,' chorused the Snakes.

'And even that has made no change in you—patterns of friendship!'

'Don't speak of small efforts in that way, dear, dear, very dear Mr. Brown,' whined Mr. Snake, pressing his hands, 'we have done our duty to our neighbor and to ourselves, and we look for no greater reward than the consciousness of having done right.'

'Consciousness of having done right!' recapitulated Mrs. Snake, seeming to think the adoption of the last line of the speech equivalent to the utterance of the aforecited, to a long tautology.

'This is too much,' gasped Jonas. 'Snake, you are a man! Mrs. Snake, I affirm you are a woman! No, you are not—it's a lie, Ma'am! I beg your pardon—a mistake—you are an angel!—Snake, let me speak to you alone.'

In a moment the room was cleared; the officious Snake re-filled his guest's tumbler, and sat in a state of perplexity opposite him.

'Ahem!' coughed Mr. Jonas. 'Snake, may I believe you when you say, I have become a lower I should have had as kind a welcome?'

'Oh! Mr. Jonas Brown, sir, for Heaven's sake, do not tear and lacerate and plough up and harrow, and drill my heart in this manner; you ought to know—a heart that honors you, but cares for no man's riches.'

'Worthy man!—exclaimed christian! unrivalled friend!'

'Friends! claimed Snake; 'ay, friend's the word. Damon loved Pythias, and Pythias loved Damon.'

'Your hand!' gasped Jonas. 'I am satisfied. I will live with you and your dear family forever.'

'Happiness, rapture, joy!' shouted Snake—'All we feared was, after this change of fortune you would leave us.'

'Leave you—never, though I have had a change of fortune.'

'The saints be praised!'

'I have had no change of feeling! my heart is still the same—'

'English oak,' suggested Snake.

'It is; that's the material. Though I have lost every shilling I had before I commenced the suit itself, yet will I dwell forever—bless me, Snake are you ill!'

And well might Mr. Jonas Brown ask the question, for at one particular portion of Jonas Brown's communication, Mr. Snake's face became as perfect a pea green slightly tinged with purple at the tip of the nose, as one would desire to see.

'I'll go mad! distanced!'

'I'll ring the bell,' said Jonas.

He did so, and in rushed Mrs. Snake with a plum cake, followed by the children in their best bibs and tuckers, and all immediately proceeded to cling round Mr. Brown, and begged, supplicated and asked his blessing and attendance with a degree of Spanish devotion.

'Your husband—be quiet my dear, is exceedingly ill. Look how green he is.'

'Green, sir!' roared Snake; 'green and be d—d to you; do you mean to insult me by calling me green to my face, you old impostor—I have been green green I'll be green green!'

'Snake,' stammered his better or bitter half, 'are you mad?'

'I am ma'am, mad as blazes, ma'am I and enough to make me ma'am.'

'What's the cause?'

'This, my dear; Mr. Brown has lost his law suit!'

If the Emperor of the Celestial Empire were pulled by the pigtail off his throne of state by the gentleman usher of the black rod (supposing he had such a functionary) he could not exhibit more astonishment than did the female Snake at the awful announcement.

When she found breath enough to form into words she gasped out, 'is this true?'

'Perfectly,' responded the bewildered Brown; 'but don't let that annoy you. I shall remain here all the same.'

'Will you?' gasped out the better half—'not if I know it. Do you think I'll go on working and slaving myself to death for such a lump of supernatural self conceit? Not I indeed; nothing but the doctor's report that you were not likely to be a long liver, and your promise of leaving a legacy to each of the children, made us put up with you. So just be off, bag and baggage as soon as you can.'

'Is this your determination?' said poor Jonas, appealing to the still green and purple Snake.

'It is with this slight alteration, if you haven't walked out of the house, in ten minutes by the door, I pledge myself to shuck you out of the window!'

'My good friends—'

'Friends be d—d!' thundered Mr. Snake. 'What do you mean by hurting that child's head, putting it in that manner! Adolphus, kick his shins.'

'Hurray—here goes,' exclaimed the dutiful son, and poor old Mr. Jonas Brown managed to get the window-bone.

'Allow me, be in an under tone, to stay till to-morrow.'

'There's five of the ten minutes up, open the window, Adolphus,' was the only answer vouchsafed by Snake.

'I've done it, papa,' said young hopeful; 'the one over the spikes.'

'New, sir, be at once. You need not wait for your luggage—that shall sit still I be advanced to Mr. Jonas Brown, and laid his hand upon his collar. Now, Mr. Jonas Brown, though generally a mild man, had some of the fighting devil in him, and in a very short space of time, Mr. Snake was placed flat on his back in an excellent position for examining a small crack in the ceiling immediately over his head. Had Babel been recreated and loosed, it would barely have rivalled the screaming confusion of tongues which Snake placed there—and as if to heighten the noise, the bells struck up a cheerful peal the sound of which and which were heard at the door, a thundering double knock astonished the whole, and a very gentlemanly man entered to state, that Mr. Jonas Brown's carriage waited to convey him to his new mansion house, that he might take possession of it, and his ample fortune.

'What is the meaning of this?' growled Snake.

'That I intended to try your honesty. In an hour's more kindness, under my supposed reveries would have secured you that sin kicking brat, an ample independence. As it is, we part forever, and this is the only legacy I shall leave you.'

So saying, he wrote something on a leaf he tore from the cheque book, and throwing it down upon the table, left the house.

After a half hour of mental agony, the husband and wife took up the cheque, and found written upon it in very legible characters—

'My Dear, Mr. Brown has lost his Law suit.'

As OLD SALT—It was in the month of December, 18—, I sailed from Buffalo on a small schooner, and as my crew could be captured by a small schooner or loaded partly with iron, dry goods, and salt. One old sailor, (who had been boatswain of Queen Charlotte's yacht in the Mediterranean, and was a witness at her trial) on raw hand and a boy, composed the crew. We had a fair wind until about ten o'clock at night, when it shifted 'down Lake,' and such a tremendous storm I never witnessed. Our craft worked hard! I stood at the helm all night—I think it was the darkest night I ever saw! At times I thought the vessel did not seem to move, although the wind blew a hurricane. Towards morning the old sailor said he would turn in. On going into the cabin he stepped into water two feet deep on the cabin floor, and his wild expression, 'My God, we are sinking! I shall never forget! All hands to the pump; which being made of four pieces of oak plank, soon choked up. The leak was fast gaining on us, and it was evident we should soon go down. The boy was on his knees, holding his hands up to his mother. The raw hand was attempting to launch a flat bottomed boat from the deck, and the old sailor was in search of the leak. I stood at the helm. I could not see, but I felt our situation. The darkness of the night, the howling of the wind, the waves running mountains high, the vessel fast sinking, the boy at prayer for his mother—in the midst of this we heard the old sailor cry, 'I have found the leak! The shark palmer had bruised the stern, and stove a hole in the stern. The leak was stopped, and I am still in health; while old Ned, the raw hand, and the boy, may long since have gone to that bourn where no traveller returns.

'Jim haw's your ma!'

'She's fat and strong—how's yours?'

'Feeble enough. I've got to see I can lick her now, and have every thing my own way. You do so that I can lick her errands, and doin' chores about home as you used to!'

Brother Jonathan.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843.

COUNTRY PLEASURES—SUCCESS POND.

People hardly know how much of pleasure lies within the scope of a day's ride from our city. Such fishing, such walks and quiet country dinners as we could point out, were we in the humor; such green woods, with cool shady nooks, where a whole family might sit down for a pic nic and feel almost at home as in a well ventilated parlor, and with a wealth of green drapery falling around; such hill tops with pleasant prospects, and hill sides rejoicing in the sunshine, as we have visited and could mention, might drive a man crazy who could not get away from the city during the dog days.

Let our friend Willis point out the pleasant city places—no one can do it so well—but if you want a country trip, a day's fishing, shooting, flirting, (no, N. P. W. beats us at that,—in the description—remember—not in the reality,) roaming, or any other thing, come to the Brother Jonathan. Its editors are all exceedingly rural but never verdant, even during the summer-time. We have, one and all, a decided taste for fresh fish and bird pies; delight in a morning flirtation with low laid eggs, and think a nice old hen with twenty-one chickens nestling under her wings and rumpling up her feathers, one of the most picturesque sights imaginable. Such views of country life are enough to make marrying men of half the crusty old bachelors in town.

Have you a taste for ripe pears?—would you see them hanging in golden clusters high over head with a ladder against the tree and a long pole convenient? Would you—but stay a moment; what is the use of asking questions? We know you would, of course; who would not have a touch of the cholera in so sweet a cause!

Now, if you really do enjoy a country trip, we will tell you how to obtain it cheap and quite convenient, as an Irishman would say. Get into a cab, coach, or omnibus, and drive to the south ferry. Be at the ticket-office half an hour before nine. You will find a group of pretty women in the back room, three or four nurses with eloquent babies in their arms, and an indefinite number of gentlemen keeping guard over a regiment of carpet-bags, travelling baskets, and ladies' cardinals, in the outer-room. Of course you amuse yourself half an hour peeping at the ladies, and listening to the babies, poor things! Your sympathies are excited. You purchase half a dozen oranges of the boy that has held his basket before you, till you fancy yourself in a sort of blockade, and distribute four of them among the five little boys that stand by the door, gazing at your purchase with eager eyes and half-open lips.

You enter the cars—ladies' baskets, cardinals, babies and men dancing attendance. If you are a bachelor, and wish to make yourself comfortable, take two-thirds of the double seat, fling your arm over the back, and look as if you expected some indefinite lady to take the vacant place. As a general thing, this management succeeds; but if a fat matron with two ditto children, a boy and a girl, comes in late, and casts an eye on your arrangements, you are a gone man. She crowds herself into the seat and you against the side of the car,—takes the boy in her lap, and, ten chances to one, asks you to become dry nurse to the little girl, with an air of authority, as if she were addressing her innocent smaller half at home. You take up the dear thing mechanically—the mother arranges herself more commodiously in the seat—crushes a travelling-basket against your knees—gives the little girl a ginger-nut, and off you go. We humbly beseech the fair unknown who placed that precious little minia-

ture of her own charms against our bosom last Saturday, not to fancy for one moment that we would warn future travellers against enjoying the felicity conferred on us: quite to the contrary—it would have been a source of the utmost gratification if some of them had been in our place at that blessed moment. An old hen and ten chickens,—a duck with a regiment of little ones swimming in a pond,—or the sight of a robin's nest, with three blue eggs in the bottom,—comprised as much of domestic felicity as our weak nerves can stand, even in the country. Don't leave the cars at Jamaica, unless quite crushed out of shape, because Brushville is only three miles further, and there you take a private conveyance to "Success Pond." With a tolerable horse you will have passed the White Cottage where William Cobbett lived, in half an hour, and have mounted an ascent so gentle that one scarcely notices that it is rising ground till the last abrupt hill brings you to the "Lake House" in ten minutes after.

Your ride has been very pleasant through groves and along sweet briar hedges, and you find yourself on the top of a noble hill, which from one point commands a view of the ocean, with a breeze playing about you, bland and refreshing, and you feel as if the breath of heaven has seldom visited your temples before. You enter "The Lake House," and are delighted to find that the master is an old acquaintance. You have eaten at his table many a time before, at the Glen Cove House, and this gives certainty of a good dinner, with the cleanest possible bed if it is desired. But you cannot stand talking of these creature comforts; a fruity smell invites to the back windows, a smell of ripe pears, and cherries dropping in showers from the overbarded trees. Another scent, delicate and bewilderingly delicious, comes up from a clear lake, three fourths of a mile long, and sparkling in a margin of the richest green, which forms a sort of bowl in the very apex of the hill. Deep, pellucid and spring-like is that body of water. With no apparent outlet or source, it lies weltering in its verdant basin, its tiny ripples broken here and there about the edges, with a net-work of lotus flowers in full bloom—beautiful pearl-like blossoms—which send forth the cloud of fragrance which has so intoxicated your senses.

There are boats upon the lake, fishing tackle and plenty of bait to be found by digging a little in the damp turf. You put on a broad brimmed hat, the ladies—of course you have ladies in company—equip themselves in poke bonnets and green veils, glove their pretty hands half way to the elbow and tuck their dresses up around the neatest possible ankles when they sit down in the boat. Your hand is shivering with eagerness to let out a line, for you have caught the glitter of a perch flashing through the water, but the ladies insist that you drive the boat through a bed of pond lilies—they forget to call them lotus flowers now—while the sun is sparkling over them. You smother a sigh, turn the crank which sets those two miniature wheels in motion with a jerk, and lo! you are tangled up in a world of blossoms, the smooth green leaves are all around you, and a dozen ungloved hands, white as the lilies themselves, are darting in and out amid the flowers, the leaves and bright waters, till you are completely overcome by the graceful action, the perfume and the sweet merry voices that ring everywhere around.

You become master of yourself at last, and break from all the flowery chains with which woman has enthralled you. The boat shoots across the lake like an arrow. You anchor beneath the shadow of a grove that crowds down to the deep waters, and fling out your lines. A pretty scream!—the loveliest lady in the boat has hooked a perch! Behold the poor fellow glimmering and writhing about in the sunshine, with a bevy of bright eyes gazing upon his captivity. Another!—no, this proves to be an eel—a two-pound gentleman! See him coil, and writhe

and tangle himself around the line. It is of no use, old patriarch—there is promise of a fine breakfast beneath that smooth skin! There you are in the boat—one hour goes by—another, and a third. Your boat is half full of fish,—your company in high spirits still, but a little sun-burnt, which but makes all the faces around you rather more rosy, and quite as cheerful. A sound is upon the waters. Behold yonder, by the boat-house, stands a colored gentleman, ringing a bright brass bell with all his energies—dinner, dinner, dinner! What an appetite you have!—what a thirst for iced lemonade, and other cooling drinks! What a table is spread before you!—and how you do enjoy this fishing trip to Lakeville, or Success Pond, the name given to it forty years ago, by the kind gentleman who flung the first perch into its deep and limpid waters.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

One of the wisest and best, and therefore, one of the greatest men that ever lived, was *Jeremy Bentham*. Wholly misunderstood by the people, among whom he lived and died, and for whom he labored all his life long; and shamefully misrepresented by their leaders, he has been looked up to everywhere else, by the mightiest of them that bear sway on earth, as one of the very few, to whom Jehovah hath vouchsafed a foreknowledge—dim and shadowy, if you will, but nevertheless a foreknowledge—of what Nations may be, and of what Man must be, hereafter, as a Builder of Nations.

For ourselves, we acknowledge, that we have long dwelt upon the doings of *Jeremy Bentham*—the reach and comprehensiveness, the grasp and loftiness—the strength and simplicity of his mind, with astonishment and awe. Unlike other great men—whatever there may be of littleness in his character, is either wholly overlooked by those who know him best, in the contemplation of his greatness, or remembered only as the signs of humanity—bringing him into closer fellowship with the human heart.

Grievously perverted, and foolishly and wickedly belied, for more than fifty years, by many of the ablest among his fellow-countrymen—the leading writers, and speakers and statesmen of their age—even while they were growing wiser and better, every hour, under the wholesome teaching, the gentle reproof, the solemn expostulation, or the blighting though playful sarcasm of the very man they were mocking—the very man they refused to acknowledge for anything more than a good-natured, well-meaning sort of a visionary—a latter-day “philosopher,” whom it were a pity to discourage, now that he was getting old, and couldn’t be with us much longer. Overlooked through the whole length and breadth of the British empire—they who abide within the four seas being the gettters-up of opinion, the clear-starchers of character, the triers, the judges and the as-sayers of all worth, in the moral and intellectual world, for the rest of that empire. Forgotten alike by the People and by their Masters, at home, or remembered only at long intervals; and then called up, like the betrayed giant of old, only to make sport for the unbelieving nobles, or the blaspheming Priesthood of another and a very different faith—at the risk of being buried forever in their own rubbish; he has been making himself understood everywhere else throughout the whole world—stirring up the Nations with a new hope, and filling them with a new spirit; and while working his way in mystery and silence, like a mighty river, not only through and through, but underneath the deepest foundations of British power—wholly unheeded by those who have had most at stake—his mind has been felt throughout all Southern Europe, like the swell of a subterranean sea—alarming all the North—reaching to the new world, with all her “princedom, dominations, thrones,” and waking up the master-spirits of both hemispheres, to a profound, ear-

nest, watchful and patient consideration of that which they have hitherto overlooked, as unworthy of their notice—*Our guardianship—the Natural and imperishable Rights of Man!*

And now, look you! He is but just beginning to be understood—but just beginning to be acknowledged; and that, not by the many, but by the few; and not as he should be, with devout thankfulness; but rather as if they, who are honest enough, and fearless enough to speak of him at all, were rather amazed at themselves, and somewhat afraid of being overheard; or as if, notwithstanding all they may have said or whispered in his favor, they had their misgivings, and really doubted whether, on the whole, a few words of homeliness and strength, might not be turned to much better account elsewhere. And these are the people, among whom and for whom, he toiled and suffered for the greater part of a hundred years! with a diligence and faithfulness, a singleness of purpose, and a steadfastness under discouragement and misrepresentation, without a parallel in the history of mankind! God grant to his countrymen, hereafter, for their own sake, if not for his, a little more understanding, and a little more thankfulness!

We have been called upon, time and again, for a map of *Jeremy Bentham's* character; for a sober estimate of his natural powers—of the man himself, and of his labors; and we have tried more than once to do it, by piece-meal, as it were. And that is all that we can do now. But some day or other, when the world is ripe enough, and rich enough to pay at least for the paper it is printed on, perhaps we may go to work in downright earnest, upon the Life, Character and Labors of *Jeremy Bentham*—though it be only to show his countrymen how utterly blind they are to his great worth, and how heartily ashamed of themselves they ought to be, for leaving such a man to the tender mercies of such a biographer as *John Bowring*, *L. L. D.*,—or such a headlong, slap dash sort of a scene-painter as *Lord Brougham*—or *Hazlett*—or *Captain Parry*.

Without an atom of what men have agreed to call genius,—wholly destitute of imagination,—utterly wanting in that finer sense which kindles and flashes at the approach of the bewildering, the mysterious, and the awful; absolutely incapable of understanding either poetry or eloquence, or any of the higher manifestations of the spiritual man,—yet, strangely enough, and almost without example among persons of his temper and grasp, passionately fond of music,—or rather, of *Handel*—for he hated *Von Weber* and *Rossini* with a perfect hatred, as mere popinjays,—cared very little for *Mozart*,—had never heard of *Beethoven*, and looked upon *Haydn* himself as little better than the shadow of *Handel*, and the best part of the *Creation*, as mere child’s-play compared with the *Hallelujah-chorus*; a humorist himself, in the richest sense of the word—in its broadest meaning—and so fond of humor in others, as to enjoy with the heartiest relish puppet-shows, Punch and Judy, Christmas pantomimes,—all sorts of caricatures, even of himself, and all sorts of drollery, even to that of the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly* and the *Westminster*—to say nothing of speeches in Parliament, about the humanity of British law, and the wisdom of our forefathers: and so given to story-tellers and story-books, of one sort or another, as never to be without somebody at his elbow like *Aaron Burr*, or *Fanny Wright*, *John Bowring* or *Captain Parry*, to keep him awake—or a secretary to read him asleep, after he had crept into that bag with his clothes on, which he used to mistake for a bed, with some such book as *Richardson's Pamela*, or that everlasting *Sir Charles Grandison*, (which he loved all the better for its length)—or some extravagant romance of the day—the more extravagant the better, if meant in good faith—for while he read *Voltaire*, *Humphrey Clinker*, and *Tom Jones* with the heartiest relish, and was ready to split over passages in *Goldsmith's*

hundred thousand individuals would be divided among millions. Your public places would present you everywhere with unfortunate citizens whom you have plunged into poverty. Hardly would you see one obviously the richer in consequence of your cruel operations. Grief, grief and the cries of despair would be heard on every side. Cries of joy, if there were any, would not be the expression of happiness, but of antipathy, which enjoys the suffering of its victims. Ministers of kings and people, it is not by the unhappiness of individuals that you are to give happiness to a nation. The altar of public good requires no more barbarous sacrifices than that of Divinity.

I cannot leave the subject of the essential does it appear to me, for the establishment of the principle of security, to pursue error through all its hiding places.

What is it that we do to deceive ourselves, or to deceive the people in regard to the greatest injustice? We have recourse to certain pompous maxims, which are a mixture of truth and falsehood, and which give to a simple question in itself an air of depth and political mystery. The interest of individuals it is said, might yield to the public interest. But what does that signify here? Does not every individual belong to the public, as much as every other? That public interest which you would personify, is only an abstract term: it only represents the mass of individual interests. We should reckon them altogether in our account, instead of considering the one as being all and the other as nothing. If it be good to sacrifice the fortune of one individual to augment that of others, it would be still better, to sacrifice that of a second, a third, or a hundred, or a thousand, without being able to fix any limits; for whatever may be the number of those that you have sacrificed, you have always the same reason for adding yet another. In a word, the interest of the first is sacred, or the interest of none can be so.

Individual interests are the only real interests. Take care of individuals. Never molest them; suffer nobody to molest them, and you will have done enough for the public. Would it be believed that there are men absurd enough to love posterity better than the present generation? To prefer the Man who is not, to the Man that is! to torment the living under pretence of doing good to those who are not born and who never may be born.

On a multitude of occasions, men who suffer by the operation of the law, have not dared to make themselves understood, or have not been listened to, because of that obscure and false notion that private welfare ought to yield to public welfare. But if it were a question of generosity, which of the two could best afford it—all towards one, or one towards all? Which, then, is the greater egotist, he who would desire to keep what he has, or they who would possess themselves, even by force, of what belongs to another?

An evil felt, and a benefit not felt: lo! the issue of all these beautiful operations by which individuals are sacrificed to the public!

Let us finish with a great leading principle of Law. The more the principle of property is respected, the more it is established in the minds of the multitude. Light attacks on this principle prepare the way for greater. Much time has been necessary to bring it to the point where we see it now in civilized society: but a fatal experience has shown with what facility we may disturb it, and how the savage instinct of robbery obtains an ascendancy over the laws. People and government are in this respect but tamed lions: if they come to taste blood, their natural ferocity revives.

Vault in ora cruce, redeus rabiesque furorque;
Admonitque tument gurgite sanguine fauces.
Fervet et a trepido via abestior ora magistro.
Lucan iv.

OLD LETTERS.

One of the most beautiful things ever written was a paper we met with some years ago, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, on this very subject. We should be glad to see it republished.

Old letters are like apparitions. They are messages from the dead to the living. Yea—from the dead to the living! though the living may have forgotten them—and the dead have passed away forever. But the strangest and by far the most trying of all old letters are those that are written by yourself—to yourself—letters, which after journeying the world over have come back to you, perhaps with the seal unbroken, perhaps with the finger print of death upon the spot where a real should be.

Upon the table before me is now lying a letter written more than twenty-three years ago, in the very outset of his career to one of the finest poets of our country now in his grave, by one who had been watching his growth and waiting to see him

burst forth into full flower, with a feeling akin to brotherhood. It begins oddly enough, but goes to show, in a way not to be questioned, the actual condition of the parties.

"Pay no more postage. I can afford it both ways, and we must have no more squeamishness. Punning—thank you for your gentle intimations. It is indeed a pitiful ambition. I agree with you, once for all—and there's an end of it. On the whole, it seems to me that I should as soon spend my time in pulling insects to pieces and potting them together again—hit or miss—without regard to their anatomy, or character, as to play the mischief with words, according to the fashion that prevails at Cambridge.

"You ask if I love P. Yes—though I have hated it, with all my strength, I love it now. Would you believe it possible that I have seen the time, when I should not have waited very long nor very loudly, to have been told that it had been swept over by another of these commercial hurricanes which have been so fatal heretofore. But I feel so no longer.

"And why did I hate P.? Because the people were heartless—over thrifty—and selfish; for so they appeared to me. Now I love it. And why? Because—don't laugh—because they have taken it into their heads to think better of me. There's for you!

"Law. Beware, my friend. You are dreaming your life away. Indulgence in such dreams, I look upon as downright folly—sheer childishness. Would you pick the weariness of brightness that you now see hovering just beyond your reach—only to go to sleep over it? Pish, pish—be a man. Away with these idle fancies! Go to work—out with you into the open air and betake yourself to the sea side, the cricket ground, or the sparring school. To horse with you, to horse! And you will find your strength returning to you, quadrupled in a single month. Turn away your eyes from the rosy lips and shadowy tresses that haunt you, and journey away to the 'iced mountain top,' and breathe 'the difficult air,' if you ever hope to be anything but a woman's man.

"Parsons! can it be true! Was he indeed with you! Well, well, he is a good enough sort of a fellow—without enthusiasm—without genius—genius proper, I mean—that which kindles of itself, and never goes out till the sun does: but with a clear, strong mind, reasonable industry—not much, to be sure—and very respectable talents. Judgment and taste—something that smacks of scholarship he has, too—but very little of that upheaving, outspreading principle of the human heart, which, like a pent-up ocean, will have way, though it covered itself with storm and shipwreck. His taste—I take it—is the taste one is brought up to at Cambridge. If industrious—which he is not, according to my notions of industry—he may make something yet, though the chances are against him, inasmuch as he was born with two shirts to his back—something more than his father died with, hey?

"After all, though, I like the constitution of his mind. This same genius, if you will have the truth and nothing but the truth, is but a meddlesome, inquisitive, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, always getting into mischief, and burning his own fingers, or the fingers of honest people who have not got the hang of the school-house.

"I am very serious, my friend. All the genius in the world bears about the same relation to talent which rhymes and poetry bear to the mathematics—the smell of violets to that of the sounding seabreeze—or the gold on a butterfly's wing to the subterranean sunshine, that people dig up to buy socks with. It is the Utopia of legislation—the dreams of Plato, Moore, Rousseau, Sydney and Locke—compared with all history and all experience—with the sober working of statesmen, and the play of empires.

"So—give me talent, and to the winds with genius—mere genius! Talent is the water of life: genius the perfumed sherbet, cooled with the snow, and scented with the breath of water-lilies. Talent is health and strength—genius but finer phrenzy, and riotous intoxication. Talent is iron: genius but the gems and jewelry of earth. Talent is the honest building of brick and mortar—outlasting the marble palaces of Babylon and Rome: genius but the castles in the air—the temples of Morgiana along the Adriatic—the roundabouts of China, the tents of Tartary, and the follies of any other country on earth. In a word—talent is the necessary and the substantial: genius the embellishment of life. Newton was the embodied representative of talent—Shakspeare of genius. But enough—I am getting sleepy—how are you?

"P.S. Don't go raving mad about *them ere* Scotch novels. Mark me—within a dozen years they will take their place, side by side, with the volumes of poetry which were to be found, but the other day, upon every table of the country—and I might say, in every pocket—and what has become of them? Do you ever hear them spoken of now? Never. And so it will be with these novels and romances. Excellent as some of them are, they will be forgotten, I tell you, before the generation has passed."

THE FALL OF PALEQUE.—We have the pleasure of laying before our readers this day, another beautiful story from the pen of Mr. Macleod, one of the most promising writers in this country. We point to it with no little pride, and commend it to general perusal. The writer has chosen an excellent field, and the story abounds with scenes of deep and highly-wrought interest. For vividness of description, and beauty of thought and expression, it will bear comparison with the best of the light literature of the day.

We are gratified in being enabled to state that Mr. Macleod will be a frequent if not a constant contributor to the Brother Jonathan.

We take this opportunity to state, that we have very many capital articles, hitherto unavoidably crowded out. Indeed, so much talent is engaged upon the paper, that the only difficulty we have is to find room for the original matter.

Mrs. Stephens will continue her sketches of Hartford immediately, and that original genius, Jonathan Stick, will soon make another bow to his friends.

TO MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.—Really my dear madam, this is too bad! You are a woman worth quarrelling with—but you will have the last word, I see; and that, without thanking me for it, or so much as saying, by your leave; and what can I do? Instead of stopping a fellow's mouth with sugar-plums—or smothering him with half-blown roses, you knock him heels over head, giving him a touch of your riding-whip, and then halloo enough!

But I say to you as the little boy said to his mamma, when he saw her tumbling through the skylight—*Top, top mamma! an't you a little too fast!*

However, to be serious, you have done yourself, your sex and your cause, great honor, and I am only sorry for your sake, not my own, I assure you, that you have stopped my mouth—for the present. But P. S.—"We shall meet again at Philippi," J. Neal.

TARGET EXCURSION.—The second and eighth Companies of the 34 Regiment of the Washington Greys, under the command of Captains Taylor and Arnold, proceeded to Yonkers on Thursday of last week, for the purpose of target-shooting, accompanied by Dodsworth's inimitable band. The soldier-like appearance and excellent discipline of those fine companies excited the admiration of a large concourse of spectators, who were drawn to the spot. To Captain Taylor in particular the highest praise is due for the admirable conduct of the men under his command; indeed, there appeared to be a unanimity of feeling between both companies—a spirit of harmony and good will deserving every commendation. The morning was devoted to firing at the target, and pretty well riddled it was. We take it, they would be queer customers in a field, or anywhere else where shooting was the order of the day.

Whilst the companies were thus engaged, friend Kellinger was preparing a dinner in his best style, to which ample justice was done—the good things disappeared as if by magic—cocks flew—speeches were made, and fun and good humour prevailed, until the bugle told the steamer to be near. Each man then fell into rank, and *marked steadily*—yes, steadily—through any quantity of dust to the wharf, escorted by a host of friends—the bell rings—three cheers, which echoed through the forest on the opposite side of the river—"Hail Columbia," in glorious style by the band—and the Columbus started with her happy freight. If any set of individuals know how to enjoy themselves—rationally and like me,—if any captains have reason to be proud of their companies, and companies of their captains—it is the second and eighth companies of the 3rd Regiment of Washington Greys, and the captains in command of the same.

A DEMAND ON ENGLAND UNDER THE LATE TREATY.—It will be remembered by our readers generally, that about two years since, extensive robberies were committed by an accomplished villain, who emerged somewhere from the neighborhood of New Orleans—he succeeded in obtaining from different banks and individuals some \$100,000; he drew from Jacob Little and Co., of this city about \$10,000, and managed to escape with his plunder, indeed all trace of him was lost, until a short time since, when information was received from England that the perpetrator of those extensive forgeries had been arrested there, and was in prison awaiting the necessary requisition from the Government. His name is John Reed, and it seems that in the pursuance of his avocations in that country, he had furnished incontrovertible proof of his guilt, which led to his arrest.

The demand has now been made, and Oliver W. Lowndes and Benjamin J. Hays, sailed in the *Calcutta* on Tuesday, having been provided with the necessary documents, and having full authority to receive and conduct the prisoner to America.

ERRATA.—In the notice of Mr. Everett, last week, there were two or three errors worth correcting—our own, we dare say, but as we never see the proof, our readers must bear with us, and so must the composers with our manuscript.

For "It would fall neither to characterize nor to distinguish him," read *either* and *or*. For "the clamor" col. 1st, read *their clamor*: for "set up their verdict for the future, read *deal up*. For "The old women and *Pussies* that breed there, take to countermarching their disapprobation," col. 4th, do read "catterwauling their disapprobation" for "who shall bray most flowers upon the grave of him, who in life was put to death and pined! y one half &c., &c.,—have the goodness to read anything you please. What we wrote must have been something like this—"who in life was worried to death—pined by one half of all those who knew him, and cruelly belied by the other."

In the story by Miss E. S. P.—entitled a Mother's Doom, (perhaps the lady will write plainer hereafter, and thereby greatly oblige not a few of her admirers) we observe two or three mischievous little mistakes which we lose no time in noting for. For Edward had scarcely reached his twentieth year, page 303, read "twelfth year," or fourteenth, at the very outside. For "and hit the hallowed sound," page 363, please read "and *list* the hallowed sound." There! that job is done with; and we hope the lady will forgive us.

In our review of Atkinson's Political Economy, last week—for in the elements of natural rendering," please read "elements of natural reasoning." For "two distinct persons," read "two different persons. For "well then, are the foundations of political economy one whole less certain than the results of arithmetic? If they are, as all the business of the world &c."—read "if they are not, as all the business of the world, &c."

SUICIDE.—A passenger on board the barque *Elisa*, named Jacob Bull, drowned himself soon after coming to anchor off the Quarantine ground on Thursday night. He gave into the hands of the Captain all the money he had, being six sovereigns and a half, and afterwards repeatedly asked the watch to throw him overboard. He was missed the same night, and on Sunday his body was found floating in the bay.

Upwards of 29,000 emigrants arrived in New York during the first 7 months of this year. More than 51,000 arrived in the same time last year.

THE STRANGER IN PARIS.—Found a poem at the *Café de Foy*, this morning, fastened to the table as the papers were. It seemed to attract a good deal of attention. Watching my opportunity, I got a glimpse of two or three pages, and not a little to my surprise found it a story about Elba, Greece and Napoleon, written by an officer in the French army. It was charged to the muzzle with all sorts of apostrophes to the genius and greatness of Napoleon, and having been written years before the *Restoration*, (the restoration of his bones to France, I mean) was really something curious. There were in it some palpable hits at the times; and among a heap of bitter pleasantries, the author says if that Napoleon had died upon his golden couch, a hundred kings would have stood weeping round him; and that the church—yes, the church itself—would have burned incense upon his grave, and emptied her offerings about his path. But as for the poetry itself, take a specimen—which, after all is not so much a brick from the building, as it is the building itself.

Napoléon! d'on vient que tu tremis!
Dans les lieux ébranlés, dans les airs obscurs—
Napoléon! qu'a tu pu reconnaître?
Grand Dieu! c'est le bruit de salpêtre.

Meaning substantially—

Napoleon! whence comes it that thou tremblest!
In the regions of tumult—in the darkened air.
Napoleon! what hearest thou—
Great God! it is the explosion of *Salpêtre*!
Strange such a difference should be
Twixt twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee.

Had the French officer written, the noise thou hearest is the thunder of thy cannon! or the explosion of thy cannon—it would have been felt and acknowledged for poetry, everywhere. But when he calls it the *noise of salpêtre*!—the French for *gunpowder*, in poetry, *wheta powder à canon* is wondrous, that's quite another thing, as you may see.

English habits are all the rage here. The young men wish to appear à l'anglais: whereby it may be inferred that they have seen something of the world. The consequences are sometimes very amusing. You may hear an Englishman, wearing a small Geneva watch, a silk velvet waistcoat, figured with tinsel, and a linen cambric handkerchief, ordering Bordeaux, Chateau Margot, Lafitte, Burgundy or Champagne, for breakfast, where the French themselves are content with light wines at 20 cents a bottle; and a native Frenchman at his very elbow with a white cotton cravat, a colored silk handkerchief, a cassimere vest, and a heavy English hunting watch, ordering *big steak, beer and portwine*, trying to look bluff and generous, ordering about the *garçon*, as if he were a boot black, and flinging down his money with such an air!

Nothing amuses me more than the search of women's work-bags, and baskets, and the sacking of cocones at the *barrière*. The patience of the poor women, and the quiet insolence of the fellows that make the search, under the protection of the soldiery, who spend most of their time about here, at *knock up and catch*, and a game I never saw played before. The practice may well be commended. It keeps them out of mischief, and in health.

Leave Paris April 7th for Rouen at six A. M.: arrive there at eight—a distance of only eighty miles!—what do you think of that, my boy! Rains all day long. Embark for Havre at a quarter past nine, and arrive at 11 A. M., April 8th. General appearance of the country, along the road, almost English; women tending cows; American looking gize—the first I have seen for years. Women ride here on horse-back, not on both sides of the animal at once, like men, but on *either side*, right or left, all the same.

'*Peux la* crê, a fellow-passenger, who had seen something of the world—Dover Castle perhaps—'*peux-la*,' handing over an old fashioned, heavy English watch, to a stranger, who appeared overwhelmed with its ponderousness. Cotton pocket handkerchiefs!—in the land of silk! How strange that people, who can wear silk, should be so carried away by cotton! or if they are too English for that—why not wear *battiste*, or what we call linen cambric? that which in London costs you a guinea a yard, you may have here at the rate of a guinea and a half a dozen; and yet the Londoners wear *battiste*, and the Parisians a coarse cotton!

Say—if this rain doesn't hold up, I shall have to post my books; in other words, go back over the memoranda I have been making at Paris, and give you a part of them, fairly written out, instead of a journal, day by day, as I first intended. Let me see—where shall I begin!

Good! I have opened by chance at *Veranille* and Little Trianon.

Bronze vases here beautiful: cap of liberty—the old *bunnet rouge*, so terrible in the revolution, more so than Mahomet's breeches, when they go forth to war of themselves, as the Turks believe, is right before me now. One almost trembles to look at the badge even by day light when it appears no longer dripping with moisture—but carved in stone.

We find the household furniture of Napoleon remaining just as he left it, when he forsook France—not France, him; all but the pictures. The vases I mention, once belonged to madame Pompadour. The large and little Trianon are the two lodges where he *lived*—he lived nowhere else on earth, by the way—here his familiar companions may still be found, looking just as he left them: the tables, the chairs, and the comforts of every name and nature which he had gathered around him here. The Swiss village contrived to amuse Marie Antoinette, and buried in a part of the gardens, one might like much, had it not been such a costly pennyworth. But such toys will be had by pretty women—else where the advantage of being pretty! English garden and landscape very well done. That'll do for to-day.

LANGUAGE.—How easily one gets puzzled under the subject of language! There goes a man loaded with *flour*. There goes William loaded with *George*—or William with *George*, loaded. Do you see the point? or would you say that it is point. No point! In the one case we mean the bearer, in the other the thing borne. William is loaded with *George*. But how! Does William carry *George* as the man carried the flour? or, do you mean, that *George* and William are both loaded? The French would say *il est chargé de la farine*, which we translate with instead of *of*. How much truer and safer the French! He is loaded from *the*, or *of* the flour, instead of with, which might signify that the flour itself carried flour as William loaded with *George*, carries *George*. Another, make me a pen. But how can I make you a pen? *Faites moi une plume*, or rather—*taillez moi une plume*. No English grammarian takes notice of the change in *pronouns by position*: me becoming to *me*, or even for *me*, as in that very case, make me a pen; i. e. make for me, or to me, a pen. The French say, *se vous donnez*; we say I give you. Both mean to you. Give me that—*donnez moi cela*. Both mean of course, by me, to *us*, and yet these coincidences are overlooked!

PROBABLE PIRACY.—The sloop *Falbrava*, from New Bedford to New York, fell in with a schooner on Sunday night, about 9 o'clock, 10 miles S E., of Cattywink, with all sail set, and running close to her, found her to have been deserted. They immediately boarded her, and discovered everything on board in the greatest disorder, and that she had been scuttled forward, just above the copper. All the valuable articles had been taken away—the Captain's trunk was cut open and completely pillaged. The vessel proved to be the schooner *Lamnia* or *Lavina*, Dearborn, Master, of Alexandria.

A memorandum was found purporting to be an account of a fight between the captain and mate, during which they both fell overboard, and were drowned, but judging from the appearance of everything on board, there is every reason to believe that some foul play has taken place, which time alone may reveal. The vessel was towed into New Bedford, and is now in possession of the United States Marshall.

DENTAL SURGERY.—We would direct the attention of our readers to an advertisement of Mr. J. G. Ambler, in this day's *Jonathan*. In his operations upon the teeth we believe he stands unrivalled; indeed the testimonials he exhibits prove him to be a master of his profession. His prices are made to suit all persons.

AN EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—The jewelry manufactory of Messrs. Spencer & Co., Minor street, Philadelphia, was entered on Sunday afternoon, and robbed of money and jewelry to a large amount. \$1000 reward is offered for the apprehension of the thieves.

MURDER.—Three Italians named Berniero, Costa, and Grillo, quarrelled in a Confectionery, in Market street Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, when Berniero drew a knife, and stabbed Grillo in the abdomen. He died of the wound the following morning.

EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.—This venerable statesman and orator has been taking a tour through the western part of this state, and has every where been received with enthusiasm. A public reception has been given him in nearly every city and town through which he has passed.

LITERARY

Clontarf, or the Field of the Green Banner, an historical romance, and other poems. By J. Augustus Shaver. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The friends of Ireland—and their name is legion—are going the right way to work here, if not elsewhere. They are trying to wake up the people—to enlighten their understandings—to bring the nations acquainted with the wrongs that have been heaped upon the Irish, age after age, for nearly a thousand years, by another people claiming to be magnanimous and just.

History is at work. Romance and poetry are in the field. Eloquence and song—the newspapers—and a thousand “chartered libertines” are telling the story over all the land, to the tune of *Erin go bragh!* For this we are glad. The wrongs of Ireland are the wrongs of England—nay, of the whole human family; and whatever we may think of the present posture of affairs in Ireland, of the plans of the Irish or the plans of the English—of the character of O’Connell or Sir Robert Peel—we must acknowledge, and we do, that such wrongs cannot be suffered to continue. England must give peace to Ireland—or Ireland will give no peace to England for the next thousand years.

Among the books that have been put forth abroad or at home, we know of none worthier of Ireland, or of the Irish cause, than that which is now upon our table, *Clontarf, or the Field of the Green Banner*. It is full of strong and true poetry; honest, fearless, free-hearted and flowing; and withal in its very essence and meaning, and though all its embellishments and illustrations are wholly and heartily Irish—there is a dash of seriousness in it, and a world of good sense and deep thought, which, sooth to say, one would hardly look for in a poem altogether Irish, upon the history and wrongs of Ireland. In other words, it is not too Irish for American taste—nor even for the great body of enlightened English. And this we take to be no common praise. With the fervor and zeal—the constitutional warmth and extravagance of the Irish—with all the Past in their favor, all History to rouse and heat them—and all the Future opening before them like a highway of the Nations—the wonder is why they don’t all go mad in a body, while speaking of what they have suffered at the hands of their English brethren. Full of pathos and fun—of uplifting eloquence and broad humor—of deep sagacity and instantaneous resource—we expect the Irish to be, whenever they are allowed fair play; but who ever thinks of finding an Irishman remarkable for prudence or common sense?—and an Irish poet, of all creatures alive! And yet, here we have one—here! in this very book—have we a poem for ought we can see, that might have been written by any other generous, warm-hearted fellow, brimful of indignation at the wrongs of Ireland, and overflowing with stout-hearted, sincere and wholesome poetry.

And now for a sample or two. The following,—confound this *Tyler-grippe!*—much as we like the Field of the Green Banner, we had no idea of crying over it!—and will thank the compositor to ascribe the blots and blurs upon the paper, to the true cause—the *Tyler-grippe!*—which keeps the whole country in tears. The following, we were about to say, is a fair sample of our author’s energy and fire:

SONG OF THE GATHERING.

Oh, king of red battles,
Could NIAL but tell
How his veins with the manhood
Of chivalry swell;
Could he sweep, as he swept them,
The harp strings of BRIAN,
When he tore through those battles
The strength of the lion.

Then, then, I’d leap upward
As light as a child,
When on its wild pastime
A parent has smiled.
But though o’er my forehead
The winters are white,
I will sing of thy heroes—
Thy people of might!

Like a king, o’er the mountains,
The morning advances,
Lighting up with its glory
Our forest of lances;
And greenly above them
The almy tree waves,

Which has curtained for ages
Our forefather’s graves.

There’s the Prince-Dom of Oriel,
Where we combine
The numbers, and prowess,
And blood of that line.
HY CARBUR! thy good banner
Is marvellous there—
Here the brands of MAC CARTHY
Flash lightnings of fear.

Here M’MAHON, M’LOUGHLIN,
O’DONNELL, O’FRAIL,
O’KELLY, O’HANLON,
O’DELMOT, O’NEILL.
The strength of their Houses
Is dark on the field,
Where wave the banner
And flasheth the shield.

Again comes a multitude,
Throng upon throng,
Like billows on billows,
As countless and strong;
And here from your borders,
Loch Daarg and Loch Neagh,
Is the pride of your people
In gallant array.

Let the Dane sweep the billows
Of Norse till they feel,
To their farthest limits,
The strength of his keel;
But ne’er shall his footsteps
Or armament rest
On one turf or one wave
Of the Isle of the West.

And then to show that he has the loftier endowments of poetry, as well as the walk and stirring, there are fifty passages equal to the following, which might be quoted if we were in the humor:

The Raven flag of Denmark then
Flung on the winds its glittering float,
Shouted the Hyppoborean men—
The insulated heavens gave back the shout!
It boomed as though a curse were cast
Upon some demon-peopled blast,
And each with hell-ecstatic voice
Replied aloud “Rejoice—Rejoice!”

But perhaps the finest page in the whole book is that part of the speech of Clontarf, old “Bryan the Brave,” when about going forth against the Danes, the English and the false Irish, which ends thus:

“Shall helms light their household fires
E’en on the hearth stones of your sires—
Heaths where they lit the cheerful blaze,
And heard the tales of other days;
And you, e’en mid your native plains,
Bend to the threshold of the Danes,
Who seek to rob your glorious dead
From even the heart’s memorial place,
And from the very earth would tread
Your name, your language, and your race?
Forbid it honor, glory, all,
Of proud blood or pure above,
On which the Freeman loves to call,
The homes and altars of our love!
Shall yonder banner, which has shone
In Freedom’s galaxy for years,
Be dragged from heaven and trampled on,
By foreign foes in blood and tears,
And EXIS, proud, and fire, and brave,
Become a suppliant and slave!”
Here paused the King; and, thus, a band
Of minstrels catching up the strain,
Invoked the spirit of the land
Her lofty glories to sustain,
And guard the nation and the throne,
By her own free-born men alone.

Need we do more to engage the attention of all who are awake to the destinies of Ireland? Her literature like her eloquence, her statesmanship and her warlike deeds for centuries, happens to be so mingled with English literature, English eloquence and English achievement in the battlefield and the bureau, that generally speaking, the People of our earth know little or nothing of the *Irish*, apart from the *English*. With all that is wanted of wealth and power—of wisdom and wit—of amazing eloquence and genius—of steadfastness and truth—of tried faithfulness beyond reproach or suspicion, the Irish have no national existence—no

national wealth—no national literature—no national reputation. All that they have done or suffered, for ages, in the field and in the cabinet, at home and abroad, has gone to swell the mighty reputation of England. Their ablest and best men have been bought off, or starved out, or overborne by main strength—she can bear it no longer. But she is afoot now, in all her strength, and the cry of *Erin go bragh*! may be changed at any moment, if England contemplates her unrighteous dealings with her—to “battle’s dread burrah!” May God in his mercy avert the signs that are thundering above the sky! for the sake of both parties, and of all nations! The first blood that is split in wrath and war—the first battle that is lost or won—will shake the world. The cry of Northern Europe will be, to horse! to horse! Southern Europe will leap to her trenches, and the battle, however it may end, “will be bequeathed from bleeding sire to son.”

THE MECHANIC.—By Frances Harriet Whipple, Providence, R. I. Burnet & King, pp. 219.

Miss Frances Harriet Whipple—now a married woman, doing all the mischief she can, we dare say, under the name and style of Mrs. Frances Harriet Green—Whipple & Co.—we look upon, though we never saw her, as one of the cleverest, among the multitude of clever women who have lately started up all at once over the whole length and breadth of the land, as if it had been sown broadcast with sunshine and seed pearl—and roses and poppies. No woman alive writes with more strength, or with a more wholesome earnestness; and being full of poetry—brimful and running over—she might if she would, be prodigal of embellishment; and the only wonder is how she could bring herself to write such a very understandable book—or to reason so reasonably as she has in it—on a variety of subjects worthy of anybody’s pen. We have no time to review the *Mechanic* as it deserves—nor have we room for the extracts we should be glad to make; but we have time enough and room enough to urge it upon the *Mechanics* of our country, and say that Miss Whipple—otherwise called Mrs. Green, is one of a thousand; and that she walks right up to the captain’s office, whenever she comes aboard a subject—and straight into the human heart, as if she had a right there, whenever she thinks it worth her while. And by the way, we hope some of our Magazine proprietors will bear this in mind—stop!—if we can find out where she lives, we’ll give her address, and leave some enterprising fellow, with brains enough to know the value of our opinion, and with honesty enough to pay his contributors—what seems to be the case with precious few in our day, to find her out—ah yes!—thank you my dear, *Groton, Massachusetts*. Good bye.

THE LADIES COMPANION for August, is before us. It has three beautiful engravings, by Dick, and contributions from a host of writers, and among them, some of the most distinguished in the country.

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND. Bixby and Co.—Park Row. This book will be read at this time with a great deal of interest. It delineates the prominent political events in the history of Ireland from the Anglo Norman Conquest, to the 12th century, to the present time.

THE SABBATH VINDICATOR is the title of a neat periodical issued by the New York Sabbath tract Society, having for its object a reform of the Sabbath. It is published at a cheap rate, and will no doubt obtain an extensive circulation.

THE DRAMA.

We have been daily expecting to hear the “note of preparation” within the Park Theatre, but at present it remains in precisely the same torpid state, and we begin to entertain doubts upon the subject of the contemplated alterations; and certainly fear they will not be made upon so extensive a plan as the necessity demands, and the interest of the drama requires. We still hope, however, that the drama is to be resuscitated at this theatre, and that its prospects on the coming season may be bright and flattering. Rumor is busy with her indefinite number of tongues, and many stories have obtained currency, which to say the least, are highly improbable. Nothing can be known of Mr. Simpson’s movements as yet, nor shall we be much wiser when they are—there is a great deal of mystery in everything connected with the establishment, and when the secret does come out, we shall no doubt be over-powered with the magnitude of Mr. Simpson’s undertaking.

We are assured that the theatre will positively re-open sometime in

September, and we have it from undoubted authority that some of the old favorites will return; among the rest, Chippendale, whose manager has made a burst up at Clucianath. Chip is a sterling actor, and his return will give much satisfaction. Mr. Wheatley also returns to his old quarters—he is a very promising actor, and is said to be greatly improved. It is not yet decided whether the Gann is to be engaged—the question lies between Barry and John Povey; for our own part we should rather like to see Gann once more, although there is a difference of opinion as to the policy of securing his services, there can be none as to his talents. (1)

We understand that the legitimate drama only will be presented, and that the company will be selected with that object, and placed under the management of Mr. Anderson, a tragic actor of some celebrity. The beautiful Mrs. Nibbel too, may pay us a visit it is said—if she does, she will turn the heads of half the young men in New York, and be a sure card for the manager. Macready is positively expected; indeed, if we believe only one half of what we hear, the company will be a rare combination of talent, and should everything else be in character, we shall at length have a theatre of which we may be proud—the theatre of the United States. We shall see.

The French Company have taken their departure from Nibbel’s—they appeared on Wednesday night for the last time, when Calvé took a benefit, and produced the beautiful opera of “Anna Bolena” or as the bills expressed it, “Anno de Bolena.” We are gratified to state that it was indeed a benefit worth of the lady. She sang and played exquisitely, and we experience some regret in the knowledge, that we shall hear those notes no more. We are informed that the lady returns immediately to France, and intends quitting the profession. The company we believe starts for Canada.

We have no doubt Mr. Nibbel has lost considerably by this engagement; and we cannot but think, that it is partly owing to bad management. To engage such a company at all, showed little judgment in the person entrusted with the duty—it was a vaudeville company and nothing more, and their vaudevilles turned out a failure—we mean as regards the audience. Opera with the addition of Calvé was more successful, though we doubt much if any one night, the receipts more than covered the expenses. Towards the close of the engagement the houses have certainly improved, but not sufficiently so to reimburse Mr. Nibbel for his original loss.

The Revels are drawing immensely, tho’ still playing their old pieces—not one novelty has yet been produced, nor is it necessary, when without it, they can fill the house to its utmost capacity. We perceive that English vaudevilles are to be played three nights a week, and we have observed with some surprise, the names of the persons who form the company—Mrs. Hurt and Mr. Sefour, better known as Jenny Twitchee. We don’t know what estimate this gentleman may place upon his talents; but this we know, that he hasn’t the slightest idea of playing vaudevilles—he dresses horribly—has no humor,—there is an utter dearth of that light sprightliness, so absolutely necessary to give effect to the characters, and he possesses no talent worth mentioning—if then he expects to play vaudevilles with the assistance only of one lady (and she a very clever one certainly) he must discover his mistake in a very long row of empty benches. We cannot understand why the gentleman did not appear before, unless it be in the fact that, being manager, he declined playing second to Burton. If we remember right, his predecessor, a man of great talent, was not particular in this respect, he played, so matter who might be the star. With this of course we have nothing to do, but we cannot help feeling and expressing our surprise, at the policy pursued by Mr. Nibbel or his manager, and we would suggest the propriety of employing some of the really talented individuals now idle, and presenting a company which will do justice to the pieces and give a character to the establishment.

The Bowery is struggling along, and we presume is not doing very well, indeed this fact is pretty well established by the following which we find in the *Ladies’ Companion* for this month:

“Even at the Bowery, when the house is crammed, the pieces are so inadequate to the attractions put forth, that a sufficient sum is not realized to defray the yearly expenses. This fact we have from an undoubted source.”

The Chatham has been reopened by Messrs. Willard & Jackson and with really a very good company, judging from the names. We have not yet had so opportunity of witnessing the performances, but shall take an early opportunity of doing so, and giving our opinion of their merits.

[Original.]
THE IDIOT-BOY.

BY JOHN NEAL.

'Twas a beautiful night in the depth of June,
Our hearts were overcharged with joy;
On my knee was our daughter—the fairest child!
On his mother's lap, our idiot-boy.

All above us, about us, and underneath,
Were the richest things of the summer dye;
The greenest leaves, and the healthiest flowers,
And over the whole such a pleasant sky!

Far away to our left, was a shining sea
Outstretched like a shadowy lustre there;
And stately ships, like huge birds aloft,
In a motionless depth of lighted air.

And there we sat and held our breath,
And looked—and looked—at one another;
My young wife into her husband's eyes,
The baby at her idiot-brother.

So happy were we, that we feared
To speak, or move, lest all we saw
Should pass away like a mirror dream—
Bright frost-work in a sudden thaw.

Day after day, our idiot boy
Had languished on the bed of death;
No hope had we, till the orange-flower
Filled his heart anew with her perfumed breath;

But as the golden fruit grew ripe,
His radiant eyes and glittering hair
Grew brighter, and brighter, every day,
Till his mother alone their light could bear.

Now his withered limbs lay coiled in her lap;
And at every breath his white lips drew,
They trembled, as 'twere, with returning life,
Like flower-toots drenched with the summer dew.

At his eager mouth lay the accented fuit,
The growth of a far off Southern isle—
A fountain of health; and he clung to it,
Like a babe to the breast, with a quiet smile:

On his forehead was fading the seal of death,
And his half-shut eyes were lighting up
With a steadily-growing inward light—
The wine of that golden flower-wreathed cup:

And we saw, as he lay there half awake,
The dampness about his palest mouth
And swarthy forehead, passing away
Like the rose-dew dried by the gentle South.

And we were happy! for what was he—
Though an idiot-boy to other eyes—
But the eldest born of our love, and strength,
A creature of God from the beautiful skies?

And there we sat and held our breath,
And looked—and looked—at one another;
My wife at me, and I at her,
The baby at her idiot-brother—

When all at once we saw a change!
A change of look—a change of eye—
He started up, and gazed about—
O'er the blue sea, and bluer sky—

Then at his mother—then at me—
Then at his bright-haired baby sister—
And leaning forward with a smile,
Put up his mouth and would have kissed her.

But no—she shook her sunny-curly,
And shivering, hid her large blue eyes,
Tears in their depth, like mustering pearls!
And terror, as of sacrifice!

We had no time to interfere—
No time to speak—our hearts were wild
With sudden hope! the idiot boy
Was all at once another child!

He stopped, and hung his head, poor boy!
And gazing at her—tried and tried—
To smile once more—then turned away,
And with a gentle murmur died.

[Original.]
TWARDOWSKI, THE SORCERER.

BY PAUL SZOBLEWSKI.

It is a matter of dispute between the Germans and the Poles, whether Twardowski, whom they call Faust, was a Pole or a German. Many Polish traditions inform us that our hero was born in Poland, but through some political or other cause was obliged to fly from his native place to Germany; and toward the end of his days he again returned to Poland, and was on terms of friendship with the king, Sigismund Augustus. The name of Twardowski, or Faust, is very popular in Poland, and the subject of many marvellous stories that have outlived centuries.

During upwards of three hundred years his sorceries have been the theme of conversation and poetry, for poets will seldom condescend to realities. They refuse to sing the simple cantos that we matter of fact people love so much. Their imaginations must be allowed their full scope—

"The poet's ardent mind creates
The beauty he believes;
The light that on his spirit breaks,
He from himself receives.

"And he too hath a mighty dower—
The liveliness that throws
Over the common thought and hour
The beauty of the rose."

Boileau says—
"Rien n'est beau que le vrai."

"Beauty is only to be found in truth," which is doubtless the reason why so little poetry is to be found in his verses.

But to return to Twardowski. Our national biography gives but few details of his private life, merely saying that he was of noble birth, and studied at the university of Cracow, and applied himself most to medicine and chemistry.

Twardowski was zealous for science, and in order to join practice with theory, went to the mountain Kryniozka and the hill of Cracow, near Cracow, to make experiments—and thus the people, whose credulity always keeps pace with their ignorance, learned to regard him as a wizard.

A manuscript that may still be seen in the library of the university of Cracow, is attributed to our magician. Sigismund Augustus bequeathed some of his books to the church of St. Ann, in Cracow, and the remainder to the Jesuits of Wilna. This precious manuscript should have formed part of the latter legacy, but it was lost, and none could tell how. The Jesuit Naramowski, doctor of philosophy of the academy of Wilna, in his work entitled, *Facies rerum Sarmaticarum*, spoke in these terms of the manuscript of Twardowski:

"The lion may be known by his paws, and the character of a man by his works. The enchanted book of Twardowski teaches us how he lived, and how he ended his days.

"The Father, Butwillo, the librarian, showed the Father Spot (who has recorded the fact in a note to his book) a remote corner where the manuscript was deposited. It was fastened by a strong iron chain to the wall. One day the priest resolved to make himself master of the contents, but scarcely had commenced his task when a fearful sound was heard, and the evil spirits filled the room. The priest shut the book and hastened to his cell, but his agitation deprived him of sleep.

"Next day at a very early hour he returned to the room, accompanied by other priests, but only imagine their surprise—the precious manuscript had vanished! It is therefore extremely probable that both the

book and its author have been carried away by the devil, and given over to eternal torments.

"This manuscript is a sort of encyclopædia, and is found in the library of Cracow. Its real author is Paul Zidek."

The enchanted mirror of Twardowski remained for a long time at Wengrow, a town of Podlasie, in a church founded at the commencement of the 18th century, by the family of Krasicki. It was deposited to the sacristy. It is made of polished metal, 22 inches long by 19 wide. It is in a frame of ebony, which is split in many places, and you are eagerly told that this was done by the students of Wengrow. Impatient to see fantastic figures in this mirror, they broke it in many places. Since then the figures have disappeared, and in their stead is the following inscription:—

*Insat hoc speculo magicas Twardovius artes;
Lusus et isto Dei versus in obsequium est.*

"Twardowski practiced magical arts through the means of this mirror, however he did not cease to be a Christian."

The magical properties of this mirror were believed in for a long time at Wengrow, and the inhabitants say that the priests when dressing never dared to raise their eyes to it, or if they did, an inexplicable change would be seen in their visages; and the children of the choir asserted that from time to time the devil was seen looking out of it, and it was for that reason it was placed so high up. In 1829 it was added to the beautiful collection of Polish curiosities at Pularoy.

Twardowski, until the end of his life, or, as some say, until the moment the devil carried him off from the tavern, by means of his *verbum mobile*, came very often to the king, Sigismund Augustus. He entered his apartment by a private door, at the hour of midnight, and in these mysterious interviews deliberated on grave and important matters.

He also made prophecies to the king—among others, that he was to die in his 72d year; but in this he was mistaken, for the king died at the age of 52.

If, as we have said, biographers have left us few details about Twardowski, ancient and popular traditions have made us ample amends. From a profusion of fantastic and marvellous relations, we extract the following:—One night our sorcerer went to his mountain, and calling up Satan, offered him his soul in exchange for protection and assistance. A bargain was made, and a contract written on an ox-hide, and signed with the blood of Twardowski—the devil also requiring as a proof of fidelity, that after the expiration of a certain number of years, (during which he, the devil, should be ready to obey his calls) he should make a journey to Rome. Hence he was to have been taken to the infernal regions.

It is also asserted that Twardowski asked a privilege of putting Satan three times to task before he should go with him to his own regions, and in case of failure on the devil's part, their contract should be considered null and void. This was cheerfully granted, and they parted on friendly terms.

Twardowski did not scruple to harass the devil by his constant calls to assist him in many a wonderful exploit. Satan, as good as his word, was at all times ready. But when the number of years specified in the contract had expired, Twardowski forgot his promise of repairing to Rome, where the devil was anxiously waiting for him.

One day he entered a tavern that had the city of Rome for a sign. Some ravens that were on the roof began to creak, but Twardowski, eager to eat and drink with the other guests, was little disposed to regard auguries. After a cheerful meal, he began some chemical experiments, but at the moment when the astonishment and admiration of the spectators was at its height, the devil appeared in full costume.

Twardowski ordered him thrice to retire, but not being obeyed, took shelter behind the cradle of a sleeping infant. The devil, unable to seize him in this position, retired, saying these words—*verbum mobile debet esse stabile*—the word of a noble should be sacred.

On hearing this sentence, Twardowski, who felt his honor concerned, gave himself up. The devil forthwith laid hold of him, and in his terror he began to sing the litany, which caused the devil to be suspended between the sky and the ground.

TWARDOWSKI, HIS WIFE AND THE DEVIL.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE POLISH OF MICKIEWICZ.

They ate, they drank, they danced, they sung,
And with their shouts the tavern rung;

But one was seated by the hearth,
Who shunn'd to mix in noisy mirth—
A lea'd philosopher was he,
Deep read in magic mystery!

"Bring wine—more wine! I'll drain the bowl—
Should amons thus disturb my soul?"
Why doth he start with wild affright?
The goblet holds a ghastly spirit!

The little goblin gave a bound,
And bowed to all the guests around:
To four feet tall his stature grew,
With cloven foot, and fiendish hue!

"My dear Twardowski, condescend
To recognise an ancient friend;
When on the mountain's top you stood,
And signed a contract with your blood,
With your company delighted,
We dream'd not ours would thus be slighted.
You bargain'd in two years to come,
And go with us to lofty Rome.
See, Rome is painted on your sign,
And now, Twardowski, thou art mine!
A noble should his promise keep—
And we, alas, in anguish weep:
For by your magic arts distress,
We one day let some sinners rest."

"Well, Satan, to avert such ill,
I now my contract will fulfil:—
Three tasks to thee I may assign,
And then, my master, I am thine.

The horse that on my sign you see,
You saddle him with speed for me,
And when 'tis done, I do command,
That you will make a whip of scold.

A palace, too, is my request,
Wherein we for the night may rest;
For bricks you hazle-nuts must use,
And hatch it with the beards of Jews;
Strew it with poppy-seeds, nor fail
In every grain to drive a nail!"

The devil did not long delay—
The horse soon ate his oats and hay;
A while they rode, when, sad surprise,
A palace meets the sorcerer's eyes!"

"Well, Satan, thou hast bravely done,
And of thy tasks accomplished one;
Now in this tub of holy water
Jump in—make haste—I give no quarter!"

The devil's courage scarce was proof—
He shook all over from head to hoof:
But thinking of the sinner's quiet,
He said, "Well, if I must, I'll try it."

The devil then, in greatest pain,
Yelled loud—jump'd in and out again;
He trembled fearfully and sneezed,
Whilst poor Twardowski look'd displeased.

"Well, thou again hast bravely done,
And of thy tasks remains but one:
That lady yonder, so distressed,
Kiss her fair hand—and hear the rest.
She prays that in my shape thou'lt dwell
With her—whilst I remain in hell;
And when her sufferings thou dost know,
Thou'lt learn to pity woman's woe.
The Mephistophil now must fail.
He look'd askant and wag'd his tail.
Quick—quick! Twardowski said—decide,
Wilt with my wife for aye abide?"



Well, Devil, wilt thou be my mate?
Or dost thou scorn that holy state?
Answer me boldly—yes, or nay?
Wilt thou—wilt thou honor and obey?
The devil would not list to more
Or even wait to ope the door—
But through the key-hole had of strife,
In horror at the name of wife!

For the Brother Jonathan.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING ON SHIPS.—When a ship is struck by lightning, the development of curious and interesting phenomena is by no means uncommon; but from a careful investigation of the attendant circumstances, they are generally found to be in accordance with established principles in electrical science. The case of one of our packets, that was a few years since struck and set on fire by lightning, affords a remarkable instance. Most of the compasses of that vessel had their poles completely reversed, thus exposing the passengers and crew to dangers of a mixed and fearful nature. Not less curious were the phenomena attending the striking of a ship by lightning at Cork, in 1829. The entire mast, to within about five feet of the deck, was shivered into fragments from eight to ten inches long, and not thicker than a person's finger. The ship itself was saved in consequence of an iron pump-handle which terminated near the bottom of the mast, and had an electrical communication with the water.

In the effects of lightning, as in other departments of nature, there are well attested phenomena, which, not corresponding with known laws or theory, remain unexplained. As an illustration of this, we will cite the circumstances and results which attended the striking of a Neapolitan line-of-battle ship in the Mediterranean. She had recently returned from sea, after having been struck by lightning, when suddenly the mast burst out into a flame.

We shall now proceed to give some original deductions, together with various important facts, based upon the results of 100 cases of ships struck by lightning in the British Navy. In 62 cases, 50 were struck on the mainmast, 25 on the foremast, 5 on the mainmast, and 3 on the bowsprit. In 100 cases there were damaged or destroyed 93 lower masts, principally line-of-battle ships and frigates, 63 topmasts, and 60 topgallantmasts. In 100 cases, 17 were set on fire in some part of the hull, sails, or rigging. In 50 out of 100 cases some of the crew were either killed or wounded. In 100 cases 62 were killed and 114 wounded—these were exclusive of one case of a frigate in which nearly all the crew perished. Accidents are constantly occurring at sea from the effects of lightning, many of which are perhaps never heard of, the entire crew perishing between the two awful elements to which they become exposed after the ship is set on fire. From the circumstances attending the frigate of the Neapolitan battle-ship, it appears probable that many of the American and British merchantmen, which have been either wholly or in part destroyed by fire, were previously struck by lightning, and that this was the cause in most instances of their being fired.

Buildings may be easily protected from lightning by means of lightning-conductors. Not so, however, with ships—the cases are entirely different. A conductor possessing all the requisites in the highest perfection for protecting buildings, might be entirely valueless as a marine conductor. Chains and various other forms of conductor have occasionally been employed; but until recently no marine conductor has been proposed answering at all the desired purposes.

PROTECTION OF BUILDINGS FROM LIGHTNING.—The application of lightning conductors naturally followed the brilliant discovery of Dr. Franklin. It is to be lamented, however, that the various modifications of this instrument, have hitherto been exceedingly rude and imperfect, and that the several circumstances necessary for its proper action, are almost entirely disregarded. A general knowledge of the radical defects incident to the prevailing systems of constructing lightning conductors is so important, that we proceed briefly to notice some of the principal ones, in numerical order.

1st. The jointings in lightning conductors are subject to the strongest objections—they are even dangerous and should be entirely discarded.—Numerous instances might be cited where buildings have been wholly or in part destroyed through this cause. The attractive influence of the conductor determines the course of a discharge, which being practically

intercepted at the jointings, passes on to the building, not unfrequently producing the most powerful and devastating effects.

2nd. Most of the modern conductors are decidedly objectionable on account of their limited size, not presenting sufficient surface to sustain a heavy electrical discharge.

3rd. Iron conductors should be discarded from the fact that they soon oxidate, after which they are rendered almost entirely incapable of action.

4th. The upper extremity of conductors should terminate in a finely pointed and gilded conical spire.

5th. Conductors are seldom sunk a sufficient depth in the ground to ensure the safety of the foundations of buildings. In dry sandy soils they should reach from 8 to 14 feet, and in wet soils from 3 to 8 feet below the surface.

6th. A reprehensible negligence and thorough disregard to established principles in electrical science is generally developed in the precarious modes of insulating conductors.

Recently some highly important improvements in marine and other rods have been introduced by Mr. J. A. Powers of this city. This gentleman has happily succeeded in the production of a conductor that seems perfect in every particular. Among its general advantages may be enumerated the following, viz:

1st. It is entirely free from jointings, being perfectly continuous from the highest point above the building to its termination in the earth; and consequently there exists no cause for the electric fluid to diverge, and pass on the building.

2nd. It presents a far greater and better conducting surface.

3rd. It is possessed of a great number of continuous sharp edges that greatly augment its efficiency.

4th. It is perfectly feasible, and may be carried to all parts of the building with the greatest facility.

5th. It is more durable and less expensive.

This conductor seems to have met with the universal approbation of scientific men, and we are informed that it is being very extensively introduced.

MORE INSAFETY.—Abner Rogers, the wilful and cold blooded murderer of the warden of the States Prison in which he was a convict, has escaped upon the fashionable plea of insanity. What a mockery of justice is this! does any one believe for a moment, that he did not know right from wrong—that he was not fully sensible at the time that he was committing murder. Truly, human life is held to be of little value, when it can be thus sacrificed with impunity—when every scoundrel can take the law into his own hands, and redress his real or fancied wrongs by shedding the blood of his victim. There is no doubt that hanging a man is the very worst use you can make of him—that taking life under any circumstances is a fearful act, but though this be admitted, no one will be found willing to believe that every murderer is a mad man, or ready to admit that plea, whenever such an act has been committed. Why not abolish the law of capital punishment altogether, if it be repugnant to the feelings of the community, and frame such an one, as juries will not shrink from carrying out—let there at least be a punishment for the crime, and let it follow as its immediate consequence.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Our city was filled with rumors, on Saturday morning, of a terrible Railroad accident on the Utica Road above Schenectady, causing the loss of a great many limbs and lives. The evening boat, however, did much to allay the apprehensions which the morning news had excited; and Monday's advices happily enable us to state that, though the rumored collision actually took place, causing a serious destruction of property, no passenger was injured in the least.

CHRISTINA COCHRANE, OR GILMOUR.—We understand there is but little doubt that this unhappy individual will soon be delivered up to the British government, by the authorities at Washington.

LIBEL-SUIT.—General Sanford returned to the City at the close of last week from a short excursion to the country, and learned the use made of his name by Col. Webb, of the Courier and Enquirer, in relation to the Stewart estate controversy. He immediately entered an action in the Superior Court for libel. A writ was issued on Saturday last, and the Colonel held to bail in the sum of \$3,000.—Express.

"I say, Jack, how do dem taters turn out dis year?" "Well, Cuff, de am berry much like de long hair gemmen, all top, no bottom."

BROTHER JONATHAN.

FONDNESS OF THE RUSSIANS FOR TEA.

Among the many neighbors with whom Russia carries on a friendly traffic on her widely-extended frontiers—the Swedes, the Germans, the Persians, the Mongols, the English, and the Mexicans—must be reckoned also the Chinese, whose fragrant herb is the delight of all Russia.

No sooner has the traveler crossed the frontiers of Russia than he smells in the excellent tea, with which he is everywhere served, the vicinity of China. *Tschai*, tea, is become one of the three mighty idols of the Russians, whose names are hardly incessantly associated in the refrain *Tschai, (Tschaik)—tschai—tschai, (Cabbage-soup)*. *Tschai* is the morning and evening beverage of the Russian, as *Glogg*, *posni*, their morning and evening prayer. *Tschai* is their medicine in a hundred ailments, their delight and their passion, sometimes their sole nourishment, and the brimming tea-cup the sea in which they drown all their sorrows.

There are even whole tribes in Russia whose daily principal article of food is tea, and who never drink a glass of water unless seasoned with it. Throughout all Mongolia, and in some parts of Siberia, there is prepared for the convenience of the cooks of those roving tribes, what is called *Kierptschai tschai*, brick-tea, which, mixed with other herbs and animal substances, is moulded into the shape of bricks, and when dissolved in water, furnishes a very nutritious article of food, that is high in favor far and wide. Extremes meet, and hence, perhaps, it is that the same people who are so passionately fond of the strongest of all beverages, ardent spirits, are just as fond of the coolest of all, warm tea. Prometheus created the different nations, and the Greek, when asked what he would have, begged for a handsome woman, the Italian for macaroni, the Englishman for beef-steaks, the Russian, humbly defining his hat, solicited one drink-mug, *no medka*, (for brandy), and one *no tschajny* (for tea). And whoever has once tasted the genuine China caravan tea, as it is drunk in Russia, will admit that the Russian did not make the worst choice. The mere that we call tea would be thought scarcely drinkable by the Russian, who would find it difficult to comprehend how such an article of trade can employ so many million dollars, hands, ships, and speculating heads. Whether it be that England and America derive their supplies from those provinces of China which are less favorable to the development of the tea-plant than the northern, with which Russia is in contact, or whether the sea-voyage spoils the flavor of the leaf, certain it is that a cup of tea, such as would be poured out for you by a fair hand at the Countess L's or the Princess F's, is the most exquisite beverage that drinking vessel ever contained.

The handsome shops in Petersburg, in the Perspective and other fashionable parts of the city, are so elegant that they perhaps surpass every thing of the kind in the world, since European taste, Persian luxury, and Chinese pretensions, combine to decorate them, and to set off the goods to best advantage. As the tea is sold in boxes, and the boxes, in regard to tea, to the highest degree of *gourmandise*, and the commodity is extremely delicate and costly, people of quality go to these shops to make their purchases in person, and so every thing must be as smart as in a drawing-room.

Here are sold all sorts of Chinese tea, is usually inscribed in gilt letters on the windows of such *Tschajnyes lawki*. This is saying a great deal. For the orders, classes, and varieties of this commodity, which the Russians have already sorted out and named, already amount to several hundreds, and the elegant piece-cases which the dealers send to their customers look like regular systems of botany. A pound of the commonest sorts costs from five to ten rubles, and the prices gradually rise to the finest, which fetch 100, may even 400 rubles per pound.

No sooner have you opened the shop-door, and stepped off the pavement of the Perspective, than you have quitted Europe and entered visible China. The floor is covered with Chinese carpets, and the walls are tapestried with neat embroideries. The most grateful fragrance fills the atmosphere, and Chinese paper lanterns throw over the whole an artificial moonlight. Furniture and everything else is of genuine Chinese workmanship, and the shopkeepers need but disguise themselves as Chinese to complete the illusion, and to make you believe that you are in the centre of the celestial empire.

The costly herb itself is packed in a great variety of chests and bags, of the most various forms, according to the difference of sort, and ranged in the varnished cases with as much accuracy and order as handsomely bound books in a library. One may see from these chests at how high a rate they value their contents; otherwise they would not have bestowed such pains on these fire receptacles, which serve mostly for packages. The highest-priced sorts are in boxes containing one or two up to five pounds, many of them adorned with a singular kind of basso-relievo, the figures of which are composed of a *papier maché* and their dress of very curiously wrought silk stuffs. It would indeed be difficult to find a spot in Europe, London excepted, where the industry, condition, and manners of the Chinese may be so conveniently studied as in Petersburg. All these ornaments, fire, receptacles, well witnessed by the notice of the observer, the varnish and the painting on the outside they are carefully wrapped in soft paper. The whole is enclosed in a covering made of platted bamboo bark, and between that and the paper a quantity of fibrous matter is care-

fully introduced. In this state the little chests are put by dozens in large ones, and about these large chests is mailed calf leather. Thus not an atom of the precious aroma can escape, and not a drop could penetrate to the tea in a voyage round the globe.—*Kio's Russia*.

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"I want say that neither England nor France has afforded such instances of barefaced baseness as are to be found among the literary men of modern Italy. To what is this to be attributed but to the utter impossibility of their securing their independence by their honest labors? for what can be the value of a copyright which, perhaps, does not extend six miles from the seat of the press? Literary property is absolutely worthless in Italy: it is evident therefore that literary men must be at the active disposal of him who can pay them, and their baseness is to be considered as a matter of necessity."

A still more signal illustration of the above assertion is offered by America, where with a few eminent exceptions, as praise-worthy as they are rare, the miscalled *literati* are mostly editors of newspapers—men of little character, less talent, and no education, whose genius is exhibited in national vanity, party venom, and personal abuse. With these scoundrels is engaged a band of printers and paper-makers, consorting with their brother pirates and smugglers of France and Belgium, a vast and not unorganized conspiracy, which is rapidly lowering the value, and thereby degrading the quality of English literature.

That the under-selling and cheapening system must first deteriorate and finally extinguish the works of genius, I hold to be unquestionable. You cannot annihilate copyright, and retain such authors as are worth preserving. He who desires a superior light from his lamp must take care to supply it with oil of the best price: if he feed it with a cheap and trashy substitute, he must expect its rays to be barely sufficient to make the darkness visible. He may change his old lamp indeed for a new one, like the galled steed in the Arabian tale, and think he has made a capital bargain; but alas! he will find that the charm exists no more—that the spirit of the old lamp has fled, and with it the power—and the riches that it placed at the disposal of its owner.

Such must be the result of the transition state in which English literature is now placed. Mea of education and talent and a proper spirit will not throw pearls before swine—will

Strictly meditate the thankless muse, when the gurgeon is beneath their notice, and their fellow-labourers unworthy their companionship. They will neither stoop to pick up coppers with the "penny-alien" of the newspapers, nor will they compete with clowns in climbing up a greased pole for the chance of the leg of mutton that crowns its summit. In some little time yet, dozens of writers will still exist—the *amateur lady* and gentleman dabblers will continue to scribble for the sake of the distinction that has hitherto attached to authorship; but as literature becomes vulgar and of *monstrous* ton, a declaration that will speedily occur, they will throw away their pens, and resign fashionable novels for some novel fashion.

The second class will consist of those professional writers who are too lazy to pursue a pursuit which they have hitherto cultivated with pleasure and profit, but who, when they find that they cannot make the publishers bid up to the fair value of their works, will infallibly lower their commodity to the price, by diffusing over three volumes the quantity of thought which they used to condense into one. A brewer told a cheap customer who complained of his beverage, that he had three sorts of beer—the best table, the common table, and the lame-table—and that he could afford to sell the first at the price of the last. Now can an author, if the public will pay for swipes only, he can sell them swipes only. Watering his productions will, however, be the "head and front of his off-putting." His position in society and his sense of rectitude will not allow him to adulterate it with any noxious ingredients. But when this class has passed away, there is too much reason to apprehend that it will be succeeded by less scrupulous as well as less gifted caterers—by brewers merely, whose venal and venal cheap as it is nasty, and as nasty as it is cheap.—*See Monthly Magazine*.

USEFUL INVENTION.—A letter from Rochfort, in the *Drbats*, says—"We have lately had here a trial of a new instrument, intended to show the probable courses of the winds. It consists of a thin piece of wood, three or four inches long, freely balanced, as the needle of a mariner's compass, on a sharp pivot, by means of the price of the wind. At one of the extremities, at about a third of the length, there is made a slit, in which are placed three or four magnets, about half an inch from each other. They are formed of bits of flattened wax spring, from one to three inches in length. They are fixed perpendicularly to the horizon, and, therefore, free from all polarity. They all have their south pole above the bit of wood, and their north pole below it. These magnets act exactly as the directing finger of a weathercock, and show the direction of the wind. The instrument may furnish interesting instructions with respect to the connection between magnetism and electricity, on the probability that the variations of the winds are due to electric currents. What renders it of great importance is the fact, that these indications take place a quarter of an hour, and sometimes even half an hour, before the changes which occur in the winds, as those of the barometer do in the variations of the weather."

It is said that Capt. Stairs, who was the pilot on board the Columbia at the time of her late, has become deranged.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA. FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Acadia arrived at Boston on Wednesday afternoon, at 15 minutes before 4. She left Liverpool on the 19th ult., and arrived at Halifax on the 31st,—completing the voyage to Boston in 14 days. Our files are to the 19th of July inclusive. The news, in a commercial point of view, is somewhat important, though nothing of an exciting character has occurred. Ireland still continues to absorb the attention of Parliament, and the session, it is supposed, will be very protracted. A discussion has taken place on the motion of Mr. O'Brien to inquire into the state of that country—it was lost by a small majority—73—the smallest the ministry have yet had on any question.

O'Connell held what is termed an extraordinary meeting of the Repeal Association, at the Corn Exchange, Dublin, on Saturday, for the purpose of favoring his adherents with his views of the debate on Ireland. He made a long speech on the present state of parties, the position of the Ministry, and the prospects of repeal.

The first of August is fixed for the reduction of the Irish spirit duty. At a meeting held in Waterford, last week, it was resolved to present a gold medal to every one of the magistrates superseaded for attending repeal meetings.

At the meeting of the Irish General Assembly, in Belfast, last week, a subscription list on behalf of the Scotch Free Church was opened, and the amount realized on the spot was £2000.

REPEAL DEMONSTRATION.—The Waterford repeal demonstration took place on the hill of Ballybricken, on Sunday last, and is said to have been attended by 300,000 persons. The procession that accompanied Mr. O'Connell is described as having been five miles in length. A platform was erected capable of containing 3,000 persons. The chair was occupied by Sir R. Mervane, Bart., and amongst the gentlemen present were Thomas Mengham, Esq., Mayor of Waterford, twenty-two of the Town Council, Sir B. Morris, the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, and a whole host of the Catholic clergy.

Launch of the Great Iron Steamer "Great Britain."—The largest steamer ever built, intended for the trade between this country and New York, was launched at Bristol July 19th. She is to be called the Great Britain, and built to the special company who run the first steamer that traded regularly between England and New York—the Great Western.

The Sandwich Islands.—Despatches have been sent off by Government to Captain Lord G. Paulet, of the Carysfort frigate, in the South Pacific, acknowledging the free independence of King Tarahamaha III. and the Sandwich Islands from all other foreign country.

The government has at present under consideration for quickening the intercourse between England and Ireland, by forming a railway from Chester to Holyhead, on the plan proposed by Mr. George Stephenson.

Puseyism is still making rapid progress among the clergy. It is said that out of 12,000 clergymen fully 9000, or three fourths of their whole number, are more or less tainted by this popish heresy under a Protestant name.

There has been an immense falling off in the amount of emigration from Ireland this season, and this decline has been observable at all the outlets. In Londonderry, for instance, the number of emigrants for British America and the United States, during the month of April, May, and June, last year, was 4,518. This year it has been only 1,967, showing a falling off at this single port of 2,551, notwithstanding the increased facilities afforded to the emigrant this year, both by reduced passage money, and the government allowance of one pound of bread to each emigrant per day.

Mr. Gypson, the aeronaut, made an ascent from Dublin yesterday evening, and the balloon afterwards falling into the sea, near Bray Head, had a very narrow escape from drowning. He was picked up by some fishermen, and he was safe in 20 minutes in the water.

COMMERCIAL.—The weather, which for some weeks past has been extremely favorable, promises an abundant, and what is better, an early harvest. The grain crops look extremely well, and the accounts from all parts of the country are very uniform. The benefits of a good harvest, at all times great, will be felt in the present condition of the country to be most acceptable blessing. And yet, strange as it may appear, notwithstanding the present favorable appearances, the corn market is rising rapidly.

Commercial matters, without being buoyant, may be described as healthy. The Cotton market has been tolerably active of late—better prices have been realized, with less disposition on the part of holders to press sales. The West India market is dull, and in sugar, coffee and molasses the transactions have been limited. Money continues very abundant, though the present condition of Ireland has made capitalists rather more shy of investment; but for all safe and legitimate purposes abundance can be had at a low rate of interest.

FRANCE.—It is stated that M. Guizot has offered the portfolio of the marine and colonies to Count d'Argout, Governor of the Bank of France.

The whole of the French import duties amounted to the first five months of 1841 to 45,597,000*fr.*, in the same period of 1842 to 54,869,577*fr.*, 1843 to 57,871,968*fr.*

A contract has been entered into, between the Barings of London and the Republic of New Granada, by virtue of which, the Republic is to cede to them the line required for the projected canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The work is to be completed in five years.

Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of homoeopathy, died in Paris on Sunday week, aged 88.

SPAIN.—It is supposed that the fate of the Regent is sealed. The advance guard of Cubano had entered Saragossa, when that General was expected the following day with ten battalions. Madrid was peaceable, but as for the Regent, he is what the French papers call him—a lost man.

Espartaco, enfeebled by disease and hunted on every side, seems likely to sink.

The opposition journals at Madrid were suppressed on the 3d instant. The Expectador of the 28th ult., publishes a supplement, with intelligence from Alhacete to the 28th ult. The Castle of Chinchilla had submitted to the Regent.

TURKEY.—The Servian revolution had been stopped by the re-election of Prince Alexandric Kara Gregewitch.

RUSSIA.—By an Imperial ukase, published at St. Petersburg, all Jews residing within fifty wrosts of the frontier lines of Prussia and Austria, are ordered to proceed more into the interior. Those who possess habitations and property within that range are required to sell them within two years.

The celebrated Field-Marshal Count Wittgenstein died at St. Petersburg on the 16th instant, at the advanced age of 87.

Negotiations are about to be opened between Prussia, Austria, and England, for new postal regulations, putting an end to the necessity for prepaying letters between those three countries; a similar treaty is said to be on the point of being signed between Prussia and Russia.

A letter from Tabriz brings the disastrous account of an earthquake having nearly destroyed the whole of the town of Khol, between the lake of the Urala and Persia, by which upwards of a thousand people perished. The inhabitants of Tabriz had also been alarmed by frequent and violent shocks.

NAVAL.—One of the earliest arrangements of the new Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. D. Heathcote, has been to make the term of naval commission two years instead of three. The object of this alteration is to make a more equal distribution of sea service among the naval officers, which will be more agreeable to those on duty, as well as a portion who are waiting orders, and really desire to obtain a reasonable proportion of sea duty. There is one other arrangement that should accompany the one just alluded to, viz.—that every naval officer capable of doing duty, should be ordered to sea duty, in the order in which they stand upon the navy register, and compelled to perform such duty in their proper turn; and that those who are incapable of performing such service, be placed upon a half-pay list, with moderate pensions to those whose service have been such as call for such a demonstration of gratitude at the hands of the country. This would equalize the naval service, and clothe with honor those only in whom honor is due.—*Phil. Chron.*

A FLORAL CURIOUSITY. We have often heard of a white bloodred, but never till now of a green rose; yet such a one has been produced in Bladen, North Carolina. This change in the color of the flower is supposed to have been effected by setting out a common daily rose-bush in the spot from which a sunnec bush had just been removed, and it is believed that the roots of the two mingled.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BOUNTIFUL DONATION.—A messenger, says the Christian Watchman, entered the rooms of the General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions in this city, and deposited for our thousand dollar bank notes, saying it was for the mission to China, and no questions were to be asked as to the donors.

FIRE IN PROVIDENCE.—The extensive Print Works of Israel Saunders, on the west side of the Cove, Providence, R. I. took fire in the hot house; and the main building, color shop, machines and five thousand pieces of goods were destroyed. Loss \$25,000; Insurance \$15,000.

We regret to hear that the lady of Ex-Governor Edwards died on Thursday morning at their residence in New Haven. Her age was about 56.

A personal rencontre took place on Thursday morning, in a bookstore in Baltimore, between two young men named Carter and McLean, during which the former drew a pistol, charged only with powder and wadding, which he discharged at the head of his antagonist. The contents took effect over the temple, lacerating the skin and causing the blood to flow copiously. Mr. C. gave himself up to a magistrate, and entered security in the sum of \$1,000 to appear. The wounds of Mr. McLean are not of a serious character.

The following notice was lately affixed at a church door in Hertfordshire, and read in the churchyard:—This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish clerk.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY TO PAGAN PEOPLE.—"Says do your duty, and show yourselves as brave as you did on the 17th. Keep shoulder to shoulder in the ranks close and firm, and aim at your enemy's knees; and if you do this, no enemy can either stand before your bayonets or bear your fire."—*Sir Charles Napier.*

A FAIRY FUNERAL.—There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's funeral. First we heard soft pipes playing as if no bigger than bellows rubs their whistles to the night winds; and more piteous than eught that thrills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the brather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered breeze. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapping, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plain among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed with flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle and took their station, one at the head and the other at foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark, before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank down, and in a few moments the green sward was as smooth as ever—the very dew drops glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed dulkily away, heard afar off, still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then thou returnedst at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground cell within the knoll, where, as Fairy dames, the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.—*Recreations of Christopher North.*

FOKDOF SOLITUDE.—There has just died at Coblenz, in the prison called the Convent of the Carmelites, a man known by the name of "the old Frenchman with the white beard," confined there 32 years, of which 28 were voluntary. In 1811, a soldier of the 20th regiment of French Dragoons was discovered asleep, with his head on his knapsack, in the forest of Coblenz, and taken up as a deserter. He declared his name to be Antonio Alivier, a native of Aosta, in Piedmont, and that he had received his discharge, with a pension of 200*l.* a year, from being assigned to frequent fits of mental alienation. The authorities left him temporarily in prison. There he remained until the elated troops entered Coblenz, in 1814 when an order was given to send him and others to a depot of French prisoners. There he strongly protested against, declaring that he was not a French prisoner, but an Italian discharged from service. In the course of the next year his father and uncle arrived, and obtained his liberation, and took him with them on their way home. At a little distance from Coblenz, he suddenly quitted them and returned to the prison, requesting permission to be allowed to resume his former quarters. This was allowed with full liberty to go out when he pleased.—Notwithstanding this permission, he never left his cell for 25 years, and during that period never asked for light or fire, no matter how severe might be the cold. He spent his time in making hair rings, ivory thimbles, box paper cutters, and other little objects, which he sold to strangers who came to see him. He was 71 years old at his death; and having never cut his beard, which was very long, and of exceeding whiteness, and being of lofty stature, he had a most venerable appearance. He died worth 1,100 thalers (about 4,000*l.*), which he had saved during his imprisonment.

MOST WONDERFUL.—Among the truly wonderful 'signs of the times' which are daily recorded in the papers, not the least wonderful is the following, which we extract from a late English journal, credited to the *Fife Herald*:—

"On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Marshall, residing in Pittencrieff street, had boiled for breakfast a middling-sized duck-egg, and on proceeding to break the shell in the customary way, was surprised to find the spoon meet with unusual resistance; on taking off the shell, she was greatly surprised to find two penny-pieces, and two half-pennies, of the lawful coin of the realm, most her astonished gaze. The neighbours were quickly made aware of the wonderful fact, and eventually we were called upon with the egg and coppers, with a request that it would be put in the papers. The coppers were lying at the thick end of the egg, and the yolk pressed up to the other end—the white was considerably discolored by the verdigris of the copper being mixed with it. We leave the fact to be explained by naturalists, but vouch for its accuracy. The egg was one of a dozen purchased from the shop of a retailer."

In these lines, which are to be found inscribed on the simple flat stone, that marks the spot where lie the mouldering remains of the immortal bard—Shakspere—and which are said to have been written by himself—there seems something awful to contemplate. If they are indeed his own, 'in the language of Irving,' they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. WICKLIFFE. POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—A most bold and daring attempt was made, in the presence of a large number of passengers, to take the life of the Hon. Mr. Wickliffe, Postmaster-General, who was on his return from Old Point, on Tuesday last. It seems that Mr. Wickliffe, his two daughters and a niece, and a young man named J. McKean Gardner, a son of Col. Gardner, of Washington, came on board at Old Point, on their way to Washington. During the passage between that place and the mouth of the Potomac river, Mr. Wickliffe and Gardner (who is represented to us as a disappointed office-seeker) were seen in a casual conversation, which soon terminated, without attracting any attention from the passengers. Everything passed off pleasantly until the boat had strived a little above the mouth of the Potomac, when dinner was announced.

Mr. W. then took his niece by the arm to go to dinner, his two daughters walking immediately in front, and just as he was about passing Gardner, who was lying down asleep, he touched Gardner with his hand, and said "Dinner," for the purpose of waking him, when that individual sprang to his feet, drew a large dirk knife, and struck it into the right breast of Mr. W., the blade striking against the bone, and turning downward about an inch, but most fortunately not striking deep enough to prove dangerous.

Immediately on the wound being inflicted, A. K. Wooley, Esq., of Kentucky, seized Gardner and prevented his doing further injury, and with the aid of other passengers had him immediately confined. Unfortunately no medical man was on board, but upon the arrival of the boat at Baltimore, two physicians were sent for who pronounced the wound not to be of a serious nature, and at the last accounts Mr. Wickliffe, was doing well.

Gardner was, soon after the arrival of the boat, taken before Walton Gray, Esq., and committed for a further examination. Mr. Wickliffe requested, as a particular favor, that he should not be confined with felons. It is said that the prisoner is laboring under mental derangement!

COLLISION ON THE READING RAIL ROAD.—We learn from the Philadelphia Inquirer, that a fatal collision occurred on the rail road a few miles above Reading on Tuesday last. A number of coal cars were coming down, and the morning being foggy it was impossible to see far ahead. Just as the train was passing through a curve, a train of empty cars, passing up the road for wood, was discovered, but too late to prevent a disaster. The engines dashed against each other with a tremendous collision. Three persons were instantly killed—among them Mr. Samuel Shilze. Three other men were also injured, and it was feared fatally.

The broken cars formed an immense heap of ruins, and the scene presented was an awful one. The bodies of the dead and wounded were frightfully mangled. Medical aid was obtained as promptly as possible. The regular cars with passengers were detained by the accident for about three hours. This is the third collision of the kind that has occurred on the various railroads within a few days.

P.S.—We have just heard that Mr. Shilze still survives, but that he is in a hopeless state.

Mr. George Heckman and Mr. Daniel Forlward were killed on the spot. It is said that six persons were seriously injured, two or three fatally. The damage in a pecuniary point of view is described as very great.

SARATOGA.—There are now about 550 visitors at the United States Hotel, about 300 at the Union, 250 at Congress Hall, 200 at the Pavilion, and at all the various other hotels, boarding houses, &c., in all, about 2500 visitors at the Springs.

Castellan arrived there on Monday night, but had not announced her concert. It is said that some fools at Ballston, turned out to meet her as she passed through, and literally buried her in flowers and bouquets.

THE WALKING MATCH AT CHELSEA.—Elworth performed his fifth 24 miles on Wednesday, in 55.19m. 11s. Fogg's time was 6h. 9m. 8s. Elworth's best time was 11m. 25s.; Fogg's 11m. 20s. Both men were in good condition.

THE SCOTTISH HEIRERS.—The trading public have already stamped this new romance with favour. A second edition has been called for, and is now ready.

CITY PRISON STATISTICS.—The Deputy Keeper, Mr. Wheeler, informs us that there were received into the City Prison the past week 135 white men, 83 white women, 4 colored men, and 4 colored women—total 225. Discharged, during the same time, 71 white men, 31 white women and 5 colored men—total 114; of which 64 were sent to the Penitentiary. Remaining in prison, 88 white men, 30 white women, 11 colored men, 12 colored women—total 141.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its next session at Rochester, commencing on the 12th of September. Annual Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Tyler of East Windham, Conn.

FROM SPAIN.—Captain Lane, of the ship *Alabama*, from Gibraltar, July 5, reports that on his way to Gibraltar from Genoa he saw a Spanish frigate was lying off Malaga, and sent a boat ashore. He learned from the American consul that the Catalonian troops had surrendered to the insurgents, and that the Catalonian troops were ringing bells, firing guns and making other demonstrations of joy.

A Spanish frigate was lying off Malaga, with her tender, and it was feared that she would fire on the city, but she dropped down about five miles. The intelligence from the frigate was that he was at Valencia with 15,000 troops, preparing to take active measures against the insurgents.

The *Alabama* passed another Spanish frigate, supposed to be on her way to join the first.

(At the last advice by way of England, *Esparto* was marching toward Valencia, the inhabitants of which city had joined the insurrection. From the language of our news collector we cannot tell whether the Regent had entered the city, or was only before it with his army, preparing to attack it. The "Catalonian troops" spoken of were probably those of Zurbaron.—Commercial.

LATER FROM ST. THOMAS.—Captain Hamlin, of the schooner C. H. Hooper, arrived at Baltimore on Wednesday from St. Thomas, having left that place on the 13th instant, contradicts the accounts previously received relative to the yellow fever raging at that place. Capt. H. arrived at St. Thomas on the 11th and remained two days, during which time, although aware the greater part of the time, he did not see a single funeral, nor did he hear of anyone who was the place reported to be sickly. A gentleman, passenger with Capt. H., Mr. Thorpe from Martinique, was several days in St. Thomas, and says he heard no reports of sickness there.

The U. S. brig *Bainbridge*, Lieut. Johnson commanding, arrived at St. Thomas the 10th inst. in seventeen days from Norfolk. She was to leave in a day or two for the Spanish Main, and would probably be at Pensacola by the middle of next September. Officers and crew all well.

ARRIVAL OF COM. MOORE AT GALVESTON.—By the arrival last evening of the steamer *Sarah Barnes*, from Galveston, we have obtained a paper of that city (the *Civilian*) containing the following cheering news: The Texian vessels *Austin* and *Wharton*, under Com. Moore and Capt. Lottin, with Col. Morgan, arrived on the 14th inst. at Galveston, from Yucatan.

The volunteer companies, and a large concourse of citizens, turned out to welcome their return.

The whole of the Mexican forces have left Yucatan—the last having gone off unopposedly in the night.—*N. O. Bee*, July 21.

INDEPENDENCE, JULY 17, 1845. *MOORE'S EDITORS*.—Some Texans have just arrived from off the plains. They left the *Bark Arkansas* on the 6th of July; they state that they saw a large number of troops, consisting of 100 men, had a skirmish with 100 Mexicans, which lasted about twenty or thirty minutes, a short time previous. A few shots were exchanged, twenty-five or thirty of the Spaniards were killed, a number wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. The Spanish officers attempted to escape on horseback, but were soon taken, and a complete surrender of arms and ammunition, the consequence—some of the Texans were wounded or killed—one person had a bullet pass through his hat. The prisoners were shortly after released and sent back to the Governor's camp. (A little distance off,) when he and his army of 600 men became affrighted and fled precipitately back towards Santa Fé—though it is understood since that they were returning again to meet the company from here.

A party of Texans, on a hunting excursion as they averred, came over into the American territory near the Arkansas River—Captain Cook, with the United States troops, came upon them and took the whole number (100 men) prisoners—he deprived them of their arms and released them with the privilege of returning under an escort hitherwards, or taking any route across the prairie as they thought best to Texas. The most of them preferred the latter course, and I have no doubt joined Warfield, (who was to assume the command of the remaining forces,) and went in pursuit of the Spanish company, as they had determined to cross the Arkansas on the 3d July, on their way to Santa Fé. Should they be able to cast themselves in between the company and the Governor's forces, or on near the Seminoles, they will undoubtedly cut them off entirely. Our informant reports a good deal of dissatisfaction existing among the Texian troops—he says there are a great many intelligent men among the number, but a majority of rogues. Their object is booty, which they will obtain from the Spaniards alone; the Americans they will not disturb unless associated and taking part with the others. The troops, or a portion of them, are to return in a few days.

LOSS OF THE PACKET SHIP *MEMPHIS*.—This vessel was wrecked on Chickamacomico Island, 25 miles north of Cape Hatteras, on the morning of the 22d July. She sailed from New Orleans on the 7th, bound to this port, where her cargo belongs. Passengers and crew all saved, with most of the cargo, the latter in a damaged state. Vessel supposed to be a total loss. Her cargo consists of the following, which is insured in this city:—727 bales cotton; 814 do. hemp; 19 hds. tobacco; 5,863 pigs lead; 1,647 casks wheat; 625 do. corn; 55 bbls. whiskey; 93 do. oil; 80 do. lard; 37 do. flaxseed—which will amount to less than \$70,000. Vessel insured in this city and Boston.

Statement of the expenses of the United States from the 4th March, 1841, to the 3d March, 1845, inclusive:

	From March 4, 1841, to March 3, 1842.	From March 4, 1842, to March 3, 1843.	From March 4, 1843, to March 3, 1844.	From March 4, 1844, to March 3, 1845.
Civil, miscellaneous and foreign	\$4,815,946 40	\$4,815,946 40	\$4,815,946 40	\$4,815,946 40
Military	13,000,898 41	13,000,898 41	13,000,898 41	13,000,898 41
Naval	6,346,502 83	6,346,502 83	6,346,502 83	6,346,502 83
	\$26,366,347 73	\$26,366,347 73	\$26,366,347 73	\$26,366,347 73

The above is exclusive of payments on account of trust funds, the public debt, and Treasury notes. T. L. SMITH, Register.

Treasury Dep. Register's Office, July 19, 1845. [Madisonian.]

The Salt Works of this State at and near Syracuse are very active this season, with a market for all the salt they can turn out. The quality has been improved, and the allowance of a heavy drawback by the State on all that is brought to tide-water has proved a great help. The demand for the interior is now so good that very little more will be brought this way at present prices. The following table will show the amount of inspections, omitting fractions, for the four weeks ending July 21, viz:

	Salt.	Syracuse.	Liverpool.	Geddes.	Aggregate.
1st week.....	36,849	28,429	4,297	49,538	70,003
2d ".....	47,699	35,099	10,397	6,003	111,308
3d ".....	51,212	34,134	18,422	8,758	108,626
4th ".....	46,101	27,975	39,411	12,214	126,664
Total.....	154,000	163,340	74,651	34,493	436,538

MURDER IN TENNESSEE.—Extract of a letter dated Cherryville, Tenn., July 14:—There is quite an excitement among us at present, occasioned by several negroes murdering a young white man in our vicinity—a young man of great personal worth and first family. They (the negroes) have confessed their guilt and purpose, which was to murder as many of the whites as possible, or those who were supposed to have most money, and make their escape to a free State. The negroes are now in jail, and a rigorous investigation is going on among the negroes by the whites, and so far almost every negro in the neighbourhood is involved. C. W. C.

FATAL RENCONTRE.—A postscript in the *Richmond Whig* of the 23d says:—

"We learn by a passenger in the cars last evening that a difficulty occurred last Saturday between R. E. Lee and a young Mr. Moore. The report is that Lee said he would horsewhip the father of Moore on sight. Moore accented him to know whether he had said so. Lee responded that he had; whereupon pistols were drawn and discharged. Moore's took effect just above the hip—although each fired twice afterward. Lee was in the act of firing when he fell and expired. "The difficult grew out of the painful controversy connected with Judge Scott. Mr. Lee was the son-in-law of Judge Scott. Mr. Moore was the son, we presume, of one of the gentlemen who were summoned here last winter to give testimony in the case—which testimony was adverse to the Judge."

FROM FLORIDA.—We have recent advices from St. Augustine, via Savannah, Geo. Worth has been out on a visit to the Indians remaining in the Territory, and finds them so humble and friendly that it will hardly be possible for the white villains who uniformly infect their neighborhood to embroil them in another war.

The settlement of Florida, under the Armed Occupation law, is rapidly progressing. It is believed that 200,000 acres have been already taken up. Probably all that is worth anything will follow, and so the Territory that has cost the people of the United States over \$40,000,000 will not seem just costing. Well; better so than to have it continue a bill of expense to them.

MARRIED.

On the 29th ult. by the very Rev. Dr. Fox, John Berry, to Barbara Clara Treat. At Newark, Conn. July 25, by Rev. Dr. Medad, George B. Chelwell to Mary E. Street.

On the 27th July, at Eastchester, by Rev. Robert Bolton, William H. Harrison to Miss Mary Hammond. July 26, by Rev. Dr. Hawke, Alexander Kyle Jr., to Mary Carolina Thomson, all of this city.

DIED.

At Feeds, N. Y. July 25th, Garrett V. Davis, in the 31st year of his age. On July 25th, Tryphena, daughter of John H. Stevens, aged 6 months. At Adrian, Mich. on July 25th, Mrs. P. Fillmore, aged 52. At Brooklyn, July 25th, Robert B. Barrow, aged 72. At Frederickburg, Va. July 25th, Rev. John K. Keller, aged 69. At Kingston, U. C. July 25th, Maria Turner, aged 25. On July 21, Jacob Appleby in the 80th year of his age. July 25, John Peters, aged 72. July 25, Abraham L. Brainer, aged 71. At Eastport July 25, Rev. Louis E. Demulier, aged 38. At his residence in Orange, N. J. July 30, Amos Williams, aged 30. At Barbours, Va. July 9, Mrs. Lavina White, widow of the late Nathan White, Esq., aged 71; and in Burlington on the following day, Mrs. Della Giddings, aged 61. Mrs. Giddings and Mrs. White were sisters.

J. G. AMBLER, DENTAL SURGEON,

REMOVED FROM NO. 8, PARK PLACE, TO 65, WHITE ST., CORNER OF 379, BROADWAY.

Grateful for the patronage heretofore received, would respectfully inform his friends, the former patrons of Ambler & Kingsbury, and the public, that he has removed from No. 8, Park Place to No. 65, White-street, corner of 379, Broadway, where he continues the practice of his profession, both surgical and mechanical, at the following reduced prices: Gold Filling from 1 to \$2; Tin Filling 50 cents to \$1; Tooth on Root from 3 to \$5; Teeth Regulated from 1 to \$20; Teeth on Gold Plate from 2 to \$6 each; Upper Set from 30 to \$10; Entire Set from 75 to \$100; Artificial Palates from 25 to \$100; and all other operations at equally reduced rates, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

The subscriber continues to manufacture and insert his premium Siliceous Metallic Teeth, which received the highest premium awarded by the American Institute, (A GOLD MEDAL) as well as the unqualified approbation of numerous professional gentlemen; among others are the following:—

Valentine Mott, M.D., A. H. Stevens, M.D., E. Kingsbury, M.D., J. K. Rogers, M.D., C. Perkins, M.D., Jno. Torry, M.D., P. Simpson, M.D., W. G. Eadie, M.D., E. Clark, M.D.

The public are invited to call and examine his specimens, testimonials, &c.

TESTIMONIALS.

(From the Rev. T. M. Leavenworth.)

Dr. Ambler—Dear Sir: The set of Teeth made by you for a member of my family have been worn about one year, and gave entire satisfaction. The patient feels grateful to you for restoring her health, which had been much impaired from the want of masticating powers, and we can all appreciate her greatly improved appearance. I shall have great pleasure in recommending you to any one who may become interested in securing the services of a Dentist whose operations so well recommend themselves. Very sincerely yours, &c. T. M. LEAVENWORTH.

New York, July 14, 1843.

Dr. Ambler—Dear Sir: In answer to your enquiries respecting your operations upon the Teeth, much have I to say. I have received your notice, in my own as well as in other families on the island, it gives me pleasure to state that they have been well performed, and given entire satisfaction. Very respectfully yours, E. CLARK, M. D.

Staten Island, July 8, 1843.

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THE NEW YORK MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

NO. 75 CHAMBERS STREET.

☞ This Institution, established to render to the afflicted sound and scientific Medical and Surgical Aid, has already been in successful operation for nearly a year. All forms of diseases are treated here. Patients who come to the Institution have their cases skillfully investigated and prescribed for, and receive their medicines directly under the eye of the Attending Physician; and those who, from indisposition or other causes, are prevented from applying personally, are visited at their residences. Affections of the HEART, LUNGS and LIVER, and Diseases of WOMEN and CHILDREN are paid particular attention to.

Persons afflicted with DYSPEPSIA are permanently cured by a new and simple discovery without the use of medicine. SURGICAL OPERATIONS of every description are performed by a Surgeon of great experience and skill. The operations for CLAP FOOT and SQUIETING are so simple, and when performed by a master hand, so successful that persons with such deformities should not neglect the opportunity of having them removed.

THE DRUG DEPARTMENT is conducted by a qualified and experienced Apothecary, and supplied with medicines of the purest quality. The benefit derivable from this can be appreciated only by the Physician, whose best endeavors to master disease are frequently thwarted by the composition of inferior drugs. Rooms are provided for private consultation. In all cases charges are moderate, and those whose means are limited, are required to pay for their medicines only. Along with the other advantages this Institution affords, Surgeons and Physicians of the highest standing in the city can be consulted without any additional expense to patients. Cupping and Leeching done at the shortest notice. Open day and night.

HOMER BOSTWICK, M.D.,

Attending Surgeon and Physician.

This Institution is under the patronage and commendation of the following gentlemen:

Rev. Dr. E. Y. HIGBEE,
Rev. Dr. W. C. BROWNLEE,
Rev. Dr. GEORGE POTTS,
Rev. Dr. G. SPRING,
Rev. Dr. SCHROEDER.

Jy16t

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Joseph Perkins, late of the City of New York, engraver, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at R. H. Day's residence, No. 75 Nassau-street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixth day of August next, [dated New York], the twenty-eighth day of January, 1843.

R. H. DAY, Administrator.

To Inventors and Patents.

WARREN & JACKSON, No. 80 in the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, Wall-street, in addition to the ordinary business of their profession, attend to the drawing Specifications for obtaining patents, both in this country and Europe. Mr. Jackson, who is a practical draughtsman, will execute all drawings necessary to illustrate the documents, and will also give lessons in Machine Drawing. W. & J. have had long experience in procuring patents, and are familiar with the operation of the new laws of Congress in this matter. Gratuitous information will be given to persons who wish to apply for patents, by calling as above.

New York, May 19, 1843.

m27f

The London Lancet,

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN TWO VOLUMES ANNUALLY.)

EDITED BY THOMAS WAKLEY, M. P., SURGEON.

RE-PRINTED AT 162 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Price, Three Dollars a year.

REPUBLICATION of the SECOND AMERICAN VOLUME.

The first number of the new Volume was issued on Saturday, May 27th, with a list of over two thousand subscribers, cash paid in advance. The American publishers may therefore safely announce that the republication of the work is established on a firm basis.

This valuable and highly popular Medical Journal contains reports of all the Medical Lectures of consequence, all the peculiar cases in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and generally every thing transpiring, the knowledge of which would be useful to the medical profession throughout the world. Its character is also adapted to the knowledge of a general reader, and it is a valuable periodical for every intelligent man, even though he be little acquainted with the professional terms in which medical matters are commonly wrapped up.

Each number is neatly bound in a yellow cover, which sets forth a full and complete explanation of the contents, prepared by the editor himself.

The typography of the second volume will be greatly improved, and a professional gentleman is engaged to revise the proofs of every number, before going to press.

The American publishers will receive early numbers by every steam-ship, and publish them immediately; so that subscribers to the American edition may be supplied at about the same time they could procure the English copy.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, payable always in advance. No subscription will be received without pre-payment, and none will be continued after the time paid for shall have expired; unless the same be renewed by a new payment.

Persons subscribing for the Lancet should state particularly whether they wish their subscriptions to commence with the volume—and should also write plainly the Town, County and State where the work is to be sent.

The London Lancet is published weekly—and each volume of six months will contain 532 octavo pages, independent of the cover.

NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS.—The Post Office Law allows Postmasters to enclose subscription money to publishers of newspapers and periodicals, free of postage; and we therefore offer the following inducement to those who are willing to interest themselves in the London Lancet. For every yearly subscription (\$3) remitted to us, we will send the postmaster who makes the remittance three complete popular novels.

WILSON AND COMPANY,

American Publishers of the London Lancet,
162 Nassau-street, New-York.

FRANKLIN SALT-WATER BATHS, CASTLE GARDEN.

The proprietors having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them, and the public in general, the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing, shower-baths upon an improved principle, and boys' swimming-school, that were ever offered to public patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of salt water, all surface matter is completely exfoliated.

The Franklin Bath is now ready at its usual station, the north side of Castle Garden Bridge. Books are open for the season subscription, and the inspection of citizens and strangers is respectfully solicited. Jy 1

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheets, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIVE for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualise the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any novelle-like tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works. We believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laugh'd over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world, will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "hammett," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "orism," and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. The MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall cull the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

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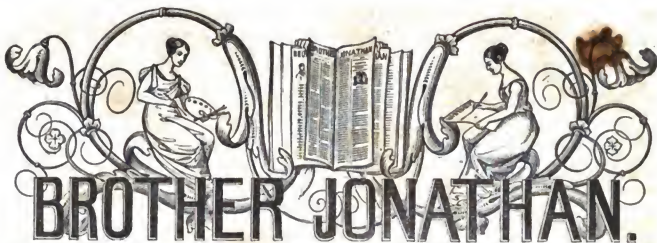
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VOL. V.—NO. 15

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12 1843.

WHOLE NO 213.

THE ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

We have in a former number, described the beautiful villa which is here shown, and we recur to the subject, in order to illustrate the advantages of rightly and properly designing a house for convenience and beauty. In this, we allude solely to the ground plan of the whole, and to combining the rooms so as to make the most of the space which they cover. Having procured the engraved plan of this villa, we think that all who take an interest in architecture, will thank us for inserting it, as it is, in our estimation, the most perfect and the most beautiful ever designed, and which the architect, Mr. Davis, would find it difficult to surpass. There is, indeed, both prose and poetry about it, which must be seen to be understood. The rooms on the main floor are of good size, and of an ornamental shape, and each one perfectly appropriate to its use; while, on occasions of festivity, they can all be combined, as it were, in one—at least, so united, that there is a perfect unity of effect.

The constantly increasing interest the proprietor takes in his building, has led him to make an enlargement on the plan here given, and to add a more marked expression of the Gothic style, than was at first specified by the architect.

Although the great tower with its winding stairway, has, we are sorry to say, been omitted; yet, a bolder character has been given to the stairway retaining, and to the buttresses and pinnacles. Racoons, porcupines and chimæra, have been introduced at the foot of the pinnacles, to the great increase of their picturesque beauty. The terraces shown upon the right hand end of the building, have been made to finish upon corbels a few inches below the cornice, and, as we believe, with a happy effect.

The drawing-room has been greatly increased in size, being 19 by 26, exclusive of the two bays. A greater length has been given to the dining-room by extending its bay; the entrance, front, has been carried out



8 feet, greatly enlarging the office, and adding an additional room adjoining the chamber, where an alcove and window is shown in our plan. The throat of the hall being lengthened by the increased projection, the entrance has been made to recede from the *porte cochère*, affording a platform or *galilee* at the threshold, and a richer character to the door jambs. The dotted lines upon the plan, indicate the plaster finish upon the ceiling. Some change has been made here. The drawing-room, 13 feet high, has been finished with horizontal moulded beams, intersecting one another, and with their ends curving down, and resting upon beautifully foliated corbels. The library has its ceiling formed by inclined planes, ribbed, as above, and resting upon corbels differing from those in the drawing room, but not inferior to them in beauty. The walls of this edifice are brick, laid open, with interstices, to ensure dryness, and are plastered inside and out.—The exterior is laid off into courses, and colored in imitation of stone, with light ochreish and warm grey tints. The trimmings are of white marble.—That this is a beautiful manner of building, all will acknowledge; that it is a durable one, is proved by many at New Haven, and also in Mr. Warren's *Ida Cottage* at Troy; in Mr. Down-



ing's, and others at Newburgh. Let all those who are prejudiced against stone, from the truly miserable examples in New York city, see the building; we advise to, and advise, use marble, or paint their brick, if they will.

We have no remarks to make on the choice of localities. In general, the sites for their country houses accidentally—or, in other words, governed by accidental circumstances—in their choice.

A merchant or tradesman having been prosperous for a time begins to think of building himself a cottage *à la mode*, in some retired spot where he may ruralize in the summer season with his family around him. He buys a farm for sale cheap, and he at once feels an inclination to seize upon the bargain. He buys it and not knowing, perhaps, what else to do with it, or not wishing to buy another, builds on it. His house may be never so good, yet in this case he depends upon accident for all the qualities which are desirable in a location. In another case he has invested money in mortgages upon real estate in the country and in due course of time some one or more of them is fore-closed and he becomes the proprietor—or he has an attachment to a spot where his friends or relatives reside, or where he was born—or where he has spent one or two seasons and become familiar and pleased with the place—and he builds his cottage or villa on such a place in preference to buying a site for the purpose in a better locality. Thus the best building lots in the country remain unoccupied, while the farms, from being thrown into the market are built upon.

It would be supposed that men in choosing their permanent place of residence, would travel about and examine for themselves such places as were for sale—keeping in view all the desiderata for the kind of house to be built. Such however is seldom the case, not one man in a hundred ever thinks of driving about the country in search of a building site and it is seldom indeed that taste or choice is ever consulted.

Among the desiderata in a locality are—salubrity, a proper elevation above the immediate neighborhood, a surface with some irregularity to give it variety—fine scenery in the vicinity—a reasonable distance from a large town and means of easy access at all times—a good soil and subsoil—the vicinity of a spring or good water, beneath the surface—quiet retirement, or a neighborhood, not too near, of respectable people.

The salubrity of a place is of the first consideration. No one would seek a low marshy ground for his site unless he was disposed to have the fever and ague—not would he select a place that was subject to any particular epidemic—a high and dry situation should be found if possible, and better too high than too low. It will then be easy to produce grandeur of effect, in the appearance of the house and a good view from it while the more important end of healthfulness is obtained.

Irregularity of surface is desirable where the place is not to be cultivated for profit. No one has so little taste as to select a level plain to build on—if any more picturesque spot could be procured. Moreover the formation of the ground should be such that the house may not be exposed to the direction of the prevailing storms.

The view of scenery to be had from the house when finished should be considered; and this cannot be too bold or too grand. Large masses of foliage, cliffs, mountains, water, and cultivated land should if possible be compassed by the vision and the fewer village houses to be seen the better.

It should not be so far from the metropolis, or a large town, where over it may be, at which the proprietor would wish to do business or visit, that the going and returning would be tedious or expensive.

A good soil is desirable, but may be dispensed with as an artificial one may be obtained; but a good subsoil is necessary—this should always be looked to as much, of even the salubrity of a place as well as its agreeableness and beauty, depends upon it. A good spring near by adds much value to a house. It saves digging a well and drawing up the water—and if properly situated may be brought to the kitchen by a pipe under ground. This is great economy. Few people ever consider the time and trouble saved by the bringing into the house an abundance of pure water.

Lastly a good neighborhood should be selected or a place without any near inhabitants. People moving from the city to the country are almost invariably greeted by the inhabitants with envy, distrust, deceit, misrepresentation and luxury. The new comers will be the subject of conversation for an indefinite length of time, and strange indeed would it be, if in the multifarious comments which are made upon them, the honest villagers should stick to the truth. Therefore to have a near neighborhood of persons, who, from the difference of education and habits, can never be guests at the villa, is unpleasant and to be avoided if possible. On the other hand a few gentlemen's residences in the

vicinity would add much to the pleasure to be derived from a life in the country, as affording congenial associates.

We have now enumerated the chief requisites of a building site in the country, and the question that next arises is where are the most eligible places to be found. Thanks to the formation of the land in the Atlantic states, fine situations are abundant. But we have our preference, and will claim for the banks of the "mighty Hudson" more beauty and grandeur of scene, and salubrity of air, than can be found in the same space on the globe—yes on the globe—and if any one can think of any river in the world superior to our beloved Hudson, we should be glad to hear the name of it; and if there are more grand, beautiful or romantic scenes than its banks present, we should be glad to visit them. We know that in healthfulness, the high banks of this river have no equal, and therefore do we consider them its best to build on, of any or all in the country.

There are beautiful sites for cottages, villas or castles without number, the whole length of the stream—but it is most especially near the city that we now direct our attention. Near Yonkers there are many places on the river bank now offered for sale—in Hastings the best locality of all, there is a very large number. Geo. Harvey, the Artist, owns a fine tract there, which he intends cutting up into cottage building lots, and which will afford all that can be desired in a location. There are two or three splendid situations for sale near the landing. At Dobb's Ferry, a mile or two above there are some beautiful farms in the market that could be cut up into many beautiful lots. But it is needless to particularize, as the whole extent of the river is filled with picturesque scenes appropriate for residences.

The residences of Washington Irving, Philip R. Paulding and Mr. Sheldon are eminently well located, and they owe much of the beauty for which they are celebrated to the scenes in which they are embosomed.

For the Brother Jonathan.

ON THE FALLING OF BLOSSOMS FROM THE FRUIT-TREES.

By MRS. L. H. SUGGEREY.

The world doth lead us captive,—so our thoughts
Are not in sympathy with the sad earth
Of the sweet blossoms as they fall to earth.
The Apple mouneth for her per'sh'd wreath,
And the young Almond makes the grass-mound white
With her lost wealth. Leaning against her prop,
The Peach lamenteth o'er her pallid bashes,
Dead at her feet.

Lift up your voice, ye birds!
From your cool nests, or on the soaring wing,—
And comfort them. Tell of the time of fruit,—
When this brief season shall be turn'd to joy.
Sing of the Master's gladness, when he comes
To gather in his treasures.—Bid them bide
In cheerful hope, the darkness of this hour,—
And lend their fragrance to the ingrate winds,
Since God remembereth them, and will restore
Beauty for ashes.

Higher lift your strain,
Minstrels of Heaven! and ask the stricken trees,
If their frail blossoms felt not in the tomb,
Where dwelt the harvest be?

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—We have seen an Actor play *Hamlet*, in the Ghost scene, with so little sense of propriety, as not only to draw his sword, according to the stage practice, but actually to threaten and make a lunge at the parental Apparition with the naked weapon. Nothing can be in worse taste. *Marcellus*, it is true, offers to strike at the Royal Phantom with his partizan, but the act, though somewhat dialogal, is not unfillial. But in *Hamlet*,—the son of the shade,—the attempt at violence is unnatural and patricidal, and totally at variance with his character. He shinks from bloodshed, though supernaturally enjoined, and remembers the ties of kindred. Witness his extreme reluctance to kill his uncle;—whereas a man who tries to stab a ghost, will assuredly stick at nothing.

[Original.]

THE STUDENT'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! if these loved 'st me ever,
 Grant, my husband! If th' idler
 That lets go flowers to fling all on thee—
 If to dissimble thee never,
 In dream or prayer, have given me ought to claim—
 Heed me! oh, heed me! and awake to fame!" WILLIS.

THE STUDENT AND HIS WIFE.

Autumn hung over the sunny land of the Rhine. Rushed the bright river on its free wild way, its blue bosom glowing with the blessed sunshine. Above, the red, shen-tinged clouds floated peacefully, like freighted barks, in the deep ocean of sky; and over these, the great Sun still held on his radiant way, like a good man's life, bright and glorious to the last. Below, the winding vines held the rich clusters of the purple grape, or yielded them to the peasants, who, with jest and song, heaped up the wicker baskets with the juicy fruit. Golden-haired, blue-eyed girls, wreathed with wild-flowers, bound with gay ribbons, smiled and chattered; and the young men, with their blue knee breeches and their bright buttoned jackets, aided in the light toll and swelled the chorus that rang out in praise of the ruby wine. And evermore "the exulting and abounding river," rushed on its arrowy course, free and beautiful, on to swell the treasures of the great North Sea.

The wine! the wine of the Rhine!
 Lo! how its waves in the beaker shine!
 Bright as the dawn that breaks above;
 Bright as the rising blush of love.
 When thy lip, Eva, meets with mine,
 Is the hue of the crimson wine of the Rhine.

The joyous wine of the Rhine!
 Souls that sadden and hearts that pine!
 The cup hath a taste will drown despair;
 And lips that can kiss to silence care,
 As mine, oh Eva, silence thine;—
 Such power hath the joyous wine of the Rhine.

The lively wine of the Rhine!
 This gives sweetness to sorrow's brine;
 Bids us forget that Hopes must die,
 That Love is frail as its own light sigh;
 That joys decay when they brightest shine;—
 Such spell hath the lively wine of the Rhine.

Then quaff we the wine of the Rhine!
 Why for a fleeting fame should I pine?
 Why should my brain through a short life toil,
 And my heart consume with the midnight oil,
 Till its love, oh Eva, part from thine?
 No! bid me not turn from the wine of the Rhine!

So sang Claude Heffernan, as he sat by his young wife's side on the shore of the beautiful Rhine. Happiness, the happiness of pure, young Love rested upon his features, and a quiet enjoyment of life and of Nature's gifts and beauties, gave calm and peaceful expressions to his face. But in his dark, thoughtful eyes, was the light of other thoughts; they spoke of a mind where sleeps high aspirations, proud dreams of honor and of pride. Aspirations and dreams which, if awakened, would soon take the light from his eye and thin his cheek, and work the premature furrow on his brow, and send him early to the grave. But he loved and was beloved, and was happy, for these things slept. Oh! that they had slept forever!

Eva Heffernan's eyes were as blue and deep as a midsummer's sky. Her face was an open, joyous face. Her heart was a well of affection for her husband, and of pride. Alas! that she wished all to love him, that she wished the world to be proud of him. They might have continued happy there. Around them a smiling, fertile land, rich with all flowers and golden fruits. Filled with the ruins of old time, every stone

a history, every creeping ivy vine, and green moss a lesson of what has been and must be. Behind them, their cottage, a little Eden. Before them, the storied Rhine. They might have been happy.

"Tell me a story, Claude."

"A story, Eva? Well, what shall it be about? Shall I rebuild one of those old towers, and bid fair ladies smile and gallant knights do peerless deeds, for your pleasure?"

"No; I am not in the mood for tales of chivalry to-day."

"Shall it be of fairies, or of Rubezahl, or the wild Huntsman?"

"No; old Gertrude, in the village yonder, can boast you there too, easily."

"Shall it be then, some of my wild college pranks?"

"Your wild pranks!" and she looked at him whom she had known ever so gentle and so good, with an incredulous smile.

"Well then, I must go to my books. Shall I tell you a story of Aleric or Attila. Or a legend of the old Greek; how Phœon left his love; or how Anacreo won his bride, when the Poet proved greater than the Tyrant?"

"That, Claude! that!" she cried, and her eyes sparkled. "Tell me of the greatness of the poet!"

Claude Heffernan's smile had sadness in it. Often had his wife spoken to him of fame and the pride of the Poet; and often had she urged him to take Ambition to his heart, until his face began to grow more thoughtful, and his dreams were sometimes of other things than her.—He noticed now how eagerly she caught at anything that approached her favorite subject, and this caused the sadness in his smile.

But he broke in a mood half of mockery and half rhapsody, into a story. And when it was finished, Claude Heffernan and his wife went hand in hand to their cottage home, and as they went she spoke to him of the might of the Poet.

CHAPTER II.

"Thought came too quick,
 And whirled her brain to madness;
 Her's was a frenzy that disdained to rave,
 Even when they came her in the hope to save." BRON.
 "—Now I feel my spirit
 Bitterly stirred, and—say lift up thy brow,
 It is thine own voice echoing to thine ear,
 And thou dost pray to hear it.
 I must unto my work and my stern hours!
 Take from my room thy harp, and books and flowers!" WILLIS.

THE STUDENT'S STORY—THE PROMISE.

Then the gentle evening star came out in the quiet blue heaven, and looked down upon earth to see whatever should happen in her watch.—There were buths in the cottage and deaths in the lordly mansion. Pumped luxury was sickening on its soft couch; and the riot of wild mirth echoed from the squalid huts of poverty. The good man did his charity unseen, and the criminal pursued his course unnoted. One left a dirk in his enemy's heart, and no one suspected him—he was wealthy and high in station. One dashed through the crackling flames, and rescued a blue-eyed child—soon all looked cold upon him and shunned him—he was very poor. An old man, bowed with years and starvation, laid down on a marble step and died. The owner of that step had risen on his downfall.—Ac was quaffing the red wine.

And the gentle evening star noted these things in silence; and, when her watch was over, told them unto God.

Claude Heffernan stood by the window of his library, looking out upon the scene, now all glorious with the presence of the night. Without all was peaceful, serene and still. Within, the eye rested on all that comfort or elegance could desire. There were busts of the Poets and Sages of old and of modern time. The blind, deep-furrowed face of Homer; the satyr features but god-like forehead of Socrates; the high, clear brow of Shakespeare, and many others. A few choice pictures hung upon the wall; a droll group from Teniers; a sunny landscape from Claude Lorraine, a full-eyed Madonna from the Spanish Murillo. There were books of poetry, of the sciences of the elder day; of modern Romance; of pure philosophy; of the changing history of man. There were a few choice flowers, a white jessamine, lilyacines and monthly roses. On a table of inlaid ebony stood a reading lamp; but its deep, close shade flung all its light upon a little space of the table, and no ray from it lit the room. A harp stood at the side of this, and by it sat Eva Heffernan. She leant on the instrument and her fingers touched the

strings unconsciously, for her thoughts were on her husband. The full moonlight streamed into the long casement. Eva rose and drew nigh her husband.

"Claude, I have kept you to myself too long. I have made you live as if for me alone. You must live for others, Claude; your wife must be proud as well as happy."

"Eva!"

"Yes, Claude, I know your power and your learning. I know that eloquence can flow from your lips; that your pen has a spell that would thrill the hearts of mankind. These powers have slept for me. It shall be your wife's voice that awakens them, Claude!"

"Beautiful, I am happy. Can I be more?"

"Yes, my husband, you can be great. You have no right to hide within you, the greatness of your mind."

"Eva, do not tempt me."

"Yes, I will tempt you, Claude. If your wife's voice has any power it shall move you. If I have deserved anything for my love, for my unchanging, youthful love. If I have forgotten my worship of Heaven in an idolatry for you! by these I will tempt you; by these I will pray you to be illustrious, to be great!"

"Eva, do you remember Claude Ulric, my old classmate, and namesake? He fell the victim of unbridled thought. I saw him when he dwelt in his cold, damp cell; he remembered me and gave me a paper. I will read it to you, my Eva."

She looked up at him; his voice sounded so strangely; low and mournful, but very sweet. She watched him as he drew the curtains and shut out the moonlight. Then going to his escritoire, he drew a paper from it and seated himself by the table. His wife sat opposite to him, but could not see his face. The lamp shade threw all the light on the book beneath, and in the same sweet voice, but even lower and sadder, he read the manuscript of his old classmate, as follows:

"My father died a maniac; and it was when I was a little child, and knew nothing about it: but I used to wonder, sometimes, that whenever a little wild or boisterous in my play, my mother would call me to her, and speak to me with gentle words, and soothe me, and I used to look up into her eyes, and watch the large tears trickling down, until the drops gathered in my own. And now, sometimes, I think I am a little boy again, and I stand beside my mother's knee and listen to her tones once more, and I weep and am happy."

"I had a sister, seven or eight years my elder—a beautiful, dark-eyed sister. Sweet Mary, you were too gentle even to harm the worm that fed upon your flowers! I have seen her brush off the insects, and softly place them on some broad-leaved tree. Well, they told me that Mary was soon to be married; and I remember going to her knee, and looking up in her face, and asking her if it were true; and I wondered why her face grew so flushed, as she bent down to kiss me; and why she cried; and yet, I thought she looked happy too. Soon came my new brother. He was beautiful too: he had the same dark eyes, and the same dark hair as my sister; and when I watched him, and saw how his eyes sparkled when Mary came, and how his cheek paled and flushed when she sang him some sweet old song; and how he seemed to think there was no pleasure my where but at her side: then I loved him; for I knew that Mary would be happy with him."

"One day they had been out riding; and when they came home, Clarence was very pale, and had a headache. He went to bed early. Late that night, as I was sitting by my little room window, wondering at the stars, I heard a fearful shriek, which seemed to come from his room. I ran in, and there stood all in the house about my sister; she lay on the floor, motionless and pale, and I knew she had fainted, for I had seen my mother faint before. I wondered why Clarence did not rise to help her. For I saw him on the bed in his riding dress, just as he had come in; so I went up to him, and took his hand; but I let it drop, it was so very cold; but I climbed upon the bed and looked into his face, and it was as white as marble, and the eyes were closed; and his dark hair, which was damp when I touched it, hung all over his forehead. Then my mother came to me, and told me that Clarence was dead; and I looked up in her face and laughed, and would have spoken, but that there came another shriek, and Mary sprang to the bedside, and tore her long beautiful hair—and screamed. Oh! my God! those screams are ringing through my brain yet! Well, Clarence was buried, and they told me that Mary was mad."

"There were strong men came, I know, and bound up her beautiful form in some strange machine; and once in her room, I heard her shrieks, and the sound as of a lash. They told me that the men were whipping her. Lashing my gentle, beautiful sister! I sat down outside the door, and thought my heart would break. After a time, she died."

"Soon, my mother called me to her bedside, and told me that her heart was broken; and she kissed and blessed me and died. They told me I was an orphan!"

"Many a year passed on—and I was a man; young, but a passionate, soulful man."

"One evening I was visiting, and the talk was of madmoes. Many a strange story was told, many a fearful tale of lunacy and sorrow. And I laughed and jested and parodied the stories, but for all that they thrilled me like fire. There was a fair girl there, who, I thought looked like my sister when she was most beautiful. There was the same polished brow, the same strange, dark eyes, the same gentle smile; and when I seemed listening attentively to the narrator, my eyes were fixed on her. And when I came to my abiding place—for my father, mother and sweet sister were in heaven, and I had no home—I knew that I loved her."

"I sought her society continually. Many a strange remark I made, many a wild fancy I uttered; and the old called it a boy's romance, and told me it would all fade away, as I grew older; and that I would become calm and indifferent as themselves. I listened respectfully, but when I was alone again, I laughed that they should think that my wild thoughts, my burning brain, my mad soul, would ever be tamed! I felt, I knew that nothing save love could tame them, and God denied me that!"

"Oh! how I set my heart upon that fair girl; even at her side, never tired of gazing on her, and very happy when I could hear the music of her voice."

"She might have loved me, by and by; but one night they told me she was ill, and the next, she was in heaven."

"I am in a cold, stone-walled cell; and, through my iron-grated door, I see the plying face of a woman, looking on me; and a beautiful little girl; and the child points to me and speaks to her mother, and I know by the motion of her lips, she is answering, that I am mad."

"When Claude finished, he arose, and taking the shade from the lamp, looked upon his wife, from whose eyes the big tears were falling. His face was pale as death, and on his brow was a strange moisture. He pressed his white lip passionately to her forehead."

"Eva, I will win you fame!"

CHAPTER III.

"In silence and in midnight, fast his page the student turned,
And ever nearer towards its close the emblem taper burned.
And quickly moved the rapid pen, beneath that flickering ray,
But faster than the lines were traced, the young heart went away."
Miss Fosses.

THE FIRST LABOR.

Pass we over a month or two, and we stand again in the study of Claude Heffernan. How often do we wish for that which when granted brings us but self-reproach and bitter sorrow. The wild hopes of fanciful youth,—the half-vague prayers of the imaginative; how much better unfulfilled,—how much happier unlistened to. With all the pertinacity of woman's heart, aided by the fancy of youth, strengthened by passionate fondness, excited by light resistance, had Eva Heffernan besought her husband to seek fame. And how grieved was he at her wish: he knew better its dangers and its cares; he sighed to give to it the energies that had been exercised in affection; he feared to leave the brightness that now shone around him,—to turn from the beautiful spirit of happiness who now cradled him in her arms. But he had been unaccustomed to refuse anything to his wife,—unwilling to deny her slightest request. He saw how her heart was bent on it; his insight into the 'to-come' showed him only darkness and misery, and therefore his compliance came with agony and bitter, fearful thought. "Eva, I will win you fame!"

And now look at him as he bends over his papers, the long, dark hair dashed carelessly back from his face,—the lips without a smile, and pressed close together; the cheek sunken and pale; the eye hollow, and the thin hand nervous and trembling. Before him many an old volume,

and the paper over which his quick pen moved. Around him the confusion that speaks of the student. At his right hand the silver box of opium.

As his wife enters, he merely raises his eyes, and then turns them again to his task. She touches his arm, and as he looks up, points to the watch lying at his side. It is an hour past midnight.

She, too, is paler and less happy than when we saw her first. Her entreaties have conjured up that on which she shudders to look. Her prayers have made him what he is now. It is for her he is seeking fame. Is she happier for it? Oh, how willingly, how rapturously, would she recall him from the pursuit of the giddy, too, ambition. Lady! lady! Sorrow the Alchemist, will mix silver with thy sunny hair. Sorrow the reaper will gather in his harvest of many tears.

"Claude, it is an hour after midnight. Will you not come to sleep?" "I am busy now, Eva——" and he looked up and saw the tears standing in her eyes, and added, "Go yourself, love! you look jaded, and in need of rest."

Oh! if he had known how many an hour she had hung over him, and wept at his feverish sleep, and listened to his distempered mutterings! He turned and made a roll of the castoreo drug,—the wondrous opium,—that which soothes and excites at once.

"Do not, Claude,—do not, my husband, take any more of that. Forgive me,—forgive me! for I am bitterly punished for my wishes. Come to rest, Claude, for I will not go without you."

So he suffered her to take the poison from his hand, and retired to dream of fresh toil for the morrow.

By Monday, the task he had been engaged at was finished. He looked over its pages; it had cost him many a weary hour, but it seemed new so unsatisfactory and worthless to him, that he crumpled it in his hand, and dashed it passionately to the ground. Then he paced up and down the room hastily, to build another frame of toil—again to be disappointed.

CHAPTER IV.

My, I grieve for thee:
I care not that the evening forest sweep
My dreams, my hopes into the hungry sea.
But thou to want and weep!
Thou by my hand to penury to be brought—
God! there is burning madness in the thought!

TRIALS.—THE LOVE OF A WIFE.

When Claude Hefferman yielded compliance to his wife's request, he resolved that nothing should stay his search for Fame. No thought of the outer world should come to steal away his powers from their task of study; to chase the divine effluvia that brought such glorious dreams. His wife's and his own money had yielded enough to satisfy their moderate wants, and it was a light employment to collect the interest that it brought, and served to vary the "even terror" of his life. But when he addressed him to toll, he must think no more of this,—he could spare no day to attend it. It must be given to another.

All their little fortune was reposed in the hands of a merchant at Ration-bon, who had full powers to invest it as he judged best.

So, one morning, a few months after the time of our last seeing him, a letter brought him word that the house had failed. Failed and lost—all both its own and that entrusted to it by another.

While he read this letter his wife observed his features, and saw the palor stealing over them, cold and ashy as that of death.

"Claude, what is it?"

But when he looked upon her and thought how that thin cheek might become still more emaciated by want; how that beautiful form, that had been a pleasant thing to look upon so long, must fall away and lose its lissomeness and its grace, it choked him, and he could not tell her.

Their little daughter, too, the sole hope of their young hearts, lay sick now. Who was to purchase the thousand little comforts so needed in the sick room. Who pay the physician,—that good Samaritan, who heals and is well paid for it. Claude Hefferman looked round upon his books, and grew yet paler. That night he told his wife that they were ruined. And it was then he saw how even his idolatry of love was deserved by her. Poverty is the true trial of woman's affection. Friends are the ephemera that live only to the golden sunshine; the brother turns cold, but the wife wraps her warm fondness round the unfortunate, and keeps away the coldness of the storm. Beautiful is the wife's love when

all else has forsaken! It is the moss that clings to the withered root and the cold grey rock.

And for the poet and student who hath no wife, and no hope of a wife, better, ten thousand-fold better, that he should die.

"The books and hush will bring something, Claude," said Eva, "and your writing must soon be repaid: and, Claude, I can embroider and paint, and do a thousand things, and we can be well and happy yet."

He could not answer her.

They went together to the bedside of their child, and she smiled and put up her arms to her mother, and drew her down to her little mouth, and kissed her.

"Are you better, darling?" asked her father.

"Yes, I have no pain now, and I feel almost well. I have been dreaming of angels, father." And as he looked upon her, he saw the beautiful light of immortality gathering on her brow, and he knew that her God was near to take away their treasure. All that night the student and his wife sat by the bedside; and the pain returned, and the little sufferer's frame was racked with convulsions, and the low moan broke from the discolored lips, but the beautiful light rested ever upon the sweet face, and every glance told her parents that she knew and loved them. And then the struggle ceased, and the long breathings came; and when the morning broke, she raised her arms to her father's neck, and kissed him, and bade him "Good bye!" and whispered her mother to put her arms round her. Eva did so, and laid her child's head upon her bosom; and thus she smiled and died.

Eva Hefferman murmured amid her tears, "Father, thy will be done!" but her husband looked up to heaven, and strove hard, but his heart could not say it. He looked forward with the prophetic vision of sorrow into the far land of the future,—saw the coming of despair,—and he could not thank the God who gave it, or say that it was best. Do not blame him, till you too have suffered uncomplaining!

CHAPTER V.

Tis all too late to stay the blast,
The wreck is on the shore—
He cannot gild the darkened path
With hope for days in store.

HOPE'S ANSWER.

A second time the task was finished. And now, at his wife's promptings, Claude Hefferman sent the manuscript to Ration-bon, to a publisher; and here he might hope. Had he not an education? Were not the languages and lore of the olden days familiar to him as his own? Had he not the pen of the ready writer—the gift of flowing words? What should he fear. And the letter of answer was opened joyously; Eva leaning over her husband with the first smile of hope that had brightened her face for long, weary months.

And they read in that letter "that the MSS were excellent, capital, displaying learning and taste, but——"

Should he go on?

"But really there was no demand for works of fiction, the market was overstocked," &c., &c. And he must decline publishing, and was his obedient servant."

Poor Claude Hefferman! The toll they had cost him. Why, it was his life-blood,—the strength of his body and soul; the effort of his mind to benefit his wife, his last hope on earth. It was this that went to market, and could find no purchaser. Poor Claude Hefferman.

"My wife! my wife!" he muttered, forgetting her presence—"I shall go mad! My heart is breaking."

"Claude, my husband, do not speak so. I am with you. Do you forget your songs to me, or were they all but idle flattery?"

"Eva, my own beloved wife,

Gentle and beautiful!

The brightness thou hast given to life,

No cloud but death's can dull.

Though thick the storms of grief or grieve,

Around my pathway fall,

I'll turn me, darling, to thy smile,

And lightly bear them all."

"Yes," he cried, springing up and flinging her from him, as she tried to wind her arms around his neck—"yes, those songs. Why did I ever waste time or strength upon so idle a support as letters. I have loved

the labour; and it fails me now. And you! you madden me! Must I see you pining, want and poverty? Must I lay you in a pauper's grave, and crawl to your side there, Eva? God! God! It shall not be. I will win you bread. You shall not want. I will work,—I will sell my blood and life and heart for you, Eva. I will — Oh God, my head!"

And before his wife could reach him, the hot blood spouted from his mouth, and he fell. Eva watched by him till life returned. But he was a maniac.

CHAPTER VI.

"Sweet! I will win thee, fame!"
The student cried, and bent him to his toil—
The lamp of life was drained of its fair oil—
Yet none had heard his name.

"Weep not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest!"

THE CLOSE OF THE FANE-SEARCH.

It was high noonday, and from the middle-path of Heaven the great sun flooded the green earth with glory. The air, sweet with the breathings of a thousand flowers, wooed the senses; the murmur of bright waters spoke of coolness, and ever from the shade of grove and wood, up to the purity of the blue sky swelled the bird's midday song to their Creator.

Beautiful summer made glad the face of the earth. All nature seemed rejoicing. Bands of light-hearted youth and maidens cheered their walk with happy song and the music of flute and mandolin. The old man hobbled forth with the partner of his earlier years, and looking upward, blessed the God that bade him love so beautiful a day.

And in his cottage room, stretched upon the India cushions, and surrounded with the evidences of his study and his taste, lay the form of Claude Heffernan. Sleep was with him. Pale, oh! how pale and wasted, he lay there; with the dark curls straying over his forehead. With the thin, transparent cheek, and the lip that had lost its rose. But on that ruined face was the light of Heaven; the spiritual beauty that prophesied of death.

The door opened gently, but it waked the sleeper. His wife entered and drew near his couch; and he looked up into her face, and asked her if she was an angel, and told her that he was ready. Her eye had been tearful till now. But now, when she knew that the footsteps of death were near,—that he should not know her!—her who had watched by him so faithfully and so fondly,—who had loved him so dearly; who had bade him seek for fame!

"Claude! Claude, my husband! I have murdered you! Look up,—speak to me,—it is your wife,—it is Eva."

But he looked at her with the incredulous smile of madness.

"Oh! God!" prayed the wife, "do not let him die so!—without a word,—without a glance,—to tell me I am remembered and forgiven. I cannot,—I cannot bear this;" and covering her face with her hands, she knelt beside him. The big tear gushed through the slender fingers, and the bosom thrilled as if the agonised tenant would have burst forth.

And Claude Heffernan raised himself upon his elbow and gazed upon her, so easily and playfully; and then a smile spread over his features, and he bade his head back upon his pillow, and died.

And the lady stood by the side of that beautiful clay, and pushed away the curls from the white brow, and gazed fixedly upon him for a little while. Then she stooped and kissed the unanswering lips, and turned away, but she shed no more tears.

They buried him down on the sloping lawn before his house, close by the river side.

The cottage became the abode of strangers,—a traveller who had brought a young wife to seek for health on the banks of the Rhine. They were told that the nuns in the little convent of the village would hold a midnight mass for the dying, and they gained admission into the little chapel. And when the clock struck the hour, the black-robed nuns came in sad procession and stood around the altar; and the mass was celebrated; and then along the "dim, mysterious aisle" floated the low, sad music, as the sisters sang the

HYMN FOR THE DYING.

Here we wait the passing breath,
While our solemn wait is kept.
Sister! thou wilt welcome death,—
Thou hast suffered,—thou hast wept!

Savior! make the dark hour blest,—
Soothe the broken heart to rest!

Like a storm-rain, sorrows all
Fell on her defenceless head.
Now, 'tis time the star should fall,—

'Tis the rose's time to fade.
Savior! make this dark hour blest,—
Soothe the broken heart to rest!

She had bound her hope and life,
Up with one beloved heart;
Came the clay and spirit's strife:

And her bosom bled, to part.
But Savior! make this dark hour blest,
Soothe the broken heart to rest!

Though thou wert happy here awhile,
Quench'd now thy light, and gave thy flowers;
And we may meet thy gentle smile
No more in this cold world of ours.
But, Savior, make this dark hour blest,—
Soothe the broken heart to rest!

But before the hymn had ended, the heart of Eva Heffernan was at rest.

There is one changeless good on earth. It is the love of a truthful wife. He who has it not hath no hope but Heaven.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—Description of the arrival, at Dresden, of a remnant of Napoleon's army of Russia.—I was lately an eyewitness of a terrible scene. The regiment of body guard that acquitted itself so manfully at Minsk, has, in returning to Moscow, been altogether cut up, mostly by the frost. Of the whole regiment, only about seventy remain. Single bodies arrive by degrees, but, in the main in a most pitiable plight. When they reach the Saxon border, they are assisted by their compassionate countrymen, who enable them to make the rest of the road in some carriage or wagon.

On Sunday forenoon I went to the *Graben*, seen *Black*, and found a crowd collected round a car, in which some soldiers had returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of his ten fingers, and he showed us the black stumps. Another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks, for he wanted both ears and nose. Most horrible was the look of the third, whose eyes were frozen; the eyelids hung down, and the globes of the eyes were protruded out of the sockets. It was a awfully hideous, and yet a more hideous object was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully out, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were his features. The lips were rotted away, and the teeth exposed. He pulled the cloak away from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death-head. Then he burst out into wild laughter; began to give the command in broken French, in a voice more like the bark of a dog than anything human; and we saw that the poor wretch was mad from a frozen brain. Suddenly a cry was heard—"Henry! my Henry!" and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow, as if trying to recollect where he was—he then stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. A shuddering fever-fit came over him; he fell collapsed, and lay breathless on the straw. The girl was removed forcibly from the corpse. It was her bridegroom. Her agony found vent in the most horrible imprecations against the French and the Emperor, and her rage communicated itself to the crowd around her—especially the women, who were assembled in considerable numbers—they expressed their opinions in language the most fearfully frantic. I should advise no Frenchman to enter into such a mob; the name of the king himself would help him little there.—[*Reminiscences of the year 1813 in Germany.*]

HISTORY OF INFLUENZA.—The following account of the "rise and progress" of this prevalent disease will be interesting to our readers.

In 1580 it prevailed in Europe, and is spoken of as "a pestilential and epidemic cough." In 1743 (just a century since) it prevailed the world over, and received its present cognomen. In many districts in Europe, scarcely a family escaped. It appeared in April and went off in June. It was never fatal, except to aged persons or those affected with pulmonary disease. The French called it "*La Grippe*"—hoarseness. It appeared again in Europe and America, in 1762. Also 1775, when dogs and horses were also affected. In 1782 it was equally universal, and followed severe atmospheric changes. It met its victims on land and sea. In St. Petersburg, 40,000 were affected by it in one day. In 1830 it appeared again, and was followed by the cholera. In 1831 it succeeded that fearful disease. Its progress is like the progress of most epidemics, from east to west, and is preceded by great atmospheric changes.

utter indifference. I presume that this is a modification of that animal instinct implanted for the preservation of the young and the helpless—the instinct that devotes her to the Sickly, the Cripple, and the Idiot, because they most need assistance. How often do we see, even among the educated and the higher classes, that a mother will leave her well-conducted sons to fight through winter even difficulty unaided, while she bestows everything she can spare, and more than she can spare on a worthless child, who pursues his own pleasures with reckless profligacy, utterly indifferent to the misery he is creating.

On his mother he relied for aid; but how to reach her was the difficulty;—he dared not solicit food, for every one of the scanty population was aware of his crime; and although not acquainted with his person, they were thoroughly familiar with every difficulty which he would encounter in his district; consequently the mere fact of not being known was sufficient to excite suspicion, and the description of his person circulated by the Police was quite enough to turn suspicion into proof. Fortunately for him, it was now the latter end of the short summer—the peasantry of the lowlands were engaged with their harvest; but the cattle which are driven up to the pastures of the Alps till the approach of winter, had not yet descended to the plains, and he contrived now and then to obtain milk from the cows during the dark nights—running inconceivable risks from his ignorance of the localities, and from the furious dogs which are kept to guard the cattle. Sometimes he narrowly escaped a stray shot from a civilian sportsman, who, in his traverse of chamois hunting, would fire at random into the thick where he had seen the bushes stir; and he often owed his extraordinary agility and prowess.

Like the hunted hare, he at last approached his "For God's sake home, but Home to him no longer;—worn out with fatigue, wasted by hunger, he must have perished, had he not contrived to kill a lamb and drag it into the recess of a cavern, where, concealing his fire as well as he could, he contrived to roast a portion and satisfy his cravings, and he laid himself down to sleep—an indulgence which terror had long kept from his eyelids. He slept several hours, and woke fortified and vigorous. The sun was high in the heavens. He went out from under a cavern, scrambled up the rocks to the edge of a projecting cliff, which commanded a full view over the lovely landscape, and felt for the first time in his life the full pang of exaltation. In this beautiful land he might have lived in the enjoyment of every physical indulgence that man can need, respected and happy; he thought of the home he had disgraced, the hearts he had agonized, and he saw a rising affection for Julie, the daughter of their neighbor, who had so often so meekly and so valiantly endeavored to obtain a place in his heart. He had now, too, added another to his social crimes in stealing the lamb, and he knew that his dire necessities would be no plea in bar of punishment. His glance once more at the landscape, and tried to consider which way he should take to reach home. To the left was a deep ravine, or cleft in the mountain, produced by some great convulsion of nature, and across that ravine lay a wooded country which he thoroughly knew, and which he could traverse with safety; but the leap was too dangerous—he would not venture on almost certain destruction: there extended also in that direction an arm of the lake, but this he could have crossed by swimming—an exercise in which he was peculiarly expert. To the right, again, lay a fertile and almost level country; but he could see it occupied by numerous rapers and vine-dressers: he knew that in these serene nights they generally laid themselves down to rest in the fields, and he would be in danger of detection at every step: the distance was too great to be traversed in the few hours of darkness at this season of the year; and the moon, which would anticipate the dawn, would shorten it still more, and add to the danger. Once down in the plain, there was no place of concealment during the day; and he saw that he could not do it. His heart sunk within him as he burst into a flood of tears, and went down on his knees in the true spirit of penitence.

He rose from his knees calmed and consoled, and he set down to consider calmly what was to be done. The sun shone full upon him—his ideas began gradually to fade into confusion, and he once more fell asleep. How long he knew not; but he was awakened by the baying of dogs, and the sound of voices near the place where he lay; and he saw that it had been traced by the blood. He started to his feet—there was not a moment to lose: there was danger, great danger, in the attempt to leap the ravine; but the alternative was shame, and misery, and confinement for life in a dungeon. He was invigorated by his food, refreshed by his sleep; he waited but to take a few deep inspirations to quiet the throbbing of his heart, summoned up all his courage and strength, and by one bold and desperate effort leaped the descent of the bound—by the aid of the ravine; their voices gradually died away as they resumed their course towards the plain, and he had some hopes that he was in this instance not the object of suspicion.

As his terror subsided, however, he found that he had seriously injured his leg in the violent effort he had made, and that he was now unable to walk. He stopped, and the party were convinced of the impossibility of pursuing the course of the succulent berries, marched up into a sort of pulpit one of the darkness should favor his further proceedings.

When night came, his leg, though much relieved, was still too painful

to allow him to walk to the narrow part of the arm of the lake where he had intended to cross—there was, besides, no shelter on the opposite side to favor his concealment, and there would be yet many miles ere he could reach his home; he therefore determined to crawl down to that part of the ravine nearest to him, and make the bold attempt to cross it by swimming: he knew how to float, and trusted to his powers of endurance. To aid this he took off a large piece of the bark of a wadded pine, and putting it round his body like stays, hoped that with the aid of the buoyancy thus given, he should be able to rest from time to time in the water, without much effort, and thus cross in safety. Waiting till the time would just allow him to reach the edge of the water before daybreak, he tried to restrain the pain of hunger by eating the seeds of the fir cone, which had fallen from the trees. He reached his home, and it was yet dark, and lay down unable to rest himself before he should commence his arduous task of crossing the water.

The sun was beginning to show his rays in the Eastern sky, but the mountain he had just descended threw so deep a shadow nearly across the lake, that he would be perfectly safe from the eye of any one, till in the course of his voyage he should pass beyond it into the open sunshine. Against this danger he had invented a protection. He first divested himself of all superfluous portions of his clothing, and putting into them all the heavy articles contained in his pockets, he tied all up together with some large stones, and threw them into the lake, where he had the satisfaction to see them speedily sink, and leave no trace for his pursuers. He next went into the lake to try the effect of his Cuirass of Bark, and he found that it answered to his purpose admirably, and that he could sustain himself with his head above water without effort. He next wore a loose covering for his head of the smaller branches of the Alder; and trusted that in the latter part of his voyage, when he would be compelled to pass beyond the shadow of the mountain (now visibly slanting at every moment), he should, by dropping his legs, prevent only the appearance of a green bough which had casually fallen into the lake, and thus pass undetected.

All answered as he had expected, and he reached the other side of the lake in safety, and had the great satisfaction to find that his long immersion in the water (now thoroughly warmed by a July sun) had so much benefited his leg that he had no longer any difficulty in walking. The edge of the lake where he had landed was covered with bushes, and as he was now perfectly safe from pursuit he lay down in the shade and slept through the day—relieved by this means the pang of hunger.

When evening approached he commenced the last and most precious portion of his journey. He was now in a country where his face was known to every one, and the distance was almost too great to be passed in the few hours of darkness. With much labour, however, he succeeded in reaching his home before daylight—clambered into a hayloft where his mother was certain to come for food for the cattle—covered him self over with the hay, and waited for his arrival.

Soon after daybreak he heard his brother's step, and his agitation was almost beyond endurance. He now for the first time began to consider how he should be received—a thing which had not yet entered into his mind. That he would be given up to justice was out of the question, but would he be allowed the shelter of home? He at last summoned courage to leave his hiding place, and found his worst fears confirmed—his brother, so far from receiving him with affection, started from him with an expression of horror, and would not even allow him to come near. "You are the first of your race that has ever committed a crime like this, and you have brought shame on a family that has been without reproach since the birth of our Saviour." The boy could make no answer but tears; but faint with hunger he exclaimed, "For God's sake give me food, I have today not eaten for forty hours." His brother's heart was moved—he abstained from reproaches—fetched him food, and waited while he ate it—and then rising and assuming a countenance of severity to conceal his emotion, said, "Come with me into the barn, and I will pile the straw round you, and you will be safe for a time, till we can devise what is to be done. If you present yourself to your father in his present state of mind, he will kill you. Leave me to make your peace with him; he will be possibly just, but his heart is deeply incensed, and it will require time to overcome her repugnance to forgive you. You must be attempted gradually, or it will assuredly fail of success."

In this hiding-place the youth remained during the day, and it was not till past midnight that his brother ventured near him. He came without a light, and speaking in a low tone said, "The officers of justice have been here today, but they have only left the house, on hearing of the affair of a lamb, which has been found in the Cave—it is not doubted that you are the culprit, and they are gone in that direction to seek for you. I have not yet ventured to communicate the secret to your father or mother. Only your sister Julia yet knows it, and she is ill in bed. You must stay here for the present. In the morning I will break the affair to the family."

While before him he was compelled to be satisfied; the brother left him food and departed. All that night and the next day he remained alone, but in the evening the brother came as before with food. His countenance was sombre, his voice severe, and his words were few and cold. "May I not see my mother?" said the youth. "No," was the stern reply. "Nor my sisters?" "No; your father has forbidden it." "Then what am I to do?" "You will know by and by; I shall be with you again before midnight!" and he left the barn without a single word of kindness. "God help me!" said the boy. "What will become of me!" and he put aside the food untasted.

Not till nearly two in the morning did the brother return; he brought with him a dark lantern and materials for writing. "It is all arranged," said he; "your father will not see you himself, but he consents to allow your mother and sisters to see you, if you are willing immediately to leave the country—pass over to Morat, where there is a recruiting station for the King of Swabia, and there will be service under a fictitious name. If you agree to this provision, write down your consent forthwith, and you shall be admitted into the house." The young Carl gave the required written promise; but the voice of his brother was so unnaturally harsh and severe, that his heart sick with him. "If the sentiments of my mother and sisters are of my own, Adolphe, I sincerely wish to see them." "Do not deceive yourself, they bear you no affection," replied the brother; "and in consenting to see you, they are solely influenced by a wish to preserve the honour of the family." Two more hours elapsed, when the brother returned and conducted him into the house—no one was there to receive him—and he was proceeding to his own bed, when his mother stopped him. "Not that way," said he; "your bed is in the strong room." This was a room of which the walls were of thickness to defuse the effects of an ordinary fire, and was used to preserve the record and documents of the family, together with such pieces of valuable property as were not so constant. "Two men shall be here!" said Carl. "For safety," replied the brother. "Should the officers of justice come in search of you, there is a trap door, known only to your father and mother, through which you can escape."

In this room remained the young Carl till the following evening, when he was desired to descend to the parlour. His youngest sister, who was ill, had risen from her bed to see him, to embrace him, to cover his face with kisses, and express her warmest affection. "Do not come," said Carl, said she, "my mother tells me I must go to bed again, but you shall hear from me." She put into his hand a little purse of money, burst into tears, and as she left the room, said, "There is much to do to night, Carl, and I am not allowed to share in it. I hope all is for the best. Pray to God—Pray to God."

The mother gave way to no tenderness at the sight of her prodigal son; she hastened to lock his prison, and the relatives who had told him he might require on the journey, and which would serve to make him friends where he was going. It was in vain that he urged on her that those things were unnecessary, and above all, the heavy bag of dollars, as he supposed it to be, which she had fastened into the pocket of his jacket. "I shall have more than I want, mother, in the bounty money, and I thought to have sent back even a part of that, in the way of poor Julie's crippled mother. I shall not need this money; pray see it to them if you can take it." The mother seemed to be so deeply moved by his kind words, she persisted, however, in her task, and he, fearing to offend her still further, desisted from his efforts. "That is enough, mother," said the daughter, who was assisting her in the task of filling his pockets. "Time presses," added she, "and the car is ready." In vain did Carl endeavor, or, by those winning caresses with which he had formerly softened his mother's heart to his transgressions, once more to soothe her gloomy repining; she seemed to be so much soothed by his kind words, his firmness, and remained silent and absorbed. Carl knew that the load with which his pockets were filled, would seriously impede his march; but he saw that to make further opposition, or leave any of them behind, would still add to his mother's anger. He therefore allowed her to continue her task, determining to disembarass himself of the unnecessary weight as soon as he should be alone.

The brother, who noticed his chagrin, said, "It is of very little consequence, Carl; submit to your mother's will—you will have but a little way to go," said he; "when once out of the boat, it is but a few miles to Morat." Carl now learnt that two boatmen were engaged to ferry him across the lake of Morat, and that his brother would accompany him on the voyage. That he could not be delayed a single night, and that this night had been chosen because of the darkness, or he might have been all well and happy, and his mother would have been as usual.

At last the time arrived for the separation. The mother and sister remained as stoically cold as ever; and when, at the last moment, the poor youth exclaimed, "Well, mother, I have given you much uneasiness, but this is the last moment you shall ever have occasion to be ashamed of me—I will make myself a character, if God spare my life."—the face of the mother became convulsed with the force of suppressed emotion—twice she continued to subside, but twice stopped short and gave a cold shiver. The brother hurried him away. They found a conveyance ready to take them to the water-side, where they embarked on board a small boat, and pursued their way across the lake. All the efforts of the youth to engage his brother in conversation were fruitless; he preserved a gloomy silence. There was an oppressive heat in the air which forebode a storm, an occasional flash of lightning, and large drops of rain, at intervals. They had reached some time without exchanging a word, when young Carl suddenly started up and said, "I can breathe no longer, Adolphe, I am suffocated;—have you so loaded my pockets that I am weighed down—it was kind of my mother and sister thus to think of my wants when I should be far away from them; but I would rather have had a few tender words from them at parting (parting perhaps for ever) than all the presents they have pressed upon me."—Strange that I should be so cast off—thus I was not allowed to explain anything. I am guilty, I know, but not so guilty as they supposed. I did not intend to use violence to her. I believed my wine was drugged by the woman I had the misfortune to meet at the suberge, for I slept till the middle of the next day—it was too late to return; the following day I was infuriated—mad—I could not resolve to separate from her—she persuaded me to sell the

horse—it was the only means of enabling me to stay with her. I consented, but you know not the agony of remorse which took possession of me from that moment. Bitterly have I suffered. Surely you will forgive me, Adolphe, for you know the fascinations of a woman at my age, and you have yourself gone near to be guilty also. What, not then, Adolphe, not one word!—but when we are parting, perhaps all over, well—so be it, let her know I am gone—perhaps you may—let her know I am not so severe," and he relapsed into silence. "Good God! to suppose," said he, as a flash of lightning lighted up the face of his brother, and showed it livid and convulsed, "what is the matter with you? are you ill! your face is frightful!" "N-no," said Adolphe, "not ill, not ill—but this parting—this parting—is—too much for me." "Then you do feel for me, Adolphe," said Carl; "you will intercede with my mother, and let her know I am gone—perhaps you may." God knows I love her tenderly, and would sacrifice my life for her; but her sin is unpardonable, and it is in vain to plead with her at present; years must elapse before my stern father can be reconciled—perhaps never, for his whole soul is fixed on the honour of his family, which I have stained. I wish it were a time of war, Adolphe, then I might have a chance of distinguishing myself, and perhaps I might make a name on which he might dwell with pride—my own is lost to me for ever." Far ever," echoed Adolphe, and his hollow tone sank deep into the heart of his brother. Carl felt how much he had sacrificed, how vain the hope to re-establish himself, and he burst into tears.

"I cannot breathe, Adolphe," said he, rising in the boat, and endeavoring to take off his loaded garments; but his brother seized his arm—"Wait yet a moment," said he, pulling him down into his seat again; "I have something to say to you—something of the greatest importance; it is the last opportunity, and the moment will be here before you know it," added Adolphe, addressing the boatman: "It is so dark I can distinguish nothing." "Two thirds over," said one of the boatmen, "and near the deepest part of the lake." Carl had again risen and was trying to take off his heavy jacket; but before he could accomplish this, Adolphe exclaimed, "Now," and pushed him with the leg of his case. Carl seized his own sword to save himself, but his brother let go, and at the same moment one of the men seized his leg, threw him to his balance, and in an instant he was in the water, sinking with rapidity.

"I thought your courage would have failed," said the ruffian who had aided in the murder. "Why did you let the fellow go on with his gable? I was inclined to do it without you. If he had continued his talk, your heart would have turned to butter; he has a tongue to melt the Devil himself, had he once suspected our purpose." The ruffian then heaved a sigh, and as he bent over the side, he saw the surface of the water; "I knew he was a desperate swimmer—pull away, pull hard, out of his reach!" at the same time striking at the poor victim with his oar; the distance was, however, too great to inflict a serious blow; it only knocked off his cap and cut a wound in his forehead, and he sank once more out of sight. "It is over," said the brother—"it is over," and he sank back fainting on the bench. Scarcely had he done so, when his brother, who had remained by the side of the boat, rose up, and once more raised himself to the surface, and he saw by the faint light of the moon the blood streaming down his face. With furious and desperate struggles he was trying to keep himself afloat, while he put forth the most passionate appeal for mercy. "Oh save me, save me, brother—let me live and repent—Oh God, soften his heart." Then with one hand trying to buffet the water, with the other he endeavored to lighten the load in his pockets; they were firmly sewed up, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, he screamed "Oh! my mother, my mother! my pockets, my pockets! Oh save me, save me, brother." The brother's heart, steeled as it had been by the stern arguments of his father—hardened by family pride—and the dictates of nature perverted by a distorted sense of honor, was not proof against such an appeal. He was now as anxious to save him as he had been to secure his destruction. "Row to him," said he, "do not resist me; I will save him, and he shall be seized on and piled it vigorously. Carl was making his last desperate struggle. Adolphe held out his hand to save him, but the boatman exclaiming, "We have gone too far to draw back," raised his oar aloft, and with one furious blow split the poor victim's skull, and he sank to rise no more.

To rise no more! Be not too sure of that, tigers; and, above all, you two miscreants who have undertaken this horrid deed for hire. For you too are no miscreants! The others have done it, and you, every moment in the perversion of judgment which influences the members of the holy brotherhood of the Inquisition; but for you there is no palliation. Woe to you in this world and in the next! The deed was shrouded in darkness, but it was not permitted to remain so. The three criminals on a woe! their way back; but this deed was scarcely complete when the storm which had so long threatened, now burst forth in all its fury. Long did they struggle against the violence of the wind and waves, every moment in danger of being overwhelmed; their efforts weakened by their terrors at the idea of being sent to give account of their recent wickedness. All night did they buffet with the storm. As morning dawned it began to clear away, and they reached the shore in safety—but not before the surrounding country was astir, and hundreds were witness of their arrival. This ultimately led to their detection. Were not this dreadful deed recorded in the proceedings of a court of justice, and were it not for the possibility of an act so atrocious, from motives apparently so inadequate. That a mother could be so far from all the instincts of nature, as to sanction the assassination of her son to preserve the honor of the family—no merely to acquiesce in the stern decree of her husband—but with her own hands to manufacture the instruments

of destruction, and this under the pretext of promoting the comfort and happiness of the unsuspecting victim; this seems so repugnant to the feelings and experience of mankind, that any loss testimony would not suffice to produce conviction. Yet there is a circumstance more extraordinary, if possible, than even this; and that is, that instead of inspiring horror among the people of the district, the deed had their entire approbation.

The laws of this little native divide crimes into two classes; one of which is supposed to be entirely expiated by the punishment awarded, and when this punishment has been duly endured, the offender may not even be taunted with the act; against the man who should allude to it in his presence, there is a heavy penalty of fine and imprisonment. The sinner that passes through his penitentiary, and he stands completely reprobated, as such a thing he had never sinned. The other class of offences, however, implies infamy for life; and no subsequent good conduct can efface the stain, or render the man again eligible for any of the duties of citizenship. Horse-stealing is in this latter category, and therefore was it that the family of this unhappy youth had their one predominant idea of such intensity as to overcome all the feelings of Nature, and make even murder seem justifiable to preserve them from overwhelming disgrace.

The part of the lake selected for this deed of horror, was one which seemed to offer the most perfect security from detection; the great depth of the water, the lead and iron which were secured to the person of the victim, and the texture and material of which his clothes were composed, seemed to afford so assurance that the body would remain at the bottom till long after decomposition should be complete, and all possibility of recognition impossible. The water should be aided by the fishes which abound there. There was only one point at which the lake was accessible, and this was several miles from the spot where the murder had taken place—memorable from having been the scene of the destruction of the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, (husband of Margaret of York, sister to our Edward IV.), which was entirely defeated by the Swiss at the battle of Morat, and driven into the lake. A tree planted a few days afterwards in the centre of the village, to commemorate the event, is now one of the remarkable objects of the district. I saw it still growing luxuriantly after a lapse of four hundred years, of great magnitude, and likely to live half a dozen centuries more.

The heretics which had gone so near to destroy the murderers, had produced so violent a disturbance on the lake as to throw the body on shore at this place—it was soon recognized, and a rigid search instituted for the assassin. The dead pockets so soon completely fanned, and the dreadful chasm in the skull, put out of the question the first suggestion of the possibility of suicide—the boatmen and the victim's brother, who had been seen leading the morning after the storm, were arrested and interrogated—the explanation they had given of the purport of their midnight voyage was found to be false—they confessed their guilt—the whole was discovered—and the officers of justice proceeded to arrest father, mother and child, and committed them to prison to take their trial for this most unnatural and incoercible crime.

On the trial the father undertook his own defence, and in an eloquent and impassioned oration boldly claimed for himself the patriarchal right of life and death; repudiated every form of government which had existed in his country for two thousand years, and declared that the original rights of his race to govern themselves in their own way, though long in slavery, had never been abandoned. That he knew he must submit to punishment, but that his conscience acquitted him of guilt; were the same circumstances to come over again, he should act in the same manner: that he had inflicted on his son such a punishment as the crime deserved; and that he had been only inflicted secretly because his race was for the present under coercion, subjected to a government which they could not resist, and which they therefore outwardly obeyed, but under a permanent protest: that had it been practicable he would have preferred that the deed should have been done openly, in the presence of his clan, but that this would have betrayed the crime, and contaminated the disgrace of his family; and that he gloried in the self-command which enabled him to subject his feelings as a father to his duties as a patriarch—but his family being now irretrievably disgraced, he was therefore quite indifferent to his fate.

He was condemned to a solitary confinement, which, at his age, was conformable for life. His wife and family to periods varying from twelve to eight years, according to the degree in which they were supposed to have been under the influence of the father; and, I think, the boatmen were subjected to the same punishment as the chief.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told: criminals in that country, as in many others, before they are finally incarcerated to endure the penalty which they have incurred, are exposed to public gaze on a raised platform (a kind of pillory), for the space of one hour, with a record of their crime placed conspicuously over their heads.

Such was the process in the present case; but when the culprits were placed on the scaffold, a universal shout of execration arose from the mob of several thousand persons who surrounded it. It appeared that these people were from the district where the culprits resided, and had walked all that distance to testify their disapprobation at the punishment inflicted for an act which they did not acknowledge to be a crime. The excitement was so great, that notwithstanding the presence of a regiment of federal soldiers, it was feared a rescue would be attempted; and that, in the state of fury to which the populace had worked themselves up, such an attempt could not be suppressed without much bloodshed. Within ten minutes of the commencement of the exposure on the scaffold,

fold, the culprits were all taken down and conveyed to prison—not without some difficulty, however; for the bystanders made every effort to prevent it from coming into absolute collision with the soldiers.

And this is the nineteenth century. An foot right in saying, that the degree of civilization varies with the locality, and that you may go back through all its phases, if you direct your steps to the different parts of Europe!

BARNABAS JUST, THE TALLYMAN.

THERE is a spot in the centre of what was London, but now in the far east, if spoken of with reference to Eaton-square and Buckingham Palace. It bears the unclassical name of Cow-cross. The property, however, of the name, cannot be disputed, for it is in the immediate neighborhood of that difficult-to-be-removed market called Smithfield—the field of glory to Mr. Martin—also; for that I should have to write the late Mr. Martin—umquillo M. P., for Galway.

How he would rush into a crowd of infamously dressed as they were goading an over-driven ox, and making him progress by beating him jealously over the back. How he would seize on the greatest brute of the lot—did not mean the ox, but the man—and in spite of all opposition, drag him up to the nearest magistrate, put in force his own act against him, assuring his worship that "the laziest there that calls himself a man, would have murdered the other brute instantly altogether if he had not been there to interfere in his behalf."

Well, in Cow-cross stood a large, long, murky shop. You might have guessed it, by the narrow window, composed of small panes of muddy, dusty glass, for ages before you could have made up your mind as to the nature of the trade carried on within. You might have fancied that it was the habitation of a pawnbroker—the universal *paravus* or *aravulus* of the lower orders—for, as far as the dinginess of the glass would enable you to see, it was filled with every description of portable property. There were pistols, guns, and swords; mathematical instruments of all kinds; watches and jewellery; clothes of all sorts, for masculine gentlemen, feminine ladies, and juveniles of both sexes; writing-desks, dressing-gowns; cutlery of all sorts; a large assortment of toys; boots and shoes innumerable; paint boxes and pictures; children's books, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Yet it was not what is termed by the initiated, the nephews and nieces of the aforesaid uncle, a *pop-shop*. If you gazed above the shop-front, you would see a broad, black board, in white letters indistinctly written, Barnabas Just, Tallyman. And what is a tallyman? asks every inquisitive reader.

Let him or her—M. or N. as the case may be—follow that not very respectable old lady into the shop, and he or she will see a little into the nature and objects of tallymaning.

She is the wife of a hard-working artisan—a watchmaker at Clerkenwell—and she wears a new gown to appear at such an establishment, whether she has made up her mind to go. She cannot command the seven shillings necessary to pay for the new gown at the linen-draper's, so she goes to Mr. Barnabas Just, and agrees to give him fourteen shillings for the same article, and to pay for it by weekly instalments of one shilling each, which she contrives to secrete out of the sum allowed her by her Goodman for the expenses of the house. When she paid more than the real value of the article, she is allowed to carry it away, and a collecting clerk calls weekly upon her for the payment of the shilling.

Such is a brief sketch of the nature and objects of this most abominable business, which does more to demoralize and ruin the lower classes than a Tom and Jerry, uddly-wink, or gin-shop. They can obtain anything, from a pair of list-shoes, to a court-dress; by a brass shirt-pin to a diamond tiara, if they are willing to pay double its value for it by weekly instalments.

Over such an establishment Barnabas Just had presided for many years—and though his establishment was, of necessity, an expensive one, his profits had been so great, his instalments so regularly paid up, that he was a wealthy man. He was tired of his business, and resolved to take an active partner, and become a sleeping one himself. He wanted fresh air; he felt smoky and dingy, and resolved to retire to the heights of Highgate, Hampstead, or Finchley, and get his body purified from the sulphuretted hydrogen gas of the city end of the metropolis.

He had but little difficulty in effecting the objects he had in view. His foreman found the amount necessary for buying himself into half the concern. An advertisement in the *Times* readily procured him a house near Finchley Common, and while he was engaged in furnishing the house, and arranging the grounds, buying a carriage and horses, and hiring servants, Barnabas was a happy tallyman. He did not pay by instalments, but drew with the money at once, and took a liberal discount for "the ready."

When the place was properly fitted for his final reception, and he had given the usual house warming dinner to his city friends, Barnabas began to feel himself an unhappy tallyman. He could not buy happiness or even enjoyment for ready money, or pay for it by instalments. He was very much surprised at it.

He worked in his garden, rode out in his carriage, had a nap before dinner, and another after, drank the best of wines—as far as port and sherry went—smoked his pipe in an arbour of his own architecture, and retired early to bed; yet he was cruelly dull. He could not read; he hated writing; moreover, he had no one to write to, and nothing to write about, save to his partner and about the tally-trade. His only pleasure, real pleasure that is, during the six working days, was to muse

and meditate upon the chances of which and what number of his friends would get off the Finchley stage at the Baldiford Stag on the following Sunday, in order to be in time for his well-earned dinner-table. How he wished every day in the week was a Sunday!

Even these Sunday dinners ceased to amuse him. He saw the same faces over and over again, only reflected now and then by some strange countenance, the effluvia of some friend whom one of his old friends "had taken the liberty of bringing with him, as he know'd his old friend Barnabas, didn't stand upon no sort of ceremony."

Moreover, although these old friends ate heartily of his beef and plum-pudding, drank of his porter and port wine, they never invited him to return their visits. Perhaps they thought as he did not stand upon ceremony, he could have come uninvited if he pleased. Perhaps they had good grounds for supposing that he was sick of London, and preferred remaining at his very pretty place in the country.

Barnabas was resolved to cut the connexion effected between the City and Finchley through the medium of the Finchley stage. He did not like to warn his friends of his manner formally, or to put up a notice that steel-traps and spring-guns would hereafter be set on his premises to catch or shoot his Sunday visitors. He manoeuvred, and succeeded in his manoeuvres.

He went down to Margate for a fortnight, and left word with his housekeeper to tell every one that called, that he had gone into the country, for an indefinite term, and put all his servants on board wages. He felt that this would have the desired effect. He knew that not one of his dear friends would pay more than a halfpenny toll at the toll-bar on Sundays at two o'clock, at the Baldiford Stag, and then come down by the Finchley stage. He was right. Two stages full inside and out—two ordinary's at the little wayside inn did the business. On the third Sunday the stage was empty, and the inn deserted. The experiment had succeeded.

Barnabas returned to his home. Previously to his return, he had given his partner a hint that he should be glad to see him whenever he liked to come down, but that he was not at home to those who had shown so thoroughly a contempt for the system of reciprocity which ought to be held sacred in matters of hospitality.

Barnabas enjoyed himself alone—that is, with his old housekeeper—for two successive Sundays. The third came, and he began to regret that he had discouraged the visits of his friends. He gave his partner a special invitation for the fourth Sunday, but as he talked of nothing but tallmanning, of which he was truly tired, Barnabas did not ask him to repeat the visit.

All at once it struck him, and hit him very hard too, that his home was not so enjoyable as it ought to have been, simply because he had not a wife to share it with him. He consulted with his housekeeper, who rather promoted his views on the subject, until she discovered from the tenor of his remarks, that he had no intention of promoting her to the head of his table.

Then she "went on the other tack," as the sailors say, and threw out many hints of marriage being a mere lottery, more blanks than prizes—the odds being ten to one you did not get even a sixteenth of a five-pound prize, and about a million to one you did not get the highest prize in the wheel.

Her remarks, however, came too late. The elegance she had displayed in promoting his views as long as she thought that she might be Mrs. B. J., was of too forcible a character to be obliterated by her feeble after-thoughts. Barnabas resolved to get married, and Becky felt that the whole and sole control of butchers' and grocers' bills, soap and candles, bread, flour, and kitchen stuff, was gone from her for ever. She began to look out for another place, well knowing that no married lady would permit a bachelor's housekeeper to remain in her service after the honeymoon was over.

Barnabas had but a very limited acquaintance in the female world. He had never been domestically received into his friends' families. The civilities he had received from them previously to his retirement, had generally been displayed in the dining or supper rooms of certain favorite taverns where they were wont to resort to play and receive bits of rumps and dozens, or legs of mutton and trimmings.

He resolved, however, to make a call on his friends' houses, and examine their establishments and the female companions they contained. He began with the wealthiest first—though to do him justice, Barnabas was not a mercenary man—still he thought a little money with a wife was not objectionable. He made his calls but except in two instances where he found only a housekeeper, like his Becky, presiding, he was not invited further than the back shop. Had he only given one hint to any one of his friends that he was exploring on a voyage of matrimony, every house, from garret to drawing-room, would have been thrown open to him; every daughter and son would have been proud to do him proper homage, brought before him for inspection and approval.

Becky, to whom he confided the result of his calls, after trying to induce him to remain single, and finding her attempts unsuccessful, suggested to him that he should give a dance and invite all his friends and their families. This had the desired effect. Glass-coach after glass-coach deposited its burdoo of ladies, varying from sixteen to sixty, at the door of his house, and the ball was fully furnished with guests. Barnabas was a happy tallman in prospect.

Becky gave a hint of the object which her master had in view, when he gave out the tickets for the ball, to one of his oldest friends. The news flew like wildfire—faster than a pigeon from Epson to Liverpool or Manchester, and Barnabas found himself the nucleus of the ball-room,

with ladies radiating from him in all directions, of all ages, heights, and complexions. He grew alarmed. His merits were so suddenly and so effectively placed before him, that instead of believing himself, as he had hitherto done, to be a respectable, plain-looking, ill-dressed middle-aged gentleman, he was impressed with a conviction that Mrs. Griggs was right when she said that he was "a very fine featured man," and that the wife of Mr. Deputy Gubbins could not be wrong when she pronounced his "general cut to be uncommon particular correct." Nor could he give discredit to Huggins's sister, who whispered to his nearest neighbor, that she, "thought Mr. B. Just was too young to settle down for life yet."

Still Barnabas, though flattered, was what Huggins called *fabergasted*. He was too evidently "made a dead set at." If he went to talk to a pretty-looking girl, he was surrounded immediately by mothers, who begged to introduce him specially to her own Anna Maria, Isabella, or Julius; and he heard more virtues predicated of their girls individually, than he had had the slightest notion belonged to the sex generally.

Barnabas's ball ended without a proposal on his part. He had not the slightest chance of making one. He was not allowed to be alone with any one lady for any one moment. They socked around him in covies or bovies, led on by the old men, their mamma's. He complained in bitter terms to Becky of the way in which his guests had treated him. Becky, to console him, told him "it served him right."

Wonderful was the sum disbursed weekly on the three penny posters, containing invitations from his lady friends to evening parties. Barnabas accepted them all. He popped out of a dance into a musical party, and from the musical party he popped up and popped down, and popped and danced, instead of the elating, nor cut in at which. He could not, he was too much excited. Some of his friends said he was mad, others only thought so, until a little event occurred which loosened the frenum of their tongues.

Mrs. Deputy Gubbins had three very fine daughters, who sang, played and danced to admiration—that is, to the admiration of several young men in the ward of Pocklesham. All three were exceedingly good, and remarkably nice young lady, who had been educated in an orphan school, and been hired out, when her time was up, to Mrs. Deputy Gubbins, at twenty pounds per annum. Truly she earned this noble salary! Not only had she to drive all she could into the thick heads and coarse fingers of her three pupils, but had to bear the meks and robs of Papa and Mamma Gubbins, and to submit to the impudence of their menials, who looked upon her as a vulgar inferior character to themselves. Still Lucy Lovelchild bore with all her troubles and all her smothering and smothering with a meek and humble spirit, though her heart was at times well nigh broken.

What had she to hope for? an orphan, without a relative in the world that she knew of. When her time of service should have expired, she could only look forward to being transported into another family, who might treat her worse than the Gubbinses. She, however, consoled her wearied head with a calm, placid brow, and relied on Providence to provide for the friendless orphan.

Barnabas just staid the whole of one evening at the Deputy's. He hung over the piano, turned over the leaves of the music-books, sung accord to "Al's We'll" very much out of tune, and stood up for a quadrille. He repeated his visit. Night after night his yellow chariot was at the door of the Gubbinses, though there was no party there. Mrs. Deputy was too cunning to throw away a chance. No one should rival her daughters, so no one had the entrée of the drawing-room but her daughters and Miss Lucy Lovelchild—but then she was "only the governess."

Mrs. Deputy Gubbins saw clearly that Barnabas J. was caught by one of her daughters; by which of them she neither knew nor cared. She told the deputy in confidence and in bed, that it would not be very long before the gentleman in the tatty trade proposed.

Mr. Deputy, who was a good dining and a good fellow Portokenetic, turned on his side and told her, "it would be better to let her go."

Mr. Gubbins was right, however, in her conviction. Barnabas J. did propose.

Thus it was. Mrs. Gubbins had shammed ill for the purpose of leaving her daughters open to an offer unstrained by her presence. Barnabas had purchased four concert-tickets for that very evening, and a glass coach was hired, and at the door to convey four ladies to the concert-room.

Now Mrs. Deputy could not recover from her indisposition with sufficient rapidity to make one of the party. Her ticket was transferred to the governess, who for propriety's sake, was ordered to accompany her pupils and their lover.

What took place during that evening it is not in my power to disclose. Of the young ladies said it had passed off delightfully.

On the next morning the mother of the fellow who was the Deputy's door, at twelve precisely. The tallman begged to speak to Mrs. Gubbins alone.

Hurry, hurry! better, skelter! the three Miss Gubbinses ran up stairs to put on their best clothes, and their best looks with palpitating hearts!

There we must leave them and return to the drawing room.

Barnabas found the lady mother seated in state; not quite alone, it is true, for Miss Lovelchild was there, but as she said, "It won't do as a manner of consequence—it was only the governess."

Barnabas bowed and the governess bowed. "You must have seen, madam," said he, "that I have formed an attachment for one of your—"

"In course I have—I ain't blotted like a mole," said the lady, smiling very pleasantly.

"I am here, marm, to ask your consent to—"

"It's granted—Mr. Barnabas Just. Lucy ring the bell," said the lady.

"Pardon me one moment before you announce my happiness to your daughters. I think I ought to tell you what provision I have made for my future wife in case of my death. You are the protector—her only friend—"

"Her father—"

"She is fatherless, and—"

"Fatherless! who? why the deputy ain't departed sudden?" screamed the lady.

"I am speaking of this young lady," said Barnabas, taking Lucy by the hand and leading her up to her protector.

Mrs. Gubbins shrieked, threw herself back in her chair, and kicked so energetically that she upset a little table, and smashed a glass vase containing two gold and one silver fishes.

The maids summoned the daughters from above, and the father from below. What a sight met their eyes! There was the mother in mock hysterics, kicking and throwing her arms about her frantically; Mr. B. J. holding the fainting governess on his bosom, the three little fishes flapping their little tails on the wet Wilton amidst fragments of crystal.

An explanation ensued; a war of words followed; screams were uttered—tears shed—threats given and received, and as Mr. Barnabas half carried the poor little governess down stairs, the last he heard from the Gubbiness was—

"Saucy mix! Impudent feller!"

The impudent fellow placed the saucy mix in his yellow chariot, and drove her to his partner's, where he left her for the night under the care of that gentleman's wife, while he went to procure a licence. On the following morning, the bells of the parish church rang a merry peal for Miss Lucy Lovelchild was Mrs. B. Just.

"What a brute!" said his former female friends.

"What a fool!" cried the males, "to marry a girl without any *rix*!"—only a governess too!"

Twelve months passed. Barnabas was really happy, for his wife, had very wisely induced him to take a little interest in the business again. He drove daily into Cow Cross, looked into the books, chatted to his customers, and returned home to his five o'clock dinner, with a little fund of conversation for the evening. He smoked a pipe while Lucy played and sang to him, and went to bed a really happy tallyman.

The cup of happiness, however, is never unmixed. The drop of bitter in the chalice of Barnabas Just was—that he had not a child to call him father.

This vexed him and preyed on his mind; he grew fidgety, then fretful, would not go to town, but mooped about his garden, poking at the weeds with a paddle, lost his appetite, could not relish his pipe, snubbed his dear little wife, until the tears came into her eyes, kissed them off again, cried himself, and at last became really ill.

Mrs. B. J., sent for a doctor, and the doctor alarmed, sent for the clergyman—after he had written a mind disordering to no purpose.

It would be improper to reveal the secrets of a sick chamber. It will only be necessary to show the results of the consultations held therein.

Barnabas grew gradually better. When he was completely recovered he became an altered man. I do not mean that he was altered from an invalid to a valetudinarian only, but morally as well as physically changed.

He explained to his wife that he had neglected to do what he ought to have done—give a portion of the talents committed to his care to those that stood in need. Mrs. Just urged him to begin the good work at once. He took her advice.

The reader must have seen that when Mr. B. J. resolved upon any measure he carried it out with zeal and impetuosity—nothing could stop him.

When he had made up his mind to be charitable, he became excessively so. He became a governor of every institution that he could hear of within the bills of mortality; he attended public meetings and subscribed his guineas freely; he dined at public dinners at the Crown and Anchor and handed up his five pound notes amidst loud shouts and rappings on the table. He even spoke in favor of the emancipation of the blacks, and his speech, thanks to the reporters, read remarkably well in the morning and evening papers.

It is needless to say that Barnabas became a public character—a marked man. His table was covered with prospectuses for benevolent institutions, lunatic asylums, and hospitals for the sick and lying-in ladies. His breakfast was interrupted and prolonged to a painful length, by reading petitions from persons professing to be afflicted by all the ills that flesh is heir to; widowers with large families and motherless children; widows with several small fatherless children, and little children without fathers or mothers, who laid their complaints before him, and told him distinctly that he would be rewarded in another and a better world if he relieved their wants.

That sort of charity, however, was not accordant with his views, he might be imposed on if he gave away to persons of whom he knew nothing, but from their own statements, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not time to inquire. He loved public institutions, where the cases were submitted for his aid; with *re* he saw his *own* the governor's room in gold letters on a black ground; where he met Lord Tait and Lady Tait at least once a year, and received their sweet smiles and gracious bows, when the accounts were audited, and he paid in his annual subscription.

There was something delightful and respectable in that. He felt that his generosity was known and appreciated.

Now it happened that the clergyman who had set the machinery of his charities going, had a large little family, and a very small income, as some how or other, most clergymen do these years, with someone who wished the interest of Mr. B. J. with his city friends to place one of his boys in Christ's Hospital.

The hint was enough: Barnabas drove into town the very next day, and made inquiries of the secretary of that noble institution, as to the mode of getting on the governor's list. He paid the necessary sum, and having found out a person who wished to exchange a presentation for a boy who would not be of age for three years, with someone who wished to exercise his right immediately, he returned home, and made his friend the clergyman happy by giving him the appointment.

As soon as the boy was dressed in the peculiar costume of the school, his patron visited him every week. He became mad on the subject of bluecoat schools; he built a new blue coat and unexpressibles for himself, and having done adopted the muffin-cap and yellow stockings, had not his wife prevented him, by pointing out the absurdity of such a proceeding. He could talk of nothing else but the blues, until he gave his wife and all who listened to him the blue devils. He loved the sight of sailors because they were clad in blue, the new police force was a special favorite with him for the same reason. He never passed a fishmonger's shop without buying an unbolled lobster. He cultivated blue bells in his garden, and always took his luncheon at the Blue Posts.

How happy he was when the sky was all blue, and the water below was blue with his reflection.

The blue above and the blue below.

was his favorite song, and Lucy had to sing that verse of "The Sea," over and over again every evening; until, as sailors say "all was blue" in her imagination. He even felt happy with the candle as he blew it out in getting into bed. He was clearly in what I once heard an old nurse called the purple fever, though she, poor ignorant woman, meant to say perpetual.

Barnabas Just became so enamoured of the blue school, that at last he came to the resolution of building a blue school of his own, upon a small scale. He made up his mind to become as celebrated a founder as King Edward VI. Thomas Sutton, who founded the Charterhouse, or the gentleman—I forget his name—who built and endowed that excellent institution, belonging to the Draper's Company in the Mile-End-road. He thought him a wise man because he dressed his boys in blue; and Thomas Sutton a fool, for allowing the Cartularians to wear a black dress, like that of an undressed groom in mourning he resolved, I say, to have a bluecoat school of his own.

He made known his intentions to his wife; she was delighted; she believed him to be, as he was, very rich, and she thought that he could not do better with some of his superfluous wealth than amuse himself and benefit some of the rising generation.

As soon as Barnabas had made his mind up to become a founder and be prayed for, by name, in the daily service of the chapel he meant to build, he set about carrying out his plans with his wonted energy.

He purchased a bit of land not far from the scene of his early days, Cow Cross. He pulled down the dilapidated buildings standing on the intended site of Just's bluecoat school. Architects were invited to send in plans, builders were sent to send in contracts and specifications; lawyers were consulted as to the proper means of securing the property to the masters and governors for ever, and schemes were applied to, to form a committee of twelve, to commence operations as governors as soon as all other operations should be completed.

What a happy little tallyman was Barnabas Just while employed in this laudable manner. His time was fully occupied; he had not even spare time for attending Crown and Anchor meetings, though that place was the Easter Home of his days. He scarcely found time for sending his annual subscriptions to the various institutions to which he was an annual contributor; he had even entertained thoughts of withdrawing from them all, and concentrating his moneys as well as his energies on the bluecoat school alone; but how could he resign the approving nods and smiles of the lords, patrons and the ladies patronesses of those benevolent asylums—it was not in his nature to do it.

Well, the money was bought and paid for, the old buildings disposed of for a mere old rubbish price. The plan for the new building selected and approved.

The highest contract was entered into because the chief lord of the committee of twelve patronized that particular builder, who happened to wear a blue sash when he delivered it into the hands of the founder in his own proper person. Scores of men were set to work at once, and the blue coat school was as specified in the contract—they were readily and cheerfully put.

Nearly two years were occupied before the building was roofed in. When that happy day arrived, Barnabas gave a dinner in the hall that was to be, to the committee of twelve, and a feast in the quadrangle to all the workmen and their wives and families.

Barnabas got particular joy, and not only exceeded himself but was the cause of excess in others; but it was very excusable on such an occasion, and the committee of twelve allowed as they retired home westward in their carriages.

On this eventful day, big with the fate of blue coats and of Barnabas, we must beg of our readers to accompany us to Finchley, where Mrs. Just is quietly sitting and working in the scullery with old Becky by her

side, fondly fancying the joy of her husband, and the fun that was going on at the house-keeping in Cow Cross.

A bell rings loudly at the outer gate, and Becky hastens to answer its summons, wondering who it could be, who was fool enough not to know that her master was founding a school while she was confounding the bell and the ringer of it.

She returns in a few minutes to say that master's partner was in the parlor wishing to speak to missus.

Poor Lucy, who fancied that the tin roof of the building, which, of course, was covered with blue slates, had fallen in upon her husband, and cried himself and all his hopes of founding the school, hurries up the gravel walk and enters the parlor in a great fright.

The gloomy looks of the partner in the thin line confirm her suspicions and she sinks into a chair, whispering out,

"Then he is dead!"

"Dead, marm," says the partner, "who I—that old fool, Barnabas. No, marm—I almost wish he was. He's ruined—*that's all*—and I am afraid I am not better off myself."

"Ruined—Barnabas Just ruined! impossible. He is known to be rich," says the lady.

"He was rich once, marm—he had upwards of 15,000*l.*, besides his half of the tally-trade; but it's all gone, every dump, and he has been raising money in all directions, but I've been fool enough to join. I'm in for 5000*l.*—I only found it out this afternoon—tried to get him in his fine new building, but they would not let me in at the gates—looked as blue as blazes at me, and sent me away with a blue-bottle in my ear—I could not stop at home, so hurried up to tell you. Confound the little ass and his blue schools."

So saying, the partner throws his hat upon the ground, and jumps upon the crown of it, to spite Barnabas Just, and then rushes from the house with the crushed beaver in his hand like a madman as he was.

Poor Lucy sat like one dreaming; Becky tried to rouse her from her lethargy, but could not. She well knew the cause of her mistress's sufferings, for she was not dead though she was old, and the partner had spoken loudly enough to be heard through any keyhole in the world. She did not torment her with questions, therefore, but simply told her that she was sure that it was all a lie, and that master was as rich as ever. Lucy shook her head, drew a shawl round her and sat shivering until the sound of carriage-wheels announced the return of the man of many charities.

He was carried into the hall and up to bed, overcome with wine and intense excitement. His wife sat up by his side, and heard him mutter about "the proudest moment of his life,"—"the spot on which future lord chancellors and archbishops were to start for the race of fairs,"—"the first step to gain the laurels of the blue garter," and other phrases, which proved to her that he was repeating himself in his after-dinner speech.

Morning dawned, but Barnabas opened not his eyes; he tossed and tumbled about in his bed, talked unintelligibly, and laughed in a most unseemly manner.

Lucy was alarmed, and sent the coachman for the nearest medical man. He felt the patient's pulse, and pronounced him to be in a dangerous state of fever.

Barnabas did not recover: a few days sufficed to make Lucy a widow—a widow, and worse than penniless by some hundreds.

The partner's account was quite true. Barnabas had been lived, must have applied for support to some one of the numerous charities, which he had so freely but recklessly supported.

The Just's latestest school was sold to help to pay the creditors, and is now occupied by a respectable pewterer.

Poor Barnabas's ghost, if it walks, must be disgusted to see over the gateway of the building, an half-obliterated inscription, running thus:

—T'S —AT SCHOOL.

This fragment was all that remained of Barnabas Just and his many charities, except his widow, who was provided for at Mount Whitting.

CALLING THE WATCH.

A NAUTICAL REMINISCENCE.

In the autumn of 180—, a long run of easterly winds kept the homeward-bound convoys several weeks slapping about the clove of the Channel, and some of the East India men were so much straitened by the want of water and provisions, that when a favourable breeze did come, they were compelled to put into Plymouth for a supply. A great number of the passengers, heartily tired of the long voyage, took the opportunity of quitting the ships, and plying it to their several places of destination without delay. Amongst others who landed, was an officer of the army, with his wife and two children and their attendants, who put up at one of the principal hotels, to wait for a communication which was to direct him to what part of the country he was to proceed. His baggage was received at the hotel, a suite of rooms was fixed upon, but the proprietor would not allow them to be occupied unless the officer would take them for a month, at the small charge of ten guineas per week. In vain the officer remonstrated against this imposition—he was declared that his stay would only be for a few days, at the most—mine host was inexorable; and as the baggage was already in the house, together with other circumstances, the officer was forced to comply. On the second day, the expected letters arrived, and called for an immediate removal to London: chaises were promptly ordered, the bill brought in, and forty guineas charged for the use of the rooms. Indignant at the exorbitant demand, the officer endeavoured to bring the landlord to reason—he offered him ten guineas for the contents (which had cost only two days); but this was rejected, the landlord determined to make him adhere to his agreement, and insisted upon the whole sum, till warm words ensued, and the noise caused by altercation, made several inmates of the hotel acquainted with the occurrence.

Captain S—, who commanded a frigate then lying out in Hamoaze, happened to have a large party dining with him at the hotel on that day, and being informed of the nature of the contest (which had somewhat disturbed them), he took an opportunity of quitting the room, and, waiting upon the officer, ascertained the whole fact of the case. They then went to the proprietor, and Captain S— asserting that he expected a visit from some of his friends, a transfer of the apartments was made to the gallant sailor, who undertook to pay the whole of the rent. This was not exactly what the avaricious landlord wanted, for he hoped to sack the forty guineas, and still be enabled to derive emolument from others. However, in this instance he could not well refuse to sanction the exchange of tenants, and therefore he graciously acceded; the army officer expressed his sincere acknowledgements to Captain S—, and they parted, mutually pleased with each other.

After Captain S— returned to his party, they appeared to be more than usually cheerful—the wine circulated freely, and the laugh and the joke abounded, but there was much of the conversation in an under tone, and during the evening several jolly-looking tarts were introduced, who after a stiff glass of grog each, received some orders from the Captain and retired.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up, and as most of them had secured beds at the hotel, they at once went to their several apartments—mine host, his fat spouse, his sons and his daughters, his ran-servants, and his maid-servants, and the strangers that were within his gates, were all snugly tucked-in, in their dormitories, and the utmost silence prevailed throughout the establishment—broken only by the deep base of many a nasal organ, the whole seeming to rival one another in profundity.

Midnight came—the witching hour of midnight, when ghosts are said to shake off their wooden shrouds, and revisit mortals beneath the glimpses of the moon. The great clock in the hall, as if alarmed at being alone, began to strike, and as the sonorous echoes reverberated through the long vaulted passages, those who were not yet sleeping, or were awake by its *spirit-stirring* sounds, shook beneath the influences of the hour, and drew the bed-clothes tightly over their heads, as they could every fall of the hammer. The first stroke was still swelling on the ear—the silence had not resumed its perfect sway—when suddenly there arose within the building the most piercing notes—it was like the burst of a hundred hoarse gales through a thousand crannies—it was louder than a legion of young pigs, all mounting to the highest bar of the stye—it was more shrill than the shrieks of myriads of screech-owls, joining in one universal chorus over the slain upon the battle-field—and it was succeeded by several hoarse voices from aerolitan lungs, shouting out to all their might. Instantly there was a response still louder, and the tramping of many heavy feet upon the stairs.

Up sprang the landlord, almost paralysed with fright, convinced that the house must be on fire, and thrusting his legs through the pocket-holes of his wife's petticoat, and his arms through the legs of his small-clothes, he rushed out upon the landing-place, followed by his fat better half, enveloped in the counterpane, and her finely bejewelled day-cap, (which, in spite of her hurry, she had found time to exchange for her night-dress) hind part before. Open flew the bed room doors—out popped skulls enveloped in all colours, shouting, "Fire!" and "Thieves!"—down came the waiters and band-servants, half undressed—as rushed the cook, in the outer's boots—and such an assemblage was congregated there upon that landing (whilst the banisters displayed many a *safer* face than was ever seen before). There was a running to and fro in all directions. One cry, one universal cry prevailed, and "What's the matter?" was asked and repeated by every tongue, except that of the laughing Captain S—, who, in his full uniform, looked over from his suite of apartments, and seemed to be quietly enjoying the sport. Every one cried to him for explanation—and as they raised their eyes, doubtfully beseeching to his merry pilot, "What's the matter?" was again uttered in the different cadences of the vocal power of humanity.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said the Captain, soothingly, as he shed upon them the light of a bewitching smile, "I am sorry you have been disturbed—very sorry indeed—the idlers are not wazed."

"For heaven's sake, tell us what's the matter, Captain S—!" entreated mine host—"where are the thieves?"

"Thieves, Mr. —?" responded the Captain, ungraciously, as he descended the stairs—"I have never known the police venture to use such epithets in reference to some of the best men in his Majesty's service. Take care, sir, such insolence deserves severe chastisement, and shall have it too, if it is repeated!" and he drew himself up menacingly in front of the proprietor, who, already panic-stricken, retreated behind his wife.

"Do pray, if you can, relieve our minds, Captain S—," implored the lady, and all hands joined in the entreaty.

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ton when I have a command ashore—it was merely my boatswain's mate calling the starboard watch." He looked up: "Yo hoy there! Jack, Bill, and Tom, where are you?" Out bolted three stout seamen from one of the rooms, who responded to their commander's hail with "Aye aye, yer honour."

"Pipe down, my lad," said the Captain; and bending low and courteously to the angry group, he withdrew to his apartment. The boatswain's mate put their sails to their lips, and then succeeded another shrill chirping whistle, that made many clap their hands to their dizzy ears, lest, hearing the pipes, the *drums* should also begin to beat. As soon as they had done, the seamen disappeared, and, like the bursting out of a wasp's nest upon an intruder, so was every sting now pointed at the landlady; but he, guessing at the trick which had been played upon him, glunk away to his chamber, amidst the threats and denunciations of his guests, who, having restrained their spleen, returned indignantly to their beds, and all was restored to peace.

The face of the hall clock looked full of mischief, as the minute-hand swept round it, and old Time, as he stood with his eye upraised at the top, seemed to be winking his eye at the bust of Momus, that ornamented the shade of the hall lamp. Round circled the hand for the fourth time since the uproar—the obedient hammer proclaimed the fourth hour of the morning, when again arose those shrill sounds—again the hoarse voices were heard—again the landward watch aye! three times repeated; once more there was the rattling and stamping on the stairs, as the officers of the dinner-party on the previous day, entering into the frolic of Captain S—, ascended or descended with no very gentle tread. Sleep was murdered—out bundled the landlady again—doors flew open—voes of vengeance and denunciatory imprecations were belleted forth, like shots from a dozen masked batteries.

A glorious breakfast—by express order, arranged in the sitting-room of Captain S—, and thither, about nine o'clock, assembled the Captain's guests of the day before, to laugh heartily at their night's spree. As soon as they had partaken of this morning meal, and had departed to their duty, the proprietor entered, and with a countenance in which cunning and vexation were blended, he assumed a high tone, declaring that "he would not have his house—noted for its quiet and propriety—made the scene of such unseemly conduct."

"My dear sir," answered the Captain, mildly, "you quite mistake the thing—it is a universal practice that I have adopted, wherever I engage a suite of apartments—I regret that it interferes with or incommodates the gentleman who honour you with their confidence—but you must be sensible, my dear sir, that discipline is necessary in all well-regulated commands—your own establishment, for instance!" and he looked superlatively innocent, as he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"Really, Captain S—," responded the landlady, somewhat fiercely, through mistaking the gallant tar's quiet demeanor, "neither can nor will I suffer such things; my character—the reputation of my house—the comfort of my friends—" and he paced the room in fury.

"Very—very sorry," returned the Captain, with perfect self-command—"it would be a sad pity for your character, as proprietor, and the reputation of your house, to be injured; and I grieve still more for the annoyance of your friends; but it is utterly impossible for me to break old-established regulations; my men are so used to the thing, that my authority would be at stake if I were to discontinue it. I have hired your apartments for a month—"

"Merciful Heaven! and do you mean to continue this hideous, odious noise for a month, Captain S—?" demanded the terrified landlady.

"Hideous, odious noise, Mr. —," repeated the Captain, affecting surprise and wrath, "do you call that harmonious piping! 'Hideous, odious noise!'" He threw himself into a theatrical attitude, as he spoke with ranting vehemence, and advanced fiercely:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit (he howled out) 'for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affection dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.'"

"He is mad, moon-struck mad," muttered the landlady to herself, as he retreated before the menacing Captain, who followed him round the room. "Captain S—, be pacified, I beg."

"Hideous noise, do you call it?" continued the Captain, his sword half drawn, and ferocious distending every feature of his agitated face, as he brought the landlady to a trot—"hideous, odious noise, eh? Sir,

"This music hath crept by me on the waters,
Allying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."

"I wish the whistles were there now, with all my heart, Captain S—," said the subdued man, almost out of breath, as he danced about the room. "Oh, do be calm, sir. Lord, what shall I do?" (The Captain grinned.) "The music was charming;—now do bear reason. I pray you to be calm."

"Calm, Mr. —, calm!" repeated the Captain, rattling his sword against the table, and throwing his arms about—"it is impossible to listen to such libels on sweet melody and be calm. The rooms are mine, sir, for one month—you will love the delicious Italian harmony of those pipes long before that time expires. You shall have a full concert of them, Mr. —. I will speak to the Admiral, to favour me with every boatswain's mate in the fleet; we must make shake-downs in the rooms

—oh, we will have glorious music—jackets lashed—the hall-room full—I will act as leader!" and pulling a boatswain's call from his waistcoat pocket, he began to blow close to the landlady's ears.

"Come, come, Captain S—," said the master of the hotel, "I plainly see how it is, and must own myself outwitted. Pay me one week's rent for the rooms, and give them up; I will ask no more, and you shall have a receipt in full."

"Impossible!" returned the Captain, with well-affected astonishment; "I care nothing for the money, Mr. —, my frigate will not be ready for sea these two months, and I must keep my apartments for the time agreed upon. But I hope you will get the great room ready for the concert—thirty-six boatswain's calls, with a running accompaniment of street-door knockers and scrapers—every officer in the fleet will attend!" and having ordered dinner for twelve, he sallied forth to superintend the refitting of his ship.

Away went Mr. — to consult his lawyer; and he returned back with a long face, to hear the lamentations and complaints of those who, having been deprived of their natural rest, were only just quitting their beds. He next went to the magistrate, but they could afford him no assistance; he had let his rooms, and they were no longer under his control, unless any breach of the peace was committed. The poor man was half-crazed, for inquiry had elicited the information that a more daring, flashing and-ey than Captain S— did not exist; but still avarice and covetousness were the leading principles of the landlady's soul.

At six o'clock a round dozen sat down to an excellent dinner at the Captain's table. Champagne abounded, and the trembling Mr. — saw the whole party in a fair way to become uproarious, without the slightest prospect of being able to prevent what he dreaded most follow as a natural consequence. The boatswain's mates had never left the rooms—they had as much grog as they could drink—the party needed off to their beds, and the watch was regularly called, and relieved as on the preceding night.

The following morning the landlady again remonstrated: he offered to forego the whole of the charge for rent, provided Captain S— would withdraw his forces. But this he most resolutely refused—reiterated his promise of getting up the concert, and declared that the thirty-six boatswain's mates were coming that very night to his rooms to practice.

"I will not admit them, Captain S—!" vociferated the enraged man—"I will not open my doors to them."

"I do not expect that you will so demean yourself, Mr. —," remarked the Captain; "they can open the doors for themselves—thirty-six boatswain's mates, the finest fellows in the fleet." (He pulled out his call.) "Oh, it will be delightful."

Away started the landlady out of the room, more than ever convinced that the Captain was cracked, and well knowing that to attempt to resist three dozen boatswain's mates, let loose upon a spree, would be the height of madness. Back again he came, fear gaining the ascendancy over avarice. "Captain S—," said he, "my business will be ruined; I am already threatened with several actions—my house will be deserted—the London travellers will no longer make it their home during their stay—several have already quitted for other hotels—what is it that you require?"

"I require, my dear sir, I!" reiterated the Captain, in assumed amazement—"I do not comprehend your meaning—I require nothing but the free use of my rooms, the exercise of an undoubted, undisputed privilege. The thirty-six boatswain's mates will practise in this apartment."

"Not if I can help it," returned Mr. —, deprecatingly. "In a word, Captain S—, I will forego the whole rent, cancel your bill for the time you have been here, and give you and your friends a farewell dinner, if you will pledge your word of honour not to carry on your freak."

"But the thirty-six boatswain's mates," said Captain S—, dubiously—"I have promised them ten guineas, and—"

"They shall have it—they shall have it," replied the landlady, in agony; "only give me your word there shall be no disturbance. Dinner shall be ready at six o'clock, and the money shall be paid to your men up stairs. Oh, dear, I shall be relieved! Keep always before them at the adjacent public-house, where they may afterwards blow their insides out if they like."

After some apparent reluctance on the part of Captain S—, the proposal of the landlady was accepted, the dinners were given, the larders of the frigate retreating the boatswain's mates, each supplied with a call, and at midnight they assembled under the windows of the hotel, to give the landlady a last pipe and three shillings before they returned on board. Whether the proprietor was cured of his aversion I do not know, but certain it is he never ceased to remember even to his last moments, the CALLING THE WATCH!

A REFLECTION.

Considering the long and loud lament
That Want and Misery and Hunger utter,
Methinks a Father might be well content
To spend his Children's bread with Cambridge butter.

Then what indignant phrases shall suffice,
Within the compass of a song or sonnet,
When wealth comes forward with its well spread slice,
And asks our Poverty for sugar on it!

BRAVE BOBBY.

There was an American ship, called the 'Washington,' bound for China, filled with passengers; on board this ship was an officer of the army, and his wife, with their only child, a little boy of five years of age, and a large Newfoundland dog, called 'Bobby.'

Bobby was a great favorite with all the people in the ship, because he was so brave, so good tempered, and so funny and playful. Sailors as well as passengers all liked brave Bobby. He would romp on the deck with any body that chose. Sometimes when the wind was calm, and the ship was going slow, he would jump overboard, and dash through the sea after a biscuit, or any thing else that might be thrown in for him.

But his most constant playmate was the little boy, the son of his master. This boy was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was fond of him. They used to make a fine noise in their diabolical games of play, rolling over and over each other like a couple of young porpoises. And though the little boy was rather rough in his frolics with Bobby, and hit him on the head and back, yet Bobby was always gentle as a lamb to him.

The voyage had been very safe and pleasant until within three days sail of the Cape of Good Hope. Evening was coming on—the sun was setting in dark clouds, so that the dusk had commenced unusually early. The night-watch of the ship had been set and the wind had risen so that the ship was sailing very fast. The boy and the dog were romping together, tugging and tugging on a sudden the ship gave a heavy roll and the child fell overboard splash into the deep sea.

It had by this time become so dark that objects could not be distinguished many yards distant. A general cry of 'A hand over!' was made by the men on deck who saw the boy fall. Two or three men ran heaving down leas, and a stray coop that was found lying near the captain's table, while the officer of the watch sung out to stop the ship. 'Bring the ship to, or it will be lost.'

This order was scarcely given, when Bobby, now for the first time mistaking the child, gave a loud bark, and seemed to guess what had happened, cleared the taffail like a shot; and the captain and boy's parents with the other passengers, who had come on deck to learn the cause of the outcry and bustle, saw the dog swimming away like a mad creature in the direction of the stern.

It was too dark to see him distinctly, however he was dimly perceived to dive, and then dimly appear again above water, and snatch at something. It was however too dark for any body on deck to be sure what it was that he really saw. The dog was now out of sight, and nothing was visible but the surface of the water. The mother covered her eyes with her hand, and not daring to look out, fearful lest she should see the corpse of her darling child floating on the waves; while the father equally unhappy, jumped into the jolly boat, and swam in all haste, and getting ready, he did not spare an effort to recover his beloved son.

It was many minutes before the jolly boat could be lowered and manned, the men rowed with all their might in the direction they had seen the dog take at first. The darkness had so much increased, that the sailors could hardly see, and began to give the child up as lost.

The father, in great misery, sat at the head of the boat, trying to see through the surrounding gloom, and listening anxiously to every sound. 'I hear a splash—I hear a splash on the larboard quarter,' cried he starting up; 'pull on, be quick, it must be my child.'

The helmsman turned the tiller, the men pulled with redoubled force, and in a moment, the faithful Bobby, with the child in his mouth was alongside! Poor creatures. They were nearly spent when they were hauled into the boat. The father took the child in his arms, and the faithful Bobby sank down to the bottom of the boat, panting and almost lifeless.

The men then rowed back to the ship. Great indeed, was the mother's joy when she saw her child, that she thought was gone forever, in the arms of his father and good Bobby with him also. They all got safe on board the ship again; and the father thanking the sailors for helping him recover his son, went down into the cabin with the mother, child, and dog. Every one was so glad that the doctor of the ship advised to make the helmsman and crew well again.

Bobby, after he had shaken the water from his thick shaggy coat, could not be persuaded to leave the child's side. There he stood and licked one of his little hands till the child became so much better as to be able to stroke and hug him as usual. Brave Bobby seemed as happy as any body, when both the father and mother hugged and praised him too. And when the boy could speak again, they made a happy little party in the cabin, where, before, all had been so sad.

After this circumstance of saving the child's life in so brave a manner, there was not a man on board that ship but loved the dog as a father might love his child and well did Bobby deserve it.

At the Cape of Good Hope some of the passengers were to be landed, and among others, the master of Bobby, with his wife and child. All those who remained in the ship were very sorry to part with good Bobby. The boats were prepared for the passengers and their luggage. All those who were to leave had got into the boats, the little boy was in his mother's lap, and Bobby whom the sailors were holding, to pat and take a kind leave of, was just going to leap into the boat after his master, when the officer stood up, and told the sailors to hold him tight by the collar, until the boats should have rowed some ways towards the shore. 'You will see what a strong swimmer Bobby is,' said he; 'let us start before him and he will soon overtake us. When I hold up my handkerchief let him go.'

'Aye! aye!' cried the sailors, and two of them held Bobby tight by the collar. Poor fellow! he thought he was to be left behind and he did not like it. He tugged, and hauled, and yelled, and barked, to get to his friends, but it was to no use. The boats put off without him.

All the people in the boats, as well as those on board the ship, were eyeing Bobby with delight; and he had just reached mid way, between the ship and the boats, when the creature set up a loud shrill howl, and then himself half out of the water. Every body thought he had got the cramp! but, oh, no! the flash of white that glanced like lightning close against him the next minute, told the truth; and a 'shark! a shark!' all shouted from his boats to us. The poor dog, who was in such a state of terror, stood trembling, with their eyes fixed upon the unfortunate dog. The boats stayed still for an instant, the men resting upon their oars as if panic struck. But, again, in another instant, one of the boats was to be seen putting back, the men rowing with all their might.

Poor Bobby! he kept swimming away right and left, now diving, and now doubling, as if he knew his danger, while every now and then he gave a short fierce bark, and showed his grinders, never giving the whale shark time to turn on its back, which it must do before it can give the deadly bite.

The poor dog swam and dodged with a skill and speed, and maintained the unequal contest, in a manner that surprised every body, but it was evident that his strength was nearly exhausted, when the boat which had put back came sufficiently near for him to bear himself called, and encouraged to swim a little longer. The child, who was in such a state of terror, whose life the poor dog had saved three days before. They could now plainly perceive the great black fin and back of the shark, as he rose every minute to the surface of the water, pursuing and trying to gripe the dog. The poor dog swam with all his might towards the boat that was coming to save him.

Just as he nearly reached the boat, and could see and hear his master calling, 'How Bob! here!' the shark turned on his back and opened its blood jaws—'Poor Bobby, dear Bobby!' shrieked the little boy; and a lad who stood at the head of the boat, hoping to save the dog, threw a handkerchief that he held at the ravenous monster. But the lad was in such a flurry, from terror and anxiety, that he missed the shark, and the spike fell into the water.

At this failure the child screamed aloud with agony of fright and sorrow. 'Oh! save poor Bobby! save my dear, dear Bobby!' and every body thought poor Bobby was gone, when the father of the child, who, ever since the boat had come within gunshot of the shark, had been watching for the proper opportunity to save the faithful dog, fired. The gun was levelled with so true aim, that he shot the cruel shark through the head and splintered those horrid jaws that were open ready to devour poor Bobby. The shark sank, the sea became tinged with blood, and the officer who had fired down the shark, stretched out his arms, and pulling the dog, exhausted with fatigue and terror, into the boat, before the shark who was not quite dead, could again rise to the surface of the water. The child threw his arms around the poor dog's neck: the sailors in the ship, who were all intently on the watch, and the men in the boats, set up one loud shout of joy! 'Hurra! hurra! joy, joy! Bobby is safe, the shark is killed! hurra! hurra!'

BONAFAPE.—The German Journals contain the following sketch of the dreadful sacrifice of human life, from the wars of Bonaparte, since 1801.—First, the war of St. Domingo, from 1801 to 1808, carried off 60,000 French soldiers and sailors, at least 50,000 of the white inhabitants of the islands, and 50,000 Negroes. Secondly the maritime war with England, from 1802 to 1814, cost the two parties and their allies at least 500,000 men. Thirdly, the Winter campaign of 1803-4, which was short but very bloody, robbed the belligerent powers of 150,000 men. Fourthly, the war in Calabria, from 1805 to 1807, destroyed 100,000 men.—It will not be rating too high the annual loss which this last war occasioned, as well to the French allies, to the English, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, whether in battles or sieges, or by contagious diseases, or assassinations, or other disasters, to estimate in at 500,000 men. Fifthly, the campaigning in Germany, Prussia and Poland, in 1809, swept away 300,000 men. Sixthly, the campaign of 1812 cost France and her allies 500,000 men, and Russia 300,000 men, in battles, in hospitals, in towns and villages which were buried, besides 200,000 Poles, Germans, and French, who were victims of the contagious diseases resulting from famine or bad nourishment. Seventhly, the campaign of 1813 destroyed 450,000 men. Total, 3,500,000 men, in eleven years, which is more than half-a-million annually. This calculation does not include a great number of premature deaths, caused by the accidents of war, by flight, despair, &c.

BEAUTIFULLY PATHETIC.—A country editor thus gives vent to his sentiments in 'breathing words'—

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
We've seen our fondest hopes decay;
We never raised a calf or cow, or
Hens that laid an egg or a dog
But it was 'marked' and took away!—
We never fed a sucking pig,
To glad us with its sunny eye,
But ven't it was grown up fat and big,
And fit to roast, or boil or fry—
We couldn't find it in the sty.

Brother Jonathan.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1843.

THE PEOPLE AGAINST THEMSELVES!

OR, A WORD OR TWO ABOUT AMERICAN TITLES OF NOBILITY.

What are titles of nobility? Titles which, without being titles of office, are bestowed upon the few, to *distinguish* them from the many.

Must they be established by law? By no means. Law itself is no better than usage. Common consent is common law. And they, who are in the habit of conferring titles upon one another, in this country, do so, that they themselves may be distinguished by a title.

Nor is it essential that the distinction should be hereditary. It is a title of honor—if it onlast the office—though it endure only for life; and *always* a title of honor, where it is granted or taken without office.

Nor need it ever be accompanied by wealth, power, station, or prerogative. It is enough that for some reason or other—no matter what—men have agreed to call up one of their number to the House of Lords, by a title which lifts him above and sets him apart from his fellows: that title is either a nickname or a badge of nobility.

Well then—are the titles of *Esquire*, *Honor*, *Honorable* and *Excellency*, nicknames? or are they distinctions? and do they not indeed and in truth always belong to what are called the *better classes* in our country? Are they, or are they not, always applied to men, who are *not* of the multitude? Are they not always taken—are they not always *intended* for distinctions? And are they *not* everywhere so understood? Has it not already become almost a personal affront for a well bred man to address another by letter, without calling him *Esquire*?

But *mister* is a title, you say. Indeed! To the niggers and paupers—to the servants in hotels—and to the laborers along the highway, *mister*, a corruption of *master*, is a title. But how is it with the great body of the American people? Try it for yourself. Write a letter to any respectable merchant—or tradesman, or attorney, or member of Congress—and call him nothing but *mister*, if you dare. Ten to one you have to make an apology, or he doesn't answer your letter—five to one it never finds him, or he is afraid to open it—and fifty to one, if you ever do get an answer, that you are astonished at the coolness of the language.

Again—if I call a man *Esquire* is no more than calling him *mister*, suppose you try that question with your bootblack, or any one else below the acknowledged rank of a squire. Just call them so in Broadway, and see what a figure you will cut, if you are overheard by the cabmen, or the foot passengers.

Who then, are the Squires? Who! why, they are a class by themselves—many degrees *above* the people: and but a degree or two, at most, below the Honorables and the Excellencies. But how long will it be so? Just so long as the People are blockheads enough to bear it; and willing to do what is against law, that their children may be distinguished from the children of their next door neighbor—the *Squire*—even from their birth.

You cannot lift one of the people above the rest, even by name, without lowering the whole mass in a like proportion. Power is not to be generated at will, nor ever without cost somewhere. The platform pays for the mortar, and for every shell that is thrown—the Many for the Few—and the people for everything they help to cast over their own heads. The social and the mechanical forces are regulated by the very same law. There must be *compensation* somewhere—and compensation there al-

ways is—though it may ever be acknowledged. Every inch you gain is at the price of another inch lost in some shape—or of something yet more precious than that inch somewhere. What is gained in power is lost in *time*—or perhaps in something yet worthier of consideration—perhaps in *eternity*. Beware of titles and privileges, therefore. Though you may not have to pay for them, your children will—or, at the farthest, *their* children. The *good families*; they, in other words, whose grandfathers were Squires, or Honorables, or Excellencies, will possess the land; while they, whose fathers—if they ever had any—were of the Nobodies that were *mistered* in their day, will have to stand afar off and be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table—if they do not go further, and fare worse; or lifting up their eyes in torment, curse their fathers for their blindness and folly.

Words are things; and such words very terrible things. John Adams the Great—of course we do not mean John Quincy Adams—in his defence of the constitutions, goes a little out of his way to acknowledge that certain offices in New England were getting to be hereditary. If the father was a justice of the peace—the son was the first person thought of to fill the same office after the father's death. If the father went to the General Court—the son followed. In other words, the sins of the father's were visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation; and if the father's ate sour grapes the son's teeth were set on edge. But where was the far-reaching sagacity of that old statesman, not to foresee the inevitable tendency of such a practice? What! The People against themselves! Forging their own chains—and fettering their own offspring with a usage like this! Why such a law—or usage if you will—once acknowledged, is acknowledged forever and *established forever*! And after two or three generations, he who may have been elected to Congress for life, or until he hath a son old enough to take his place there, will have a vested right in perpetuity for them that are born of his blood—"to him and his heirs, forever."

We were once asked by a very intelligent and well educated Englishman, a notary of the British empire, whether it was a fact that titles were hereditary in our country. What titles do you mean? said we, wondering if he had ever read the Constitution of these United States, or knew anything of our laws.

Why, that of General or Excellency? said the Englishman. Of course, we set him down for one of those British travellers who have gone about the world seeking whom they may devour, badgering our people at every turn, and belying them by the quire. Nevertheless, that he might have nothing to complain of, we undertook to set him right, by saying over the words of the Constitution. It was all in vain. He had been told, that in our country titles were plentier than anywhere else upon earth—and how were we to make him see the distinction we had set up in our wrath? How were we to persuade him that they were good for nothing—that they were all make-believe—that nobody cared a snap for them: or that, inasmuch as they were unauthorised by law, and as we had no heralds college, nor master-at-arms to regulate their usage, they were not so much titles as the shadows of titles—the "counterfeit semblances" thereof? And if I had—what then? How much better would he have thought of us—of our honesty—and of our manliness, think you, if we had cleared the matter up; and proved that our gold was pinchbeck—our diamonds paste—and all our swansgeese, and no great shakes at that?

Once a mortgage, always a mortgage, say the lawyers. Once a general, always a general, say we. And so with excellencies, and squires, and Governors, and Judges, and Honorables. And what are they all but so many mortgages upon the People,—upon their self-respect, their common-sense, and their

honesty? Here are Ws, the builders of a mighty empire, following hard after its founders—who waged war upon titles of every name and nature, (not required in office), here are Ws pretending to follow in their footsteps!—and yet if you took up a list of officers at a charitable meeting, or a certificate in favor of Brandreth or Morrison—Dr. Sewell—or a new razor-strap, till within a year or two at furthest, you would find ever so many Honourables and Excellencies and squires upon every page—with never a plain mister among the whole. And what does this fact prove—this single fact, of itself? Why, that the People, as a body, have so much respect for titles, however empty and profitless; that the venders of quack medicines,—of itch-ointment &c., find their account in showing how they stand with the magnates of the hour. These fellows are mighty shrewd—think you they would be at the charge of printing a title at length—or even so much as a hair's breadth beyond the name—if it were not sure to pay? What, then, are the people?

But again—are these things to be passed by with a laugh?—are they to be wholly overlooked? Are they “trifles light as air”—not worth rebuking seriously? Men!—if you are men, bear with us a single moment, and then answer for yourselves.

In the Supreme Court of these United States, all the Judges take it upon themselves to be called *Honorables* and *your Honors*. The very blanks prepared, under their own eyes, are so printed. So with the District, and so with the Circuit Courts. If you have a petition to present, as in bankruptcy, you must either draw your pen over the words To the Hon. Tobias Q. Dunderhead, at the risk of being charged with a personal affront, or throw aside the blank, and write the name, with the addition of Judge of such or such a District—sure that you will be thought more nice than wise, or intolerably squeamish, at the best;—and this among the priesthood of that very temple where the constitution of the country is to be interpreted, vindicated, and upheld by oath!

And what are the consequences?—why, that from the highest to the lowest of all the ten thousand courts of our country,—from the highest Court of Errors down to the lowest Court of Justice,—(a very proper distinction, by the way)—the sitting magistrates—(why not setting and hatching magistrates—for many a justice of the peace, and many a judge of everything but peace, it were well to furnish with a pair of feather breeches for life)—insist upon being called *your Honor*, or, at any rate, *are* called so, and never complain of the outrage; and the Court itself, when spoken of, or to, is ever the *Honorable* Court; and all the papers—the records—the writs—and every process that issues, bear the test of the *Honorable* somebody or other. *Honorable* Fiddlesick! Let us either give up our constitution—tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the four winds—and set fire to the *Federalist* and *Keat's* Commentaries by the hands of the common hangman—or cease to make it and ourselves a byword and a reproach, or a laughing stock to all the world capable of thinking! Let us either have titles—or not have titles. If they are wanted, in God's name, let us have them!—and of the best, not of the shabbiest! Away with that clog to the constitution!—to the fire with all the blasphemy we have uttered against titles in our Bills of Rights—our newspapers—our Histories—and our Fourth-of-July-orations! (tautology, that!)—and let us constitute John Tyler, or somebody else, “a fountain of honor” for this great commonwealth of Nations. But if, on the contrary, they are not wanted,—and our Fathers were neither hypocrites nor fools—not their sons both—let us have done with titles for ever and ever! Let us be ashamed to give, and still more ashamed to receive them,—that of *squire*, for example, the lowest rank of English nobility, though looked upon as a mere title of courtesy—to which every stupid justice of the peace, and every blundering, helpless idiot,

or noisy backguard in commission, are by law entitled—though attorneys are not.

But is there any hope? Yes. Twenty-five years ago, George Washington was never mentioned, *never*, even in the North American Review, but as George Washington, *Esquire*! How would the People bear that now? We have a book lying upon our table at this moment, with a handsomely engraved title-page, bearing the words, “Airs of Palestine, by John Pierpont; *Esq.*” On the very next page the same folly is repeated: full length—by John Pierpont, *Esq.* Would Mr. Pierpont be guilty of such a thing now?—not for his right hand. Even the “Geoffrey Crayon, *Gent.*” of Washington Irving, would hardly be tolerated now: most assuredly not, if the people mistook it for the author's real name.

Less than twelve years ago, at the organization of any society at New York, (it was not altogether so bad in Massachusetts) every officer—and there were always enough and to spare of such cattle—was sure to be either a governor, a member of congress, a general, a president, or, at the very least, a squire; and nineteen-twentieths of the whole batch would have the prefix of *honourable* or *excellency* to their names.

Once a governor, always a governor! Once a squire, always a squire! Once a mortgage, always a mortgage. Hurra for the People!

But how is it now? Within a few years you see many a long list of names put forth after a public meeting at New York, without a single title—*yes*, without so much as a single *mister* among the whole. Be it so! The motive we understand well—but, nevertheless, he it so! These things will work their own cure, if men will but consent to be serious. The time is near when we shall not be obliged to add a P.S. for having ventured to call an American the name he was baptized by, without the addition of *Esquire*—nor for having written *mister* before that of a Patrician, as we all do when addressing a Plebeian. Awake, therefore!—awake! ye that are the Judges and Rulers of the land! Set your faces against this perpetual affront to the constitution you are sworn to keep watch over—and God save the Commonwealth!

OUR POLICE.—For two or three years past, the press of the city have, one and all, been demanding a reformation of the present police system—they have been continually fault-finding. If a crime be committed in the city—it is in consequence of the inefficiency of the police; if a Swartwouter escape, if a man be stabbed or shot in the street, or if a child be run over by a cab or an omnibus, the cry immediately is, “where is the police?” Now, we can't go quite so far as this; still, we are bound to admit that the system is a disgraceful one; that the Tombs altogether, every department of it, is, as Mr. West termed it the other day in the Court of Sessions, “an Augean stable,” and sadly in want of cleansing. We believe indeed, that there are scenes of iniquity practised within its walls, which the community little dream of, and would hardly believe if they should be disclosed; in short, that the system is corrupt, rotten to the very core.

This is known to the Mayor and to the Common Council; it has been a subject of discussion in the two boards. They have even gone so far as to call upon the District Attorney and others, to suggest new plans, which has been done, and with what result? The papers have been laid upon the table, or thrown under it, and are heard of no more; whilst the evils of the present system are becoming more and more apparent and lamentable proofs of its inefficiency daily and nightly afforded.

If the present Common Council would immortalize themselves—if they would really become benefactors of the city

they should at once introduce a new and efficient police system,—one commensurate with the requirements of a city like this—establish a day and night police—let the property of citizens be guarded at all hours, and let an officer always be within call, when his services may be required. Let active and efficient men take the place of the useless watchmen or chance watchmen, who now sleep away their time in watch or night-duties, and be indeed the guardians of the night. Let the policemen have distinguishing marks or numbers by which they may be known and identified, if guilty of any delinquency.

Let not their remuneration depend upon the detection of crime, but rather let them be paid to prevent it; in one case they live upon the fruits of crime, and it is their interest to promote it, as the stool-pigeon system clearly proves; in the other, their duties are specified, and the neglect of them brings down its punishment. Let the system have its controlling power to superintend the whole, and let all be placed beyond the influence of politics; if not, no matter what the system may be, it can never be effective, and must fail to produce any continued beneficial results.

At all events, let us have a reform; let a change take place of some sort, and whatever it is, we are inclined to think it must be for the better, since it is hardly possible it should be for the worse.

VENTING PLACES.—The City of New York is blessed in its localities. Start in any direction you please, and you cannot fail to be brought up at some place offering all sorts of temptations in the shape of "entertainment for man and beast." The Third Avenue has its attractions, so has the Bloomingdale road. Hoboken again, with its Elysian Fields. Jersey City—no, that's beyond the pale—but Staten Island abounds with delightful spots, and we don't know of a more attractive one than the Pavilion on the summit of the hill, kept by Mr. Marfleet, ably seconded by his obliging and trim little wife. For a stroll, a tete-a-tete in a snug arbor, a wander in the woods, a commanding view of land and sea, a good dinner and any quantity of attention, we don't know a place we should prefer before Marfleet's. But this is only one among the constellation of suburban visiting places, and it is a consolation to those whose lightness of purse excludes them from Saratoga and other fashionable resorts, to know that such places as these are within their reach, where enjoyment is obtained at a trifling cost, involving no neglect of business, but its cares merely thrown off for a few hours, when Commerce shuts her day-book for a while.

They may talk of Saratoga, with its unpleasant waters, its shadowless street, its dry sands glistening in the sun, its heated ball-rooms and its eternal *cannai*; give us a day's relaxation from editorial toil, at some of the delightful spots we know of, with the blue above and the green below, and the blue sea just sufficiently far off to enable us to hear its gentle murmurs, and fashion may keep her votaries. For us—like old Casey—we love to feel "comfortable."

GAMBLING-HOUSES.—It will hardly be believed that every night in this city, there are open from thirty to forty Faro Banks, besides a large number of inferior hells, where many a deluded youth has commenced a career of crime which has terminated in the States Prison. These places are well known to the Police, as well as those connected with them, and yet no effort is made to suppress the one, or punish the other. We have heard of a recent case in which a young man was robbed in one of these hells, of \$273, and he has determined to bring the matter before a criminal tribunal. We hope he will persevere in his intention, and not suffer himself to be bought off, as is universally the case when such parties are threatened with prose-

cution. Should it come to trial, it will afford an opportunity of making an *expose* of these infamous places, and may lead to at least a partial suppression of them.

THE STORM.—The storm of Saturday night has done considerable damage in different parts of the country. The rain which, by-the-by, came down as though determined, if possible, to produce a second flood, a result it did not fail to produce so far as basements and cellars were concerned, has caused sad devastation. At Newark, the breast-work dam of the canal was washed away, and let down an immense body of water into the canal, breaking away the bank, and from thence rushing through the streets, carrying everything before it. At Philadelphia, the loss sustained by the filling of the cellars,—bridges which have been swept away,—houses and barns blown down or injured by the lightning,—vessels disabled, &c., must be very great. Several lives have also been lost. Indeed the loss throughout that part of the country over which the storm extended, must be immense.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.—We are pleased to learn that a subscription will ere long be made in this city, for the patriotic purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Washington. A bill incorporating the "Washington monument association of the City of New York," passed the Legislature in April last. The Corporation is composed of twelve of our most influential and wealthy citizens, and gives a sufficient guarantee that if the work be done, it will be well done.

The plan is on the most extensive scale, and the estimated cost of the structure is not to exceed \$400,000. This sum is to be raised by subscription of one dollar and upwards from the people of the United States.

MR. BRIDLE has published a letter upon the States' debts in general, and of Pennsylvania in particular. He takes the ground—and certainly his arguments are very plausible—that if the Government of England were to assume the stocks owned by English subjects, either by receiving them for taxes, or by purchase, it could sue them in the Supreme Court of the United States, judgments be obtained, and the public property of the States could be taken and sold to satisfy them. The letter is well and ably written, and will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. We hope it may have sufficient force with the repudiators to compel them to act honestly.

EXHIBITION OF ARTICLES OF TRADE, FINE ARTS, &c.—The new saloon of the American Museum is now thrown open as a sort of fair, for the exhibition of manufactures, specimens, &c. The proprietor charges the exhibitors a trifling rent, and thus renders a double service, to them and to himself. We have no doubt it will prove highly attractive, and be found an excellent plan for bringing works of art, &c. into notice.

THE ATTACK ON MR. WICKLIFF.—The Court before which young Gardner was examined has pronounced him insane, and ordered that he be confined in the State Lunatic Asylum, till he has recovered his reason.

Let this example be followed, and the plea of insanity will become less frequent.

SLAVE CASE.—James Johnson, a colored man, who has been five years at Princeton, N. J., and acquired a good character for industry and integrity, was arrested last week as a fugitive slave from Maryland, and, upon a trial by Jury, the claim was sustained, and Johnson declared a slave. Much feeling was excited by this decision, and Johnson had many friends; but his freedom was finally purchased for \$600—a wealthy lady advancing \$570 of it, for which Johnson agreed to work five years.

LOCAL NEWS.

BENJAMIN SLATER, a colored man, was tried before the Court of Oyer and Terminer in March last, and found guilty of setting fire to the store and dwelling house on the S. W. corner of Broadway and Anthony streets. His case was carried up on a bill of exceptions to the Supreme Court, which held the law in the indictment to be fatal—it appears that he was charged with setting fire to a house in the sixth ward, when the building is on the fifth ward side of Broadway, and consequently in that ward. The verdict was accordingly set aside, and a new trial allowed.

THE CASE OF STRABINO.—John Wallace and Emma Richardson, have been fully committed for assaulting David Clinton Baker in Broadway, with intent to kill. The girl says she was insulted by Baker, and used the knife in self defence.

REFEAL.—The repealers held another meeting on Monday night at Washington Hall, ex-Judge Lynch presiding, there was considerable falling off in numbers and enthusiasm.

THE LAVINA PIRATES.—Mathews and Babe, the two seamen who were brought up on the charge of murder and piracy on the high seas, were brought up for examination before Commissioner Rapelye on Tuesday. The evidence adduced was held sufficient to justify the committal of both prisoners.

The following is the confession of Mathews made to the person who arrested him:—

Mathews stated that he was a seaman on board the schooner *Lavina*, and sailed from Alexandria to Antigua on the 1st July. About July 14 or 15, Babe and the mate had the night watch, Webster and himself being below; Babe called them up, and told how the Captain and mate, in a scuffle, had fallen overboard; he then said he would take charge of the vessel and bring her into port; he stood on his course for about 24 hours, then changed it due west; he gave as a reason for such a course, that he intended to run for the nearest port. About 36 hours after he again changed to N. W. West, saying a vessel, and was informed that Bermuda was the nearest port, and lay due west—New York N. W. This course he kept on for a few days, when about the fourth day previous to leaving the ship, he called Webster and Mathews to him, and then told them that it was necessary to help him to kill the cook, as he would certainly blab on them when they arrived in port. Webster advised to take a pilot on board; Babe refused, and watched his opportunity; this presented him on Saturday (they left the vessel on Sunday) when he ordered us to "back ship" and sent the cook to haul aft the fore sheet; while the crew sleeping down Babe took up a mallet and split his head open, and assisted by Webster, he bore the dead body overboard! Babe then cut open the floor of the cabin, in order to scuttle the vessel, but being baffled there, he went forward, and tore off the scaling and drove out the tunnel. This done; he ordered the long boat to be hoisted out, and the three then left the ship to her fate, and landed at Seconnet Point, on the southwest end of Rhode Island.

A man has been arrested, and is now in the prison at Rome, in this State, supposed to be Webster, the third party in this dreadful tragedy. He admits that he came on with the others in the *Massachusetts*, but denies that he was on board the schooner.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—A motion was made in the Court of Sessions, on Monday, for a bill of exceptions, in the case of Margaret Watson, convicted of grand larceny, on the ground that at the time of her indictment, the office of District Attorney was legally vacant, Mr. Whiting having tendered his resignation to the County Court, which was filed, and therefore accepted. It is said that the Court entertains the same view, and that the motion will be granted; if so, all the convictions during the last two terms will have been illegal, and the lawyers will have rare work.

ARMOR.—Two colored women, who were employed as servants in the family of Mr. James, 237 Broadway, have been committed to prison on the charge of robbing and setting fire to the premises on Sunday night last. Fortunately the fire was soon discovered and extinguished without much damage. Some valuable property belonging to Mr. James, was found in the possession of the two girls, and there is little doubt but that the arson was attempted to cover the theft.

The yellow fever is said to have been fatal in one or two cases, on board a vessel just arrived at the Quarantine at Staten Island. We have no doubt but that the usual precautions will prevent the disease from spreading beyond the vessel.

DOINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.—His Honor, the Mayor, communicated a plan of an act to be presented to the ensuing Legislature, for the better regulation of the police of the city. The principal features are

as follows: A justice of the peace, two captains of police and the necessary number of policemen, to form two divisions of the watch for the ward, and two constables to be residents, are to be elected by each ward with the aldermen, &c. The Justice Court to have all the powers, both civil and criminal, now possessed by the Assistant Justices Ward Courts, and by the Special Justices, to preserve the peace. Aldermen, Assistant Justices, and Assessors of the ward, to be council of the ward.

Captains and Policemen to possess all the criminal powers of Mayor's Marshal, co-extensive with the City and County of New York, to be divided into two sub divisions. A day police is to be formed, to be upon their duties when the night watch is discharged.

The people of the city and county, by general ticket, shall elect the Mayor, a Chief of Police, and the heads of the several departments of the City Government, the head of the department to appoint his subordinates.

The Mayor closes his communication with the following remarks:

This system perfectly separates Legislative and Executive power, and takes from the Common Council all patronage, consequently no extraneous influence will be brought to bear upon the election of Aldermen and Assistant. They will be elected for their capacity to fill the duties of the office, not for the offices and the patronage they have to bestow. All executive officers are elected by the people, and immediately responsible to them for the faithful performance of their duty. The Police would be perfectly efficient—each ward being guarded both day and night by citizens of the ward—every inhabitant of the ward would be known—suspicious places would be marked, and a stranger appearing at an unusual hour, would be looked to. This knowledge would enable a smaller number of men efficiently to perform the service than are now employed.

Police Bills of Costs.—A resolution, compelling clerks of police to place a written list of fees in each police office, and also to furnish, when required, a bill of costs to each person demanding it having business at said office, was adopted.

A report was adopted recommending the erection of a hospital at Blackwell's Island, it being intended to remove the present one from Bellevue to that place.

A suitable builder is to be employed to superintend the construction of the work, and \$1000 was appropriated to purchase materials.

Cleaning Streets.—The Board of Assistants concurred in the ordinance from the Board of Aldermen, providing a mode for cleaning the streets by the city. With some improvements it is pretty much on the old plan. The sweepers are to have one dollar per day.

THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION.—We have been shown a highly-finished engraving, by Mr. S. A. Schoff—the subject, "Caius Marius on the ruins of Carthage"—which, as a work of art, will bear comparison with the best of the day. It has been issued to the different members of the Apollo Association, of this city,—the merits of which we intend to bring fully before the public very soon.

The beautiful suspension-bridge at Fairmount, near Philadelphia, was destroyed by the flood on Saturday night. No less than twenty-seven lives were lost in the neighbourhood of Chester.

THE NEW YORK TRADE SALE.—The thirty-eighth New York Trade Sale of books, stereotype plates, stationary, &c., will take place by Bangs, Richards & Platt, 196 Broadway, August 23rd, and following days. The catalogue occupies 140 pages.

Rev. Orville Dewey, of the Church of the Messiah in this City, was to leave Liverpool, homeward bound, in the steamship of the 5th instant.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon the Hon. Wm. Kent, of our Circuit Court, on Wednesday, the 2d inst., at Geneva College Commencement—at which there were eight graduates.

BALLS.—The advocate of Moral Reform comes out in a savage manner against Balls—the intermingling of sexes for the purpose of dancing. What will our fair belles say to the following. Tertsichore may shut up shop, and Parker is a ruined man.

"And such they stand, the abhorrence of heaven, and the joy of hell: In the grand arena of Satan, there is no more formidable armor for the destruction of the souls of young and unsuspecting females; and in the dread solemnities of the judgment day, the ruined varities of balls will stand in trooping multitudes before the throne of the Eternal, cursing their own destructive folly, and calling on the crumbling universe to conceal their shame and guilt, while the wailings of their endless woe will swell the undying tortures of eternity."

OUR STORIES.

Our present number is enriched with another very beautiful story from the pen of Mr. McLeod. It is of peculiar interest, and conveys a most instructive moral.

We also present another chapter of John Neal's story, "Ruth Elder." The developments every chapter brings forth, serves but to whet the appetite. We hope for the future to continue it weekly.

"The Polish Boy." By Mrs. A. S. Stephens, is full of pathos and beauty. Indeed, we think we may point confidently to the present number of the Brother Jonathan, for a proof of the talent which is engaged upon it. We assure our readers, that our best exertions will be given to sustain the high reputation this journal has obtained.

LITERARY.

UNIFORM EDITION OF THE VARIOUS WRITINGS OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS.—The 5th part of this work is issued by Mr. Beach, Sun Office, being the continuation of "Puffer Hopkins."

BANKRUPT STORIES. Edited by Harry Franco. John Allen, 139, Nassau, has issued the 4th number of that capital story, "The Haunted Merchant." Price 18 cs.

AMERICAN NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. Part the fourth of this interesting work has been sent to us by Burgess & Stringer, Broadway.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. The same publishers have forwarded us No. 5 of this work. The character of the work is in itself sufficient to commend it to every American. It is beautifully got up, and when completed, will form an elegant and valuable volume.

THE DRAMA.

We expressed some doubts last week, as to the proposed alterations of the Park Theatre, but we perceive the carpenters, &c., are busily engaged, and we are assured that extensive improvements, outwardly and inwardly, will take place; indeed, if the plan is carried out, it will be the proudest theatre in the country. It is said that the season will commence early in September, but this is doubtful. Nothing is yet known of Simpson's movements—the Great Western will most likely furnish us with information.

Messrs. Mitchell & Corbin are on the *qui vive* preparing for the next winter's campaign, which commences, we understand, on the 4th Sept. No doubt Mr. Mitchell is fully aware that increased exertions will be demanded next season, and we require no other proof of his ability to meet all exigencies than his past successful career affords. His company will be greatly strengthened, and novelties of a peculiarly startling character will be forthcoming.

Niblo, by means of the Ravele, has found, we presume, the last week the last of the season; the house has been crowded to the ceiling every night they have played. We understand a new pantomime is in rehearsal. *Mazurke* has been reproduced, and with quite as much success as when brought out last season, notwithstanding the dreadful way it was murdered at the Bowery. It is really a very clever piece, and everything is done so perfectly, that one cannot wonder at its continued attractiveness.

On Wednesday night the vaudeville of "the Blue Domino" was produced, and introduced to the audience Mrs. Hunt and Mr. John Sefton. The piece is an old acquaintance disguised under a new name, being the same as played at the Olympic last season, under the title of Anthony and Cleopatra, with Mrs. Timm and Walcott. Not the same, we beg to say, but an entirely different version of it, unlike the other in everything except the scene. As plays at Niblo's, we are bound to say it was a decided failure—the *au-fun-fun* manner of Mr. Sefton—his laboured attempts to give the most commonplace language point, and his shameful vulgarity, ought to have damned the piece (technically speaking). Nor was Mrs. Hunt the Diana to our mind—she is unsuited to the character, and the character unsuited to her. The singing of both parties was positively shocking.

The vaudeville of "He's not a Miss" followed, and we could be very severe upon that performance also, but we shall see the company again and then speak of them individually. We would merely remark that Mr. Davenport played his part very well, and Mr. Vacké, in the little he had to do, was really excellent.

The Bowery is, we understand, closed for the present—cause not

known; it is fair to presume, however, that it is from want of patronage. The Chatham has now entered into strong competition with it, and having really a talented company, it will doubtless prove a formidable rival. We have every sympathy for the enterprising manager, who has certainly exhibited a dauntless spirit, and an energy worthy of the cause. Had he been placed in different circumstances, we have no doubt he would have dignified rather than degraded the drama. Many of the brutal and disgusting exhibitions which have taken place upon his stage, must have been repugnant to his feelings, and he cannot fail to deplore them now, since the results they have produced are so disastrous. If we did not consider it a hopeless task, we would recommend a regeneration of this theatre also, but his character is gone beyond redemption, we fear—the Park will seal its fate.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A WIFE.—Lyttleton Stevens, a seaman, has been committed for trial, on the charge of assaulting his wife with intent to kill. She lived in service at 731 Broadway, where he went a few evenings since, and some difficulties between them having previously taken place, he demanded if she would live with him. She replied that she would rather end her days with the family. He then said, "you shall now end your life with them!"—knocked her down and commenced jumping upon her. He then struck her on the head and limbs with an iron bolt till she begged for her life. She fortunately made her escape through the window and the brute was secured.

A man named Roshon from Philadelphia has been arrested, supposed to have been concerned in the robbery of the Porter of the Long Island Bank about six months ago.

THE PEDESTRIAN MATCH AT CHELSEA.—The Boston Transcript of Monday says that Elworth and Fogg were that morning summoned to the city as witnesses before the grand jury. To keep up the time, of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours, they walked once or twice round the common. After they had given their testimony, they returned to Chelsea, and resumed their work in the Park as before. The purport of their being summoned has not yet transpired.

CHRISTINA COCHRAN.—It appears that some unexpected difficulties have arisen in this case, which will delay the decision therein longer than was expected.

THE CROPS.—Throughout Maryland, the Corn crop is greatly benefited by the recent rains, and now promises well. In South Carolina, it is also thrifty. In Southern Illinois, where the Wheat has been considered very poor, the yield is better than was expected.

Cotton was picked in Georgia on the 16th ult. The crop looks well, both there and in South Carolina, until the late rains. The caterpillar was destroying it in Florida, and rain in Louisiana.

The North Carolina Election, for nine members of Congress, was held on Monday last. The returns just received indicate the success of one of the Whig candidates.

YELLOW FEVER.—NEW ORLEANS.—The report of the 27th ult., from the Charity Hospital, was—Admitted, 1; discharged, 0; died, 1; cases received to this date, 5. For the 28th—Admitted, 2; died, 1; in hospital, 6.

STARTLING.—At the late dinner given by the Duke of Wellington, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, it is stated in the papers that the Duke sat at the head of his table, with His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, on his right hand, and GENERAL WASHINGTON on his left! By a curious coincidence this is the name and title of an old Prussian officer then on a visit to London.

There is a turtle in East Middlesbrough more than 100 years old. It was caught and marked in 1747 by John Williams, and has been seen and marked at different times since. This year it was found by Jonathan Scule.

"War to the palace and peace to the cottage," was the principle of the French revolution, says the Tory Alison. It would be quite as near the truth to say that "peace to the palace and war to the cottage," was the principle of the bonny despots whose oppressions and vices caused it.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

Navv Orders.—Commander W. H. Gardner to command the Lawrence. Lieut. W. T. Smith from the Washington Yard to the depot of Charts. Lieut. A. Chandler to the Falmouth. Passed Midshipman D. Gibson from the Phoenix to the receiving ship Norfolk. Passed Midshipman A. Ammen from the receiving ship at Philadelphia, leave till 25th inst., then to Savannah.

The U. S. brig Dolphin, Commander James D. Knight, arrived at Key West on the 15th ult., all well.

The United States ship Columbus, Com. Morris, was at Madeira on the 23d June, to sail for Rio Janeiro next day—all well.

U. S. ship of the line Delaware, Com. Morgan, from Lisbon, arrived at Gibraltar June 25.

There are now lying in Norfolk harbor the Pennsylvania, Levant, Decatur, Ontario, brig Oregon, and schooners Phenix and Osage, &c. At a short distance from them is the splendid steam frigate Missouri, just arrived.

The frigate Savannah is to go to the Pacific, commanded by Capt. Hollins. She is to be the flag ship of Commodore Dallas.

The French steam frigate "Gomer" arrived at Dominica on the 6th ult. The G. is employed in carrying a Government commission through the British Isles in search of information relative to the working of the royal mail steam packets.

The immigrant ship Fairy Queen arrived at Trinidad, on the 28th, from St. Helena, with 195 captured Africans on board.

From the West Indies.—**Death of Purser Stevens.**—The Nassau Gazette of 14th ult., says:—"It is our painful duty to record the death of Frederick Stevens, Esq., purser of the U. S. brig Boxer, now lying in our harbor. Mr. Stevens was the son of the late Captain Holdup Stevens, of the U. S. Navy, and had just entered the busy stage of life, being only 25 years of age. He was taken ill of fever on the 10th inst., and died yesterday."

The U. S. brig Bainbridge arrived at Laguayra the 17th July—all well.

GALE ON LAKE ERIE.—As Extras from the office of the Buffalo Courier of Saturday, gives the following items of intelligence of the late gale on Lake Erie:

"Brig Major Oliver encountered a very severe gale of wind on Friday night, while off Sandport, from the coastward. She sprung a leak, but she was got in, and she was now taking her cargo out to repair damages sustained. Schooner N. C. Baldwin, fetched up on the bar, but finally bounded over and fell to leeward of the pier, where she lost her rudder, and sustained some damage; but she was got in, making considerable water. Schooner Toledo, loaded with wheat and flour, in consequence of the gale, run for Chicago, struck on the bar and pounded so much as to spring a leak, and was got in with difficulty, where she took in nine feet water; cargo very much damaged. Schooner Caladonia, in the gale, sprung her main-mast, but got safe in port, where she will have to remain until she gets a new one from St. Joseph."

HAIL STORM.—A correspondent informs us that on Saturday last, a tremendous hail-storm passed over the Governors Road, about six or eight miles east of Woodstock. The hailstones, or rather lumps of ice, were of extraordinary size—one which he measured, after it had been considerably reduced by melting, being five inches in circumference, and covered with jagged points. They stripped the apple and other fruit trees of their fruit; many trees were broken down in the woods, and fences overturned, &c., by the fearful hurricane which accompanied the hail storm, which is supposed to have extended about a mile in breadth, and to have been much more violent towards the water. We have not heard of any living being lost; but we fear that the crops in the track of the storm must have been more or less injured. There was nothing of the kind at Woodstock; but the day was excessively sultry, with a slight shower of rain, and thunder to the distance.—[Woodstock Herald.]

A family consisting of a man and his wife, with three small children, passed through our village on foot, last Tuesday, on their way to Plattsburgh. They came from Indiana, and had travelled over seven hundred miles on foot! Their whole effects were stowed in a wheel-barrow, the youngest child astride of them, which was wheeled by the man, as they trudged on their way, and all seemed far more happy than many a cottager.—[Catawagus Wagon.]

There were 4,000 persons at Santiago on Sunday; 1,000 at Castellana's Concert on Saturday evening.

PIROUETTES.—"Don't tell me," said my uncle "of your Operatives (he meant Opera dancers) who spin about like teetotums or peg tops. I am for none of your whirligigs. It is a mere *tour de force*, to show how many revolutions they can make on one leg; and show times in ten the performer, especially a male one, shows by his face, at the conclusion, what a physical exertion it has been. The best dancers are *springing* of such manoeuvres; for they know that any appearance of effort is fatal to Grace. When I say the best dancers, I mean such Artists as Taglioni, and others of the same school; who, by the way, always seemed to me to deserve the same encomium that King Solomon bestowed on the lilies—*they toil not, neither do they spin*.

NAMES AND NICER-NAMES OF THE SEVERAL STATES.—As every State is the Union, except Alabama, has, in addition to its regular name as baptised for history, a more characteristic designation for every-day use, and as these work-day names, very often used, are not in all cases understood, we copy the following list, for the benefit of such as are not familiar with them:

Massachusetts	Bay State
Rhode Island	Plantation State
New York	Green Mountain Boys
New Hampshire	Granite
Connecticut	Freestone
Maine	Lumber
New York	Empire
Pennsylvania	Keystone
New Jersey	Jersey Blues
Delaware	Little Delaware
Maryland	Monumental
Virginia	Old Dominion
North Carolina	Rip Van Winkle
South Carolina	Palmetto
Georgia	Pine
Ohio	Buckeye
Kentucky	Corn-crackers
Alabama	Lion's Den
Tennessee	Pukes
Missouri	Sackers
Illinois	Hoosiers
Indiana	Wolverines
Michigan	Trot Pickers
Arkansas	Croole
Louisiana	Burder Beagles
Mississippi	Albany Ads.
Florida Territory	

AN EXTRAORDINARY BIRD.—The following, which we derive from a Boston friend, who assures us that it is a 'statement of a veritable occurrence,' we can very readily believe. Indeed, we have never been able to doubt any thing which a bird might say, since we heard Uncle Benzonet's 'Poor Mito,' in Nassau street, laugh, and sing, and exclaim 'Good morning!' 'What's your name?' 'Uncle John! Uncle John! somebody's in the store!' and then, changing his tone, remark, 'what nobody could deny, 'What an extraordinary bird!' But to his 'Bustos contemporary': 'I came across a plump parrot the other day, strolling down toward the wharves. It was the first of the class I had ever seen. I was just passing by a sailor boarding-house, where I heard, several times repeated, the words, 'The Lord ha' massy on Poor Poll, a sinner! Lord ha' massy! Amen!' Turning round, I perceived they were uttered by a parrot in a cage, who with one claw drawn up on her breast, had bent reverently down, and eye cocked solemnly upward, was now following her ejaculations by the most piteous wails. Talking parrots are generally creatures, and sometimes, of very choice in their language. 'But here,' thought I, 'is an exception; and surely, a race which has in it even our individual capable of attaining to a knowledge of its utterly depraved condition, cannot be altogether lost.' What seemed to me to be the more remarkable, was the fact that such knowledge should have been attainable in a sailor boarding-house, in one of the most vicious streets of the city. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the parrot had been eyeing me with an eager, sidelong glance, as if we were quite ready for a chat, and waited only for me to begin it. 'Pretty, pretty Poll!' said I, stroking her head gently with the end of my cane; 'Polly have a biscuit?' 'Yes, G-d-d-n you! hand over!' was the sharp, quick reply.—[Knickerbocker.]

CLERICAL BRIVITY.—The Barre Gazette gives the following story. Dr. Emmons, formerly of Franklin, and Dr. Griffin, once of Andover, and afterwards President of Williams College, were eminent divines of the orthodox school in this state, and personal friends. The former published a sermon many years ago, upon some doctrinal point (the Atonement, we believe) which was not well received by many of his brethren, and Dr. Griffin, among the rest. The following correspondence took place between these two which for its pith and brevity is worthy of preservation.

Dr. Griffin wrote to Dr. Emmons:
Dear Sir—I have read your sermon upon the Atonement, and have wept over it. Truly yours, E. D. GRIFFIN.
Dr. Emmons replied instant:
Dear Sir—I have received your letter relative to my sermon and have laughed over it. Yours truly, NATH'L. EMMONS.
It is not known that the correspondence was continued any further.

GOOD CAUSE FOR DISCONTINUING A SUIT.—A lawyer in Pittsburg recently observed to the bench:—"If your Honor please, we will discontinue this suit; the plaintiff is a bankrupt, and the defendant was sent to the Penitentiary at the last term of the Criminal Court." "A very good and substantial reason," said his Honor, and the suit was dismissed.

A Debating Society near Waterville, Me., says the Blade of that town, recently discussed the following important question:—"Does lightning fall down, or is it fired off?"

THE POLISH BOY.

BY MRS. ANN P. STEPHENS.

Whence came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That cut like blades of steel the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With such sharp cadence of despair?

Once more they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice as if
To utter its peculiar woe!

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funeral tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the baughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering carcas,—
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?

It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and stoop'd eyes
She murmurs forth her misery.
But bark! The tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the gloomy street.
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clinking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread,
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Reel brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep.
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice, and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy—

“Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead,
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
No traitor he. But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land;
Or, fighting, die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast,
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
He went and grappled with the foe,
Laid many a baughty Russian low;
But he is dead—the good—the brave,
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave.
Take me and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,

And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child.”

“Mad woman, stop!” the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And to his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

“One moment!” shrieked the mother, “one—
Can land or gold redeem my soo?
If so, I bend my Polish knee,
And, Russian! ask this boon of thee.
Take palaces, take land, take all;
But leave him free from Russian thrall.
Take these!”—And her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like star-light there;
Unclassed her brilliant coronal,
And carcanet of orient pearl;
Her cross of blazing rubies lost
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store—
Uprising from the marble floor,
The mother with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no—the Russian's iron grasp
Again and did the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers! his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lip and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wond'ring band.—

“Ye hold me not, no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
I kneel beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes wept—I was a child—but now
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement
My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,
I've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
This dagger in my heart! and then
Where is the boasted power of men?”
He drew aside his tattered vest
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poleward bright,
Glittered a moment on the sight.—

“Ha! start ye back? fool, coward, knave!
Think ye the knife my father gave
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls, that on the handle flame,
Would blush to rubies in their shame!
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
No; thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And sling him back a boy's disdain!”

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright.
Anther! and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang.
And on the air his clear voice rang.—

"Up, mother, up!—I'm free—I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery;
Up, mother, up!—look on thy son—
His freedom is forever won!
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss;
One last embrace, one blessing, one!
To prove thou knowest what I have done.
No look! no word! Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.
What, silent still? Then art thou dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Am happy thus with thee to die."

Slowly he falls. The clasp'ring hair
Rolls back and leaves that forehead bare.
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lies on his mother's bosom, dead.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, THE COMEDIAN.—The time has been when there was magic in the name of Jefferson, Comedian, and it was only necessary to have it added to the Bill of Play to ensure an overflowing house. We have seen the whole play-going community in our large cities on tip-toe on hearing of his announcement; and presume that no man on this continent has excited the risible faculties of so many of our people. Yet this brilliant genius,—this actor of commanding powers,—this man who could move the masses by the mere exertion of the muscles of his face,—has passed away, and few even know where the last resting-place of his earthly remains is to be found.

In the year 1832, Mr. Jefferson made a visit to the borough of Harrisburg, in feeble health; and here he closed his earthly career, in a very few days after his arrival. His remains were laid in the Episcopal burying-ground on the bank of the Susquehanna—a spot as beautiful as the god of day ever illuminated with his gorgeous face.

We were led to these remarks on learning that a friend of the drama, and an admirer of the character of the deceased, has ordered a beautiful marble slab to mark the spot where the ashes of this departed genius repose. On visiting Mr. Smith's marble-yard, a few days since, we found the slab to contain the following beautiful and appropriate inscription:

Beneath this marble are deposited the Ashes of
JOSEPH JEFFERSON:
An Actor,
whose unrivalled powers
took in the whole extent of Comic Character, from
PATRICK to heart-shaking MIRTH.
His coloring
was that of Nature,
warm, fresh,
and enriched with the finest conceptions of Genius.
He was a member

Chestnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia,
in its most high and palmy days,
and a companion of Cooper, Wood, Warren, Francis,
and a Host of worthies, who, like himself,
are remembered with admiration and praise.

He died at this place in 1832.
"Alas! Poor Yorick! I knew him well, Horatio,
A fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy."

{Harrisburg Union.

OLE BULL, the famous Norwegian violinist, now confessedly the first in Europe, will soon visit this country. At least, we are assured by a friend, who says he has seen a letter from this great artist to that effect. Our correspondent observes: "Ole Bull, a native of Norway, was first devoting himself to science, but the realms of music attracted him more. Sustained by an outward appearance which calls to memory the romantic days of knighthood, the wandering bard with his lyre filled all Europe with enthusiasm. His manner of playing being incomparably soft and sweet, he was not dreading the rivalry of the wild genius of Paganini, who, though of a talent more universal, did not excel him in gracefulness. Now he will, after a visit to England, come to this country, and meet, I am sure, with the attention due his high talent."—*Tribune*.

[Original.]

REASON AND PASSION.

By C. DONALD MAC LEOD.

I saw in my dream a bright parterre,
With flowers like hopes, as faint and fair,
With yew-shades, cold and as dark as a doubt,
And fountains, like bright thoughts, sparkling about.
There was a boy with a still, blue eye,
'Nouth a forehead cold and calm and high;
And sunny tresses heedfully kept,
And looks where thoughtfulness ever slept.

But his beautiful brother had raven hair,
Tost to the winds!—and a reckless air.
And a large eye filled with darkness and light,
Like lightning and clouds on a midsummer's night.
They quarrelled—the garden was claimed by each;
The youngest was wild and fierce of speech;
While calmness dwelt in the eye of blue.
But when he would have argued, the other slew!

He saw the red blood ead be shook with fears,
And the fires of his rage were drenched with tears.
And he learned to look on himself with hate,
Despairing, and careless and desolate.
The yew-shades spread, but the fountains ran dry,
Like bright thoughts choked by a memory.
The hot winds shook the flowers from the stem,
And the sensual swine uprooted them.

THE HEART of Man is that bright parterre
REASON and PASSION the brothers there.
'Tis a fearful thing for their garden home,
When they struggle and Reason is overcome!

THE EMIGRANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

When Zephyr aeps At noontide hours, Cooling his wings In dew of flow'rs!	Come where no wind Shall the young grass, Where all is cool Soft, summer scene!
There let us go, And former times We will live o'er In happier climes!	Here ev'ry smile Comes but for grief; There even tears Are joy's relief!
Yes! there, with love's own balm That's caught at some young love's And there, from the daybreak till I'll sing, sweet, to thee! [death, Oh! come— There by the fountains Of glens Deep in the mountains, Happy thou'lt dwell with me!	Oh! fly to such land of delight, And there, from the daybreak till I'll sing, sweet, to thee! [night, Oh! come— If earth can show thee One joy I can bestow thee, Happy thou'lt dwell with me!

AN IRISHMAN'S APOLOGY.—Not many days since, a little child, two years old, the son of a poor Irish widow, lay in the middle of a new road, kicking up a dust, and roasting in the sun. Presently came along an Irish teamster, who in the most deliberate and careless manner walked his team over the little fellow, and crushed him to death. Some dozen or twenty Irish shanties were in full view of the catastrophe; and as might be expected, there was a rush and an uproar from a hundred women at once. While some took up the dead body, others shouted after the teamster, who, apparently unconcerned, was making slowly off. They forced him back to the scene of the catastrophe, where they did not hesitate to accuse him of having caused it purposely. But of course denied it strenuously, declaring that he did not see the child, and was therefore wholly blameless. But with a hundred fierce eyes glaring upon him at once, and fifty tongues hissing in his ear, he became confused and began to waver, and finally gave up the point entirely, probably at a peace-offering to his tormentors: "Thruv, thruv, Mistress Conolly," said he to one of them, while he scratched his head sorrowfully, "I did see the boy lying there, 'pon me word; but I thought he was asleep!"
Knickerbocker.

AN EXCHANGE SO ROBERT.—A friend of ours in attendance at the party given by Mr. Heathman in Boston on the occasion of Mr. Tyler's visit, when about to leave was unable to find his hat.

"Was it a good one?" enquired the host.
"Yes and new; purchased only last week."
"It's useless to look for it then, for the good hats have all been gone an hour," was the comforting response.—*Hampden Post*.

EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN FILES.

MR. EVERETT'S DROCK.—It is said that Mr. Marriott and Mr. Sewell, with other Tractarians, are determined, if possible, to have the degree of Mr. Everett, the American ambassador, rescinded. They have been induced to do this from the opinion expressed by Mr. Hope, of the Chancery bar, that the proceedings at the commemoration, as far as relates to Mr. Everett, were null and void. Mr. Hope was counsel for Mr. Mullen, Tractarian (r) Dr. Hampden, and is identified with the Puseyite party.

SINGULAR SUIT.—The German papers speak of a strange circumstance that is about to give birth to a lawsuit. A middle-aged man was not long since playing phare at Kew-tem, in the principality of Ansbach. He had been playing for some time, when the card he had, worth 1,000 ducats. The dealer handed over the money, and inquired how he wished to continue the game; but the man made no reply. Repeating the question, and receiving no answer, he desired one of the bystanders to see if something was not the matter with the man. He did so; the player was found to be a corpse! The dead body was taken away, and the dealer very coolly drew back his 1,000 ducats, saying that the game was a synallagmatic contract, made between persons capable of fulfilling its conditions, and could not be annulled to hold good between the living and the dead. The heirs have claimed the sum, and the matter has been referred to the tribunals.

FORTUNE-TELLING IN FRANCE.—One of the most celebrated public characters of France during the last half-century—Mademoiselle Leor-mand, the fortune-teller—died in that city a short time since, at the age of 72, leaving a fortune of 500,000 fr. She reckoned, it is said, among her clients all the celebrated characters of the age—all the soldiers, generals, and other adventures of both sexes, from the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander down to the *cantiniere* and kitchen-maid—all of whom expressed their surprise at the profundity of her knowledge of events, past and future.

NAPOLEON'S WILL.—The Count de Suvilliers and M. Louis Raminolo have come to an amicable settlement of the suit which had been instituted by Madame Letitia Bonaparte, to obtain a revocation of the legacy left by the will of Napoleon to his uncle M. Raminolo. The Count de Suvilliers felt that as the donation was expressed in writing and respected. At the same time M. Raminolo conceiving that the house in which the Emperor was born ought never to become the property of a private person, has given it up to the head of the Bonaparte family, that he may dispose of it according to the wishes of the people of Corsica.

TENDER IN PAYMENT.—A tender in payment is rarely made in a legal manner. People commonly clo it with some condition, which makes it no tender in law. One man goes to another, and says, "Here is your money; but I must have a receipt in full of all demands." A tender, to be good, must be an unconditional one, clogged with no stipulation whatever.

STATISTICS OF LONDON.—London is the richest city in the world; it occupies a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, or five stories high. It consists of the London city, Westminster, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. The two latter are on the south of the Thames. It contains 360 churches and chapels of the establishment; 364 dissenters' chapels; 22 foreign chapels; 250 public schools; 130 hospitals; 156 almshouses; besides 205 other institutions; 550 public prisons; 14 prisons; 22 theatres; 24 markets. Consumes annually 110,000 bullocks; 776,000 sheep; 250,000 lambs; 250,000 calves; and 270,000 pigs; 11,000 tons of butter; 13,000 tons of cheese; 10,000,000 gallons of milk; 1,000,000 quarters of wheat, or 61,000,000 quarters leaves; 65,000 pipes of wine; 2,000,000 gallons of spirits; and 2,000,000 barrels of porter. About 77,000 establishments of trade and industry; 4,500 public-houses; 310 hotels; 470 beer-shops; 900 spirit and wine-shops. London pays one third the window tax in England; the number of houses assessed being about 120,000, rated at upwards of 5,000,000 sterling. The house-rental is probably seven or eight millions.

A return made to the House of Commons shows that the quantity of cheese imported into Great Britain during the year 1842 was—from Europe, 165,614 cwt; from the United States, 14,038; from British possessions, 46 cwt; total, 179,748 cwt.

THE CENSUS.—By the returns just presented to the House of Commons relative to the population of the United Kingdom, as ascertained by the last census, it appears that the total population of England and Wales amounts to 15,911,646, and of Scotland to 2,620,207; the number of persons travelling by railways and canals on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, being 4,896. It further appears that the total population of Ireland amounts to 8,175,239, of whom 852,064 were ascertained to be members of the E-established Church, 6,427,712 to be Catholics, 642,256 Presbyterians, and 21,808 Protestant Dissenters.

There are in London and its environs 107,902 female servants, and in Holborn alone 29,000, of whom from 14,000 to 15,000 are constantly out of place.

Government allows the Royal West India Mail Steam-packet Company £240,000 per annum, and receives a return of 28,000 in the shape of postage duties.

The Masonic Grand Lodge of England has voted £1,000 towards a monument to the memory of their illustrious and highly talented Grand Master, the late Duke of Sussex.

An apt and truly pleasing illustration of the adage "every little makes a mickle," was offered recently, by the presentation of the sum of £30 to the Royal Society of Female Musicians, which amount was collected in public subscriptions, by Mrs. W. H. Seguin.

When Father Matthew was at York, he was asked whether if a person took the pledge he would be expected to abstain from the use of wine at the Lord's Supper; to which the rev. gentleman at once replied, "Of course not; the abstinence is only from wine as a beverage."

The Courier Français, alluding to the heat of the weather in Paris, goes so far as to relate that a lady elegantly dressed, on passing, about two o'clock, before the Café de France, was unable to extract her shoes from the asphaltic pavement, and was obliged to leave them behind her, glad to return home in a chaise.

There is a thistle's nest in the garden of a gentleman at St. John's Wakefield, which is partly built of a bit of the Leeds Mercury, of the York Herald, a leaf of the Pilgrim's Progress, some other scraps of paper, and a corner of a note of the Wakefield Banking Company.

Any one can now rise from his bed in London, breakfast on the sea shore in England, lunch in Boulogne, spend a few hours there, and be back in London to dinner.

It is said that in England and Wales the value of household furniture is £130,000,000; of wearing apparel, £16,000,000; and of plate, jewels, &c., £31,000,000.

Nearly one million persons have passed through the Thames Tunnel since it was opened on the 25th of March.

A lady at Bristol received the other day a packet of Antipodean bride-cake from Sydney, in capital order and condition.

The weight of the Princess Augusta's bride-cake made by her Majesty's yeoman confectioner, was upwards of 160 lbs.

A lobster was sold on Friday last, in Billingsgate, which measured in length two feet five inches and a half; the size of the body was 16 inches, and the claws measured upwards of 14 inches.

Curious Calculation.—It is reported that the late Mr. Arkwright left his son-in-law, Vice-Chancellor Wigram, the sum of one million of money. Now, supposing this to be correct, and in sovereigns, it would have taken the learned gentleman the astonishing number of 35 days to count it, at the rate of 60 a minute for 24 hours a day, and it would weigh, allowing 4 sovereigns to the ounce avoirdupois, 6 tons 1 cwt. 2 qrs. 1 lb., and would require four strong horses to draw it.

Dr. Orville Dewey, the American writer and preacher, has occupied the pulpits of several Unitarian chapels in and near the metropolis.

A Puzzler.—It is a long and very generally received axiom, that "knowledge is power." Is then the knowledge of being unable to do a thing equivalent to the power of doing it?

A schoolmaster, in a town in Herefordshire, not having sufficient employment as a pedagogue, engaged to collect a lamp or lightning race. His success was not such as the parish could wish; and on the overseers looking over the book, they found several names to which the lecturer "O. P." had been attached. Inquiry being made of the collector as to the meaning of the cabalistic letters, his answer was—"o. p. y."

A Friend in Need.—The friends of O'Connell declare that the great Agitator is quite a father to the Irish people. It must be acknowledged that the relation in which he stands to them is one of a peculiarly paternal character.

The wooden pavement is said to possess one recommendation, economy, for if it does not save the horses' shoes, at all events it makes them slipper.

An auctioneer of Exeter, England, announces that he is instructed, by the executors of the late Rev. Edward Leigh of Paddington, to offer for sale, by tender, the satin cap worn by the unfortunate Charles I. at his execution.

DECLINE OF THE TRADE WITH AMERICA.—It appears from a return just laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Thorneycroft, that the exports of British goods to the United States of America, in the year 1842, were less in value by the sum of nearly Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds than they were in any previous year since 1833, and that they were less by more than one half than the average annual exports of the nine preceding years, the average yearly exports from 1833 to 1841, (both years inclusive), being of the value of £7,880,000, whilst those of 1842, were not of more value than £3,529,807. This alarming decline in the largest branch of the foreign trade of the country, we regret to say is not confined to a few or even to several articles, but extends to all, with the single exception of tin and tinned plates, as will be seen from the following statement of the fluctuations which have taken place during the period referred to.

The value of the apparel and haberdashery exported from England to the United States in 1833, was £127,911; in 1836, £254,269; and in 1842, £84,893. The value of the brass and copper manufactures in 1833, was £158,456; in 1836, £270,026; and in 1842, £99,932. The value of the cotton manufactures and cotton yarn in 1833, was £1,733,047; in 1835, £2,728,450; and in 1842, £437,276. The value of the earthenware in 1833, was £221,661; in 1836, £193,512; and in 1842, £168,873. The value of the hardware and cutlery in 1833, was £711,305; in 1836, £1,318,412; and in 1842, £298,891. The value of iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, in 1833, was £415,515; in 1836,

The French piece upon which the *Little Devil* is founded, has been produced at all the minor theatres in the metropolis. The titles have been varied, but the incidents of the original production have not been departed from in any material points.

A version of *Linda di Chamouni* has been produced at the Surrey Theatre, under the title of the "Pearl of Chamouni." The piece has not been so successful as the original drama (*Maria*), which gave rise to Donizetti's opera.

Various novelties are in course of preparation at the Strand Theatre, where the gymnastic performances of Mr. Railey and his son are increasing in attraction.

On Friday evening, Spohr's oratorio, "The Fall of Babylon," was performed at the Hanover-square Rooms, London, for the benefit of the composer. This performance was got up by the members of the musical profession, in compliment to the illustrious musician, who conducted it himself.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT IN THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.—While the tragedy of *Macbeth* was in course of representation, for the benefit of Mr. Anderson, a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, rather respectably attired, took his seat in the upper gallery at the extreme point of the right hand side. Shortly after placing himself in this locality, he was observed to retire from it and after a brief interval resumed his original position. When Mr. Calcraft, who represented *Macduff*, made his appearance, the unfortunate individual flung a bottle, such as is used for containing pickles, at the gentleman, and then recklessly exclaimed, "Down you go, Calcraft! Calcraft! villain, villain, villain!" He then threw himself into a menacing attitude, brandishing a huge pocket-knife, the blade of which resembled a dagger, and, still looking towards the stage, uttered in a violent and incoherent manner other expressions of a similar character. Policeman 39 B, Thomas McCabe, who sat in an opposite direction in the same gallery, seized the young man by the wrist of the right hand to secure the knife, and in the course of a hard struggle the delinquent overpowered, and dropped on his feet in the middle gallery, whence, without a moment's hesitation, he sprang into the pit, and fell outside the orchestra. He was removed to Mercer's hospital. He did not seem to be intoxicated. Mr. Calcraft at the conclusion of *Macbeth*, announced to the audience that no clue as to the motives of the unhappy man could be discovered. He breathed his last a few minutes after one o'clock.

Ernst, the celebrated violinist and composer, is in London, but intends to play in public only once, for a charity.

It has been arranged to hold a great music meeting on the 11th and 12th of September; engagements having been made with Miss Clara Novello, Mrs. Alfred Shute, Miss Laforch, Mr. Braham, Mr. James Bennett, and Mr. Henry Phillips, in addition to which there will be a band of seventy performers, and a chorus three hundred strong. On the first evening the "Messiah" will be performed, and on the second there will be a grand miscellaneous concert.

Macready embarks in the autumn for New York; and it is expected that he will remain in the United States until the commencement of the ensuing summer. Until he takes his departure, we understand that he means to endeavour to recruit his health by a total abstinence from professional labour. The sum that he has sunk at Drury-lane Theatre is something beyond £8,000; but the greater part was expended at the outset of his undertaking, in January, 1842. He has left all the appointments of the theatre in the best state—scenery, machinery, and wardrobe, so that any person who may follow him will have occasion to lay out a very small sum. When he entered the house the whole of the appointments were valued to him at between £800 and £900. Now they are worth five or six times that sum.

Her Majesty presented Camillo Sivori with a brilliant ring (in testimony of her appreciation of his eminent talent as a violinist) when he performed at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. James Winston, who has been many years connected with the theatres of the metropolis, expired at his residence in Charles-street, Covent-garden, on Sunday the 8th ult.

F. TAGLIORI.—This *Terpizore redivo*, as the Milanese have lately named her, has been presented with a model of extreme beauty and artistic finish, by the ladies of that capital of which her charming rival Cerrito is a native.

DEMILITARE.—This *can-can* dance is to appear in a new ballet at the Académie in Paris, entitled "Lola, ou les Paris."

LIVERPOOL.—The statistics that appeared under Mr. W. J. Hammond's final examination are curious as regards the "Star" system; i.e.

	Expenses.	Receipts.
Mr. Ternan and his daughter.....	£165	£161
Mad. Vestris and Mr. C. Mathew.....	430	438
Messrs. Webster, Strickland, and Madame Celeste.....	266	275
Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover.....	295	393

The expenses are here reckoned exclusive of the tent.

THALERO.—This distinguished artist is in a very bad state of health at Vienna. The report is that he has injured a blood-vessel.

HANDEL.—The increasing enthusiasm with which the works of this mighty genius are received on the Continent, particularly in his "fatherland," is beyond our adequate description. At Vienna, Madame Vindot

Garcia has been singing an air from the "Armida" of our "marvellous adopted," which produced a most extraordinary sensation.

LA SCALA, MILAN.—The following description of this splendid establishment affords a curious contrast to the arrangements of our English theatres. There is no fixed light in the *salle* (or audience part), all being imparted to it from *la scena*, or stage, which is extremely brilliant. To the subscribers the expense of admission is not more than seven or eight pence of our money, and to the chance visitor little more than a shilling: No wonder that our dramatic speculations fall almost universally. Actors, singers, dancers, &c., are here generally paid too much.

Auber is busy in writing a new comic opera for next winter. Adolph Adam has likewise an opera in these acts in hand. Serlio is the author of both *libretti*. It is stated in well-informed circles at Paris that Mons. Veron, who has been *directeur* before, is to enter the administration of the Académie Royale de Musique.

The new opera, entitled "Lambert Simmie," which has been a considerable time in preparation at the Opera Comique, has been produced at Paris. The music is by Moussu, who died before entirely completing it. Adolph Adam has been employed to finish it.

BENJAMIN RATHBUE.—It is stated that Benjamin Rathbue's term of imprisonment for forgery will expire in September next. Some of the Buffalo papers are already making calculations about the benefits that will result from his return to the scene of his former operations, where they think notwithstanding his former disgrace, he will give a new impulse to the prosperity of the place.

Others again indignantly deny any anticipations of his return, and seem to consider him rather in the light of a curse than a blessing to the city, the depressed state of which for some years past they attribute to his wild speculations, promoted as they were by extensive forgeries.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—About twelve o'clock on Thursday 4th inst., another accident occurred on the Reading Railroad. In consequence of the displacement of a switch at the Falls of Schoykill, whether through carelessness or inattention is unknown, an engine which was drawing a train of coal cars, was thrown from the track, and dragging after it two of the cars, fell down a high embankment into the Schoykill Canal at the foot. The engineer and fireman feeling that the locomotive was heeling over, sprang off safely, and by the giving way of the "coupling" of the second and third car, only two of the train were carried down. The engine was new, and it is said to be broken as to be rendered useless.

ISLAND DISCOVERED IN THE PACIFIC.—The U. S. sloop of war Boston brings intelligence that Capt. George E. Netcher, of whaling barkus Isabella, of Fairhaven, reported at Tahiti, April 12, the discovery of a beautiful fertile island, extending about 40 miles from Northwest to Southwest. He named it "Eadie's Island," after the man who first discovered it—not being laid down in the charts. This island is situated in south latitude 11 05, west longitude 165 05.

IMPEACHMENT OF GOV. PORTER OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Pittsburg Advocate says—"It seems to be generally understood that a decided effort to impeach Governor Porter will be made next winter, in which all parties will unite. In many places candidates for the legislature are chosen with reference to this matter."

FALL OF RAIN.—From seven to half past eight P. M. on Saturday evening, there fell in Philadelphia, by the rain gauge at the Pennsylvania Hospital, 4,033 inches.

TOLLS AND TONNAGE OF THE CANALS.—Account of tolls received on all the canals of this State, and of the lockages at Alexander's Lock, three miles west of Schenectady, at the 1st of August:

	Tolls.	Passages at Alexander's lock.
1839	\$761,423	10,646
1840	716,326	11,555
1841	912,924	13,466
1842	750,951	10,090
1843	858,485	9,668
The increase over last year is,		\$107,534
Of this increase there is at Buffalo,		\$68,459
" " West Troy,		22,424
" " Albany,		6,368
		— \$103,251

Leaving for increase at all other offices, \$4,283

The \$103,251 represents the increase of produce from, and merchandise to, western states, by the way of Buffalo. The \$4,283 represents the increase over last year in the home business, or business of this state.

(Continued from page 363.)

(Original.)

RUTH ELDER.

BY JOHN SEAL.

Hobgoblins—Hopes—and a Wilderness of Roses.

The next morning, I woke with a most uncomfortable sense of helplessness and weariness; a violent headache—fever—thirst, and a pain through all my limbs. I had tumbled and tossed about all night long. It seemed as if day would never break. If I shut my eyes, or lost myself for a single moment, I saw a troop of sheeted spectres going through the grave-yard, with a slow step, and bowing and courtesying to one another, as they swept by, very much as if they were walking a minuet in the style of their grandfathers. Or maybe, I found myself asleep on a strawberry-bank, running water below me and daffodil blossoms all about me, with a swarm of wild bees humming away in my bosom, and poor little Ruth playing boo-peep with me through her own hair. Other changes followed, and some that I shudder to think of; but the first thing I knew—the chamber-door opened softly, and a whisper stole through it, saying, *Are you asleep?*

I held my breath, and the question was repeated—*Are you asleep?* I made no answer; and the next moment, a sweet childish face appeared just outside the door, and a little naked foot paused upon the threshold; and for a single instant, until she had pulled back a heap of hair from her pale, quiet face, with one hand, while she held on the lock with the other—I was in doubt whether I had ever seen her before.

Are you asleep, I say? and she leaned a little toward me, and came a step or two nearer, with her right-gown huddled up to her bosom, and her large clear eyes fixed upon the half open door, as if ready for a spring, if she heard a step—or if I stirred—I never knew which.

I began to breathe hurriedly; and she must have heard me—for she stopped and listened—and the color flushed through her temples—and then she faltered, and cuddling up her dress and hugging herself with all her might, turned away her face like a child about to take a shower-bath; and the morning air entered the room like a Spirit, and a heavy mass of woodbine at the open window stirred with answering life, and I trembled from head to foot.

Oh my! I thought you were asleep! she added, finding me wide awake, and peeping at her through the bedclothes—and so—she continued—and so I thought I would just come and see for myself. Upon my word, but for the awkwardness of my situation, I would have dropped upon my knees to her—so innocent and snowy was her look, and so bewitching the cast of her cool drapery—a coarse cotton cloth spiritualized.

No my dear child—not asleep; nor have I been asleep, to my knowledge, since we parted. And here I held forth my hand to encourage her. Not asleep! Well, I wish I may die, if I didn't tell father so!

Her father!

But he would have it you were either asleep, or had something very bad on your stomach—or conscience, he wouldn't undertake to say which—and I have come to see whether you have or not, Mr. Page. Anything on your mind, hey?

The little witch!

What a terrible sight you must have had of it, to be sure! You frightened me—oh my! how you did frighten me, the first time you screamed!—and I wanted to come and see what was the matter with you; but father wouldn't let me.

Her father wouldn't let her!—the good-for-nothing old hunk!

And what did she say?

Say!—why, that I was getting too old for such nonsense. Do you think so, Mr. Page?

By no means—how old are you?

Fourteen last Sabbath-day. Just as if you didn't know it!

Upon my word I didn't! Heigho!—and you are only fourteen!—Is it possible!

Fourteen—and in my sixteenth year—if you please.

Certainly—certainly—fourteen last Sabbath-day?

At your service—dropping a courtesy, and looking a little arch, I fancied. Heigho!—only fourteen! I declare I had a sort of idea—a kind of hope, I may say—about going on with your story.

Well—and so you see, I determined to op with him, as soon as it was

light enough to see. And here I am! And now, what I want to know is, whether you are not very unhappy?

Unhappy! no indeed— Heigho!

Not very well satisfied with yourself, are you though?

No indeed! Thus much I could say with truth. Heigho, heigho!

What's that for!—what do you mean by heigho?

Mean—O, nothing at all—it's a way I have.

I told 'em so!—if I didn't, I wish I may be whipped. I tell you what it is, father, said I—that's a disappointed man. Something troubles him. He don't mean much, but he's got a way of talking in his sleep; and you ought to go and see what's the matter; and if you don't, I will; or— Maybe your supper didn't agree with you?

By this time she had got near enough to the bed for me to touch her hand. It was like snow. And when I drew her up to me, and kissed her mouth, it was like a wet rose-bud. She started back with a strange, wayward cry, something between a laugh and a scream, and told me my breath smelt feverish, and she would send her mother to me.

Ruth! Ruth!—where's Ruth? bawled somebody from below.

Here I am, father!

And where's that, you jade?

Here, father!—long o' mister Page, father!

Zounds! thought I, as I strained myself out in the bed, turned my back to her, and began to snore with all my strength—here's a pretty kettle o' fish! If I get off now, without a wallopping, or a Somerset through the window, I'm the luckiest dog that ever got cornered in a bed-chamber.

The heavy step of the father—tramp—tramp—tramp—was now heard slowly mounting the stairs. My time had come!—I felt it in every limb. Ugh! how my teeth chattered!—and then, before he had got up, a gentle perspiration broke out all over me. My fever was gone—would that I could say as much for myself!—and I drew the clothes yet closer about me, determined, if I must be flayed alive, to give the fellow a job of it.

And what business have you here—and at this time of day! I should be glad to know—continued her father, advancing slowly, and step by step, as it were, to the bedside. I felt the heavy swing of his body. I knew that he carried a wagon-whip—I could almost hear the lash trailing along the floor—and I saw, or thought I saw—notwithstanding my eyes were shut—a ponderous shadow standing over me, with one arm lifted, and a plenty of tingle in the air, just ready to light upon me, like a swarm of bumble-bees. Do you wonder that I kept on snoring like a good fellow—that I refused to open my eyes, or that when I did, I was almost afraid to look up?

Come, come! none o' that now! continued the old chap. No blubbering. What business have you here, Ruth!—and how long have you been here? That's what I want to know.

And I wonder you aint ashamed of yourself, Ruth Dyer, to be running about in your night-gown, at your age! added her mother, looking in at the door, and speaking in a sort of doubtful whisper. I knew by the very tone of her voice, that she had been peeping and listening—oh, that I knew how long!—that she was trying to hide herself, and wasn't more than half dressed. But still I said nothing. I only stiffened myself the more, and snored all the harder.

What business, father? Why I came here, as I told you I would, if you did n't, after the poor creature had been groaning in his sleep, all night long, any jess to see what there was upon his mind.

Pshaw! And how long have you been here?

How long, father! Well, I declare I can't say. How long have I, Mr. Page. The man's asleep, you little goose.

Asleep! No such thing, father!—out he!—wide awake as you are, when he heard you a calling me; had but just whopped over, when we heard your foot on the stairs.

So—so!—Come, come neighbor! no make believe here! How long has Ruth been with you?

Finding the matter in a fair way to be serious; I opened my eyes—muttered—stretched and begged to know where I was, and what they wanted of me.

Whereas Miss Ruth began to laugh and scream like mad—I thought she would never stop. The whole house rang with her shout, and the children waked up and shouted with her, and the great house dog followed suit; and her mother-in-law flung away from the door, saying she

ought to be ashamed of herself—and Nathan, he peeped in, and called her a *distressing dab*—and then cleared the stairs at a single jump, as if he meant more than he chose to say, and didn't much like the looks of the father.

Why, what on earth do you mean, Mr. Page? What's the use of pretending to be asleep—when you know you were no more asleep than I was, when Father began to call me.

That's you, Ruth! genuine you, yet, my gal! You're your mother's own child, and I ain't afeared to trust you any where now. And I mean to know what that are Nathan means by calling you a *distressing dab*.

Don't father!

Yes but I will, though—have it out of his hide afore I sleep.

Don't father, don't!

Hold your tongues—shut up—give you a tannin' too, if you don't mind. But as for you, Mr. Page—Rufus Page, I think ye said—

Yes, father!

As for you neighbor—a word in your ear—always tell the truth, if you hope to get along with my gal here, even though a falsehood might seem to serve your turn better. I have no more questions to ask you, Mr. Page; but I have one more to ask you, Roth.

What is it, father?

Have you been here all night?

All night, father! Why, where should I sleep?

Here I ventured to steal a look at her; and what dye think I saw! No sign of archness or pleasantry—nothing but the clear upward look of the spotless, and a queer faint, bewildering sort of smile, as if it tickled her mightily and rather astonished her on the whole, to have her father suppose that she had been with me all night, in a single-bedded room.

Where should you sleep? said her father—why there, if you chose—pointing to the bed, in which I lay.

Lord father! what should I do there—I shouldn't get a wink of sleep and you know it. Why don't you see the poor man's got a fever.

This, I thought, was carrying the joke a *little* too far; and so I roused myself, and sat up, and looked father and child both in the face, with a fixed determination to know the worst, and abide the worst, whatever might happen. Two such innocents I never saw in my life—I never heard of before—could it be that they were playing with me!

But no—no—no! when I looked at the father, I found him lost in thought, as if he had been carried away by the strange talking of his child to the years that were gone before; and when I looked at her—I found her sitting on the bed, and swinging her feet to and fro, with her father's hand clasped in both of hers, and her eyes brimming with tears, like the large trembling drops that overload the violet or the bluebell after a pleasant shower.

What was I to think! I was silent, and breathless for a matter of three minutes perhaps; and then, I came to myself, and keeping in mind his affectionate admonition, I blurted out the truth—for the first time in all my life, under similar circumstances.

Your child, Mr. Dyer, had been here about five minutes when I heard your step—not more. I was counterfeiting sleep, as she told you; and was trying to persuade myself and her, that there was no other way of clearing up the mystery.

Why—Mr. Page! You are not serious—are you? You would not be golly of untruth—would you, Mr. Page? and the voice of the dear girl changed—and her countenance fell—and her very eyelids drooped with sorrow.

I was never so rebuked in all my life—nor ever so ashamed of myself. And I said so, whereupon dear little Ruth brightened up—she stooped over and threw her arms round my neck, and vanished.

I lost no time in explaining my situation to Mr. Dyer, who asked if I didn't feel dry—to be sure I did; but, why should he ask!—and whether I would like some sweetened water—ugh!—and then he went on to say, that his wife was preparing some herb tea of balm or catnip, or sage, or pennyroyal—he didn't know which—but she was worth a dozen doctors, and would be sure to carry me through; that I had been talking in my sleep all night long. My love of truth did not oblige me to stop him here, and say, I know it, sir—I had it from an angel that haunted my bed chamber—that my horse wanted a shoe and would have to be sent three miles off to a blacksmith; and that, to say all in a word, I mustn't think of stirring abroad for two or three days, or I should have a settled fever; though I might be allowed to set by the open window if I liked, and

Ruth should come and sit with me, after she had got through her work—and read to me—did I like reading!—Ruth read like a minister.

For two or three days! God help me—what was I to do with myself, in such a place, for two or three days together! and then too, instead of having dear little Ruth at my elbow, all day long, to talk and play with—I was only to see her for an hour or two in the evening perhaps, and have her read to me out of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Webster's Third Part—or a newspaper—waugh!

The old man looked at me as I thought all this over, for I didn't open my mouth in reply, and smiled as if he understood me—what could he be thinking of!—and then left me, whispering aloud to himself, all the way down stairs. I began to like him better, and was rather anxious to find out if he liked me.

After a while, a mug of sage tea was brought in by the mother, and a large bowl full of detestable stuff—which Ruth insisted upon my swallowing, whether or no. Of course I took it, though I believed in my heart it would be the death of me. "If you have poison for me, I will take it," said I—whereupon she laughed heartily, and held it to my mouth till I had swallowed every drop. It was made of oatmeal, sweetened with molasses—or I'm no christian. It was moreover "thick and slak"—or Shakespeare is a ninny, and yet they called it a *broth*—hang me, if they didn't! Yes—I drank it—or swallowed it, rather—every drop; and am alive to say so; greatly to my amusement, I assure you.

Such a dreary day! I thought I *should* never get through with it. Again and again, I got up and tried to sit up; but always had to go to bed in a few minutes. My head swam, and my throat felt parched; and I had all the symptoms of a slow fever toward nightfall, though the skin was a little moist, and the perspiration I had been frightened into had not entirely disappeared.

Toward evening, however, I began to feel better. How could it be otherwise! Little Ruth had got through her day's work, and came and sat down by the side of my bed, took one of my hands into hers, bathed my temples with cold water—poured out my tea—and finally read a chapter in the Bible to me. And such reading! By my faith, I never heard anything like it in all my life. At one moment it was with the greatest difficulty I managed to keep my countenance, I so wanted to laugh in her face—and the next, as you live! my heart would be in my throat, and my eyes brimful and running over, at the low, sweet breathing of her voice. Every word of more than three syllables the poor thing played the very mischief with; but there was a deep and touching pathos—a tenderness and simplicity—and withal, a sincerity, in her modest, clear, child-like intonations, where she understood the language and felt the meaning, which found their way into your very heart. Amazed at the strange naturalness of her manner, and anxious to try the sweetness of her tones in some other way, I repeated a verse or two from Coteridge, ending with—

"She hath enclosed me in her arms,

And pressed me with a meek embrace,

And leaning back her head, looked up,

And gazed into my face."

and begged her to say them after me very slowly. Whereupon the little witch mumbled *O how*! and jumped upon the bed—though her mother was pouring out a cup of tea at the time—and taking up the poem where I left off, repeated the whole, with the same earnest and affectionate simplicity, and the same *naturalness*, I had been so delighted with.—Never shall I forget her look when she said:

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear;

And partly 'twas a beautiful art,

That I might rather feel than see,"

or feel than *hear*—which is it Mr. Page! "That I might rather feel than *see*"—I think *hear* is better—don't you!—and then it thymen you see—"That I might rather feel than *hear*,"—I will have it *hear*—

"The beating of her heart."

I smiled, but said nothing about the double thymen.

Oh, Mr. Page, Mr. Page! was there ever anything in this world half so beautiful, as that? she cried; and then she jumped off the bed—ran up to her mother—upset a slop bowl—and whipped through the door, as if hunted by something invisible.

By Jupiter! said I to myself; but that girl is worth having—aye, and worth searching from this neighborhood. It shall be done—by my faith it shall!—We must have her transplanted to our wilderness of roses!

OLD BACHELORS.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

Old maids are crab apples, but old bachelors are verjuice. The one patronises parents, and is patronised by young folk, but the other nobody will have any thing to do with. As for us, we wash our hands clean of them. We will have no communication with them any more than a Jew would have with a leper, or a good Christian with a ghost. Old bachelors should be shut up in a cage, or chopped into mince meat like the children in the story-book—they're fit for nothing else. Sour, crabbed, peevish, selfish, obstinate and snarling are all old bachelors, unless a miracle, as in one or two cases we know of, has kept some portion of their hearts green.

You have never popped the question, you say,—egad, then you're no better notion of happiness than a horse in a mill, sir. You've never popped the question—your outrageous fool—when town and country are studded with lovely girls as a meadow with May flowers. What would life be without that sex which you affect to despise? A wilderness, a desert, a trackless ocean—worse than that, a demonium, where every brutal passion would have full sway, and men, like famished beasts, would prey on each other continually. It is only the refinement which association with woman gives us that makes this world endurable. And you would sneer at the sex!—may you be condemned to a tartarus, to dark stockings and be tormented by old maids and monkeys in *eternum*.

You have no friends, you say—the world is selfish and narrow minded!—how else should it seem to one like you who has never formed any close tie with it, and who has outlived all those natural friends for him? If you had a mother living, she might indeed shed a tear for you, but she has long since gone to her holy rest, and the brothers and sisters with whom you played in youth have now become the heads of families, and forming new ties more powerful than old ones, have nearly forgotten you. Among your own people you are a stranger. In the world you are regarded much as a beast of prey is regarded, devouring his substance and making no return. You are a distorted, diseased, baneful member of society. Never having had any of the claims on your purse or on your heart which are daily made on the heads of a family, you have grown to regard solely your own comfort until there is not such another mass of selfishness on earth as yourself. Nor can you hope to escape from your horrible situation. Your heart is so crusted over with selfishness, so completely transformed by the indolence of selfish habits, that you are incapable of the self-sacrificing spirit necessary to true love, and utterly unfit for the married life. You will never meet your woman's prey, because you cannot be yourself happy with any woman. A crusty, peevish, valetudinarian old bachelor!—heaven preserve us from your very acquaintance.

We are no boy. The love of which we speak is not that of children. It is a holy feeling, implanted in every human breast by God, intended to brighten our lot here, and to draw us heavenward by its gentle and purifying power. What selfishness has benighted in a mine, love is to man. It expands his heart, fills it with glad sympathies, and binds it to the human race by new and delightful ties. He who truly loves has entered on a new existence. He sees everything in a new light. From the hour that his heart first leaps at the avowal that his passion is returned, he gazes on nature as if a new scene had been given him. Everything has suddenly grown more beautiful. The flower that blushes in the sun, the tree that waves to the wind, the stream that sings and dances in the meadow, the bird that sings on the spray by your window to wake you while the dew yet glistens on the grass, are all lovelier and sweeter by a thousand-fold than before. You feel once more the exuberant happiness of boyhood, and are almost wild with the extravagance of your spirits. And your heart is opened to mankind with a feeling of brotherhood such as you never experienced before. The old beggar, whose gray hairs tell of the world, and whose yesterday you would have buried past, becomes an object of sympathy. You listen to his tale of misery, and regret that you cannot do more for him. Oh! love restores all those holy and blessed promptings which we felt in youth, but which the world has been gradually corroding from our hearts. And thus it brings us nearer to heaven.

Have you never read Coleridge's *Genievieve*?

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Have you never read how the lover sang to Genievieve, by the statue of the old knight, against which she leaned in the calm moonlight? How he played a soft and doleful air to the story of him who for ten years wooed a lady in vain, until at length he went and died—how he wandered alone in savage dens, on lonely moors, amid craggy mountains, ravished to imagination by an angel that on his approach turned to a fiend—and how, unknowing what he did, he leaped into the midst of a murderous gang, and rescued the lady of his love, who wept and clasped his knees on finding him craned, and nursed him in a cave tenderly, until, a dying man, his madness departed. Have you never read this?—nor how—but hear it in Coleridge's immortal verse—

"His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the dirge,
My faultering voice and passing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!"

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genievieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindled hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stapp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stapp'd—
Thence suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a beautiful art,
That I might rubher feet than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genievieve,
My bright and beautiful Bride."

Such bliss is not for you. Nor is yours the still greater bliss of a wedded life. The tender affections of a wife, and the perfect confidence existing on all things between you—these are the elements of that happiness which gives us on earth a foretaste of the perfect bliss of heaven. We are not romancing now. We speak a truth which every married couple, who truly love, and who were properly matched, will sustain us in. Oh! there is nothing in trouble or sickness like the tender solicitude of a wife. But to possess such happiness you must make a proper selection. You must choose a desirable young man—at least you think so—but there are ninety women out of a hundred whom you will not suit, and ninety out of a hundred will not suit you. There must be compatibility of tastes and character—not too great a difference in this world's goods—love based on an estimate of each other's worth, and not on a mere whim, or the beggarly vanity of having a beautiful wife or a husband to be talked about. Marriage is not for a day only—it is to last to end with death—in. On the contrary, to endure to old age, and to be terminated only by the death of one of you. Amid joys and sorrows, sickness and health, privation, affliction, and persecution, you are to be with each other, and faithful to each other—and think not that this yoke can be borne together unless you love truly and are suitably matched. You have heard the story of the Baroness Gertrude, who tended her husband when broken on the wheel, regardless of the hooting of the crowd, and his desertion by all the world. You have read of the Lady Arabella Stuart, faithful to her lord even in death. And you have heard, in humble life, a thousand stories of woman's undying love, of her devotion, faithfulness, and tender assiduity. Treasure them in your heart. They are noble monuments to her worth. They prove what woman can do when she truly loves. Go seek such a one, and you will have a treasure greater than that of Aladdin. A perfect woman! Not faultless!—for that is impossible, and those who are faultless are usually weak-minded—but having some things in her for you to forgive, though she strives daily, yes! hourly, to amend them. Beautiful!—not in feature, but in expression, which is the type of the soul, and without which there can be no true beauty—though where it exists sometimes in the highest perfection, those who look only at the outside often see no beauty at all. We now speak of that loveliness which is the offspring of neither feature, complexion, nor art, but of all holy thoughts and impulses, and which brightens the countenance as if sunshine were breaking through it up from the heart.

It is this loveliness we see in the face of childhood before care and sin have ploughed the face as if with lightning. It is this loveliness we see in the blushing and tearful bride—in the countenance of one animated by lofty conversation—on the brow of the matron as she gives her first-born to her husband—in the clear, mild, loving eyes of our mother—in the placid smile and meek look of the good matron, as she sits among her children and grandchildren, her gentle countenance typical of the long life of holy benevolence which she has led. Look for this beauty when you seek a wife. It is the record of pure thoughts,—of a kind and loving heart,—of amiability, gentleness, sweetness, devotion, and high-mindedness. It is the beauty of the perfect woman, such a one as Wordsworth describes, in those lines which seem almost written by an inspired man—
"—and inspire me, was, too, if the daily presence of such a being in his own household could give inspiration.

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight,—
A lovely apparition, sent,
To be a moment's ornament;

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and to waylay.

I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,—
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see, with eyes serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A creature breathing thoughtful breath,—
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm,—the temperate will,—
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

Look at an old couple who have lived and loved for half a century, and then say, if you can, the power and holiness of the love of which we speak. Every fond gaze the wife casts on her husband reminds you of the anonymous verses of John Anderson my Jo—a far better one, by the bye, than any Burns wrote.

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
Thou'rt say'th' forty year,
Since I call'd you my Jo, John,
And you call'd me your dear;
But no, it cannot be, John,
'Tis not so long, I knew,
It's but a twelve-month at the most,
John Anderson my Jo."

And well may she cast such a look on him. They started in life with a crowd of friends, and now they stand looking into the grave together, the last of the company. The love which these two bear to each other is not the romantic passion of youth, nor even the affection of maturer years, but something far holier. It is cemented by a thousand remembrances, and ballowed by a thousand hopes. All through their lives the shuttle of events has been playing between their hearts,—weaving them together by innumerable fine sympathies, called forth by their mutual sorrows and rejoicings, until now their hearts, like two plants whose tendrils have penetrated each other, cannot exist apart. Every grief they have endured, every joy they have shared, has added a link to their affection. They love each other the more because they have endured so much together. On her bosom he has leaned in sorrow; with her he has smiled and rejoiced; together they have followed friend after friend to the grave; and now, toward the close of their day's travel, they journey on with linked hands, like wayfarers at the set of sun, in a country where all is strange, and where, therefore, they are all to each other. They have lived so long together that they cannot exist separate. They would both choose to die on the same day and be buried in the same coffin. If the wife sickens and droops, it is not long before the husband follows. God wisely suffers him to be at rest.

¶ An old bachelor is a moral monster,—*l'âme noire* more revolting than the Siamese twins. His youth was spent in sneering at the sex, and his old age is consumed in drinking inebriations. Fretting at everything and everybody,—without comfort at home, or attention abroad,—condemned to the loneliness of the tomb, he crawls through the remnant of a miserable life—his beads daily praying for his death, and caring little whether he is decently interred, or cast out like a dog on the highway. You may see him at assemblies talking to old maids with false hair, no teeth, and shoulder-blades as sharp as cleavers, or stretching himself up in his pumps at a quadrille, with a certain prim air, at which young ladies titter—an antiquated beau. Heaven help us from old bachelors!

Ladies' National Magazine.

TOADS.—Never destroy the toad!—he is a benefit to the farmer, and one of the cheapest and most efficient "operatives" he can possibly employ. In the season of bugs and flies, a toad will do more towards the preservation of a garden than a man, and will be requires at your hands for this valuable assistance, is the freedom of your garden-walks and beds, and the petty shelter of a chip outfit! He meddles with no one's business but his own—constantly avoiding company, and intent only on expelling those voracious insects by whose jaws the beauty of the garden is laid low. Farmers who cannot conveniently keep hens for the protection of their gardens from vermin, can raise no reasonable objection against keeping a few toads.—They will not necessarily diminish the "treasure of the exchequer," nor intrude themselves into scenes where they are not desired.—*Maize Cultivator.*

A GENIUS IN DIFFICULTIES.—The Portland Bulletin gives the following very rich case:

"His name is Daniel Evans. Besides being up to all the items enumerated in your schedule, he paints mourning pieces, makes card racks, expounds scriptures, and composes apical songs and temperance ballads—in a professor of animal magnetism, neurology, phrenology and astrology, tells fortunes, extracts corals, chases away warts, gives recipes for the compounding of matchless sensitive life pills, revivifying elixirs and poor men's plasters—takes portraits and miniatures, is a roarer on the fiddle, accordion and jaw's harp, extracts tooth, defies the world as an inventor of perpetual motion, knows Hoyle by heart, is a caution to Millerism, and can turn twenty three somersets without stopping!"

LAZINESS.—The laziest man we ever heard of was described as follows by an old lady in Coweta county, Georgia.

"Perhaps you don't know Zeke Gibbons, what lived down here on West Fork; well, he was the laziest man you ever heard tell of. When he and his wife got married, they had a pretty good chance of truck between 'em. But Zeke was too lazy to make crops, so every thing went to rack and ruin. Zeke's wife was a right smart 'oman; so she told him one day he'd got to go to work. 'Can't you plow?' says she. 'Don't know how,' says Zeke. 'Well, I'll show you;' so she geared the horse, put in the plow herself, and took Zeke and him to it, and put his hands on the plow handle; and do you think the lazy critter didn't stand there without stirring an inch, till the calves cut all his coat tail off!"

The schoolmaster was in a great hurry; he had received a note from his Dolanin, whose situation, what are the products, the inhabitants, latitude and longitude, &c., how bounded "I shrieked the little pedagogue to a huge red headed boy, whose face bore the expression of a turkey's egg, with feet like buttering rams.

Pollykneeb is an independent group of islands in the interior of the desert Sahara, on the coast of Cornwall. Its products is bilin springs, cucumbers, tortoise shell cannibals, and sometimes wimins and children. The inhabitants is for the most part Kalmuck Tartars, and tobera is Shakers and Injuns. Latitude and longitude is ditto. It is bounded on all sides by the Chinese wall, which was erected to prevent the nocturnal visits of the aquater into the Caspian sea, on the south by the Sparribbons lishmishes, and the pnymatocytes which are uncommonly livered at high water mark with Shetland poles and other animals of the same class.—The religion is like the products, Intolerance and idle worship.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.—Major Natch tells the following capital story:

A gentle looking fellow, with rather a dandy air, carrying a cane like a shepherd's crook, accosted me thus, near the Park. "Good morning, my dear judge, never saw you look so well; pray how do you stand with Tyler now?" "Well I hope I always wish to stand well with him." "My object in asking is to solicit your interest, to obtain a place in the customs." "Pray, my worthy friend, did I not once try for Swindling?" "No! No sir, you never did; it is entirely a mistake." "Ah, that is true, I never did try you, I recollect; you played galley; and I sentenced you for three months in the Tombs." "Good heavens, my dear Judge, what a memory you have; but you might assist a clever fellow to get an honest living."

"Mister Sailor," said an old lady to a weather beaten tar, who had called at her house for a luncheon. "you must see a great many curiosities at sea?" "Oh, yes," said Jack, and immediately commenced telling of the great Leviathans of the deep. "But how do those great fish live?" queried the old lady. "Oh," said Jack, "much as the large fish live on land—by devouring the smaller ones." "But they don't eat them raw, do they?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "every fifth fish carries a kettle on his tail for cooking."

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Lot Jones, David B. Rice to Miss Fanny Sophia Innes, both of this city.

By the Rev. Peter C. Oakley, Mr. William A. Van Nostrand to Elizabeth Ross, both of this city.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. William M. Stilwell, Mr. Seth M. DeForest to Miss Maria E. Simmons, all of this city.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Stilwell, George Elliot to Miss Anna Maria Latsch.

On the 31st inst., by the Rev. J. A. Brough, Peter A. Griffin to Mary J. Van Zant.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. Fred F. Cornell, William Brown to Miss Mary Ball.

On the 6th of March, John M. Hoffmann to Mrs. Mary H. D. Montague, both of this city.

DIED.

On the 7th inst., Samuel Middleton, in his 76th year.

On the 7th August Jerome Beasely Weaver, aged 6 months.

On the 7th inst., Miss Eliza Murphy, aged 30 years.

On Sunday, James Campbell, aged 2 years, 11 days.

On Sunday, Patrick Henry, aged 4 years.

In Brooklyn, on Sunday, Miriaman Kipley, aged 1 year and 8 months.

On Wednesday 1. on Sunday, 6th inst., Elizabeth Dunning, aged 30 years.

On the 10th inst., John Gibson, aged 34 years and 9 months.

On the 6th inst., Mr. Nancy De Witt Milberger, in her 76th year.

Joseph M. Alderson, formerly of Sweden, in his 62d year.

At St. Thomas W. I. on the 10th June, Thomas May.

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TESTIMONIALS.

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New York, July 14, 1843.

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Staten Island, July 8, 1843. Jy29

To Inventors and Patentees.

WARREN & JACKSON, No. 80 in the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, Wall-street, in addition to the ordinary business of their profession, attend to the drawing Specifications for obtaining patents, both in this country and Europe. Mr. Jackson, who is a practical draughtsman, will execute all drawings necessary to illustrate the documents, and will also give lessons in Machine Drawing. W. & J. have had long experience in procuring patents, and are familiar with the operation of the new laws of Congress in this matter. Gratuitous information will be given to persons who wish to apply for patents, by calling as above.

New York, May 19, 1843.

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(PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN TWO VOLUMES ANNUALLY.)

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BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the Best and Most INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to

JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to indelibly please the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent", "Alice Copley", "Melina Gray," &c., &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any novellette tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their length or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works. We believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world, will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "hamlet," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "crisis,"

and occasionally minister to the risibilities of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique sparkling on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. THE LITERARY, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annuals in advance of their publication in London. From thence we shall call the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

News and General Intelligence.

A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers as fair as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

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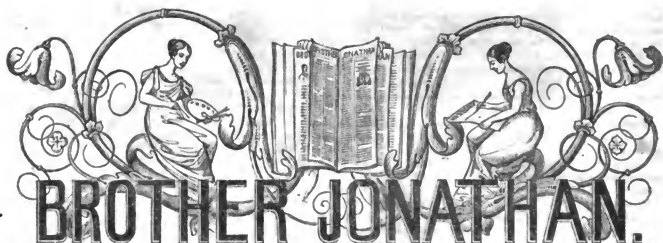
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WHOLE NO 214.

[Original.]

THE ALFENSTEIN

[A STORY OF THE RHINE.]

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

"Such was Zuleika. Such around her shone
The nameless charms, unmarked by her alone.
The light of love, the purity of grace;
The mind, the music breathing from her face;
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

BRIDE OF ARYDOS.

"Oh! she hath misused me, past the endurance of a block. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE ACTORS.

What exquisite harmony is Nature's! Not one beautiful creation of the beneficent God, but seems to love its fellows. Were it not so, that calm starglight would never linger so fondly on the upturned beautiful face of Ada of Olsteyn. She stood by the tall lancet window, and the rich light, through a golden stained pane, shed a halo upon her brow; and beaming through a small white cross in the middle of the glass, marked in living radiance upon the centre of her forehead, the symbol of our faith.

"How mystical you look to-night, but still how beautiful!" spoke her cousin, the Lady Ernestine Von Urkhardt.

And Ernestine spoke truly. The young Baroness Von Olsteyn, was slightly above woman's usual height, with a full but graceful figure, whose air possessed a strange mingling of gentleness and dignity. Her face was the pure oval of Raphael's Madonna, with delicate but well defined features; the mouth small, but well formed, with the short upper lip that told of firmness, and the full sweet under one, eloquent of love; a rounded chin and a neck, not set upon the shoulders, but imperceptibly mingling with and swelling out into the bust; a profusion of dark chestnut hair, parted simply over the brow and swept behind the small ear, whence it fell in ringlets; then were the great, dark, unfathomable eyes, through which the soul sent out the expression of its treasures, passionate romance, deep strong affection and womanly pride. Her expression, when in repose, was a kind of gentle haughtiness; but when she spoke, the whole face varied with the varying thought. She wore a flowing white dress that showed, without clinging to, her form, and a small opal varied, at the parting of the hair upon the forehead.

"Ernestine," she said, "at death, I would like to become the spirit of one of those stars! How I would watch over all I loved on earth!"

"Would you not like some one to share your vigils, Cousin mine?" asked Ernestine.

"I scarcely know," replied Ada. "I question whether Passion's wild fire is not extinguished when we leave this earth. And yet I would hope not; for I think that love is the only earthly life worth transplant-

ing to Heaven. Do you think, pretty one, that you would like Heaven half so well without—"

"Whom?" asked Ernestine.

"The Count Rudolph!" announced a servant. Ada smiled.

"How cometh it," she asked, "that the falcon has left his pride of place, the tilt yard, for our poor tower?"

"Lady! the doves have conquered him; and he comes, with what youingers of his courage, to dare again the charms which have already half destroyed him."

"Gallantly said, fair sir," cried Ernestine; "and now, since I see that Ada is afraid to ask, where left you my brother?"

"Good Ernest!" replied the Knight. "Even in his own chamber, with books and parchments enough to turn all the brains in Christendom. Methinks, with such eyes as the Baroness Von Olsteyn's to study, he might forget his books." But Ada had turned away to the window, and this time she did not think of the stars.

The Omnipotent made man, and gave him the riches of the earth for his possession, the glory of Heaven for his hope. He had the mind of a seraph, but the likeness of his God. Then was given him Woman's love, and Goodness could give nothing greater. That was its last, best boon. And this beautiful great gift of love, flowed like a crystal stream from the heart of the lady Ada, to Ernst Von Urkhardt.

As she turned toward the window, Ernestine and her lover walked toward the other end of the hall. The lady was speaking.

"Nay, but Rudolph, if you would only bow but a little to my uncle, you would like each other better. He is proud and harsh, but not, I think, unjust."

"Why, what call you injustice, Ernestine?" asked the Knight hotly. "He has heard my voice at the council board; and has seen my lance at the tourney; yet because I may not disclose my name, he has forbidden me his castle, threatened me if I dared so much as speak to you, and met me with insult at every step. Injustice! I tell you, lady! It is a shame for a belted Knight to endure thus much, nor will I longer bear it. But that I have loved you to madness, so much would not have been heaped upon me as I have tamely borne."

"You won't yield a little to him then?"

"Not a thought, by heaven!"

"You'll challenge him, perhaps?"

"To the death!"

"Then you'll bid adieu to me, forever, Sir Knight."

"Ernestine, you are cruel and unjust; I cannot, will not be like a bound, to crouch at this man's frown. And yet, for your sake, I would—"

"Do a great many wonderful things, I have not the slightest doubt," interrupted the lady. "Truly, Sir Count, if you grow so hot in your speech, I shall be frightened. I am but a timid girl, and my nerves are easily shocked."

"Ernestine, for your sake, I would—"

"Of course you would. I never doubted it. How often have you

said the same to me? Shall I repeat them to you? Listen! 'Ernestine, you are a remarkable fine young woman, and I'm quite attached to you, Ernestine. I love you as never before loved spiced Rhenish; and for thy sweet sake, I would—I would—upon my knightly honor I would, Ernestine.' Truly, Count Rudolph, nothing at all! Your affection must be wonderfully great, since it prevents you from trusting even your name with her yet profess to love."

"Surely, Ernestine, I have told you," said the puzzled Knight, "that my honor forbade the disclosure of my name. But your brother knows, and is not that sufficient?"

"Oh! by no means!" replied the lady, "Ernest is a good-natured, easy soul, who will believe almost anything that is told him. I am not so credulous."

"I have given my honor, lady!" he rejoined, a little proudly.

"Oh! you've given your honor, have you? Pray, to whom did you give it? I would advise you, by all means, to try and get it back again; although I doubt whether it be worth the asking for. Yet, the purchaser had better return it: it will do him no credit, I fear me, to be seen with it."

"I will not remain here," cried the lover angrily, "to listen thus, to taunt and insult."

"Nor would I, were I in your place, Sir Knight. Nor is there any need. The world is wide enough for both, I trow."

"Then you would not have me remain?"

"I! oh! saints forbid that I should keep you?"

"Farewell, then! I have lost time, fame and pleasure for your sake.—I have endured shameful insult, and my best feelings have been coldly trifled with. You have repaid me with taunt and jest; but you have taught me one useful lesson, never to place reliance on woman's faith, and never to give her credit for aught but headless coquetry and cold vanity."

He stood looking at her, as with eyes fixed on the ground, she hummed—

"So the Knight he fled away! away!
And left the maid to sigh."

"But I," she continued, as if to herself, "thanks to Salet Ursula, am of a merry disposition and but little given to sighing." Then raising her eyes, "What! are you not gone yet? I had supposed by the exceeding brevity of your last speech, that you had been in a hurry. Let me know when you are going and I'll drop you a farewell curtsy."

Rudolph turned away and strode towards the door, while the lady sang—

"Oh! I love the bird for his merry song,
And the bee for his merry humming;
And I'll never tell sorrow she taries too long,
For she's never too tardy in coming
To the merry merry heart!"

"Heigho!" She turned round and burst into tears. In an instant Rudolph was at her feet.

"Dear Rudolph! you won't quarrel with the Baron?"

The door was opened by a familiar hand, and Ernest Von Ukkhardt entered the room, and walked to where his sister and lover were sitting.

"What!" he exclaimed, "not quarrelling? and all sitting as mute as monks at a fast. Pray, merry sister, what keeps your rattling tongue quiet?"

"Because, grave brother," replied Ernestine, "I lacked something foolish for a subject. Now you have come that want is made up."

"Truly," cried her brother, "your speech rings; but it is ever thus with women and magpies. They chatter sharply without ever caring or thinking why they make all this noise."

"Aye," retorted the maiden, "it is even so; and therein we differ from men and owls, who sit stupid, and staring and silent, save now and then, when they utter a discordant note, like that last speech of yours, brother."

"Your smile is brought from a distance, sister mine."

"From the same as your own, good brother; both are taken from the birds. I'll take the next from the brutes, if it will suit you better."

"Nay, I would not have you hurt so far. Leave the boasts to Rudolph's and his hunting spear."

"Truly," quoth the lady, "if you be no sharper with your spears than with your wit, I may leave the boasts to you in all humanity."

"Ah! thou very woman!" said Ernest, turning away. Blessed in flippancy, if thou canst but get the last word."

"Ah! thou very man!" retorted she, "denying poor woman all power! Yet when we have fairly bated you, you turn away with a sneer, meant to say, 'We could an if we would.'"

And Ernest turned to seek Ada, leaving his sister victorious.

Ada stood in the deep recess of the window gazing out upon the scene below. Ernest glided his arm around her waist and murmured "sweetest and best!" and the lady turned upon him a look full of fondness. The full dignity of heart would not let her play the coquette. Would that all were so, then were this a happier world.

"I had almost thought that your books were loved better than me, Ernest."

"Ada they tell me of the nobleness and greatness of woman's love, and teach me to love thee better. But why do you look and?"

"I looked upon the stars, Ernest, and thought of our common ancestors; and pondered what of the legend to believe and what to discredit. For when I look upon the still sky, I cannot think that all those bright lights are unintelligent or cold words like this of ours. Yet am I not sad and serious?"

"Be so, dearest, our hearts are as one, so are our imaginations. I will yet sometime teach thee what little love I have; and for myself will seek a further knowledge of the golden mysteries."

"Tell me, Ernest, who is this Count," asked Ada. But Ernest's brow grew serious, and a little, a very little obstinacy displayed itself in the mouth.

"That, Ada, I may not tell. Suffice that I give my word that he is noble and in every way worthy. Were it not so, would I sanction his love for my sister?"

And Ada, if her womanly curiosity was balked, did not suffer it to appear in her manner. Indeed her lover's word was, to her, sufficient guarantee for anything. So she changed the subject by asking—

"Do you think that our uncle's dislike to him may be overcome?—Poor Ernestine, for all she appears so joyous, has many a bitter hour.—She loves the Count most truly, although she likes to torment him."

"I fear me not, Ada. The Baron is a harsh and determined man.—He has treated the Count in an unkindly and discourteous manner, disgraceful to himself and to all connected with him."

"He is the brother of your father and of mine," said the gentle girl.

"I cannot help it, Ada, I cannot feel any affection for him; and when my father fell in the battle field, and yours——" and here Ernest ceased. There were many strange reports concerning the disappearance of the old Baron Von Alfenstein. Some of them neither agreeable nor flattering to the present lord of the demesne. Ada's father had followed the standard of his King to the shores of Sicily, and was said to have been captured by corsairs on his return. It was likewise said that his brother had refused to send his ransom. After a time, his squire returned and reported that he had been done to death by his captors, and that he, the squire, had escaped after prodigies of valor worthy the paladins of old.

The second brother, Franz, became actual guardian of Ada, and of consequence, had the sway of the broad lands of the Barony. It was a hard subject for Ada to think upon, and she always discouraged mention of it.

"Soe, Ernest! what is that?" she cried, pointing to a tall, slab-sided rock.

There was a thicket of scrub trees between the castle window and this rock. As they looked, there flitted over its surface a gigantic shadow as of two horsemen.

"Oh!" replied her lover, "some freak of Rubenzahl, I suppose."

"Rubenzahl!" cried Ada: "come lower mine, by a minstrel's duty to a ladye fayre, I charge you tell me a legend of the king of the Copper-moon."

"Well," said Ernest, "listen then."

"Once upon a time, just upon the edge of the Hartz Forest, there lived a worthy woodman with a buxom wife and a large family. There was a son just old enough to help his father in bringing down the tall old trees. Then there were two or three little curly headed, roll-about, blue eyed brats always getting lost in the wood, and giving a great variety of trouble to both father and mother, besides being a source of the most intense anxiety and irritation to their elder brother, who was always sent to look after them. But the gem of Carl Wolfstein's cottage was the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Lachen, his only daughter, who was just eighteen years old, and the wonder and admiration of all the Hartz forest."

"Now there never was a family so perfectly posterized by an evil spirit as Carl Wolfenstein's. If he and Gutfried stacked up the faggots ever so carefully at night, they were sure to find them strewn about the ground in the morning; and, if Gutfried was set to watch, such a fit of drowsiness would come over him as was perfectly wonderful. Nay, he was once awakened by a most dreadful box on the ear, which none but a very powerful spirit could have given.

"Then Frau Martha's mischief-god was worried continually by the demon, in the shape of a big, yellow foxhound, whom everybody knew to be Rubezahl. To be sure, the Baron Domstett had just such a hound, and equally, to be sure, his huntsman was at deadly enmity with Carl, who had knocked him down for daring to kiss pretty Lachen without her own free will and consent. But still this did not prevent Rubezahl from being at the bottom of all the trouble.

"There was a forest-ranger's lodge not more than a mile from the woodman's, and the forest-ranger had a son who was an under-keeper, and who dressed in green, and had a golden bugle embroidered on his shoulder, and wore a black bonnet and plume, and was very handsome and good natured, and the surest hand with horse-spear or cross-bow for many a mile round.

"He was on the best terms possible with Carl's family, and Lachen used to be so fond of the ranger's little daughter, and used to take her all sorts of nice things two or three times a week; and if her household duty did employ her till it was almost dusk,—and if it was quite dark when she left the lodge,—and if Ulric had always to walk home with her,—still there was nothing in that; and as to those busy-bodies who talked about these walks, and said that Ulric invariably kissed Lachen at her father's door, why nobody ever believed a word they said. Well, so things went on—Rubezahl as troublesome as ever, and Lachen as attentive as ever to Ulric's little sister—when, one night, as she was hurrying towards the lodge, she heard the baying of hounds, and presently a poor little hare came running along, panting and ready to die with fatigue. So she caught it up in her arms, just as the pack swept up. The hounds darted towards her, but she held the little creature close to her bosom, and tried to beat off the dogs with her hand; but they got savage, and seemed as if they would tear her to pieces, when suddenly a deer bounded past, and the hounds set off in full chase after it.

"Lachen started and ran as fast as her light feet would carry her. She struck her foot against the root of an old tree, and as she stumbled, the hare fell out of her arms; and when she gathered herself up, it had disappeared, and there was a hideous little dwarf standing by her.

"He was covered all over with coarse, red hair, and had great fire-colored eyes, and poor Lachen was wofully frightened when they were turned on hers. But the manikin twisted his face as much into the likeness of a smile as possible, and took her hand, and spoke in a very kind voice.

"'Pretty maiden, you have saved me. I am Rubezahl. Once in every year I am obliged to assume the form of a hare, and to be hunted as you saw; and if I am caught, I suffer all the pains of death, and have to be confined in the same form for an entire year. But you have saved me. Good bye! I will not forget you, and you shall never repent that you have been of service to Rubezahl;' and then the dwarf vanished, and Lachen was very glad of it, and made all haste to get to the ranger's lodge.

"Now, the Baron of Domstett was a fierce, savage old fellow, and he saw Lachen, and told her she should come up and take service at the castle; and Lachen was nearly heart-broken, and the whole family was plunged into the deepest grief, and poor Ulric was almost distracted: but one night he met with his sweetheart, and they exchanged a word that nothing but death should part them. But the huntsman, spoken of before, overheard this scene, and told it to his master, the wicked Lord; and they plotted how they might decoy or force Lachen up to the castle. And so the next time she went to the ranger's lodge, on the way she was set upon by some men in black masks, and one of them lifted her to the saddle before him, and away they rode; and poor Lachen screamed and struggled hard, but all in vain. The horseman who held her said in a harsh voice—

"'Nay, pretty bird, you need not fight so: you will be well treated; but if you resist, you must be forced—go for with me you shall!'—Then the maiden knew that it was the Baron and himself; just then they reached the well where Lachen and Ulric had held tryst, and then they saw a

large band of troopers coming towards them, who bore the cognizance of the Baron's hereditary enemy. 'Satanst!' shouted the Baron, 'and each, by a separate path, to the castle! I will care for the girl.' So his train dashed away through the forest, leaving their Lord alone. He looked a moment at the troopers, and then put spurs to his steed: but just as it sprang forward, a little and hideous dwarf sprang up in his way and the horse reared and plunged. Just then Lachen recognised Rubezahl, and struggled again to be free. 'Corseu on you!' shouted the Baron; and letting go his bridle, he caught her with both hands, and dashed his spurs again into the terrified charger. The poor animal reared up almost erect, and then as it came down, its knees seemed to break from under it, and it fell forward. Both were dashed from the saddle—and just then up rode the troopers, and the first who sprang to the earth was dressed in forest green, and wore a black bonnet and plume. He caught Lachen in his arms. It was Ulric, who had been off to beg the aid of the Baron of Domstett's foe.

"The leader of the band pointed to the still prostrate form of Domstett, and ordered his men to raise him. They did so, but found that his neck was broken; and none lamented him, for none loved him.

"Lachen looked for Rubezahl, but he had vanished. So they were very grateful to the other Baron, and went home rejoiced; and if they were not married, and did not live happily; and if Ulric did not in time get his father's place of forest-ranger, when the old man grew feeble; and if they did not always keep holiday on the anniversary of the evening when Lachen saved the hare—why, then, I have been very much misinformed. And there, fair lady, is my legend of Rubezahl."

"But I hear Ernestine's voice; let us return to the real world, and join those lighter-hearted lovers!"—and with a silent kiss upon her beautiful brow, he led her into the room. Ernestine was singing, as Rudolph lay at her feet.

Oh! the lady sat all loneliness,

At close of a summer's day,—

But she saw not the form she loved to see,

And her fears thus found a way:

"Oh! the knight he vows by his cross-bill sword,

That he ne'er from his faith will part:

But, maidens, believe not his light, light word,

A kiss or a smile ye may well award,

But trust him not with a heart!"

But there came the ring of a charger's prance,

As it bore a form of pride;

She saw the gleam of his knightly lance—

Then he knelt at the lady's side.

And again her song on the breeze rose clear,

And this was the chorus part:

"Oh! his vow is true as his smile is dear,

So, gentle maidens, ye need not fear

To trust your knight with a heart!"

"There!" said the singer. "The idle ballad-maker has given your fraternity far more credit than it ever deserved, Sir Knight! But false as the song is, you must even repay me for it; and therefore, as you value my bidding, sing!" So Rudolph took the guitar, and sang—

A Minstrel bowed at the Lady's feet,

And ever told, in his song so sweet,

How she'd borrowed the raven's wing for curia,

How her lips were roses, her teeth were pearls;

She'd a marble brow and a diamond eye—

But she turned away from the Minstrel's sigh

Saying "Sir, your lute

Had better be mute,

For it never will help you in winning your suit!"

Then a Clerk, he came, with his learned looks,

And knelt at her feet with a load of books,

And told of the stars, and their magic powers,

And gave hard names to the birds and flowers;

How Rome was built and how Troy was ta'en—

But she would not soothe the young pmdit's pails,

Saying "Sir, in truth,

So knowing a youth

Can have no need of a love forsooth!"

Then a young Knight came, with his golden spur,
Which he vowed had been sought but to pleasure her;
And told how her name in his prayer was blent,
And his shouts in the field or the tournament;
That she was the fairest of all the fair—
So she gave him her glove on his helm to wear,
Saying "Sir, you're right;
For in love or fight,

There's none can win like the noble Knight!"

"Really," laughed Ernestine, "yours is a rare song, for it shows the full modesty of a knight, and his remarkably just appreciation of all who are other than professional throat cutters. What think you of 'The Young Knight's Song,' brother mine?"

"That it lacks a verse to finish it, sweet sister. Lend me the lute," said Ernest sang.

Then the Knight, he tossed up his plume so glad;
And the Clerk and the Minstrel bowed and said.
And both turned off to the castle door,
The Minstrel last, and the Clerk before.
But her voice rung forth with a sweet command—
"Sir Knight, take my glove; and sir Bard, my hand!

For the will is strong

And the heart is wrong

That yields not its love to a Minstrel's song!"

"Well sung!" cried Ada, "Count, you are conquered."

"Fairly beaten," owned Rudolph, "and now, fair Baroness, all have sung except yourself."

Ada seldom refused to sing, because she loved it; and derived pleasure from gratifying others. She would carol sometimes, from morning till night, a few sweet old tunes; and as she always knew perfectly the beauty of the music or the poetry, she sang with expression and feeling. Oh, the power of a woman's voice is wonderful. It is the poet's best inspiration. Ada took the lute from Ernest and commenced her song.

"Know ye the morning star of life,

That first bright hope of youth

And the last that shines through the mists of age,

With the same unchanging truth?

'Tis Love —"

"Hark!" she cried, interrupting herself, "whose step is that in the hall! Ernest, it is the Baron's!"

"Well, Ada, I have no fears of him; nor do I think that his approach should have either stopped your song or caused Ernestine's cheek to grow so pale as it is now."

The Count Rudolph drew up his form to its utmost height, tossed his banner upon his head, and laying his hand upon the sword hilt, turned and frunted the door toward which the steps of the Baron of Alfenstein were heard approaching.

But a hand was laid trembling on his arm, a low, timid voice murmured in his ear, "Rudolph, dear Rudolph!" and he allowed Ernestine to lead him to the other end of the apartment. The heavy steps drew nearer and nearer, and the Baron entered the room. His very low bow did not serve to conceal the frown that darkened on his brow, nor the smacking laugh that curled the grizzled moustache.

"Your pardons, fair nieces," he said, "for I trow that in this day of carpet knights, a rough old soldier must needs intrude where'er he enters lady's bower. Ha!" he continued, affecting to see Rudolph for the first time, "truly the honor of chivalry is dead: gone forever, with the stern old hearts that upheld it."

It was a very long apartment; but the harsh tones of the Baron rung clear to the end at which Rudolph and Ernestine were standing. The former took a step or two forward, and commenced. "You will find, Sir Baron of Alfenstein"—but a hand was laid on his arm; and he turned to see the tears gathering in Ernestine's eyes—

"Rudolph, stay at my side."

"But my honor, Ernestine!"

"If you love me, Rudolph!"

"You are dearer to me than life! but my honor, my knightly honor."

She did not speak again; but as she raised those big blue eyes imploringly to his face, the tears fell from the lashes and trickled down the cheek. He sat down beside her.

The Baron had watched this by-play, for he could not hear the low-toned words, with a sneer. "Will it please you, Sir Count, to conclude the sentence so heroically begun?" And you minion," he added, turning fiercely to his niece, "will you still encourage a being who disgraces the spur he wears, and the sword he bears: too cowardly to resent an insult, and too mean to cease his intrusion when his presence has been declared unwelcome!"

Out flashed the bright sword of Rudolph and he sprang towards the Baron: Ernest intercepted him. Upon his nephew, therefore, the Uncle turned. "And you faroucho, to linger in ladies' bower, when you dare putty even the mock field of the tournament? Look! see you not that yonder Count, as he styles himself, has a bare blade in his hand? why do you not shudder, 'ama bookworm!'"

And the high, majestic soul of woman arose; and with erect, swelling figure and flashing eye Ada of Olsteyn, confronted her uncle.

You are the brother of my father! but while I am allowed to deem these apartments mine, their atmosphere must at least be kept free from pollution. I may not and will not be thus insulted through my guests, by language, that may be knightly in the court yard; but is insulting and disgraceful in a lady's presence. You or I, Brother of my Father, leave this room at once, and without further insult given or received!"

Her uncle gazed upon the beautiful, undaunted girl for an instant, and then muttering "I shall yet find a fitting hour and place," stalked from the apartment.

Rudolph, with the angry flash still burning on his cheek, now turned and walked slowly back to where Ernestine was sitting. She had become satisfied that all immediate danger was over; and had time to think that her lover stood too long in the centre of the room after the Baron had departed; so she determined to amuse herself with a little more teasing. Rudolph stood at her side for a moment or two; neither spoke. At length Ernestine broke silence.

"Well, Sir Count, you have walked to this corner of the apartment.

Pray have you nothing to say?"

He turned wonderingly toward her: "Ernestine!"

"That is my name with my intimates, Sir Count, but I am more usually known as the Lady Ernestine."

"Why what can have changed you so suddenly? Have I not enough to bear already from your uncle?"

"Why then bear it? I have heard that a truly valorous knight may never bear insult."

"Why! do you first compel me to endure it, Lady, and then teunt me with the tameness of which you yourself are the cause!"

"I the cause of tameness! Truth, this is a change! Why but the other week, you swore to me that I was the only inspiration to deeds of valor; and I believing your oaths, allowed you to wear my colors at the tournament; and deemed, silly girl that I was, that my presence was the cause of your 'derring do,' when you tilted with the three French knights. They were badly mounted, poor gentlemen! Their chargers were ill trained; and they were easily unhorsed in consequence."

"Ernestine, you are heartless and fickle as the vane of St. Marie, that will turn at the waving of the swallow's wing."

"Truly a gallant and a courteous speech. I had supposed that your carpet knights were, at least, gentle, since they are good for nothing else."

"Lady Ernestine, I cannot and will not endure this. I have thought that you loved me: but that was perhaps presumptuous; certainly unfounded. I leave you now forever."

"Good bye, sir," said the little maiden, "may I venture to wish you a pleasant journey!"

Away he stalked. As he neared the door his pace became slower; he hoped to be called back. But no! he heard no sound; he turned round: the lady was looking out of the window and humming a merry tune. Rudolph walked toward her again.

"Why!" said she, "your *forer* is but a short one: are you back so soon? but, perchance you have forgotten something!"

"Oh, Ernestine, why such words to me?"

"It is my native language, sir knight, and I speak it most easily. If it will please you better I can speak French to you; or I will call my brother, and he will doubtless converse with you in Greek, if you so desire."

"Farewell! then, Lady," said he sadly, "perhaps you may yet hear of me. And when you shall learn, that the Paynim sword hath laid me

low; you may recall the memory of one who loved you but too well; and believe that the name that mingled with his last prayer to Heaven was your own; and that his last thoughts were of her who alighted a heart which would have broken, willingly, to save hers one pang. Blessings rest upon you and farewell!"

When he raised his eyes to look on her once more ere he went; the drops stood upon her cheek.

"Will you not forgive me Rudolph?"

"Dear, dear Ernestine!"

CHAPTER II.

"And off, in sudden mood, for many a day,
From all commotions would he turn away;
And then his rarely called attendants said
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread.
Why slept he not when others were at rest?
Why heart no music and received no guest?"—*LARA.*

BARON VON ALFENSTEIN.

FRANZ, Baron Von Alfenstein, feared his niece. There was much about her unusual and strange. He felt, keenly, although he would not have acknowledged it, his vast inferiority to her. And he feared her as the daughter of his brother. Every tone, every gesture reminded him of the Baron Albert, the same still, dead face, the same flash of the eye; and whenever she turned round suddenly upon him, he would leave the room at once. He could not endure to look upon her; it seemed the very form of his brother, starting up to confront him, and charge him with what none knew save themselves alone.

He was a restless man and slept but badly; servants passing his room late at night, said that they heard strange sounds; sounds as of a frantic prayer; and the Baron's voice crying "It is false, I did not do thus—" and then would come groans and then the noise as if he was dashing open the casement and then the fall of his heavy footsteps pacing up and down.

Often when in the depths of the still midnight, he unclosed his window, for the cool breath of Heaven; has he seen the form of Ada standing at her casement, or heard her low, sweet voice breathing some strange, wild music; and he feared her for this too. Yet she was but an imaginative, impassioned girl and scarcely ever had seen her eighteenth summer. All the works of God are good. Pronounced so by his unerring judgment. But the most beautiful, the one that calls out the strong affection he hath given us, is young womanhood. Before she hath been taught the curse of earth, and before they have stolen the bloom from her cheek, and the light from her smile. After the frail graces and the light prettiness of girlhood have departed. Girlhood is the morning of a woman's life; youth such as Ada's, her bright meridian; and this lasts but a few short years; then the rest of existence, fades down from afternoon to grey twilight, and by and by the grave comes and all is dark forever.

FRANZ Von Alfenstein's prime passion was ambition. For the gratification of this he would sacrifice anything. Some said that this principle kept back his brother's ransom: That he thought if he could gain the barony of Alfenstein, all the honors and employments of Baron Albert, would fall to his share. In this, however, he was disappointed. Albert Von Alfenstein had won all hearts wherever he moved; noble, brave and generous, loyal to his Emperor, true to his friends, forgiving to those who, in politics or military affairs, became his enemies; foremost in the attack, last in the retreat, he was esteemed "sans peur et sans reproche"; and all who had known him, mourned that no worthy successor had fallen heir to his broad lands and wide rule. The rich missed their high-souled, hospitable companion; for Franz was cold, morose and unpleasant; and the poor missed their kind indulgent Lord; for although, their present ruler was not avaricious, yet his ambition made him need money; and this caused him to exact to the last farthing. Many would have had Ernest preferred to the Barony, by edict; but he was a student; none knew of what; but many feared that no good could spring from that, that burned the lamp through the long midnight, and that taught him to pore above those strange-charactered parchments.

All wished that the gentle Lady Ada might win a good husband; and closely was the Count Rudolph studied at his first appearance; and after he had fairly won all hearts by his generosity to the poorer classes; his affability to his equals, and his sure lance in the tourneys; and after

all were glad of the Lady Ada's conquest, it was discovered that he was in love with Ernestine Von Uikhardt. The Lord of Alfenstein had made overtures to old William De Croy, High Chamberlain of the Empire, relating to the bestowal of Ada's hand upon Maximilian, the son of the dignity. Much did the romance of ambition frame out of this project. For all seemed well and full of promise. The old noble was willing, the young Count delighted; and only one little obstacle stood in the way; namely, it was feared that the young Baronesse would none of it.

The uncle however hoped, when the time of trial came, that by a due mingling of reasoning and force, his kind intentions might be accomplished. And then what a field lay before him!

Sometimes he deemed it possible that he might die, Lord High Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire. By and by we shall know more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DINING OUT IS A HORRID BORE!—"Folks are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact, fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap, rap, rap, for twenty minutes at the door, and in they come, one after the other, as fast as the servants can carry up their names. Guss them servants! 't taken seven or eight 'o 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awfully lazy, and so abominable full of porter. If a feller was so lame he had to be carried up himself, I don't believe on my soul, the whole gang of them, from the butler that dresses in the same clothes as his master, to Boots that ain't dressed at all, could make out to bowse him up stairs; upon my soul I don't! Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape; and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a feller's name was called out to take his place in a funeral; they and the mistakes is the fun of it. * * * After you are in marchin' order, you move in through two rows of servants in uniform. I need to think they was placed there for show, but it's to keep the air off of folks' gowns' through the entry; and it ain't a bad thought, neither. Why, the first time I went to one o' these grand let offs, I felt kinder skerry; and as nobody was allocated to me to take in, I goes it alone, oot knowin' where I was to settle down as a squarer, or kinder lagged behind; when the butler comes and rams a napkin in my hand, and gives me a shove, and says he, 'Go and stand behind your master, sir,' says he. O Solomon, 'how that waked me up! How I curled inwardly, when he did that! 'You've mistaken the child,' says I mildly, and I belted out the napkin; and just as he went to take it, I gave him a sly poke in the bread-basket, that made him bend forward and say 'dough.' 'Wake Snakes, and walk your chinks,' says I, 'will you?' and I gave daps on the feet empty chair. Dear, how white he looked about the gills after-wards! I thought I should split when I looked at him. Guess he'll know an attack when he sees him next time. Well, there is dinner. One service of plate is like another service of plate, any one dozen of servants are like another dozen of servants, hock is hock, and champagne is champagne, and one disorder is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. 'Feal, to be good, most look like anything else but real; you mustn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be innocuous; beef must have a mawk on; anythin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; anythin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems real flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish: nothin' must be natural, natur is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturer's country, everything is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say the dinner machinery is perfect. Servants keep gins round and round in a ring, slow, but certain, and by and by the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dumb show, afore your nose, far you to see how you like the flavor; when your eyes is off the plate, it's off too afore you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise unpopular. They call it a 'subdued tone.' Poor table things, they are subdued; that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary, tyrannical fashion, that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table any more than you do across a street; but 'p'raps Mr. Somebody, of west end of town, will say to a Mr. Nobody, from west end of America, 'Niagara is noble.' Mr. Nobody will say, 'Guss it is; it got its patent afore the 'Norman Conquest,' I reckon, and afore the 'subdued tone' came in fashion.' Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, 'Great rivers and great trees in America. You speak good English.' And then he will seem surprised, but not say it, only you can read the words on his face, 'Upon my soul, you are a most as white as I.' Dinner is over. It's five ladies to cut sticks, and Gussy looks at the next oldest goosey, and ducks her head, as if she was a gin' through a gate, and then they all come to their feet, and the gasoline comes to their feet, and they all toddle off to the drawin'-room together."—*Sam Slick in England.*

Mankind may be divided into three distinct classes: Superlatively honest men—confirmed scoundrels, and—no men at all.—*N. Y. Waig.*

To which the Philadelphia Times adds the following capital hint: First Person—We are. Second Person—Ye or you are. Third person—They (the women) are.

[Original.]

THE BETROTHED;

A WESTERN SKETCH—BY E. S. PRATT.

"Stop! for thou treadest on a woman's heart!"

We were sailing down the Mississippi—the broad, grand, glorious Mississippi, one warm afternoon of July—no matter how long ago—for my story is true, though the names are altered: Caleb sitting in the stern of the boat, and thrashing away the mosquitoes, that kept settling upon his princely forehead, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to keep them off—and I leaning over the side, looking down into the water, and thinking, as I had thought a thousand times before, how much better it would be to go down there, and sleep forever, with the cool waves washing over me, bleaching and whitening my bones, and the sunlight flashing and sparkling above, than to be buried in the dark, deep earth by myself, with worms crawling about me, and halibones, rain and snow rattling above me—I was thinking this all over in a sort of mooping, discontented humor, half determined to tip a little further down the side of the boat, and settle the question at once and forever, when I felt something grasp my arm, with such a sudden and horrid gripe, that I screamed out lustily, I don't know what, and looked around, expecting some terrible catastrophe, at least. But it was nobody, and nothing but Caleb. There he stood, straight up, with one foot on the edge of the boat, and his fingers tightening round my arm, and his eyes looking as I never before saw them look—brimful of light, and deep as the water into which I had been gazing. "Do you see it?" said he, pointing at a house right opposite, not thirty rods from the edge of the river. "Do you see it?" said he, and screwing my arm the tighter, the more I endeavored to shake him off.

"For goodness sake, let go my arm!" I screamed, thinking the poor fellow had gone stark, staring mad,—for there was nothing in sight but a house, looking just like half the other houses scattered along the banks of the river.

"There!" cried I, at last, on freeing myself from his clutches; "and now, what is it you want me to see?"

"The house," he replied, still keeping his eyes on the spot; "there!"—and then, lowering his voice suddenly to a whisper, he added "She lived there." "Did she?—how strange, that she should live there!" said I, giving him a sudden jerk, to bring him to. But he didn't mind it at all, nor did he once take his eyes off from the house.

"How beautiful!" he continued, clapping his arms for a moment at his side, and then stretching them both toward the shore. "The shadow is just as broad there under those great cotton-wood trees; the chinaberries shine as bright as ever, and the leaves, O! how they glisten and sparkle in the sun! The vines, too, are green as ever, but they have grown higher; the wooden shafts are all overgrown with wild, flowering plants; the clematis has wound itself quite up to the top; and the cypress, you see, has climbed all over the roof, twisting itself round and round the rose-trees—the same, the very same that she trained!—John, John," he continued, turning his eyes toward me for the first time since he had pinched my arm so terribly—and the clouds had grown blacker, and the light brighter within—"John, she lived there." "And who the plague is she?—and what on earth are you talking about?"

"O—ah!—I remember—I haven't told you the story. But let me have another look—only one more, and you shall hear it!"—and he strained his eyes after the house—for we had now gone a considerable distance, and gazed—and gazed—with lips apart, and his dark, wild hair blowing about his face, with such a look as—

"The Heavens expiring gives back to his God."

When he could no longer be seen, he turned away with a deep sigh, and something like a stifled sob fell on my ear. We sat down together under the shadow of the will, I took off my broad-brimmed hat, to let the wind cool my temples. He pulled out his handkerchief; and when I asked him for the story, that seemed to have fished him for ever, body and soul, with that wily-looking house, he began in such a low, solemn tone, with such a mysterious look in his eyes, that more than once during the recital, I was driven to question whether it was Caleb himself I was talking with, or only a shape, like his, conjured up from the depths of the Mississippi, to bewilder and puzzle and frighten a fellow.

"I told you she lived there," he began; "her name was Edith Jenkins.—and O! could you have seen her just as she was when I first saw her!—could you have worshipped her, as I have worshipped her, you would have gazed with a longing, lingering look upon that house,—ay, and worshipped, as I do, the very spot that gave her birth. It was many years ago—twelve, I think—yes, just twelve yesterday, I remember the day. I was riding leisurely along that bank, on my cool black Jenny—you've seen her, I believe; she could leap any ditch, and clear any fence that I ever saw.—the prettiest and easiest creature you ever backed!—Well, I was riding along on her, smelling the fresh flowers that she crushed at every step with her delicate hoofs, and feeling the cool wind as it swept down the river, playing with my hair, and fanning my cheeks, when, just as I was passing that same house there, at American Bend, as they call it now—it had another and by no means a pleasant name when I first knew it—one of the sweetest and clearest voices that ever I heard in all my life, came suddenly upon my ear, like the rich notes of a flute, and broke up the train of bewildering thought into which I had fallen. I checked my horse instantly, and looking up, beheld a picture I shall never forget: a little girl, very slight, scarcely more than a child, with soft brown hair falling over her naked, plump shoulders, and blowing about her face, was standing on the piazza, leaning over the balustrade, and talking to a tall, hand-some boy underneath, who was standing a tiptoe, reaching up to her bunch of flowers tied to the point of a stick. 'A little higher,—only a little higher,' said the sweet voice, and the boy strained every nerve to bring the flowers up to the lady hand, which was stretching further and further down at every new effort,—her body bent nearly double over the railing, and one foot planted upon the very edge for support. 'I can almost get them now, Theodore; a little more higher,' I heard her say, in the very same silvery tones, and then there was a fresh effort—the boy stretched himself up on the very tip of his toes, and the child bent further down, till I saw that an inch more would send her headling to the hard platform below. The danger was great; and in a moment I leaped from my horse, and sprang for the gate. 'Stop! stop! stop!' I screamed—'not another inch for your life!' But she neither saw nor heard me; there was a sudden plunge; and then, as she caught the flowers from the pole with her right hand, the fingers of the left, with which she was clinging to the lattice-frame for support, gave way, and the child fell forward with a shriek over the railing into the yard below. But I was already there—I never knew how; and ere she touched the earth, I caught her in my arms!—and then—I looked her in my heart—and looked into her eyes—and—will you believe me, John—I loved that child! She was trembling all over; and O! with such a look of gratitude in her soft eyes!—I can see it now—I could not leave her; and when the father came, and the boy told him of her danger—for he, poor simpleton, had skulked away, not daring to lift a finger to her help—so! not so much as a finger—but you shall hear more of him by and by—I did not see him, nor know that he was talking to me, till the child slipped away, and crept into her father's arms, sobbing as she clung round his neck, and put up her red lips to his—so ripe and beautiful that even then I would have given worlds to have been in his place; nor had I seen the father till then!—I was a full-grown man at the time; I had seen something of the world; and yet I had never looked on woman or child before, as then I looked on her. I do not know that she was beautiful—what the world calls beautiful, I mean; and indeed, I never could tell how she did look, nor whether her eyes were black, hazel, or blue—nor could I, for the life of me, tell you now. There was something so deep, so pure, so spiritual about her nature, than when I was with her, and especially alone, I did not see her, I only felt her presence. I called her a child, but I found her heart had come to its full growth—a child in years, but with a purity and strength—a solemnity and depth of feeling, which you who have lived abroad in great cities, and mingled with what are called men and women—artificial creatures, with hardly a touch of nature left!—a high-mindedness, in short, and a singleness of heart which you can have no idea of—I saw this all, and felt it all, at a single glance; and when I went away, and took her hand into both of mine, it trembled all over like a leaf in the wind, and I saw the color on her forehead come and go, like flashes of inward fire, and her eyelids were wet with tears,—but she never once turned away, nor closed her eyes, when I looked into them,—nor did she utter a single syllable, though the boy kept twitching her by the sleeve, and trying to make her look at the flowers which he had

fathered for her—caring more for them, a thousand times over, than he did for her safety. Well, I went away, but I bore off the image of that girl in my heart; her presence haunted me day and night. I could not step to the door, but I saw a child falling from the piazza, and before I recollected myself, my arms would be half stretched forth to save her; and if I slept, I would sometimes wake the whole house with a cry, and find myself clutching at the bed-post with all my strength, or smothering the pillow with my kisses.”

“Love at sight, Caleb—hey?”

“Yes, no—not altogether at sight; I had seen her through all my life—she had been pictured on my heart from my very childhood; it was a something which had grown up with me—haunted me all my life long—and at length embodied itself before my eyes, in the shape of a living and breathing woman. Did you never happen to meet with somebody for the first time, when it seemed to you that you had known her for many years—ever since you began to feel or to think for yourself—indeed that you had known her and loved her, almost from your birth? No!—then by my soul you have never loved, and you know not, therefore, what it is to love! To love, is but the realization of dreams, and dreams that make the one you love a part of yourself—your heart and soul and hope forever, and of which you can be rid only with your life, and whether you ever meet and see her living and breathing or not. You don’t understand me, I see, and perhaps you have not the heart for such revelations—I am only talking for those who have—and God knows they are but a precious few—while there are tens of thousands, millions! who were never made for this, and could no more learn to love, than they could learn to scale the heavens, to ride on the tail of a meteor, or sweep the clouds from the sky with a besel wand. But there are some who have hearts, and Edith was one of those. When I caught her in my arms, as she was falling headlong to the earth, I knew that she *could* love me, and I had not seen her three times, before I felt perfectly satisfied that she *did*; and yet, for two whole years, I never breathed a word into her ear that a brother might not have spoken or a sister heard; and when I did, she did not seem at all surprised, nor did she gasp for breath, or tremble as she had trembled a thousand times before, but she only clung to me the closer, as if then, and not till then, she felt afraid of parting. She had grown greatly, and alike in soul and body; and I felt that she stood my equal in spiritual height; I do not mean in intellect entirely, but setting that aside, in the pure, bright essence which constituted a soul and body together.

“Yes—I say that she loved me—I knew it; and yet, during the whole course of our acquaintance, I never could induce her to say that she did. Perhaps she thought it wrong for me to urge upon her a confession of what I already knew so well; or it might be, that words seemed so far beneath what she felt in her soul, and on the inside was written, ‘*Fears till death*.’ This was the tallman that wrought her ruin; the doom of loneliness that is written for ever on my brow—and the touch of the looking that froze up her father’s heart, till neither rain nor the dew of Heaven, nor the sun itself could thaw it open again. I see him now, in his fierce wrath, his eyes glaring fire, and his voice like a deep growl—as the poor child is kneeling at his feet, and sobbing and weeping as if her heart would break, ‘for one word, only for one word!’”

Here Caleb paused, and leaning over the side of the boat looked down into the water, and I saw his eyes quiver and a tear plash into the current, while a choking, gurgling sound came up from his heart, as if heart and will were contending for mastery. When he again looked up, he was calm, his brow serene, and the fire had gone out from his eyes.

“Wilson left for Texas,” he continued, “very soon after I became acquainted with Edith, and here all communication between them ceased. For the first two years his friends often heard from him; but after that,

for a long time, all traces of the youth were lost, and he was at length given over by his relatives as dead. Edith cared nothing about him; her whole soul was centered in me,—for she afterwards told me so—nor once thought that an engagement made in the thoughtlessness of youth could be binding. But he thought otherwise, or pretended to do so, and she, in the innocence of her heart, believed him, and suffered herself to be pushed headlong down the gulph, without the power of thinking or acting for herself. But I have gone too far and too far: I must now go back to the time when we were engaged to be married. The father liked me, and willingly consented that I should marry his child, and accordingly her seventeenth birthday was appointed for the ceremony. Preparations went gaily on; everything was arranged, and never were two hearts happier or more devoted than ours.

“The morning previous to her birth day, which was to make her mine forever, I proposed a ride on horse-back, up the green banks of the river, and through the woods, now all alive and beautiful with the greenness of summer. Edith joyfully consented to the proposal—as she always did to every thing I desired. It was an exercise in which she particularly delighted, and a more graceful horsewoman never touched bridle-rein.—I placed her on a spirited light charger, always ready to take fire with a free rein, mounted another, not Jeany, but my faithful Roanoke, the swiftest and handsomest horse in the whole Arkansas territory, and off we started at a free gallop along the soft green sward, stretched like a carpet over the banks of the river. The morning was bright and beautiful, the trees dripping with dew-drops trembling in the wind and glittering in the hot sunshine and burning with gold, green and yellow, and every variety of the rainbow. The sweet cool breeze came floating down the river, just rippling the tiny waves, and bringing the perfumes from the rich prairies beyond to our delighted senses. Bright beautiful flowers were crushed at every step beneath our horses’ hoofs, as we dashed along, spattering the dew like spray from the short tufted grass, and sufficing the sweet air, as if the blood in their veins had run riot with the breezy freshness of the day. It lived exhilarating—delicious! that coming tide; and should I live a thousand years I could never forget it.—We were happy—very happy; and when we entered the deep woods—the magnolias blooming all around us, and teasing up their snowy flowers to the sky, almost overpowered us with their perfume. The gloomy mistiness, waving to and fro in the shadowy recesses of the forest, unlike anything else on earth; and the boughs of the water-oak and cotton-wood waving above our heads, and playing together over our path. We checked our horses, and drew up, silent and almost breathless, and sat still, gazing as if all the beauty of heaven and earth were gathered around us.

“There is a power in the deep forest, when summer in all her glory is there, with her sweet breath darting hither and thither among the trees, among the damp leaves, the bright sun gleaming through the tree tops, and playing with the dark shadows below upon the green moss and cool turf at your feet, or trembling on the bosom of some silvery little brake whose murmuring music falls bewildering on the ear, and the little bird around you, with their wild chirruping notes, now coming sweet and clear from the beading boughs above, and now plaintively stealing out from the far-off woody depths of the thick-set trees; there is a power, I say in all this, to call forth emotions which I never have experienced any where else on earth. My heart was full and brimming over. I drew my horse up by the side of my companion, and took her glowing hand into mine: I felt it tremble as I pressed it to my lips, and a tear glittered on her cheek, as she turned those deep clear eyes full upon me.

“‘Edith,’ said I, and I think my voice trembled, but I don’t know, as I placed in her hand a splendid magnolia, that which had just gathered from an overhanging bough still fresh with the dew sleeping on its heart. ‘Edith, I pray you to keep this flower, if you live a hundred years; keep it as a memorial of this hour, and let it tell of the thoughts now swelling in my heart; thoughts, dear, which I would but cannot speak. I know your love for flowers; let this be a link, I pray you, Edith, to bind you forever and ever to the beautiful in nature—an image of our blended souls in one.’

“‘I will keep this flower—I will as long as I live,’ said she, raising her eyes for an instant to mine, and pressing the hand more closely in which I had locked hers.

“We sat for many minutes thus, side by side, our horses favoring the whim and keeping perfectly still, while we were thinking much, though talking little, of the past, present and future, and I know not how long

we might have remained, had we not heard a rustling in the branches and the trampling of horses' hoofs close upon us. We looked up and beheld a horseman slowly advancing and but a few paces before us. He was tall, handsome, and very prepossessing in look, though his soft, brown hair, falling in ringlets over both cheeks, almost as red and full as those of childhood, and his mild blue eye, gave him altogether too girlish an appearance for the admirers of manly beauty. On observing us, he bowed slightly, and was about turning from the path, when a sudden exclamation from Edith startled him, and he instantly drew in his bridle rein, and for a moment looked closely at the features of my companion.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, "and we have met at last!—and you so grown that I should hardly have known you had not heard your voice."

"He drew his horse up to her side, drew off his glove and offered his hand. Her face was pale as death, and I saw her hand tremble as she placed it in his, and his lips were bleached and quivering, as she replied, in a voice scarcely above a whisper—

"This is really unexpected to me, Theodore; where have you been this long time?—we all thought—feared, you were dead."

"So they tell me," answered in a gay, careless tone, "but nothing like it, I can assure you. Although I have fought at Texas like a brave fellow, played the man of fashion at New-Orleans, and even skipped across the ocean, taking a peep at London, playing sky-high at Paris, looking at Vienna, scrambling among the ruins at Rome, and almost carrying the pyramids of Egypt by storm,—yet for all that, I come back again, safe, sound and well, as you see—and you looking more beautiful than ever. I had hardly thought—"

"There he passed and glanced at me; for there I had remained all the time, in a perfect mystery, unnoticed and unintruded to the stranger, of whom I knew not what to think. Edith colored as she observed the turn of his eyes and instantly called over our names.

"Mr. Wilson—Mr. Jones," said she, "I beg your pardon, for I had really forgotten that you were not acquainted."

"The stranger bent forward to his saddle, as he returned my salutation; and there was a sudden contraction of his eye-brows, and a flash in his blue eyes, of which I should not have thought him capable, and then knew not how to decipher, as he warily studied my features. I knew nothing then, as I before told you, of the early engagement of the boy and girl; or when I said that look—for it was Wilson himself—I might have known his meaning. The youth had grown up to a man, and came back to claim the prize; while I, poor fool that I was—wholly unsuspecting—left them at her father's home, not an hour after, without a single foreboding of evil in my heart. I can almost see her now, just as she looked, when I turned from the door of the home I pointed out to you—standing, with her riding whip in one hand, the stem of the magnolia clasped in the other, while the snowy petals were pressed to her lips—the cap thrown back from her head, and her golden tresses glittering in the sun, as they fell down her face, which was still pale and almost ethereal in its expression. I waved a kiss to her as I wheeled around and heard her sweet 'good-bye,' clear and musical as a flute, which I returned with 'te-morrow,' and rode leisurely away.

"The father has since told me all that passed, and he heard it from his daughter's own lips, when —; but I cannot speak of that now. She told him Wilson urged, pleaded, entreated and prayed, employed all the sophistry which the heart of man is master of, to persuade her to become his wife—and that, immediately. The ring was produced, the words spoken, and the lock of hair that he had kept so many years again, held up to her view,—every moment of the past was brought to life,—words and promises of childhood were held forth as binding forever—and she, the bright, the glorious Edith, yielded!

"John! I would have bared my heart to have shielded that girl from the very lightnings of heaven. I would have gone with her through fire and water—death and the grave! I would have toiled for her, struggled for her to the last breath of my life—but to have felt her heart beating against mine, her breath stealing over my cheek, her eyes looking into the depths of my soul, but to have known that her love would be my reward. If ever man was worthy of a woman, I was worthy of her. She knew it; I knew it; and loving as she did, and always had, from the first time I caught her in my arms, the arguments of that man who won her from me, must have been stronger than all the powers of hell combined. Even now, the thought of the wretch makes my blood thrill with horror,—as beautiful as an angel was he, with the heart of a devil.

"I forgot to tell you that she was an heiress to some two hundred thousand dollars; being an only child, and her father the owner of several plantations, and a host of negro slaves; and though, God knows, I would just as gladly have taken her without a penny—this was the bait for which the net was thrown, and the victim lured to the pit by Wilson. I pity her now, poor child, but then, I was enraged with her,—O! how enraged!"

No wonder.

"I wonder at it now, and blame myself alone—but then I did not see, as now I see; she would have smothered my anger, and forgiven her, as I forgive her now.

"That same night, about two o'clock, I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I started up, hurried on my clothes and went myself to see what was wanted. It was Mr. Jenkins, the father of Edith. There he stood on the step, holding the bridle of his horse, pale as death, his eyes all bloodshot, his black hair flying loose over his face, and shaking and trembling like a reed in the wind. Twice I tried to speak, but I could not utter a syllable—a dizziness seized me—and I heard my heart knocking frightfully within, for I knew something had happened to Edith,—else why had he come to me, in the dead of night, with such a fearful visage, like a messenger from another world? We stood there gazing into each other's eyes, I know not how long, till my hand shook so that the lantern dropped upon the floor, and we were in utter darkness. Then I heard a voice in my ear, crying 'To horse! to horse!'

"He was a very stern man when his blood was up; and I soon saw that he was wrestling with himself as with a devil. I asked no questions; but springing past him, I groped my way to the stable, striking my head against a post so violently, that for a moment it stunned me, and I reeled almost to the earth; but recovering myself, I rushed on, grasped Jenny by the mane, bridled and saddled her, and in two minutes more we were galloping like wild creatures down the road. Still I asked no questions, but I felt in my heart that some terrible catastrophe had happened—something to Edith, for which I tried to prepare myself, by shutting my eyes and clenching my teeth, as my horse dashed madly on after his. The night was dark and starless; and whether my eyes were shut or not, it mattered but little, as my whole strength was exerted to keep myself in the saddle, not knowing nor caring whether we went."

Hence Calhoun paused to take breath, and pointed out to me a house at a very little distance ahead, which we were now rapidly approaching; for the breeze had quickened since we started, and the negro was continually knocking the rails about, and almost taking our heads off, as we sat there in the stern crouched close together, and endeavoring as much as possible to keep out of the way.

"There," he continued, after a while—"there!—there!—we never once stopped, nor paused for an instant to take breath; till we arrived at that house, a full ten miles ride; our horses puffing and blowing, their lacerated flanks bleeding and covered with foam, and we more dead than alive. Then, and not till then, did I venture to open my eyes. Lights were passing to and fro, within—men and women were hurrying before the windows, and fastened near the gate stood two horses looking almost as tired and jaded as our own. Mr. Jenkins dismounted, fastened his horse, and I, still silent as the grave, followed his example.

"A light from the window fell upon his face; and I saw such signs of passion were still working there as frightened me. His lips were tightly pressed together, and the big veins on his forehead seemed knotting and twisting themselves with inward vitiosity. Now we will go in, said he in the same deep low voice, after he had finished fastening his horse; and opening the gate we entered the yard. My heart struggled wildly and fearfully; I longed, yet dreaded to know what had happened; and could I have fallen down there, and felt the pulses of my heart go out,—foreknowing the seal that a moment more placed upon my soul, I do believe that I would have done it most joyfully. But there I stood, shuddering and clinging to the gate he had opened, with one foot forward and ready to follow him; but I could not stir nor move an inch.

"A gentleman stepped from the colonnade, and coming up to Jenkins, whispered something in his ear, I did not hear what, but he ground his teeth and cursed and swore in a whisper; and then the door was suddenly crowded with people and filled with lights; and two more stepped into the yard and slowly approached us—a woman with her head down, sobbing and weeping as if her heart would break, and a man walking close to her side. As they came up the woman raised her head, and I

saw it was Edith—and the man was Wilson! As I live, John, until that moment not even a single gleam of the truth had ever entered my mind!—it came so suddenly, and I was so unprepared! But then I saw and knew all. I know not what possessed me, but I grew instantly calm, stern and cold. I felt like a man who had received his death-blow, and there was nothing further to hope, feel or wish for.

"She came up to me, poor child! and knelt down at my feet—looked baselessly up into my eyes, and prayed me, humbly and earnestly, to forgive her, only *forgive her*, and she would die happy. But I was a changed man then; and that fair flower, that sweet blossom that I had worn in my heart, worshipped, idolized, until heaven itself would have been a prison without her—that child!—for the first time, and, thank God, it was the *last*—I looked coldly and sternly upon. I did not even touch the small white hands which I had so loved to feel throbbing in my own, as she held them pleadingly toward me, the tears rolling down her face, praying me all the time to *forgive her*. But I stood strongly and sternly up, and to this day my heart shudders at its own cruelty. 'Yes, Edith, I will forgive you,' said I, 'and I do forgive you from the bottom of my heart, thanking God that I have learned to know you before it was too late!'

"O! what a shriek fell on my ear, as I uttered these cruel words! Her eyes grew large, very large, and the tears stopped flowing; and she looked into my face with an expression I shall never forget,—*never*!—rising to her feet, and standing before me with her hands clasped on her bosom, she stood stock still for a moment, and then the blood gushed from her mouth, and she would have fallen to the ground had not Wilson caught her, as she sank entirely senseless in his arms. Still was I unmoved. The storm that had passed over my heart had crushed all my better feelings; and like the scathed tree stripped of its foliage, but still defying the blasts of winter, I stood proud and unbending in my wrath.

"And then a dear little girl, with soft brown hair and sweet blue eyes brimming over with tears, came out from the shadow of a tree, where she had stood all the time, and coming up to me, put her little soft hand in mine and looked baselessly up into my face.

"Do please forgive her," she said in a sweet childish voice, her red lips quivering, and the tears dropping like rain from her smooth cheek, 'only see how she cries! Oh please forgive her—won't you, sir?'

"I pushed her rudely away—even that little child, and I heard her sobbing as she walked up the gravel path, wiping the tears from her face with her apron. God forgive me!"

The narrator paused; the tears which he had vainly strove to keep back were rolling down his face; and it was many minutes before he could again go on with his story; and when he did his voice trembled, and there was a twitching of the muscles of his face, which told how deeply he suffered.

"Edith recovered in a few moments; and then she came to her father. He stood firm and unbending, and when she would have knelt at his feet he pushed her away, and stamped, saved, and swore. And I saw the foam gathering upon his lips in the frenzy of his passion.

"Out of my sight, wretched girl!" he exclaimed, 'did you think that the father, who had nourished you in his bosom, loved you better than life and honor—begone! you have stung me to the heart's core; and worse—you have dared to hope that I would forgive you for marrying that villain without my consent! No! by this right hand I swear to you I will never forgive you—*never*! never!—I will never again receive you to my heart or home—henceforth you are no child of mine!—I cast you off—you and yours—forever and ever!"

"Edith stood before him, her pale lips just parted over her glittering teeth, but she had ceased to weep.

"Father! father!" said she, in a tone that for the first time went to my heart; I felt a slight quivering there, but I forced it all back—I would not feel!—Father, it is enough; may God forgive me, though man may not!"

"And then she turned away, and they all went back to the house, the door closed, and again we were alone. Then it was that I began to feel the chord that had grown to my heart was torn away, and I threw myself upon the grass, and wept like a little child. Then I felt that she had loved me.—I knew that she loved me,—and I would have gone back to the house,—I would have taken her in my arms, implored her forgiveness, and wept with her, and blessed her from the bottom of my heart.

I started to go, but a strong arm held me back, and again the summons 'to horse!—to horse!' rang in my ear. I tried to shake him off, but it was idle,—I was like a child in his grips."

"Speak not to her again, Caleb, I was you; show yourself a man, and forget that such a woman ever lived."

"He pulled me away; we mounted our horses, and rode back.

"Day had begun to dawn in the east, and never before did the light of the sun fall on my eyes with such a feeling of utter desolation and wretchedness in my soul. That very sun that was to light my bridal-day, and that yesterday looked so glorious to my eyes, now seemed like the funeral torch to my heart. I went back a smitten and sorrowful man,—the world a desert for my soul, and the future an utter blank."

"Was Edith happy?" at length I ventured to inquire.

"Happy!" he echoed, with a start—*happy!*—good Heavens!—why, sir, she had married a gambler, a drunkard, and a profligate! *Happy!* with the curse of a father on her head,—the blackness of remorse in her heart,—and a brutal husband loading it over her gentleness and sweetness of temper. O, no! she was far from happy. I heard from her often, very often, as I went on my solitary way, but I never saw her again till four whole years had passed away. Mr. Jenkins treated me like a father, and forced upon me a goodly share of the fortune he had intended for his daughter, in spite of all my remonstrances. Wilson and his wife were very soon reduced to poverty—or would have been so, had I not anonymously sent her large sums of money, monthly, from the fortune that should have been hers by right: for I have never had much for myself, and never will use a single penny of what once belonged to her.

"I did not try to forget the image of her who had been to me the rainbow of my sky,—the brightness of life,—but I fostered it in my heart; and during the long, solitary years that followed, my love for her remained unchanged. It was that which kept me alive; and though I knew that she was another's, her presence haunted me. I would see her in my dreams,—hear her sweet voice,—and often reaching forth my arms to grasp her, would awake with such impatient longing, to find myself alone.

"One bright day in September, I was sitting in my chamber at Mr. Jenkins's house—for that was now my home—employed in mapping out a tract of country I had just been exploring—when I observed a carriage drive up to the door, from which a gentleman and lady, with a little girl about three years old, alighted. As the lady took the child by the hand, and walked up the yard, I caught a glimpse of her face, and pale and care-worn though it was, I instantly recognised Edith. There was a meek, patient look about the mouth, and a calm, untroubled smoothness of the brow, as she bent downward to the child,—a bright, beautiful thing, with laughing eyes and golden hair,—urging her on, and pressing her tiny hand firmly in hers, while she lingered to look at the flowers with childish curiosity, exclaiming, 'only see mother,—only see!' with such a sweet, ringing laugh, that my heart instantly warmed towards the dear little prattler, although it was his child, and I longed to kneel down there, and clasp them both to my heart, and hold them there till I had blessed her with my lips, and she had promised from her inmost soul to forgive my brutal behaviour towards her. My heart was brimming over with love,—and, if you will believe me, with a deeper, stronger love than I had ever before felt,—for I knew that she had suffered, and in her deep agony I had treated her with a cruelty that was yet unredressed—and had burned and burned like a fire in my heart. I was watching them from the window, the pale, sweet face of Edith turned towards the child, when I heard a heavy tread on the gallery. I saw the mother shudder, and press the infant closer to her side,—and then I heard a sweet, low-toned voice; it came upon my ear like the music of the past, and my heart thrilled and throbbled till it had well nigh burst, as I hung there over the window-sill, listening to her words.

"Father! I bring my child to you; for her sake, father, I have come to beseech you to take off the curse; for her sake, bless me before I die! I sinned—but, as I live, father, it was against my heart—that severest sinned. I loved—O, how madly!—but pushed, hurried to desperation, I knew not what I did, until my fate was sealed, and I accused forever! O, father!—take the child—your child, dear father!"

"Here she paused, sobbing bitterly, and the child put her little arms round her neck, and pressed her cheek close to hers, as she looked around at her grandfather, still standing there unforgetting as ever, with his lips pressed closely together, and a settled frown upon his countenance.

"Don't cry, mamma!—he shan't hurt you: the great blackman shan't whip you, as papa did—I won't let him!"—and she raised one tiny hand threateningly, while with the other she clung to her mother's neck, as if she, poor infant, could shield that trembling, heart-broken woman from the outrage. I could bear it no longer; I started to rush down, when a terrible voice rushed on my ear, and I was obliterated to the spot. Wilson had stepped up, and then there was a shout, followed by a loud scream and a scuffle.

"Begone, wretch—devil!" shouted Mr. Jenkins, "out of my sight!—away with you to the ends of the earth! you that would batter away your own soul for money—begone, and never again blast me with your presence!—for never will I forgive you, or yield up to you one single dollar of the property you so covet—never—either to you or yours!"

"A strong arm was lifted, and I saw Wilson dashed to the earth. 'My daughter!' said the father, and his voice was a little calmer as he turned to Edith, who was still kneeling, with the child sobbing aloud in her arms—'Edith, I pity you—but the decree has gone forth; it cannot be revoked; the lightning has reached my heart-strings—they have no life—none—there is no forgiveness there!'

"I saw her whole frame shudder as if blasted with fire from heaven; but she spoke not a word, as Wilson laid his hand on her shoulder, and drew her away."

Here Caleb paused for full five minutes; and with an expression of deep, harrowing, painful distress, I over before saw on a human countenance. He was a tall, handsome man, very, with a remarkable forehead, black shining hair, a fine form, and the most eloquent eyes! I never could look into them without feeling that he was reading my very soul. There was that too in his manners, which always forced me into a profound respect for him; and made me feel whenever I listened to him, that I was in the presence of a superior and commanding intellect. I had now known him for almost a year, and though I saw plainly that he was unhappy, he had never once spoken of it to me, nor had I dared to question him with regard to the cause. He sat now with his hat off, his arms folded over on his broad chest, and his eyes turned, either upon vacancy, or upon the dull water, after off down the river, while an expression of almost hopelessness rested upon his beautiful mouth. He remained silent so long that I began to fear I should hear no more of Edith; for I had become deeply interested in her fate, and lingered to hear the rest of the story.

"Is she still living?" I ventured to ask. He shook his head, and I saw that he was approaching the catastrophe. His eyes were full, and he spoke scarcely above a whisper, "about two months after she was sent away unbidden from her father's door, I was summoned to her. Wilson had died a few weeks before in a fit, caused by excessive drinking; and she and her child were now alone in the world, but better off by far, than with the brute, who had dared in his drunken frolics, to raise his hand against that angel Edith—his wife—and the mother of his child. When I entered the room, I found her lying on a bed, in a gentle slumber, the child asleep on her bosom, with her little rosy cheek pressed close to that of her pale, blighted mother, her arms clasped round her neck, and her soft breath stealing over her cheek, faintly fluttering the golden tresses of hair, so bright and beautiful, looking just as it did when I pressed her to my heart in breathless ecstasy, and felt it falling all over my face, so softly that I could not put it away, for it seemed like an atmosphere—glowing gold and sunshine for me to pillow my head upon—it was just the same, and the lips too, slightly parted over her beautiful teeth, were rich with unearthly crimson—the very image of the past, though the face was very pale, and the dark eye lashed wet with tears, were as black as death. I know not how long I gazed, but I felt my heart swelling within till I could bear it no longer. I clasped her in my arms; pressed my lips to hers, and once more she was pillowed on my heart. O! what a soul was there in her deep eyes, as she opened them wide upon me, and felt that I was once more by her—and the smile on her lips, it parted and spread all over her face—and the color came and went, and mounted up, up to her very forehead, tingling it with glory, as the parting sun tinges a clear sky. It was the past all come back again, and the child, the bright, the beautiful being that I had worshipped for so many long, long years, was again pressed to my bosom; again I felt her arms clasped about my neck—and once more I was happy!"

"Some murmuring words passed between us, I cannot remember them all now, but I prayed her to forgive me the desperation of that night. I

told her how I had loved her always, and that never for a moment had I ceased to worship her from my very heart during the long years of darkness that had passed over our heads;—and she, O! what a look of happiness was there in her soft eyes, as she listened, smiling and weeping to my words.

"You have then loved me," she whispered, "God bless you, now I can die happy."

"Die, Edith! die when we are at last together! O! no—no, it can not be. The world is just as beautiful, and the sun shines as brightly as on that glorious morning when we parted, with a world of bliss in our hearts. You have not forgotten it all—dear Edith. You remember it—I hope!"

"Remember it! O! I shall never forget it," and she reached her hand beneath the pillow, and drew forth all shrivelled, and died up the very magnolia I had given her on that morning of disappointment and sorrow.

"I have kept it; you remember you told me to keep it—and I have hoped and prayed that you might once more, only once more behold it; and know and feel how I had loved you;—and now it must go with me, and be buried in the same grave," she added in a low whisper, pressing her lips to mine. I trembled, and held her to my heart with all my strength, determined in my madness, death itself should never part us, now that there was no other obstacle in our path to happiness.

"The infant had awaked from her sleep, and crept up to us unobserved. I felt something slightly pulling at my arm, and looking down, the same bright, blue eyes that I had once before seen looked up into my face.

"Don't hurt mother!" said the little thing.

"Dear child; I clasped her to my breast, and from that hour she was mine—the brightest and sweetest creature I ever beheld, Edith here! I excepted, when I first knew her—and her name is Edith, too; you shall see her by and by, when we get down to Princeton.

"Hurt her! not for worlds would I hurt her!" said I, kissing her rosy cheeks, till she laughed and cried too, standing between us and hanging on to our necks with her white, round arms, as if she, poor child; could understand the cause of all that she saw. Had it not been for this dear child, I too would have gone down to the grave with my idol, and slept forever there by her side. I could not save her; not even my love could draw her back from the grave—consumption was feeding on her heart. I saw it plainly; but never till the last moment would I believe that she could die. She labored hard to prepare me for the blow; but I would not listen to her—I could not believe her. Every physician I could hear of I brought to her bedside—and when they all turned away with a melancholy, boding shake of the head, and whispered together, and promised to do all they could to make her comfortable—that was the word—comfortable—my very heart died away within me.

"Not many minutes after I first saw her there on her sick bed, the father came. But O, how altered! The fountains of the great deep were broken up—his heart was in travail, and he wept like a child. Again and again, did he make her tell him that he was forgiving—forgiving for the cruelty he had shown towards her,—for not escaping unpunished and alone from the fatal snare laid for her innocent and unsuspecting heart. It was too much for her frail frame to bear. That night she breathed her last to my arms. O! the misery of that hour; my heart was completely desolate, and I prayed that I might die then and go to sleep forever and ever by her side. But God knew better. The child that she bequeathed to me with her dying breath, crept into my heart—the bud grew, flourished, and that has linked me far while to earth."

"And the magnolia? what became of that?"

"That was buried with her—placed in her left hand, which rested upon her bosom."

Not many minutes after the recital of the story, during which a profound silence had been kept, the boat was drawn up to the wharf at Princeton. We leaped ashore, walked up to the village, and after passing through several streets, we stopped before an elegant house, or cottage rather, which he pointed out as his, built somewhat in the gothic style, with arched windows, and battlements and buttresses, and deeply jutting cornices. There were many beautiful flowering trees around it, and a garden with real luxuriant shrubbery, in which I saw a fountain, the bright waters sparkling and flashing up from the marble figure, and falling all over the dwarf trees and rich glowing flowers of the centre. We stopped before the gate.

"One moment," said he; "she will be on the look-out, and you shall see her come."

We had not waited two minutes, before a little bit of a thing, beautiful as a fairy—the most beautiful child I think I ever saw, came bounding along in a frock of white muslin, her bright hair thrown back from her face, and falling in a shower of gold all over her bare round shoulders. She had advanced but a few feet, when she suddenly stopped, half frightened, and looked up as if doubtful whether to proceed or turn back; for she had caught a glimpse of me as I emerged from the shadow of a tree to get a fair view of her as she came along.

"Don't be afraid, Edith," said he, "this gentleman is my friend," and opening his arms, she sprang into them with a cry of joy.

"I have been watching for you these two hours, father," said she, "and it seemed so long, that I thought you would never come back!"

"You see she calls me father," said he, turning to me—"It was her own doing: I tried at first to persuade her out of it; but soon found it was no use. She could not remember what I told her, and I finally made up my mind to let her have her own way—and after all my friend, it is a pleasant name."

The little girl looked mysteriously at me, and then at him, not quite comprehending his words.

"You will be my father, won't you?" she said at length, winding her arms around his neck, while a tear glistened in her blue eye.

"Yes, dear, and forever!" said Caleb, drawing her head up, and kissing her ripe, warm cheeks, "forever and ever, while I live, will I be a father to you, my child."

This seemed to satisfy her, and the shadow vanished from her forehead. I poured a paper of sugar-plums, which, by the merest chance of the little girl I happened to have with me, into the lap of the little girl, and turned away as she thanked me in the sweetest and prettiest manner you ever saw, convinced that, notwithstanding all Caleb had suffered and felt, he was not a very unhappy man, nor very much to be pitied: and that when all was said and done, it might be a very pleasant thing to be a father, where you could not well manage to be anything dearer.

ROGER MALVIN'S BURIAL.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

One of the few incidents of Indian warfare, naturally susceptible of the moonlight of romance, was that expedition, undertaken for the defence of the frontiers in the year 1725, which resulted in the well remembered "Lovell's Fight." Imagination, by casting certain circumstances judiciously in the shade, may see much to admire in the heroism of a little band, who gave battle to twice their number in the heart of the enemy's country. The open bravery displayed by both parties was in accordance with civilized ideas of valor, and chivalry itself might not blush to record the deeds of one or two individuals. The battle, though so fatal to those who fought, was not unfortunate in its consequences to the country; for it broke the strength of a tribe, and conducted to the peace which subsisted during several ensuing years. History and tradition are unusually minute in their memorials of this affair; and the captain of a scouting party of frontier-men has acquired as actual a military renown as many a victorious leader of thousands. Some of the incidents contained in the following pages will be recognized, notwithstanding the substitution of fictitious names, by such as have heard, from old men's lips, the fate of the few combatants who were in a condition to retreat, after "Lovell's Fight."

The early sunbeams hovered cheerfully upon the tree-tops, beneath which two weary and wounded men had stretched their limbs the night before. Their bed of withered oak-leaves was strewn upon the small level space, at the foot of a rock, situated near the summit of one of the gentle swells, by which the face of the country is there diversified. The mass of granite, rising in a flat surface, fifteen or twenty feet above their heads, was not unlike a gigantic grave-stone, upon which the veins seemed to form an inscription in forgotten characters. On a tract of several acres around this rock, oaks and other hard-wood trees had supplied the place of the pines, which were the usual growth of the land, and a young and vigorous sapling stood close beside the travellers.

The severe wound of the elder man had probably deprived him of sleep; for, so soon as the first ray of sunshine rested on the top of the highest tree, he roused himself painfully from his recovery posture, and sat erect. The deep lines of his countenance, and the scattered grey of his hair, marked him as past the middle age; but his muscular frame would, but for the effects of his wound, have been as capable of sustaining fatigue, as in the early vigor of life. Langour and exhaustion now sat upon his bagged features, and the despairing glance which he sent forward through the depths of the forest, proved his own conviction that

his pilgrimage was at an end. He next turned his eyes to the companion who reclined by his side. The youth—for he had scarcely attained the years of manhood—lay with his head upon his arm, in the embrace of an unquiet sleep, which a thrill of pain from his wounds seemed each moment on the point of breaking. His right hand grasped a musket, and, to judge from the violent action of his features, his slumbers were bringing back a vision of the conflict, of which he was one of the few survivors. A shout,—deep and loud to his dreaming fancy,—sounded its way in an imperfect murmur to his lips, and, starting even at the slight sound of his own voice, he suddenly awoke. The first act of reviving recollection was to make anxious inquiries respecting the condition of his wounded fellow traveller. The latter shook his head.

"Reuben, my boy," said he, "this rock, beneath which we sit, will serve for an old hunter's grave-stone. There is noway it may be a long mile of bowling wilderness before us yet; nor would it avail me anything, if the smoke of my own chimney were but on the other side of that swell of land. The Indian bullet was deadlier than I thought."

"You are weary with our three days' travel," replied the youth, "and a little longer rest will recruit you. Sit you here, while I search the woods for the herbs and roots that must be our sustenance; and having eaten, you shall lean on me, and we will turn our faces homeward."

"Could not that, with my help, you can settle to some other of the frontier garisons."

"There is not two days' life in me, Reuben," said the other, calmly, "and I will no longer burthen you with my useless body, when you can scarcely support your own. Your wounds are deep, and your strength is failing fast; yet, if you hasten onward alone, you may be preserved. For me there is no hope; and I will wait death here."

"If it must be so, I will remain and watch by you," said Reuben, resolutely.

"No, my son, no," rejoined his companion. "Let the wish of a dying man have weight with you; give me one grasp of your hand, and get you hence. Think you that my last moments will be eased by the thought, that I leave you to die a more lingering death? I have loved you like a father, Reuben, and, at a time like this, I should have comforted you of a father's authority. I charge you to be gone, that I may die in peace."

"And because you have been a father to me, should I therefore leave you to perish, and to lie unburied in the wilderness!" exclaimed the youth. "No! if you end be in truth approaching, I will watch by you, and receive your parting words. I will dig a grave here by the rock, in which, if my Reuben overcomes me, I will rest together; or, if Heaven gives me strength, I will seek my way home."

"In the olden, and wherever men dwell," replied the other, "they bury their dead in the earth; they hide them from the sight of the living; but here, where no step may pass, perhaps for a hundred years, wherefore should I not rest beneath the open sky, covered only by the oak leaves, when the autumn winds shall stir them? And for a monument here is this grey rock, on which my dying hand shall engrave the name of Roger Malvin; and the traveller in days to come, will know that here sleeps a hunter and a warrior. Tarry not, then, for a folly like this, but hasten away, if not for your own sake, for hers who will also be desolate."

Malvin spoke the last few words in a faltering voice, and their effect upon his companion was strongly visible. They reminded him that there were other and less questionable duties, than that of burying the fate of a man whom his death could not benefit. Nor can it be affirmed that no selfish feeling strove to enter Reuben's heart, though the consciousness made him more earnestly resist his companion's entreaties.

"How terrible to wait the slow approach of death in this solitude!" exclaimed he. "A brave man does not shrink in the battle, and, when friends stand round the bed, even women may die composedly; but here—I shall not shrink, even here," he cried, "interrupted Malvin; 'I am a man of so weak heart; and, if I were there, there is a surer support than that of earthly friends. You are young, and life is dear to you. Your last moments will need comfort far more than mine; and when you have laid me in the earth, and are alone, and night is setting on the forest, you will feel all the bitterness of the death that may now be escaped. But I will urge no selfish motive to your generous nature. Leave me for my sake; then, having said a prayer for your safety, I may have space to settle my account, undisturbed by worldly sorrow.'"

"And your daughter! How shall I dare to meet her eye?" exclaimed Reuben. "She will ask the fate of her father, whose life I vowed to defend with my own. Must I tell her that he travelled three days' march with me from the field of battle, and that she left him to perish in the wilderness? Were it not better to lie down and die by your side, than to return safe, and say this to Dorcas?"

"Tell my daughter," said Roger Malvin, "that though yourself sore, wounded, and weak, and weary, you led my tottering footsteps many a mile, and left me only at my earnest entreaty, because I would not have your blood upon my soul. Tell her, that through pain and danger you were faithful, and that if your life-blood could have saved me, it would have flowed to its last drop. And tell her, that you will be something dearer than a father, and that his blessing to you both, and that my dying eye can see a long and pleasant path, in which you will journey together."

As Malvin spoke, he almost raised himself from the ground, and the energy of his concluding words seemed to fill the wild and lonely forest with a vision of happiness. But when he sank exhausted upon his bed of oak-leaves, the light which had kindled in Reuben's eye was quenched. He felt as if it were both sin and folly to think of happiness at such

had hurried him away before her father's fate was decided. He spoke not, he only bowed his head; and, between shame and exhaustion, sank back and hid his face in the pillow. Dorcas wept, when her fears were thus confirmed; but the shock, as it had been long anticipated, was so that account the less violent.

"You dug a grave for my poor father in the wilderness, Reuben!" was the question by which her filial piety manifested itself.

"My hands were weak, but I did what I could," replied the youth in a smothered tone. "There stands a noble tomb steeped above his head, and I would to Heaven so be he!"

Dorcas, perceiving the wildness of his latter words inquired no farther at that time; but her heart found ease in the thought, that Roger Malvin had not lacked such funeral rites as it was possible to bestow. The tale of Reuben's courage and fidelity lost nothing when she communicated it to her friends; and the poor youth, tottering from his sick chamber to breathe the sunny air, experienced from every tongue the miserable and humiliating torture of unmerited praise. All acknowledged that he might worthily demand the hand of the fair maiden, to whose father he had been "faithful unto death;" and, as my tale is not of love, it shall suffice to say, that in the space of two years, Reuben became the husband of Dorcas Malvin. During the marriage ceremony, the bride was covered with blushes, but the bridegroom's face was pale.

There was now in the breast of Reuben Bourne an incommunicable thought; something to conceal from his friends, and from his friends whom he most loved and trusted. He regretted, deeply and bitterly, the moral cowardice that had restrained his words, when he was about to disclose the truth to Dorcas; but pride, the fear of losing her affection, the dread of universal scorn, forbade him to rectify this falsehood. He felt, that, for leaving Roger Malvin, he deserved no censure. His presence the gratuitous sacrifice of his own life, would have added only another, and a vain, to the last moment of the last moment of his life. But concealment had imparted to a justifiable act much of the secret effect of guilt; and Reuben, while reason told him that he had done right, experienced in no small degree, the mental horrors, which punish the perpetrators of undiscovered crime. By a certain association of ideas, he at times almost imagined himself a murderer. For years also a thought would occasionally recur, which, though he perceived all its folly and extravagance, he could not banish from his mind. It was a haunting and torturing fancy, that his father-in-law was yet sitting at the foot of the rock, on the withered forest-leaves, alive, and awaiting his pledged assistance. These mental deceptions, however, came and went, nor did he ever mistake them for realities; but in the calmest and clearest moods of his mind, he was conscious that he had a vow unrequited, and that an embured corpse was calling to him out of the wilderness. Yes! the thought of the corpse, and the thought of the man that he could not obey the call. It was now too late to require the assistance of Roger Malvin's friends, in performing his long-deferred sepulture; and superstitious fear, of which none were more susceptible than the people of the outward settlements, forbade Reuben to go alone. Neither did he know where, in the pathless and limitless forest, to seek that smooth and letered rock, at the base of which the body lay; his remembrance of every detail of his travel thence was indistinct; and the latter part had left no impression upon his mind. There was, however, a continual impulse, a voice audible only to himself, commanding him to go forth and redeem his vow; and he had a strange impression that, were he to make the trial, he would be led straight to Malvin's bones. But, year after year, that summons, unheard but felt was disobeyed. His one secret thought became like a chain, binding down his spirit, and, like a serpent, gnawing into his heart; and he was transformed into a sad and downcast, yet irritable man.

In the course of a few years after their marriage, changes began to be visible in the external prosperity of Reuben and Dorcas. The only riches of the former had been his stout heart and strong arm; but the latter, her father's sole heiress, had made her husband master of a farm under older cultivation, larger and better stocked than most of the frontier establishments. Reuben Bourne, however, was a selfish husbandman; and while the lands of other settlers became more fruitful, his deteriorated in the same proportion. The discouragements to agriculture were greatly lessened by the cessation of Indian war, during which men held the plough in one hand, and the musket in the other; and were fortunate if the products of their dangerous labours were not destroyed either in the field or in the barn, by the savage enemy. But Reuben did not profit by the improved condition of the country; nor can it be denied, that his lateral view of his situation was not greatly and instantly rewarded with success. The irritability, by which he had recently become distinguished, was another cause of his declining prosperity as it occasioned frequent quarrels, in his unavoidable intercourse with the neighboring settlers. The results of these, were innumerable lawsuits; for the people of New England, to the earliest stages and wildest circumstances of the country, adopted, whenever attainable, the legal mode of deciding their disputes. To be brief, the world did not go on well with Reuben Bourne, and, though not till many years after his marriage, he was finally a ruined man, with but one remaining expedient against the evil fate that had pursued him. He was to throw sunlight into some deep recesses of the forest, and seek subsistence from the virgin bosom of the wilderness.

The only child of Reuben and Dorcas, was a son, now arrived at the age of fifteen years, beautiful in youth, and giving promise of a glorious manhood. He was passionately fond of the chase, and sincerely began to excel in the wild accomplishments of frontier life. His feet were fleet, his aim

true, his apprehension quick, his heart light and high; and all, who anticipated the return of Indian war, spoke of Cyrus Bourne as a future leader in the land. The boy was loved by his father, with a deep and silent strength, as if whatever was good and happy in his own nature had been transferred to the child, carrying his affections with it. Even Dorcas, though loving and beloved, was far less dear to him; for Reuben's secret thoughts and insulated emotions had gradually made him a selfish man; and he could no longer love deeply, except where he saw or imagined, some reflection or likeness of his own mind. In Cyrus he recognized what he had himself been in his youth; and at intervals seemed to partake of the boy's spirit, and to be revived with a fresh and happy life. Reuben was accompanied by his son in the expedition, for the purpose of selecting a tract of land, and felling and burning the timber, which necessarily preceded the removal of the household goods. Two months of the autumn were thus occupied; after which Reuben Bourne and his young hunter returned to spend his last winter in the settlements.

It was early in the month of May, that the little family seeped asunder whatever tendrils of affection had clung to inanimate objects, and bade farewell to the few, who, in the blight of fortune called themselves their friends. The address of the parting moment had, to each of the pilgrims, its peculiar alleviations. Reuben, a moody man, and an earnest thinker, made his journey with a heavy heart, and a stern brow and downcast eye, feeling few regrets, and disinclined to acknowledge any. Dorcas, while she wept abundantly over the broken ties by which her simple and affectionate nature had bound itself to everything, felt that the inhabitants of her inmost heart moved on with her, and that all else would be supplied wherever she might go. And the boy dashed one tear-drop from his eye, and thought of the adventures and pleasures of the untrodden forest. Oh! who, in the enthusiasm of a day dream, has not wished that he were a wanderer in a world of summer wilderness, with one fair and gentle being hanging lightly on his arm? In youth, his free and exulting step would know no barrier, but the rolling ocean, or the snow-tipt mountains; calmer manhood would seek a home, where Nature had strewn a double wealth, in the vale of some transparent stream; and when hoary age, after long years of that pure life, stole on him, he would thank God that he had found the father of a race, the patriarch of a people, the founder of a mighty nation to be. When dead, like the sleep which we welcome after a day of haplessness, came over him, his far descendants would mourn over the venerated dust. Enveloped by tradition in mysterious attributes, the men of future generations would call him godlike; and remote posterity would see him standing, dimly glorious, far up the valley of a hundred centuries. To such persons of his tale were wandering, differed widely from the dreamer's land of Fantasy; yet there was something to their way of life that Nature asserted as her own; and the gnawing cares, which went with them from the world, were all that now obstructed their happiness. One stout and shaggy steeled, bearer of all their wealth, did not shrink from the added weight of Dorcas; although her hardly heeding retained her, heeding the larger part of each day's journey, by her husband's side. Reuben and his son, their muskets on their shoulders, and their axes along behind them, kept an unwearied pace, each watching with a hunter's eye for the game which supplied their food. When hunger bade, they halted, and prepared their meal on the bank of some unpolluted forest-brook, which, as they knelt down with thirsty lips to drink, murmured a sweet usefulness, like a maiden, at love's first kiss. They slept beneath a hot of branches and awoke at peep of light, refreshed for the toils of another day. Dorcas and the boy went on joyously, and even Reuben's spirit abated at intervals with an outward gladness; but inwardly there was a cold, cold sorrow, which he compared to the snow-drifts, lying deep in the glens and hollows of the rivulets, while the leaves were brightly green above.

Cyrus Bourne was sufficiently skilled in the travel of the woods to observe that his father did not adhere to the common mode of pursuing, in their expeditions of the preceding autumn. They were now keeping farther to the north, striking out more directly from the settlements, and into a region, of which savage beasts and savage men were as yet the sole possessors. The boy sometimes hinted his opinions upon the subject, and Reuben listened attentively, and once or twice altered the direction of their march in accordance with his son's counsel. But having so done, he seemed ill at ease, and the conversation was not so free as of old. Apparently in search of enemies lurking behind the trees, and of some pursuer. Cyrus, perceiving that his father gradually resumed the old direction, forbore to interfere; nor, though something began to weigh upon his heart, did his avocational nature permit him to regret the increased length and the mystery of their way.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, they halted and made their simple encampment, nearly an hour before the sun had made their simple camp. The forest here had been diversified by swells of land, resembling huge waves of a petrified sea; and in one of the corresponding hollows, a wild and romantic spot, had the family reared their hut, and kindled their fire. There is something chilling, and yet heart-warming, in the thought of three, united by strong bonds of love, and insulated from all that breathe beside. The dark and gloomy pines looked down upon them, and as the wind swept through their tops, a plying sound was heard in the forest, as if he were on or did those trees were to exert their power to lay the axe to their roots at last! Reuben and his son, who Dorcas made ready their meal, proposed to wander out in search

game, of which that day's march had afforded no supply. The boy promising not to quit the vicinity of the encampment, bounded off with a step as light and elastic as that of the deer he hoped to slay; while his father, feeling a transient happiness as he gazed after him, was about to pursue an opposite direction. Dorcas, in the meanwhile, had seated herself near their fire of fallen branches, upon the mossy growth and mouldering trunk of a tree, uprooted years before. Her employment, diversified by an occasional glance at the pot, now beginning to simmer over the blaze, was the perusal of the current year's Massachusetts Almanac, which, with the exception of the deer he hoped to slay, contained all his literary wealth of the family. None pay a greater regard to arbitrary divisions of time, than those who are excluded from society; and Dorcas mentioed, as if the Informatica were of importance, that it was now the twelfth of May. Her husband started.

"The twelfth of May! I should remember it well," muttered he, while many thoughts occasioned a momentary confusion in his mind.

"Where am I? What am I wandering? Where did I leave him?" Dorcas, too well accustomed to her husband's wayward moods to note any peculiarity of demeanour, now laid aside the Almanac, and addressed him in that mournful tone, which the tender-hearted appropriate to griefs long cold and dead.

"It was near this time of the month, eighteen years ago, that my poor father left this world for a better. He had a kind arm to bid his head, and a kind voice to cheer him. But in his last moments; and the thought of the faithful care you took of him, has comforted me, many a time since. Oh! death would have been awful to a solitary man, in a wild place like this!"

"Pray Heaven, Dorcas," said Reuben, in a broken voice, "pray Heaven, that neither of us three die solitary, and lie unburied, in this howling wilderness!" And he hastened away, leaving her to watch the fire, beneath the gloomy pines.

Reuben Bourne's mind gradually slackened, as the pang, unintentionally inflicted by the words of Dorcas, became less acute. Many strange reflections, however, thronged upon him; and, straying onward, rather like a sleep-walker than a hunter, it was attributable to no care of his own, that his devious course kept him in the vicinity of the encampment. His steps were imperceptibly led almost in a circle, nor did he observe that he was on the verge of a tract of land heavily timbered, but not with pine-trees; that of the latter was here superseded by oaks, and one of the harder woods; and around their roots clustered a dense and bushy undergrowth, leaving, however, barren spaces between the trees, thick-strewn with withered leaves. Whenever the rustling of the branches, or the creaking of the trunks made a sound, as if the forest were waking from slumber, Reuben instinctively raised the musket that rested on his arm, and cast a quick, sharp glance on every side; but, convinced by a patient survey of the latter, was here surprised by a new scene, and gave himself up to his thoughts. He was musing on the strange influence that had led him away from his premeditated course, and so far into the depths of the wilderness. Unable to penetrate to the secret place of his soul, where his motives lay hidden, he believed that a supernatural voice had called him onward, and that a supernatural power had obstructed his retreat. He trusted that it was Heaven's intent to afford him an opportunity of expiating his sins; he hoped that he might find the bones, so long unburied; and that, having laid the earth over them, peace would throw its soft light into the sepulchre of his heart. From these thoughts he was aroused by a rustling in the forest, at some distance from the spot to which he had wandered. Perceiving the motion of some object behind a thick veil of undergrowth, he fired with the instinct of a hunter, and the aim of a practised marksman. A low moan, which told his success, and by which even animals can express their dying agony, was unheeded by Reuben Bourne. What were the recollections now breaking up, on him?

The thicket, into which Reuben had fired, was near the summit of a swell of land, and was clustered around the base of a rock, which, in the shape and smoothness of one of its surfaces, was not unlike a gigantic grave-stone. As if reflected in a mirror, its likeness was in Reuben's memory. He even traced the veins he hoped to find, and the inscription in forgotten characters; everything remained the same, except that a thick covert of bushes shrouded the lower part of the rock, and would have hidden Roger Malvin, had he still been sitting there. Yet, in the next moment, Reuben's eye was caught by another change, that time had effected, since he last stood, where he was now standing alone, behind the earthy roots of the upstart tree. The sapling, to which he had bound the blood-stained symbol of his vow, had increased and strengthened into an oak, far indeed from its infancy, but so near the prime of shadowy branches. There was one singularly observable in this tree, which made Reuben tremble. The middle and lower branches were in luxuriant life, and an excess of vegetation had fringed the trunk almost to the ground; but a bright had apparently stricken the upper part of the oak, and the very topmost bough was withered, asplend, and utterly dead. Reuben remembered how the life-bark had fluttered on that tempest-bough, when it was green and lonely, eighteen years before. Whose guilt had blasted it?

Dorcas, after the departure of the two hunters, continued her preparations for their evening repast. Her sylva table was the moss-covered trunk of a large fallen tree on the highest part of which she had spread a snow-white cloth, and arranged what were left of the bright pewter vessels, that had been her pride in the settlements. It had a strange

aspect—that one little spot of homely comfort, to the desolate heart of Nature. The sunshine yet lingered upon the higher branches of the trees that grew on rising ground; but the shades of evening had descended into the hollow, where the encampment was made; and the fire-light began to redden as it gleamed up the tall trunks of the pines, or hovered on the dense and obscure mass of foliage that circled round the spot.

The heat of Dorcas was not and; for she felt that it was better to journey in the wilderness, with two whom she loved, than to be a lonely wanderer, and that she carried not for the higher branches of the trees, ranging seats of mouldering wood, covered with leaves; for Reuben and her son, her voice danced through the gloomy forest, in the measure of a song that she had learned in youth. The melody, the production of a bard who won no name, was descriptive of a winter evening in a frontier cottage, when secured from savage inroad by the high-peaked snow-drifts, the family rejoiced by their own fire-side. The whole song possessed that rapturous charm, peculiar to unsung thought, and four continually recurring lines shone out from the rest, like the blaze of the hearth when joya they celebrated. Into them, working magic with a few simple words, the poet had distilled the very essence of domestic love and household happiness, and they were poetry and picture joined in one. As Dorcas sang, the walls of her forsaken home seemed to encircle her; she no longer saw the gloomy pines, nor heard the wind, which still, as she began each verse, sent a heavy breeze through the branches, and died away in a hollow sigh from the lullaby of the song. She was aroused by the report of a gun, in the vicinity of the encampment; and either the sudden sound, or her loneliness by the glowing fire, caused her to tremble violently. The next moment, she laughed in the pride of a mother's heart.

"My beautiful young hunter! my boy has slain a deer!" she exclaimed, exclaiming that, in the direction whence she stood proceeded, Cyrus had gone to the chase.

She waited a reasonable time, to hear her son's light step bounding over the rustling leaves, to tell of his success. But he did not immediately appear, and she sent her cheerful voice among the trees in search of him. "Cyrus! Cyrus!"

His coming was still delayed, and she determined, as the report of his gun had apparently been very near, to seek for him in person. Her steps were slow, and she might be necessary to reach the house, but she flattered herself he had obtained. She therefore set forward, directing her steps by the long path, and singing as she went, in order that the boy might be aware of her approach, and run to meet her. From behind the trunk of every tree, and from every hiding place in the thick foliage of the undergrowth, she hoped to discover the countenance of her son, laughing with the sportive mischief that is born of affection. The sun was now high in the sky, and the branches of the trees which the forest was sufficiently dim to create many illusions in her expecting fancy. Several times she seemed indistinctly to see his face peering out among the leaves; and once she imagined that he stood beckoning to her, at the base of a craggy rock. Keeping her eyes on this object, however, it proved to be no more than the trunk of an oak, fringed to the very ground with little branches, one of which, thrust out further than the rest, was shaded by the breeze. Making her way, she was about to turn, when she suddenly found herself close to her husband, who had approached in another direction. Lending upon the butt of his gun, the musketeer which rested upon the withered leaves, he was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some object at his feet.

"How is this, Reuben? Have you slain the deer, and fallen asleep over him?" exclaimed Dorcas, laughing cheerfully, on her first slight observation of his posture and appearance.

He started up, neither did he turn his eyes towards her, and a cold, shuddering fear, indelible in its object began to creep into her blood. She now perceived that her husband's face was ghastly pale, and his features were rigid, as if incapable of assuming any other expression than the stony despair which had hardened upon him. He gave not the slightest evidence that he was aware of her approach.

"For the love of Heaven, Reuben, speak to me!" cried Dorcas, and the strange sound of her voice—affrighted her even more than the dead silence.

Her husband started, started into her face, drew her to the front of the rock, and pointed with his finger.

"O! there lay the boy, asleep but dreamless, upon the fallen forest-leaves! his cheek rested upon his arm, his curled locks were thrown back from his brow, his eyes were slightly closed. Had a sudden weakness overcome the youthful form? Would his mother's voice arouse him?" She knew that it was death.

"This broad rock is the grave-stone of your dear kindred Dorcas," said her husband. "Your tears will fall as once over your father and your son."

She heard him not. With one wild shriek, that seemed a force its way from the sufferer's inmost soul, she sank insensible by the side of her dead boy. At that moment the withered topmost bough of the oak, loosened into the willy air, and fell in soft, light fragments upon the rock, upon the leaves, upon Reuben, upon his wife and child, and upon Roger Malvin's bones. Then Reuben's heart was stricken, and tears rushed out like water from a rock. The word that the wounded youth and made, the biggest man had come to remember. His sin was expiated, the curse was gone from him; and in the hour when he had shed blood for sin, he shed tears for his own, a prayer, the first for years, went up to Heaven from the lips of Reuben Bourne.—Democratic Review.

Brother Jonathan.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1843.

HELP YOURSELF!

By this we mean, help yourself honestly and fairly, and fearlessly. We do not say, "help yourself to squash," while we monopolize the only roast-chicken upon the table—still less do we say, help yourself to chicken, while we have to put up with squash;—but we say, behold a table spread by your Almighty Father, with all the dainties and all the excellencies of earth! Pitch into them!—*Help yourself!*

Lo! a map of the World is before you—a map of the whole World! You are a live man—at least, we hope you are,—and if you are not, we should be glad to know what business you have on earth,—and you are called upon to say for yourself what share of it shall belong to you and yours—forever and ever.

Forever and ever! Let us see. You are young—untried—newly cast adrift,—and you have that sinking of the heart, mayhap—that vague, dreary, comfortless misgiving—that strange weariness of the spirit, which all who are ever to be good for anything *must* feel, when about entering upon a great enterprise, for life—when about undertaking to do that for themselves, in the great business of earth, which has hitherto been done for them, or whatever else they may be, they are not of those who are made for dominion,—they will never do much for themselves, or others—either in this world, or the next. Of the man who trembles and waxes faint when left wholly to himself, and for the first time, upon the shore of that great world, strewn with the shipwreck of nations, and piled up with the abandoned, half-buried, or wholly forgotten wealth of ages—we have always the highest hope. The greatly distinguished of earth always begin that way. The multitude, when left to shift for themselves, go about it with as little anxiety and foresight, as the unthinking enter a mighty ship at midwinter, bound upon a distant voyage through unknown seas—a voyage to another world, it may be, like that of the President, when she sprang away from the outstretched arms of a great multitude, for the last time, only to plunge into the awful darkness and mystery of that unsearchable gulf where men are now looking for her, and may continue looking for her till the day of judgment.

Think you the people aboard her had any of these wayward misgivings? Had it been so, *might* they not have been safe now? Would they not have weighed their dangers, and held on their course, through night and darkness—or hurricane and ice—with a more wary and watchful temper? Let the Columbian answer, through the fog that has settled down upon her path along the hoary deep.

So with the whole business of life. They who tremble so plunge are they and they only who are well prepared to find their way back to the shore, should it become necessary.

When called upon to help yourself, therefore, and you being youthful, untried, and without experience—finding your whole heart faint, and the whole man sick—are discouraged, bear in mind that such things are only for a season that are allowed for man's apprenticeship to trial; that they are for the strengthening of those who are intended to bear sway on earth. All these feelings are but the premonitory symptoms of greatness. They show that you have a becoming sense of danger. Having brains, therefore, you will provide against it—or lie down in the next ditch, and die like a dog. Either will do. You triumph, or the world is rid of you—as the Spartans were of the children who could not endure the hardship of their seasoning.

On the contrary, when you hear the trumpet sound: when

you see the table spread out, as it were from the four quarters of the Heavens: when that map of the world, with all its glories and terrors—its kingdoms and its thrones,—its treasures of knowledge, and its chambers of power,—its fiery gems, and stars, and women—is unrolled before you, and you are called upon to *help yourself*—if you rush headlong into their midst, and lay about you right and left, without compunction or remorse, or modesty or shame, like a great booby of a boy at home for the holidays, take our word for it you are a lubber—not worth picking up in the street. To the dogs with all such cattle! They never do any mischief, to be sure—but what of that? They never do any good. They are never distinguished, never cared for—never missed. And the sooner they are out of the way the better.

But you are no longer young. You are a middle-aged man. The world has gone hard with you, perhaps. You have lost all your earnings—all that you have been gathering and heaping together, for the better part of a long life. Well, what if you have? You have a character left. You have experience—or, at any rate, a wife, and a houseful of children. If you haven't these, and all these, or the greater part—we acknowledge your case a hard one—you are much to be pitied—but I tell you there is hope. You are a live man. You have but to stand up, look about you, and *help yourself!*

Count up the years you were engaged in business, before your character was established, or your experience worth having. You are fifty years of age, if you like, this blessed day. You have been told that a man who is not comfortable at fifty, never can be so in this world. A foolish saying at the best, alike false and foul, and wholly unworthy of acceptance. A man at fifty has been upon the average, we'll say twenty years, or twenty-five at the very outside, in business for himself. Up to the age of twenty-five, or thirty, if he was not a block-head, he was in business for somebody else—learning his trade therefore, at other people's expense. From twenty-five, or thirty, he was in business for himself, and failed—say, not oftener than once every five years—or, at any rate, came so near failing as to wonder at his own escape, and astonish everybody else. At last, having tasted of the bitterness of desolation—a word of Hebrew, better rendered *speculation*—he grew reasonable, cautious, thrifty and pains-taking; and then, owing to no fault of his own—too large a stock, perhaps, or a fall in prices, never heard of or dreamt of before,—a failure of title in the house he had bought for his old age, under the best possible legal advice—or a whirlwind, or a fire which swept away all the insurance capitals—or—no matter what—he finds himself a beggar. Well—and what of that?—who cares? All the money he ever made in his life, like a Christian—that is, without running some unreasonable risk, honestly and fairly, and without mischief to others—he made in the course of not more than five or ten years, at the most—and when he had no family, perhaps—no pledges to give the world for his good behaviour.

And now, at fifty—and penpiles—and free—what has he to fear? Or rather, what have you to fear. Let us make it your own case. Being in reasonable health, and being a reasonable man—and you must be both to have so long outlasted the temptations and trials of youth—your chance of life is now worth *twenty-one* years. More than double the time you need for getting back all you have lost. What others have done—you may do. Our wealthiest men have all been bankrupts, at least once, in the course of their life, though it may not have appeared in the newspapers; our oldest men have all been at death's door—and that saved them. They were frightened into taking care of themselves, and of that they had left. Hence are the former rich—and the latter old; and for no other reason perhaps.

But you have no capital. So much the better—if, by capital, you mean *cash*, and nothing but *cash*; for that would be pretty sure to involve you. Anxious to get rich in a hurry, and to retire from business in good season, that you may gloat over your wealth—be comfortably hated for life—and rot of old age and worthlessness, you would be pretty sure to plunge deeper than ever, to hazard more, to keep heavier stocks, and sell for more questionable paper.

But you *have* capital—no matter who you are—if you are the man we take you to be; a downright honest fellow, with experience, and character, and a wife and children—or if that be too much to ask, but with serious intentions that way—you *have* a capital, and the best of earthly capitals.

Ask the best merchant you know, which of the two he would rather trust to-morrow, not for six months, nor even for twelve-months, till his first notes fell due; but for many years or for life, and as a regular customer—a young, inexperienced, unmarried man, with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars or so to begin the world with; or a man of fifty—that's your age, you know—of unquestionable honesty, tried experience, with a large family, and not a dollar to bless himself with—over head and ears in debt, if you will, but the other day; but now solemnly, and forever discharged by the benignity of the law, or by the good sense and good feeling of his creditors. There would be—there *could* be but one answer. Experience, character, and that wisdom which is only to be learned by suffering, and trial, and sorrow, and bereavement, are together a better capital, than ever twenty-five thousand dollars were, for any man alive, at the age of two score and ten. And a wife and children being his pledges for good behavior—his sureties to the whole world—such a man has nothing to fear. Let him lift up his head therefore, among the sturdiest. Let him be of good cheer—and *help himself!*

But you are an old man, perhaps. You have been stripped of your possessions by fraud, or treachery. You have felt how "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child." Old age is upon you. You are weary of the world. You cannot go back to the great thoroughfares of business. You cannot mingle again with the strife of the money changers, and the money gatherers; you dare not lift up your eyes to the source of all consolation—you are afraid to *think* of what may happen to you and yours hereafter—within a single year perhaps—and, to say all in a word, you are ready to give up the ghost, where you are.

Poh, poh!—fudge!—Be a man! at your age you have need of but little here—and of that little—but for a few days. "Man wants but little here below—nor wants that little, *long*." And shall you not be provided for, if you desert it?—ay, whether you deserve it or not? Most assuredly you shall. But you *must help yourself*.

Or—you are not altogether so badly off. It may be, that some of your possessions are left to you—and you make yourself unhappy, and everybody about you miserable, because your houses and stores are unoccupied; or because your rents are falling; or your stocks not altogether what they were cracked up to be, when you put your faith in that very dear friend of yours—was he not a very dear friend?—that particular friend of yours—don't you wish he had been a little more particular?—the Wall-street broker.

If so—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What! have you no memory! no thankfulness!—with one foot in the grave, and the very darkness thereof, reaching up for you—and the future literally roaming about your habitation, and calling for your dust—have you no faith, nor hope—neither wisdom nor strength to *help yourself*?

Listen. Every year of your life, since you were in business

for yourself, you have had your misgivings for that year. Every year you could foresee with absolute certainty what your expenses must be—to say nothing of your losses, and after you had summed them all up together, house-rent, store-rent, clerk hire, household expenses, and all sorts of miscellaneous items—you knew that you were not within a third perhaps of the real amount it would cost you to get through the year with. And where, you have always asked yourself, where is all this to come from? Expenses are in large sums, clear to the understanding, and *certain*; profits are made up of small items, incapable of being reckoned up; and always *contingent*. Still you have gone on—and on—and on—and at the end of the year, when you came to take account of stock; you have always found yourself provided for; and to what purpose? Only that you might have another fit of the blues; and give way to another mood of unmanly self-distrust, and base unthankfulness. Is it not so—are we not right? Then what have you to be afraid of? *Help yourself*, and God will help you!

Are you young?—*help yourself*. But beware of helping others. Wastefulness and folly—and wretchedness, and want, will be your reward, if you do so—before you have got understanding.

Are you middle aged—*help yourself*; and help others, but sparingly and thoughtfully. A little too much, and you spoil them forever. They who begin to swim with bladders—are pretty sure to go to the bottom at last—and of themselves.

Are you already on your way down the slope that leadeth to the chamber of death? still you have a duty to perform. Never allow yourself to be discouraged—or unthankful. Be of good cheer, whatever may happen. Put faith in your character—in your fellow-man—but above all in Him, who is, more than all others, the friend of the Old man, else why hath he suffered him to encumber the earth so long?—in other words—*help yourself*. And in helping yourself help others. Else what are you good for? And what is your wisdom worth? And what business have you here? You, who have been studying Mankind all your life long, if you are no safe judge of character; if you do not know whom to trust—who shall? Be a man, therefore! help yourself. But, in helping yourself, help others! and verily, verily, whatever may become of the world—and of your share of it, forever and ever—you shall have your reward!

The Dickens!—The low-bred, insolent pretension of this young man has met with a most untimely rebuke. We had hoped that he would be suffered to go on till our people had come to their senses. It would have been all the better for them, and none the worse for him.

The truth is, that he overran this whole country, very much as if it were a Tavern, and every large city a bar-room. From Dan to Beersheba all was barren—save where they sold juleps, cock-tails, and sherry-cobblers, or allowed him as much brandy and water as "Charles Dickens Esquire—and lady" might have occasion for.

He is now beginning to see the mischief he did himself, and his business, and to lament the unprofitableness of the undertaking he hazarded so much upon. Pity he carried his head so high—for among other things, it has made our people unjust to him—and to "his lady."

But that is always the way with our folks. We build to ourselves idols "with fronts of brass and feet of clay," and then tumble them into the dust, and shout over their downfall. Broken cisterns that hold no water—or nothing but brandy and water—we hew for ourselves, and then "fall a cursing like a very drab—a scullion," because they turn out to be good for nothing, after they have leaked themselves dry.

His greatest fault, however, happens to be our fault. We behaved like fools, and he mistook us for men of sense. Poor fellow! he believed every word we told him through the newspapers, or otherwise, about "Charles Dickens, Esquire, and lady"—the Pickwick papers, little Nell, or the Marchioness! What wonder that his head was turned?—yours—whoever you are—yours would have gone round like a whirligig, for the rest of your life, we'll warrant you, had you been pestered with a fortieth part of what he was called upon to endure—and not only to endure, but to believe.

Let him make much of it—our people are fast coming to their senses. We foresaw, months ago, that they would soon wake up—and rub their eyes—and begin to look about them—and wonder what he would do next—and what could have led them to make such fools of themselves.

Of our earnestness and good faith he had never any reason to doubt. Every speech he made was full of proof that he never questioned our sincerity. But what must he have thought of our understandings—of our common sense—of our decent self-respect, as a people?

If you would have a true answer, go to Martin Chuzzlewit, and after hurrying through, or skipping over, half a dozen chapters or so—by far the best he ever wrote in his life—though he is never weary of repeating himself, nor of saying over and over again whatever he may have been clogged for: chapters brimful of something which, so far as we know, has been always overlooked in him—a strong and beautiful poetry, wholesome, natural, and fresh—though labored to death, and so worked up, clearly at a dead pinch, as to make you wheeze and catch your breath, in following him, this way and that way, along his path—and there you have it!—there you find that answer at full length, signed, sealed, and sworn to, like an affidavit in the representation he deliberately gives, odds boddy! of our manners, habits, and opinions here—here, in the city of New York!

And now, by what the man says of our people, we may judge of the value of what he says of other people, and of his truth. What a change must follow a trial of Charles Dickens, Esquire, by that standard! Hitherto he has been thought so faithful, and so life-like, that when he may have happened to fail, it has been supposed to be the fault of his sitters. But how is it here? Answer all ye that knew him—and all ye that mistook his insolent familiarity for high breeding. A police-reporter, and a stage-critic, transplanted from Bow-street and Astley's Amphitheatre to the drawing-rooms of New York—and there encouraged to patronize Washington Irving. Admitted for the first time in his life, perhaps, on a footing of equality among well bred men and women, who were prodigal of their kindness to him, and foolish in their admiration, the poor fellow is expected to behave like a gentleman while there—and to tell the truth after he has got away. How preposterous!

One word more. If we, the New Yorkers, are what he says we are—what a simpleton he must have been, to be so carried away by our flattery! And if we are not—in the name of common sense, and common decency, what is he?

Were the wretched and silly caricatures—the stupid blundering—and the deliberate wilful untruth—which he has the impudence to offer for sale to his own countrymen, as portraits from life, and sketches of manners—and a faithful history of what he saw here—fifty times better than they are, they would not prevent our people from being ashamed of themselves—and of him—for the rest of their natural lives.

But the lesson was wanted. We have got it: and so has he; and much good may it do us both! Only—there is one thing to be remembered—let us not be unjust. Let "Charles Dickens Esquire and Lady," be left in peace hereafter. But for

him and his folly in logging her before the public, in the way he did, as "the lady of Charles Dickens Esquire," she would never have been heard of—and for her sake (a very amiable woman we dare say, though not so much of a lady, as to make us ashamed of our gentlemen)—we shall try to forget, and forgive, the faults of her husband.

THE BEDLAMITE.—We have received a prospectus of a new weekly paper, to be started on Sunday next, bearing this significant title, which is intended to be edited by lunatics. That the persons starting it are in that melancholy condition, the fact itself furnishes incontrovertible evidence; that it should be edited by lunatics, is nothing new—for, looking at the contents of some of the newspapers, the only wonder is that their editors are permitted to remain out of an asylum.

If these are veritable, bona-fide lunatics—crazy in every sense of the word—we have no doubt the paper will succeed,—but there must be no half-way measures—no milk and water humbug: their efforts must afford proof that they are mad, and very mad indeed, or they will fare no better than their neighbors. Monomaniacs of the press may, and are to a certain extent, tolerated, but the public are getting tired of them—the taste wants stirring up, and we really have not heard of a more feasible plan of doing so, than that of starting a real, thorough-going, right-down mad journal: it will direct public taste into a different channel,—serve as a corrective to its present vitiated character,—win the republicans of Paul de Kock and Madame Geo. Sands, and ultimately dignify the press generally. We therefore say to our mad friends—go ahead!

COMMANDER MACKENZIE.—This name is so closely associated with the "Somers tragedy," that the very mention of it recalls the fearful scenes in which he took so prominent a part, and the memory of which, no doubt, he would gladly bury beneath the waters of Lethe. It was a fearful act, and if one of necessity, was certainly not one to boast of. Is it not shocking, then, to witness the exertions of his friends (?) to elevate it to an act of chivalry and courage?—Is it not an outrage to delicacy—to humanity—to get up subscriptions to make the man splendid presents as though he had performed a brave and meritorious action!

The last of these disgusting hummeries took place at Philadelphia, a few days since, in the presentation of an elegant and costly sword. Truly if Mr. Mackenzie has ever adopted two lines of the universal prayer, he has obtained his desire.

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

PURSEYISM.—From all accounts, the doctrine of Purseyism is rapidly spreading throughout England. It is calculated that out of 12,000 clergy in England and Wales, 9,000, or three-fourths of the whole are deeply tainted with it. In Scotland, again, the whole of the Episcopal clergy, with the exception of three or four, are decided Purseyites. In Ireland, also, the heresy is making alarming progress. It is calculated that the majority of the Bench of Bishops are more or less deeply tinged with it. Those of the Prelates who most openly advocate Purseyite principles, are the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Oxford.

By the-by, the "nine days wonder" about Dr. Carey and his ordination has passed away. The troubled waters of sectarian strife have subsided, and the Reverend Doctor goes forth with a notoriety which, if he were a worshipper of Mammon, would be as good as a fortune to him.

A WORD TO OUR BROTHER EDITORS.—The credit system seems to be pretty generally abandoned by our contemporaries. We were not aware, however, that the adoption of the "cash system" was to preclude credit altogether; yet such appears to be the fact. We take up paper after paper with extracts from our pages in them, and the source is never mentioned. Sometimes John Neal is credited; but, inasmuch as there are many other writers for the Jonathan than John Neal, the odds are that he did not write all the articles selected; besides, it is neither fair towards them nor to the proprietors, and is a system we should be very sorry to see generally adopted. We therefore hope that our Editorial brethren will give "Brother Jonathan" all the credit he deserves.

TRAVELLING.—The fare from Philadelphia to Baltimore continues at \$3—40 Richmond \$11, to Petersburg \$11 50, to Charleston 26, to Wheeling 13, and to Pittsburgh 9.

STREET CLEANING.—The Mayor has signed the bill annulling the contract for cleaning the streets, entered into by the last Common Council, and will thus involve the city in almost incalculable expense; for if they are mad enough to annul a good and legal contract, they will also be mad enough to defend the act, in order to give their partisans some picking in the shape of costs.

We are surprised that a community like this, quietly permits these things to take place. We are surprised that no public meeting was called to remonstrate against so gross an outrage; for though in itself it may be strictly a party measure, the payment of the penalty for the violation of the contract will not be so. It will fall alike on Whig and Locofoco.

The old contractors continued their work for a few days, but they have since abandoned it, and sue for damages.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.—A paragraph, copied from a late number of the St. Louis Gazette, in relation to some alleged disturbances in the party under the command of Sir William Drummond Stuart, is contradicted by the Mobile Advertiser, and pronounced false in every particular. The truth is, that a man by the name of Sarpey, who had by some mistake been allowed to join the expedition, and who, by his bad and roguish conduct, had rendered himself obnoxious and disagreeable, had been invited to leave, found upon his arrival at St. Louis, that his unexpected return would have to be accounted for. He accordingly trumped up the lie which has caused so many newspaper remarks, and so much anxiety for the safety of the gallant party.

THE PRESIDENCY.—The politicians are on the move for the next Presidential campaign. During the week, the Democrats have had meetings to elect representatives in a County Convention, which in turn will be represented in the State Convention. The Whigs, we presume, will not remain inactive. The political cauldron is now suspended—soon the fire will be kindled, and then

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,"

until the result is known. We "rejoice greatly," that we haven't to dance round it.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.—In North Carolina the whigs have elected four members of Congress, and the democrats three.

In seventeen counties in Tennessee, the whig gain on the vote of 1811 is 1,067. The whig candidate is no doubt elected.

In Indiana it is supposed the whig candidate for Governor is defeated.

LOCAL NEWS.

CHRISTINA COCHRANE, OR GILMORE.—This woman has been delivered over to the custody of Officer McKay, and proceeded with him to England, by the steamer on Wednesday last.

ANOTHER DEMAND UNDER THE TREATY.—A man charged with having committed a theft in Canada, was arrested here on Friday, at the instance of the British consul, who demanded his surrender under the treaty. Mr. Rajulje, the United States commissioner, decided that, as theft was not one of the crimes enumerated, he had no jurisdiction in the case, and the man was discharged. The money we understand was restored.

REDUCTION OF SALARIES.—This subject has been employing much of the attention of the Common Council lately. On Monday night it was again discussed, and the various reductions suggested, referred to the Finance Committee, together with the amendment of Alderman Lee, that a reduction be made of 20 per cent. in all salaries of \$2,000 and upwards; of 15 per cent. in those of \$1,500 and upwards; of 10 per cent. in those of \$1,000 and upwards; and five per cent. in those of \$750 and upwards.

Another resolution, that the salaries of all persons which exceed \$400 employed by the Common Council, be made 10 per cent. less than at present. Also referred to the same Committee.

Resolutions, prohibiting all entertainments, festivals, &c., at the public expense, and also, the furnishing of refreshment by the Assistant or any other person at the public expense. To sell all the furniture in the possession of the Assistant Keeper of the City Hall, not necessary for the use of his family, and the amount thereof paid into the City Treasury. And to allow each member of the Common Council, annually, \$50 for coach or cab hire, while in the discharge of his public duties. All of the

above mentioned papers were referred to the Finance Committee, to report thereon.

CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.—A widow lady named Coster, in passing No. 72 Deane street on Sunday afternoon, stepped upon the grating on the sidewalk placed over the cellar vault, which tilted and she fell. She fainted away and was carried into No. 74, where it was found that one of her legs had been seriously injured. A litter was procured from the hospital, and she was conveyed to her residence in West Broadway. The accident was caused by the grating being left unfastened. A vault grate found loose before a dwelling, exposes the occupant of that dwelling to a heavy fine. All vault grates should be examined at stated times by a city officer.

THE LAVINIA PIRATES.—It turns out that the man arrested at Buffalo was not Webber, the third pirate. He is consequently still at large.

GRAND JURY PRESENTMENT.—The Grand Jury at the last term of the Court of Sessions, made a presentment at the close of their labours, which demands the attention of the authorities. The first part refers to the infamous and fraudulent practices of certain persons connected with that court, as attorneys, who appear to be in the habit of imposing themselves on persons under arrest, as counsel without the capacity or knowledge, which would qualify them for the proper discharge of their duties, and then by engaging in compounding felonies, fleeing their clients, and other disreputable and forbidden practices, defeating the ends of justice.

They also presented the practice of persons claiming to be counsellors, and others, who are suffered to intrude uninvited into the Female Department of the City Prison, in search of clients or otherwise, and there to indulge in the use of indecent language and conduct, to the great scandal and pain of virtuous females, who are there detained.

The concluding portion related to the practice of confining witnesses in the City prison, which has been presented term after term, but with no result.

CONSPIRACY.—The Grand Jury found a bill of indictment against James Berger, J. G. Hamilton, and Richard Sutton, for conspiracy to defraud the Atlantic Insurance Company, the particulars of which have been fully published.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.—A mass meeting was held on Tuesday at the Tabernacle, for the purpose of showing the necessity of a Reform of the Constitution of this State. The contemplated reform is, to take from the Executive the power of making so many appointments—it was stated that 1416 officers were appointed by him.

Another defect is said to be in the Court of Errors, composed as it is, chiefly of legislators and politicians—to effect the necessary reform, a convention was recommended.

It all ended in words however—no resolutions were offered, and no action taken.

RESIGNATION OF MR. KELLY.—This gentleman who held the situation of Deputy Clerk of the Court of Sessions, tendered his resignation on Tuesday last. Alfred Phillips, Esq., is appointed to succeed him.

DELIBERATE MURDER.—Two thieves named Cullen and Blaney, met at the porter house of McGuire in Mott-st. on Tuesday morning, both intoxicated. An unquieted quarrel still existing between them, Cullen wanted the other to fight him there, but McGuire separated them, and placed Cullen in the back room and shut the door. Blaney soon after seized a knife which lay upon the counter, and entered the room. Cullen still in the hold of McGuire, saw the eye of the assassin on him, and breaking from his grasp, made towards Blaney, who seized him by the neck with the left hand, and holding the right hand down by his side, out of view, he plunged the knife, even to the hilt, into the left side of Cullen, who in stately fell, exclaiming "I am stabbed." The murderer intending to make his work complete, made a second stab as he fell, and struck him on the left arm, inflicting a deep wound. He then turned, and laid the knife, dripping with blood, on the counter, when he was seized and carried to the Upper Police, where he was committed to await the issue of his treacherous conduct. Cullen was borne to the City Hospital, where he ceased to live about three o'clock.

A verdict of wilful murder has been rendered against him.

SEA-MARKING EXPERIMENT.—Captain Taylor attracted a large number of persons to the Castle Garden on Friday afternoon, to witness his experiments in his submarine armor. He descended to the bed of the bay and brought up various articles, which had apparently lain there for a long time. He subsequently blew up an old vessel, but we think not so cleverly as Colt's invention performs it.

MORE PIRACY.—A singular charge has been made before the Recorder of New Orleans, by a Mr. Stieber. He states that he chartered the schooner *Loda*, Captain Hurd, to go to Laguna, or such other port as might be designated, and to convey him as a cabin passenger to and from that place, or any other, to New Orleans. The schooner proceeded to Campechy, and under various pretexts was detained there by the captain some time. Stieber subsequently heard that the captain had expressed a determination not to convey him to New Orleans. He immediately proceeded on board with the intention of remaining there, and drank some coffee with the mate, the captain's brother. The captain soon afterwards came on board and persuaded Stieber to return with him on shore, which he did, accompanied by the mate; but feeling unwell he fell asleep in the boat, and when he awoke the ship was not in sight, and the mate and he were alone, and the mate rowing from Campechy, which he continued to do all night, and landed the next morning at Lerma, some ten miles distant.

Mr. Stieber, however, got two men to row him back, the mate accompanying him, when he found that the captain had run away with the schooner, together with his property, amounting to about \$3,500.

Hurd is well known in New Orleans, and has had command of schooners in the Mexican trade for a number of years.

ACQUITTAL OF R. P. DOWDEN.—After a duration of six days, the trial of R. P. Dowden was brought to a close on Saturday evening by the Jury, after a few minutes' absence returning a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

The Jury then retired into the Marshal's office and signed the following petition:

"We the jurors who tried Mr. Dowden, do acquit him fairly, fully and honorably, and pray that the President may reinstate him in office."

The District Attorney, on the rendition of the verdict of acquittal on the charge preferred against the prisoner for stealing Treasury notes, announced his intention to abandon the two other indictments for forgery.

In the course of the day, Z. C. Lee, and the Secretary of the Treasury gave evidence to the Jury as to the manner in which they had treated Mrs. Dorsey, as to what she had said to them, and what they had said to her, denying the truth of many of her statements, and repudiating with indignation the charge of conspiracy.

SHOCKING MURDER.—A man named Dolan and his wife have been committed to prison at Torowanda, Pa., charged with the murder of Rufus G. Gear, of Ithaca, N. Y. It seems that Gear met Dolan, with whom he had been acquainted, and was persuaded to go to his shanties. The next day the woman went to one of the neighbors and stated that her husband had been murdered during her absence. They went to the house and found the body of Gear weltering in gore, from a wound inflicted with some sharp instrument behind the left ear, perfectly dead though still warm. Dolan was absent.

A postscript in the *Argus* states that Mrs. D. has confessed that she killed Gear with the fire-tongs, in defending herself from his assaults. Her story is improbable, as it conflicts with what she has before said, and it does not look reasonable that a gash of the kind should have been inflicted with any but a sharp instrument.

MURDEROUS AFFRAY AT HARELINUS.—On Sunday evening, while several persons were drinking in Bedford's Tavern, at Harelinus, N. J., opposite this city, a dispute arose between some of those who had drank to excess, and Bedford turned out two men, whose names we have not learned. The fellows thus ejected immediately repaired to the house of a worthy man named Casey, a laborer and commenced an attack upon the inmates. The assailants were armed with bludgeons of wood, with which they beat Mr. Casey in a horrible manner, fracturing his skull, and never stopped until they were able to "hooray" over what they supposed to be his dead body! A courageous daughter of Mr. Casey exerted herself to save her parent, and the two villains inflicted a number of severe wounds upon her, leaving her insensible upon the floor! The villains then went to the house of their employer Mr. Harrison of Courtlandt street, and went to bed. They were both secured the next morning. There is no hope of Mr. Casey's recovery, but the daughter is not dangerously wounded.

YANKERIN BEAT OUT.—A fellow has been arrested at Oswego, N. Y., for counterfeiting fresh Perch by sewing the heads of those fish in the bodies of Suckers.

APPLETON THE BACCHIST.—It will be remembered that this person, pretending to be a temperance reformer, travelled through the country sometime since, and in almost every place he stopped he managed to get a wife. He had at least one a month during the few months he was at the South. It seemed to be a sort of marrying mania, and a very peculiar and dangerous one it certainly was. Nothing had been heard of him for some time, but a few days since he was found in Nassau-street very drunk and very crazy, and conveyed to the police. If ever there was a case where insanity might—nay, ought to be pleaded—it is this. If marrying one wife be no proof of reason, how much of a lunatic must that man be who marries one every month.

COMMODORE MOORE.—A New Orleans paper says it is rumored that Commodore Moore will resign his commission in the Texan Navy, and come to New Orleans, where it is said, he will receive a handsome sum of money from the Government of Yucatan, on account of the contract said to have been entered into four months ago. Capt. Lathrop, of the brig *Wharton*, it is reported, will succeed Moore in the command of the Texan Navy. Lathrop is looked upon to be as good as he is brave.

Hail-stones of the size of a hen's egg were picked up in the streets of Detroit, Mich., after a violent storm on the 9th. The same storm visited Maumee City, Ohio, spreading devastation and ruin in its course. The windows on the west side of the buildings were broken in, gardens destroyed, fruit materially injured, and crops of all kinds greatly damaged.

A SPECIAL TERM OF THE U. S. COURT FOR MISSOURI has been ordered to be held at Jefferson City, in that State, on the second Monday of next month, to enable the Grand Jury to act upon indictments against the prisoners connected with the murder and robbery of Chavis, the Santa Fe trader. It is not known whether the trials will come on at this special term or not.

ELWORTH AND FOGG have walked 450 of the 1,000 miles. Elworth's time of walking, 109th. 29m. 36s.—Fogg's, 104th. 55m. 36s. Elworth's shortest time, 1 mile, 9m. 1s.—Fogg's, 10m 19s. The Mail states that a young pedestrian only 10 years old, will commence this afternoon to walk five hundred miles in five hundred successive hours.—*Trans.*

LIGHTNING.—Prof. Olmsted has kept an account of the number of deaths, by steam and lightning respectively, which have been reported in the newspapers during the last year. The result shows that more lives are destroyed by lightning than by accidents arising from the use of steam.—*New Haven Herald.*

Prince de Joinville has presented to Captain Shook, of the steamer *Columbia*, a gold snuff-box, accompanied with an expression of his thanks for the kindness and attention showed to him by the captain during his voyage on the *Lakea*.

Counterfeit \$3 notes of the National Bank are in circulation on the line of the canal. Letter A. pay to H. G. Stevens, No. 1084, June 18th, 1843, T. Munn, cashier, James Gallatin, Freed't, Durand, Perkins & Co., N. Y., engravers, paper thick and light, engraving coarse and easily discovered.

THE TORONTO MURDERS.—The coroner's jury, on the death of Kinnear, have returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against McDermott; and on the death of Mary Montgomery "wilful murder" against McDermott and Grace Marks.

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.—On Saturday week, of fever cases there were three admissions into the Charity Hospital, and two deaths.

THE TEXAN BANDS.—Information has been received of the dispersion, disbanding and partial disarming of the Texan bands, who insinuated with the Santa Fe trade, by Capt. Cooke of the U. S. Army.

A BIG THROAT.—Capt. McLean, of the steamboat *Swallow*, is deservedly the most popular man on the North River. A wag once gave it to him thus in a toast: "Capt. McLean—The hugest cannibal of modern times—he will take down a thousand men, women and children in a single *Swallow*."—*Rochester Democrat.*

LITERARY.

THE PERIAN, by Mrs. Anna L. Snelling.—This valuable and entertaining youth's miscellany for the present month, is filled with instructive and highly interesting subjects, it commends itself to parents and guardians.

GEOLOGICAL COSMOGONY, by A. Laysan. Robert Carter, 58 Canal street.—From the hasty glance we have been enabled to give this work, it appears to be one of peculiar interest, particularly since the discoveries of modern geologists have tended in some degree to throw discredit upon the Mosiac record, and many, even some ecclesiastical believing the fact that the earth existed millions of ages prior to the scripture era, have attempted though not satisfactorily to shew that they are consistent with each other.

The present work is to exhibit the fallacy of the method by which this is attempted to be shown—to prove that they are not well founded; or that they are open to as grave objections as the Hebrew text, or the commonly received chronology. The importance of the subject will ensure a large circulation of the work.

PHILIP IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. Winchester, 30 Ann street.—This is a sequel to "Kate in search of a Husband," and will well repay the reading.

THE SABBATH VINDICATOR. 30 Ann street.—Nos. 1 & 2 of this paper are issued, and ably advocates the cause it espouses—a Sabbath reform, and urges a return to the Sabbath of the Bible, the seventh day of the week. It appears to us, with due deference to those gentlemen's views, that if the Sabbath be well and properly kept, it matters little whether it be on a Monday or a Saturday.

USURY: THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY. Burgess & Stringer, 222 Broadway.—We comply with one of the author's requests, by informing the public where this sheet may be obtained. We are sorry we cannot comply with the other two—to read and publish a synopsis of its contents. To those who are interested in the question, we have no doubt it will be very interesting—our own opinion is adverse to the present law, we don't see why money should not be taken into the market, and treated as other commodities. This appears to be the author's views, or something like it, and we think he is right.

MRS. COLMAN'S MAGAZINE. The August number of this periodical has been lying before us some time, and we have treated it with the same unavoidable neglect that has fallen to the lot of a large number of books and magazines now on our table. This work, as our readers will know, is intended to supply a want long felt in this country, of a youth's periodical, and "The Boys' and Girls' Magazine" seems to be all that could be desired by mothers for the use of their children, catalogue, as it does, all the interest which is necessary, beautifully combined with a pure moral, that cannot fail of a good result.

Among the number of those who are thus constantly engaged in the pleasing task of providing suitable mental aliment for the infant mind and for that of even youth's and adults (for the magazine may be read with profit and interest by any body) are Misses Sogwick and Gould—Mrs. Sigourney, Osgood, Graves, Jewett, and Goodwin. Besides these regular contributors the ensuing numbers will contain an occasional article from Mrs. Ann S. Stephens of this city, and a few tales, sketches and poems, from the pens of C. Donald Macleod and Owen G. Warren. It must also be remembered that the talented editress, herself, is a constant writer for the magazine, and some knows better than she how to convey a beautiful moral, in language adapted to the capacities of the young, while it retains in its simplicity the dignity which would render it acceptable to all.

We heartily recommend this work to every mother of a family, as affording the best and cheapest means of furnishing to children matter for both instruction and amusement.

NEW MUSIC. The "Plasmiole Waltz" has been published at Boston and is now on sale in this city. We have heard it played in private society often, and find that it is a favorite. The air is beautiful, and it has one merit, unusual in most of the music published lately, it seems to be entirely original.

THE CITIZEN KING—Louis Philippe will be 76 on the 6th of October next. Seventy of his royal predecessors have not averaged above 30.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Simpson's budget is looked for with much interest; if he performs his part so well as Barry has his, in all that relates to the Theatre, we may anticipate a brilliant season. We shall be surprised indeed, if the transformations that will have taken place in the house, and the corresponding spirit which we are assured will be exhibited in every department, does not give new life and impulse to the drama in this country, and cause the heart of many a manager to rejoice. The Park is unquestionably the Theatre of America; it gives a tone to theatricals, and when it is prosperous, the others will be also.

We speak from ocular demonstration when we say, that the interior of the Park Theatre is undergoing a thorough and complete renovation. Indeed, from the steps in front to the stage-door in Theatre-alley,—from the pit to the dome, [and we might include the roof]—all will be changed. We passed hastily through it with Mr. Barry, on Wednesday—saw what is already done, and heard what is intended to be done. In the first place, the walls are to be painted with oil-color throughout,—the old, dingy green is to be given to a bright salmon-color; the front of the boxes is to be of a pale French-grey ground,—the lower tier ornamented with gold wreaths, blending the hickory and oak together. The second tier to be divided into compartments, and adorned with pictures from the illustrated Shakespeare, with gold ornaments; the third tier will be merely simple gold wreaths. The ceiling will consist of nine compartments, with paintings of the Muses—it is constructed on the new principle, and can be lowered when necessary. The dome will contain the head of Apollo, surrounded with allegorical designs from Rubens. Seventeen new chandeliers will illuminate the house—they are of the most costly description, having magnificent drops at least nine inches long. The seats will be re-stuffed from the pit to the gallery. Thus much for the interior, and after all it will only convey an imperfect idea of the work, which can only be fully appreciated when the house is lighted up.

It is proposed to give the exterior an entirely new appearance. The wall will be raised eleven feet, so as completely to hide the roof. New windows will be placed in front in the Doric style of architecture, and in the lower centre niche will be a splendid statue of Shakespeare, to be presented to Mr. Simpson by several friends of the drama; and the upper niche will contain an appropriate design. It is intended, if permission be granted by the Common Council, to erect a neat and elegant balcony in front, which is much required to protect the lady visitors in wet weather, so that if these plans which we have imperfectly described, be carried out, old Drury will be an ornament to the city, and deserve to be considered the Theatre of the Metropolis of America.

NIBLO'S GARDEN still continues to be crowded on the Ravel nights, to the infinite surprise of many; and it certainly is surprising when we consider that the same pieces have been played eight after eight, during the last two seasons, and with the same result. We do not attempt to account for this; indeed, there is only one way of doing so—they are alone—they have no rivals in their style of performance, which is on every point unexceptionable.

The English vaudeville have been particularly successful, and excepting the star, the company is now very respectable. If we were disposed, we might enquire why this gentleman puts his name in very large capitals in the large bills, and in black letter in the small ones, in contradiction to the rest—certainly not from any particular merit of his own. If he is entitled to do so from the mere fact of his being the step manager of the establishment, we have no more to say—we are willing that he should enjoy the benefit of his accidental position.

A new piece was produced on Wednesday night—a piece stated in the bills as ("never acted") entitled "Military Movements."

We should presume it never has been acted in the way it was presented there. It appeared to us to be a bad imitation of some scenes in "The Elixir of Love," and if translated from the French, we can only say, that the translator ought to translate one more, and then—leave off. It appeared to us to be gag-gag throughout—we say this, in justice to the translator.—The actors seemed to play for their own amusement, rather than that of the audience. If played according to the text, it was rendered into English in a shameful manner, and as shamefully acted.

Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Sefton were perfectly unpardonable—the good nature of the audience was taxed to the extreme. For Mr. Sefton we can

make allowance—but Mrs. Hunt being a member of the Park company, and having a reputation at stake, should play more carefully—she was frequently absolutely vulgar—she over acts every thing, and in trying to do too much offends the audience.

As for Mr. Sefton we have seen no reason to change our opinion of him—he is not a low comedy actor—he has not a spark of humor or originality, and is a bad imitator. Miss Reynolds (barring her affectedness) made the most of her part, and Andrews, Davenport, and Vache played well, but the leading business is in bad hands.

The Charham is really doing well, at least the company appears to be satisfied and that is a pretty good criterion. Mr. Vandenhoff has played an engagement there with much success, though we must confess, it is hardly the sort of audience to appreciate his talents. If Mr. V. were to act wisely he would join the stock company of the Park next season—he would be seen to more advantage there than elsewhere, he may rely upon that.

MITCHILLS' OLYMPIC is under course of purification—we know little of the arrangements for the next season. Some operas are to be produced we hear, but we hardly see how that is to be done without a male singer—the manager must not begin the "penny wise and pound foolish" principle now—he will require all the energies he possesses. Mary Taylor ("don't gasp" young men) returns—Mrs. Timm does not. George Loder may, but not to the orchestra, he will simply arrange the music. Mr. Marks who led so admirably last season is re-engaged—we are glad to hear it. We hear that the Olympic will boast of eleven lovely women, who all sing! mark that.

THEATRICAL MOVEMENTS.

Ludlow & Smith have now the Mobile, New Orleans and St. Louis Theatres, and they have been invited to take the management of the Louisville one also. If so, the new theatre will be completed and opened early in the Spring.

The St. Charles, New Orleans, opens on the 1st of November. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham are engaged for that and Mobile, also Mrs. Stuart, Miss Randolph and Tom Placide.

Max Bohrer and Mrs. Gibbs are giving concerts in Montreal. The French Opera Company commenced there with Les Diamans de Couronne, and had a full house.

The National Theatre at Boston was reopened on Monday last. The following are among the prominent members of the "corps dramatique": Messrs. J. Gilbert, Chapman and S. D. Johnson, of the late Tremont Theatre; R. Hamilton, (stage manager) Bellamy, from the Southern Theatre, and W. G. Jones; Madames Anderson, Cramer, Gilbert, C. R. Thorne and Miss Fanny Jones.

Welch's Olympic Troupe are doing well at Gibraltar. They are under the immediate patronage of the Governor. They next proceed to Algiers, and from thence to Constantinople and Grand Cairo.

Mr. W. E. Burton is engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which has just been opened. He has been obliged to bring suit against the stockholders of Chesnut Street Theatre, to recover some personal property belonging to him that was left in the theatre some time ago.

The Chesnut Street House is undergoing important repairs and alterations, and will be opened at an early day, with a strong company and a fair list of stars, under the stage management of Mr. Rufus Blake. The Cushman, we are pleased to hear, is continued.

Otto Motz was fined twenty-five dollars in St. Louis on the 25th ult, for giving theatrical exhibitions without a license.

De Begnis and Mrs. Bailey were giving concerts together in Quebec. They proceed to the upper provinces.

MUSICAL.

We attended the last of a series of concerts, on Monday night at the Shakespeare Hotel, and certainly were agreeably surprised as well by the excellence of the entertainment, as by the number of talented individuals we found engaged in it.

We understand that Mr. Chas. M. King commenced these concerts with the intention of forming a Musical Society, and several musicians joined him—four concerts were given and with such success, that we understand a new series will take place forthwith. The object, and a very excellent one it is, to give the series at such a price as will bring

them within the means of those, who cannot afford to subscribe to the more aristocratic musical societies of the city. If the others have been and the next are intended to be, as good as the last, then we have not a doubt, of the permanent success of the enterprise.

Austin Phillips conducted it and Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Morley, Messrs. Brunton, Pearson and J. Pearson assisted. Besides these there were some we did not know, but among the musicians we saw many 'old familiar faces.' Miss Reynolds sang delightfully, and in the ballad 'I should like to marry' she was peculiarly happy, and drew down a vociferous encore. Mrs. Morley sang 'Thro' the Woods' and 'By the margin of fair Zurich's water' very pleasingly. We are surprised that we hear so little of this lady.

Mr. Brunton is a stranger to New York having been for some years past at the South—we hope to keep him with us this season at least, and the managers will be at fault if they permit him to go. If Mitchell has not secured him he will take our advice and do so, he is just the man to take poor Edwin's place. He sang 'They mourn me Dead' beautifully, and in 'Pretty Star of the Night' was deservedly encored. Gallantry compels us to mention 'A young lady,' who sang 'Banks of the Blue Moselle,'—if her voice were equal to her beauty—she would hardly find a rival.

Austin Phillips conducted and sang admirably, as he always does, and the overtures and concerted pieces were performed well—the orchestra requires arrangement, by which it could be made very effective.

THE TURF.

A very exciting trotting match came off on Monday afternoon, on the Beacon Course, between Lady Suffolk and the Oneida Chief, which resulted in favor of the Chief, winning the two first heats with comparative ease. There is little doubt however that the mare was not in good condition, indeed it was apparent from the start that she could not win. She was 'off her foot,' and tired unaccountably. After going the first two miles in 5h. 6m. or 2h. 33m. each mile, which she did easily, she tired and fell off, and the Chief beat her by nearly a length. It is expected that a second edition of the match will take place.

The first match was between Fashion and Cottage Boy—two mile heats in harness, which was cleverly won by Fashion.

The fineness of the day attracted a large concourse of spectators.

ALIBIONS' HISTORY OF EUROPE.—Harper & Brothers have issued No. 13 of this interesting and valuable work, also,

BRAND'S ENCYCLOPEDIA of Science, Literature and Art, part XI, and

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER, parts 2d and 3rd.

An accurate list of the names of all persons who have been declared Bankrupts in this district, is published by M. Y. Beach, at the Sun Office.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—The Mexican steamer Petritla has arrived at New Orleans, bringing six of the Perote prisoners who made their escape on the 22d ult.

'Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Doan takes his physic regular' said a doctor's boy to his employer.

'Why so?'

'Cause, he's gettin' vell so precious fast!'

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Fondness for children denotes, not only a kind heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brows speak daggers to him—he sees his own villainy reflected from their countenances as from a mirror. Always mark the man or woman who avails children.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT.—Uncle Moses is particular in his counsels to Lem to beware of the women. He says that he tried to court up one once, and she called him all sorts of foul names. Lem inquired what those foul names might be. "Duck and chicky and such," replied the old bachelor, swelling up.

An editor "dawn east" says the chaps grow so fast in Vermont, that they are obliged to wear Indian rubber trousers, strapped down, which stretch as they grow!

For the Brether Jonathan.

TO LAIDA.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

'Tis pleasant in the early spring,
To lie and dream of thee;
Nor suffer any other thing,
To come 'tween Heaven and me.
When Hopes, a gay and brilliant throng,
Fleet round me on the breeze of song;
Like wild rose leaves in forests fair,
When Summer winds are idling there.

To dream that thou hast loved the lost
That ever bears along,
Thy name with my far-sailing thought,
To the green land of Song.
Thy voice, the air to which I glide,
Thine eyes, the stars upon the tide;
Thy smile, the sunshine loved the best,
Thy heart, the haven of my rest.

I stood within a dream full-place,
And thou wert at my side,
I looked upon thy gentle face,
And blessed thee as my bride.
I bade my arm in fondness warm,
Rest twining round thy matchless form:
And saw a guiltless passion shine
In those unfathomed eyes of thine.

And from thy mind its purer ray
Upon my soul poured in.
For thou had'st lured each thought away
From danger and from sin.
And thou had'st given thy heart and hand,
To train me for the Better Land:
From earth my thoughts and feelings free,
And fit for God, for Heaven and thee!

So dreamed I ere my heart was taught
The idleness of its vow;
But Love and all the bliss he brought
Are gone forever now.
And Hopes in fading colors clad,
Are dying round me near and sad,
Like leaves that fall through forest air
When autumn winds are moaning there.

NAVAL.

NAVAL ORDERS.—August 7.—Leave of absence for three months to the officers of sloop Yorktown, at New York. August 8.—Leave of absence for three months to the officers of the sloop Boston, at Boston. Assistant Surgeon H. D. Taliaferro, to Hospital near Norfolk. Midshipman A. N. Smith to receiving ship at Boston, after leave of one month. Midshipman T. Paxton, order to the Portsmouth, to command leave two months. August 9.—Commander Wm. Immes, to command the Iron Steamer to be employed on the Lakes. Lieutenant George Minor, to the Warren, Norfolk. Lieutenant James H. North, to the Steamer Union, Norfolk. Lieutenants R. F. Plankney and R. S. Treapier, to the Warren, Norfolk. August 10.—Lieutenants B. Sheppard and Fitzallen Deso, to Navy Yard, New York. Lieutenant John A. Russ detached from Navy Yard, New York. Lieutenant R. Semmes, to command Steamer Polaris. Midshipman T. B. Walcott, detached from Steamer Union, Norfolk. August 9th.—Acting Gunner John Owens, Sailmaker John Jones, Acting Boatwain W. Whitehead, and Acting Carpenter W. Knight, to the Warren. Lieutenant G. Lockwood to the rendezvous at Boston. Lieutenant William A. Jones to the Pensacola yard. Midshipman J. B. Kirkland to the receiving ship at New York.

U. S. ship Vandalia, was at Chagres on the 22d July, to sail for Boston on the 1st of August, all well.

A large steamer steering E. S. E. was passed on the 1st inst, in latitude 36 35, and longitude 74, which is supposed to have been the Missouri from New York for the Mediterranean.

The U. S. schr Boxer sailed from Matanzas, on a cruise, on the 30th ult.

Off Cape Henry, about the 9th inst, an American frigate (supposed the Decatur) was seen steering East.

Commodore Downes has hoisted his pennant on board the U. S. receiving ship Ohio. He was received with the customary salute.

The U. S. brig Sumner, from Savannah, was at Cape Haytien, 18th ult., for St. Marc, St. Domingo, soon.

U. S. ship John Adams, at anchor near Montevideo, in the gale of May 29 and 30, parted two of her chains but finally held on. U. S. schr Enterprise, Commodore Manning from Rio Janeiro, in a leaky condition, arrived at Montevideo, June 5, and reported the gale very heavy on the coast, having been compelled to throw over some of her heavy guns. A letter from Buenos Ayres, dated June 19, states that she would probably be condemned.

The United States sloop of war Decatur, Commander Abhatt, bound to the Coast of Africa, went to sea on Friday of last week.

The U. S. ship United States, Commodore Jones, and the U. S. schr Sherk, Com. Eagle, were in Callos Bay, June 20th.

SLAVERY DENOUNCED BY THE SON OF A SLAVEHOLDER.—Cassius M. Clay (nephew of Henry Clay) has come out in a series of articles in the Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer, denouncing slavery in unqualified terms. In one of these articles, Mr. Clay says:

I denounce those who would by legislation or otherwise, fix the bond of perpetual slavery and the slave trade upon my native State. In the name of those who in all ages have been entitled to the first care and protection of men, I denounce it. In the name of them, who in '76, like those who went back from Thermopylae: the sublime message, go tell "Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws," illustrated by their blood the glorious doctrines which they taught, I denounce it. In the name of Christianity, against whose every lovely and soul-stirring sentiment, it forever wars, I denounce it. In the name of advancing civilization, which for more than a century, has with steady pace moved on, leaving the Cimmerian regions of slavery and the slave trade far in the irrevocable and melancholy past, I denounce it. In the name of the first great law, which at Creation's birth was impressed upon man, self-defence, unchangeable and immortal as the image in which man was fashioned, and in His name, whose likeness man was deemed not unworthy to wear, I denounce slavery and the slave trade forever.

CANAL TOLLS.—Account of Tolls received on all the canals of this State during

	1st week in August.	Total to 7th August.
1839.	\$33,046	\$794,471
1840.	36,541	753,067
1841.	44,947	957,171
1842.	28,535	779,486
1843.	59,130	917,614

FLOWER AND WHEAT.—Account of Flour and Wheat arrived at tide water during the

	1st week in August.		Total to 7th August.	
	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bus.	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bus.
1839.	7,119	5,390	331,743	113,418
1840.	32,914	7,102	661,764	221,553
1841.	25,501	13,838	650,125	130,928
1842.	18,426	16,995	554,320	247,931
1843.	58,241	32,289	731,044	223,340

Taking flour and wheat together (the wheat reduced to barrels of five bushels) there arrived at tide water to the 7th August inst. 775,712 barrels—against 706,074 barrels in 1840, the largest arrival in any previous year.—*Albany Argus.*

ELOPEMENT.—One Doctor Henry Peabody, of Cleveland, had been for three years the attending physician in the family of Capt. Clifford Belden. Early in July last, Mrs. Belden left the city on a visit to her relatives in Summit county, and after she had been gone about two weeks, the Doctor joined her, by appointment, in Putnam county, and neither have since been heard of. She deserted a husband only. He left a wife and several children, and has made them destitute even of the necessities of life, by mortgaging all his property, even his furniture, to raise money for his flight. The case has excited much indignation; and as the culprits may make their way to these parts, we copy from the Cleveland Herald their description:—Peabody is about 44 years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, rather portly, with full, brassy colored face, speaks quickly, and shows a rather handsome set of small teeth, and is a great braggado. Mrs. B. is a very small, frail looking woman, about 32 years old, and has no children.

BIRD ARISTOCRACY.—The editor of the Newark Daily, in copying an account from Stillman's Journal, of an eagle that could not abide rats, nor people out of their place, adds this curious fact:

We once knew a bird, a beautiful "Baltimore Oriole," that made the clearest discriminations on this subject, and among other remarkable characteristics, manifested the strongest antipathy to a black face, the presence of which invariably excited its belligerent propensities to the highest degree, causing it great restlessness if confined to the cage, and, when at liberty, it would attack the face with the greatest ferocity.

For the Brother Jonathan.

SIGNIFICATIONS OF PROPER NAMES.

MR. EDITOR.—This list of proper names with their significations was made some years ago, chiefly from an old quarto edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary and has since been enlarged somewhat from occasional reading. The only lists of the kind I have seen besides Ainsworth's are a short list of some twenty names in the old *Minor*, and, more recently quite a full one in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator."

As some of the meanings in my list seemed more correct than those given in the "Indicator," and as this Magazine has not been reprinted here, I have thought it best to send this list that your numerous readers might be amused with the significations of their names. Besides this, as Leigh Hunt justly remarks, a parent owes to his child a name of a pleasant sound, and such as will not by any singularity or misapplication, bring ridicule upon him in after life; if also the child finds when it comes to be a man or woman, that this name has an agreeable signification it will be an additional pleasure.

As the entire list would be tedious, I have selected only the most common names :

- A.
- Aaron, *Heb.* A mountain.
 Abel, *Heb.* Vanity, (Camden, quoted by L. Hunt, says Just.)
 Abraham, *Heb.* The father of many.
 Achilles, *Gr.* A freer from pain.
 Adam, *Heb.* Red earth.
 Adolphus, *Sax.* Happiness and help.
 Adrian, *Lat.* The elder.
 Allan, *Brit.* A grey-bound.
 Alberic, *German.* Simple.
 Albert, *Sax.* All bright.
 Alexander, *Gr.* A helper of men.
- B.
- Baldwin, *German.* A bold win-ner.
 Barnab, *Heb.* A prophet's son.
 Bartholomew, *Heb.* A son of him who made the waters to rise.
 Basil, *Gr.* Kingly.
- C.
- Cadwallader, *Brit.* Valiant in war.
 Caesar, *Lat.* Short-haired.
 Caleb, *Heb.* A dog, (perhaps same as British Allan.) L. Hunt says heavy.
 Charles, *German.* Noble-spirited, valiant.
 Christopher, *Gr.* A bearer of Christ.
- D.
- Daniel, *Heb.* God is Judge.
 David, *Heb.* Beloved.
- E.
- Edgar, *Sax.* Happy honor.
 Edmund, *Sax.* Happy peace.
 Edward, *Sax.* Happy keeper.
 Edwin, *Sax.* Happy winner or conqueror.
 Egbert, *Sax.* Ever bright.
 Elijah, *Heb.* God is the Lord.
 Elisha, *Heb.* The salvation of God.
 Emanuel, *Heb.* God is with us.
 Enoch, *Heb.* Trained or dedicated.
- F.
- Ferdinand, *German.* Pure peace.
 Francis, *German.* Free, frank.
- G.
- Gabriel, *Heb.* The strength of God.
 Gamaliel, *Heb.* God's reward.
- Alfred, *Sax.* All peace.
 Alphonso, *Goth.* All our help.
 Alwyn, *Sax.* All-winning.
 Ambrose, *Gr.* Immortal.
 Amos, *Heb.* A burthen.
 Andrew, *Gr.* Manly.
 Anthony, *Gr.* Blooming.
 Apelle, *Gr.* Dark-complexioned.
 Archibald, *German.* A bold looker.
 Arnold, *German.* A maintainer of honor.
 Arthur, *Brit.* A strong man.
 Augustus, *Lat.* August, grand.
- Benjamin, *Heb.* A son of the right hand.
 Bernard, *German.* Bear's heart.
 Bertram, *German.* Fair, illustrious.
 Brian, *Fr.* Having a thundering voice.
- Cornelius, *Lat.* Like horn.
 Cuthbert, *Sax.* Bright knowledge.
- Dunstan, *Sax.* Most high.
- Ephraim, *Heb.* Fruitful.
 Erasmus, *Gr.* Worthy of love.
 Erasmus, *Gr.* Beloved.
 Ernest, *German.* Sincere, earnest.
 Esau, *Heb.* Completed.
 Eugene, *Gr.* Nobly descended.
 Eustace, *Gr.* Standing well.
 Ezekiel, *Heb.* The strength of God.
 Ezra, *Heb.* A helper.
- Federic, *German.* Rich peace.
- Gilbert, *Sax.* Bright as gold.
 Giles, *Gr.* A little goat.

- Geoffrey, *German.* Joyful peace.
 George, *Gr.* A farmer.
 Gerald, }
 Gerard, } Perfect good will.
 Garret, }
 Gideon, *Heb.* A breaker.
- Godfrey, *German.* God's peace.
 Godwin, *German.* Victorious through God.
 Gregory, *German.* Watchful.
 Griffith, *Brit.* Having great faith.
 Guy, *Fr.* A guide.
- H.
- Haman, *Heb.* Making an uproar.
 Hannibal, *Punic.* A gracious lord.
 Harman or Herman, *German.* The general of an army.
 Harold, *Sax.* A champion.
 Hector, *Gr.* A stout defender.
 Henry, *German.* Rich Lord.
- Herbert, *German.* Bright Lord.
 Hercules, *Gr.* Glory from Juno.
 Hermes, *Gr.* An interpreter.
 Horatio, *Ital.* Worthy to be seen.
 Hubert, *Sax.* Bright color.
 Hugh, *Dutch.* High, lofty.
 Humphrey, *German.* Domestic peace.
- J.
- Jacob, }
 Jacopo, } *Heb.* A supplanter.
 James, }
 Giacomo, } *Heb.* Beguiling.
 Jago, }
 Jachimo, }
 Jason, *Gr.* Bringing health.
 Joseph, *Arab.* The jasper.
 Jephtha, *Heb.* A discoverer.
 Job, *Heb.* Sorrowing.
 Joel, *Heb.* Acquiescing.
- John, *Heb.* The grace of the Lord.
 Joscelyn, *German.* Just.
 Joseph, *Heb.* Addition.
 Josias, *Heb.* The fire of the Lord.
 Joshua, *Heb.* A saviour.
 Josiah, *Heb.* Perfect.
 Isaac, *Heb.* Laughter.
 Ishmael, *Heb.* God hath heard.
 Juan, (Spanish for John.)
 Julian, } *Lat.* Curly-haired.
 Julius, }
- K.
- Kanelor, *Sax.* A defender of his kindred.
- L.
- Laurence, *Latin.* Crowned with laurels, or flourishing like that tree.
 Lazarus, *Hebrew.* Destitute of help.
 Leander, *Gr.* A polished man.
 Leonard, *German.* Lion-heart.
- Louis, }
 Louis, } *Fr.* Defender of the people.
 Luigi, }
 Ludovico, }
 Ludwig, }
- Lucius, *Lat.* Shining.
 Luke, *Gr.* A wood or grove.
- M.
- Mark, *Lat.* A hammer.
 Marmaduke, *German.* A mighty duke.
 Martin, *Lat.* Martial.
 Matthew, *Heb.* A gift.
 Matthias, *Heb.* The light of the Lord.
 Maurice, *Lat.* Of Moorish blood.
- Methusalem, *Heb.* Driving away death.
 Maximilian, *Lat.* The greatest rival.
 Michael, *Hebrew.* Who is like God.
 Morgan, *Brit.* A mariner.
 Moses, *Heb.* Drawn out.
- N.
- Nathan, *Heb.* A gift.
 Nathaniel, *Hebrew.* The gift of God.
- Nebemias, *Heb.* The gift of the Lord.
 Nicodemus, *Gr.* The people's victory.
- O.
- Obadiab, *Heb.* The servant of the Lord.
 Orlando, } *Ital.* Counsel for the house.
 Roland, } *land.*
- Oliver, *Lat.* An olive.
 Oswald, *German.* A ruler of a house.
 Owen, *Brit.* Well descended.
- P.
- Patrick, *Lat.* A patrician, a noble-man.
 Paul, *Lat.* Little.
- Peter, *Gr.* A rock.
 Phillip, *Gr.* A lover of horses.
 Ptolemy, *Gr.* Warlike.
- R.
- Randolph, }
 Randolph, } *Sax.* Pure help.
 Randal, }
 Ralph, }
 Raphael, *Heb.* The medicine of God.
 Raymond, *German.* Quiet peace.
- Reuben, *Heb.* The son of a vision.
 Richard, *Sax.* Rich bear.
 Robert, *Sax.* Bright counsel.
 Roger, *German.* Strong counsel.
 Rowland, }
 Roland, } See Orlando.
 Rufus, *Lat.* Red-haired.
- S.
- Seth, *Heb.* A foundation.
 Sylvanus, } *Lat.* A woodman.
 Sylvester, }
 Simeon, *Heb.* Hearing.

Sebastian, <i>Gr.</i>	To be reverence-	ed.	Simon, <i>Heb.</i>	Obedient.
Stephen, <i>Gr.</i>	A garland or crown.			
Thaddeus, <i>Syr.</i>	A breast.		Thomas, <i>Heb.</i>	A twin.
Theodore, <i>Gr.</i>	The gift of God.		Timothy, <i>Gr.</i>	One who honors God.
Theodore, <i>Gr.</i>	Gives of God.		Tobias, <i>Heb.</i>	The goodness of the
Theophilus, <i>Gr.</i>	A lover of God.		Toby, <i>Gr.</i>	Lord.
			Uriah, <i>Heb.</i>	The fire of the Lord.
Valentine, <i>Lat.</i>	Powerful.		Uriah, <i>Heb.</i>	The strength of the
Vincent, <i>Lat.</i>	A conqueror.			Lord.
Vivian, <i>Lat.</i>	Full of life.			
Walter, <i>Gr.</i>	A ruler.		William, <i>Germ.</i>	Defending many.
Zachariah, <i>Heb.</i>	Remembering the		Zebulon, <i>Heb.</i>	Having an inheri-
Lord.				tance.

VISITING CARDS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The past,
With time's dim witchery around it cast,
Steals on the sleepless memory.

I have opened this little treasure box of loved names, each a sweet or bitter link in the chain of memory. They are but paper—bits of pretty ornamented pasteboard, yet what a world of associations do they open. How does my heart leap or stand still, as I raise each from the repository which in three years, has not been opened. My fancy cheats me, for as I open this little box, my room seems filled with familiar faces—young, happy faces, that I once looked on and loved. The delusion is over, I am alone, eye alone,—I have no friends such as they were, and shall never have again—never.

Here, on the top of the pile, as if to win me from my lonely thoughts, is the name of my dearest friend; how delightful are all the associations connected with it, how like herself are the delicate Italian letters. I can almost see her taper fingers forming the slight rose wreath that circles them, so delicate and lightly touched that a fairy might have pencilled it. What a pretty link this little card is in a chain of deep and holy remembrances—who would think that tears would come into my eyes while looking upon it. Yet why should I not weep—I we are parted probably forever. I loved her and she loved me—I think she did. And there is not between earthly things love more holy (maternal love excepted) than that which one woman bears another. There is a magnanimity in it which raises it above all other kinds of friendship—a freedom from selfishness, that exalts it above common attachment. If there is a character in writing, this is characteristic—very—for she was the purest and most delicate of beautiful things, one that you could gaze upon without speaking, till your heart brimmed with pleasurable emotions. She was one that a woman might point out with exultation as a specimen of her sex. It is strange how some hearts will live surrounded by evil, and yet remain uncontaminated, and even ignorant of its existence. Isabella's soul was one of these; it lived among the evil and the good, like a pure spring welling up its own bright waters, unimpaired of, and untainted by the stagnant pools around it. Three years ago, Isabella was a young lovely girl. She is a wife and a mother now,—what a beautiful change must have been there. Love to her would be like the sun-beams to the water-lily, expanding its beauty and rendering its purity brilliant. A sweet picture she would make, as she is now mirrored in my mind, with her dark hair parted from her forehead, her Grecian face lighted up with maternal love, bending over that little cradle, and her dark contented eyes dwelling on the infant within. Dear Isabella! how I did love her.

This large enamelled card, with its gilt border and graceful running hand comes next. My heart aches, as I look upon it, for it is a relic of the dead, of one whose inheritance of genius was too much for his vigor. Ambition—literary ambition, cost him his life. I never saw a handsomer mouth and chin than his—there was something so very chaste and spiritual in the expression; but his eyes were too bright and large. It seemed as if his thoughts were consuming them with their own brilliancy. His forehead was white and very high, arching out till it became too heavy and full of intelligence to harmonize with the lower part of the face. I never saw an old man with a forehead like that. Death loves such brows

and sets his signet on them early. The souls of those that possess them seem to prey upon the body; consuming it gradually, till a slight shock proves a death-bolt. Such a one was he, who left me this card. In his twenty-third year the fire of genius was turned upon his heart in disappointment, and he died.

I have said he was ambitious. He had just engaged in his first literary enterprise, a monthly magazine. The first number came out, written almost entirely by himself, full of promise and beauty. Critics lauded, the world approved, but few subscribed. The publisher became discouraged, would not consent to risk money in the establishment of the work, and it never reached its second number. This was a death-blow to poor J. He had quaffed one intoxicating draught of praise, and his soul thirsted for another; but the fountain was blocked up, as he thought forever. He had ascended one step of the ladder of fame, had been hurled back with a sudden violence; and his spirit was crushed in the fall. I saw him two months after the failure of his work, and in a low but very sweet voice, he told me he should not live many days. Even while he was saying it there was a melancholy smile on his lips, like the moon-light on a bruised flower. He extended his hand and it was thin and pale, like that of a sick infant. He said truth—poor fellow, I never saw him again. Why did this card thus present itself? I was sad enough with out it. I will close the box, I can look no further.

(Continued from page 44.)

(Original.)

RUTH ELDER.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Blossoms and Brins.

On the morrow, 'till much better, though not well enough to undertake all that I had in view down East. It so happened that my horse required another day or two of repose, if I might believe Mr. Elder himself—or trust the eyes of poor little Ruth, who sat watching my countenance, instead of eating her breakfast, while they were trying to persuade me, from the eldest to the youngest, from the grandmother to little Bobby, that I must not think of going for two or three days—perhaps for a whole week; it would be as much as my life was worth, to get another cold, right on top of this.

Well, well, said I—looking at Ruth, so that I flatter myself she understood me, though nobody else might: we must see what can be done—I do not feel strong enough to continue my journey to day, that's a fact.

Ruth stopped with a spoon lifted half way to her mouth, as if waiting to have that sentence finished.

And then, if I were ever so well, I should have to wait for the horse, or get another; and therefore—let me see—

Ruth began to look wild and breathe hurriedly.

A day or two cannot make much difference after all, in the business I am upon; the weather seems to be unsettled, and if we can find anything on earth to do here—

Ruth dropped the spoon, looked at me for a minute, and pushed away her bowl of bread and milk.

I do believe I shall find it the wisest, as it certainly would be one of the pleasantest things in the world to stay here.

How the countenance of that child brightened up! The grandmother set down her staff upon the floor with a most cordial emphasis; little Neb threw a Somerset over a pile of shavings at the door, and Bobby shouted for joy. Even Liddy Mary! looked rather pleased, I thought, and as for old Joe—you'd have thought he had received a trayful of doughnuts from his own share. He was a famous fellow for doughnuts—that ere Jue, they told me—in season or out of season, it was all the same to Joe; he was into everybody's pockets, the moment he was allowed to get near enough; and never could be brought to acknowledge, that gingerbread and cheese, or sweet apples and milk, were any touch to the doughnuts he'd eaten, over and over again, at old Squire Pettingill's in midsummer; ultimate Pettingill, I think they called him.

But what are we to do? I continued. Have you any books in the house?

Nothing but the Bible, a copy of No Cross No Crown, two or three old almanacs, and a—what the plague's the name of that ere book the sailor feller left here, last fall, Ruth?

Don't know indeed, father. It's a beautiful book, though, I'm sure—

though I can't understand a word of it: the print is so large and clear, and the paper so smooth—oh, if I only knew what it was about! Nobby says it smells like a story-book —

Bring it to me, my dear, and let us see what I can make of it, said I.

And I, said little Ruth—I have some books of my own, Mr. Page; perhaps I had better bring them too—or will you go up into our chamber, and see if there's any thing there you'd like. You won't be disturbed there—will be, father?—and you'll keep the children out of the way, won't you, mother?

The mother said yes—and the father nodded—and Miss Liddy Mary turned away somewhat snappishly, saying that when it was bed time, she guessed she wasn't again to give up her bed, or, be kept out of her chamber for anybody.

That you shan't! said her mother; but you haint no objection, have you now, Liddy, if Mr. Page likes that air room better, to have him go up there and overhaul the books and things, that Roth's got there, jest as much as ever he likes; you haint now, have you?

No, mother—not the least mine in the world, if it comes to that; only he shan't sleep there.

Nobody wants him to sleep there; whispered Ruth, coloring to the eyes, and looking as if she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

So, up stairs we went.

And this then, said I, as we entered the snugest and tidiest little room you ever saw—this then is your chamber?

Yes.

And that is your bed, hey?

No. It belongs to both of us—Liddy and me.

And who takes care of the room I said I, stopping at the door and letting my eyes wander from one part of it to another—from the open window where a creeper was trained so as to furnish a transparent curtain, all starred with morning glories, to the white-washed fire-place, brimful of sweet bair, wild roses and firs; and thence to the old fashioned maple bureau with its glittering brass handles and swelled front—the two chairs—one very large, with a leather bottom, in which two could sit very comfortably, as I very soon managed to satisfy myself—and to the dear little bed, of fresh flowering straw I could swear—and smelling of clover blossoms and sweet fern—so smoothly made up, and so cool and pleasant for summer. It was a very odd question to put, I acknowledge—but I couldn't help it—I had my reasons—for between you and me and the post, dear reader, a slut never betrays herself any where, so utterly as in her bed-chamber. And who takes care of the room? said I—thinking of her dress, when she first appeared to me—of the figure she cut, galloping over the bushes and clearing the storewalls—with her uncombed hair streaming behind her, and her gown slipping off her shoulders, and literally torn to shreds, about her ankles—and almost trembling to hear the answer.

Who takes care of the room, Sir?—why, who should take care of it, pray?

Your mother, perhaps, or your sister Lydia.

My mother has enough to do for herself and father, and the children, Mr. Page, without troubling herself about me or my room; and as for Liddy—or Lydia, as you call her—is that the proper way, I should be glad to know?

I nodded.

Very well. As for Lydia, then—oh my! how strange it sounds!—but still, if it's proper, who cares? Well, as for Lydia, she's only a child, you know.

Only a child, hey? And pray what are you?

I!—opening her eyes at me with all her might, and looking really and truly astonished—I!—why, siet I fourteen, sir, and in my fifteenth year!

Very true, I replied; and that temd me, Miss Elder, that under such circumstances—

What!—Miss Elder!—coming up to me, and catching me by both hands; and looking into my eyes with her whole countenance lighted up, and her young bosom heaving—I tell you what it is, Mr. Page, I don't allow anybody to Miss me, and the sooner you know it the better.

But I shall Miss you dear, as long as I live, I added, wishing to soothe her and turn it off with a laugh.

I suppose, but I am not sure, Mr. Page—I suppose I understand you; you mean that for what you call a pleasant, but in a word—before we go any farther, I want to know if you mean to call me Miss Elder again, so long as you breathe the breath of life?

What shall I call you, then? As the eldest daughter of the house, you are properly Miss Elder.

What shall you call me? stamping with rage, at the same time that her eyes filled with tears—what shall you call me? Why, Ruth, to be sure! Ruth Elder—don't you like the name?

Like it! I cried, catching her up in my arms and kissing her in a transport—just in time to hear a confounded giggle at the door, and the noise of two or three pair of feet hurrying down stairs and clattering through the large, empty room we had just passed through. Like it!—I love it!

You do—well that's enough. I wonder who that was watching and listening at the door. I'll tell father, I vow—father! father!—I wish you'd keep the plaguy children out of my room, till they're wanted—or ask mother if she will.

Liddy Mary! you tormented critter! cried the mother, what business have you there, hey? and then there was a slap; and then a good deal of running and squealing, and I thought I could distinguish the low growl of the grandmother, and a noise like that of Totty's jigger, in full play. At any rate, the uproar was soon over, and the whole house about as quiet as you ever saw anything alive on the Sabbath-day.

And now for the book.

Would you believe it! It was a beautiful copy of Paul and Virginia—the very book I would have chosen for such a child—but in Italian.

A thought struck me. Her eyes glighted so, and she looked so happy, when I told her what it was, that I determined to sit down with her upon the spot, and read it off to her in English.

Well, we both seated ourselves by the open window,—she herself shutting and fastening the door with her own hands, after calling to her mother once to keep the children out of the way. I was afraid to take her into my lap, now, notwithstanding the leather-bottomed chair—and so, placing her in front of me, so that I could see the play of her countenance, I went on with the story.

It was twelve o'clock before I finished; and when I looked up, she was as pale as death, and her eyes were wet with tears; and when they called us to dinner, she could hardly stand. Not a mouthful could she eat. I had opened a new world to her, and I could see it in her eyes.

And that is Italian! said she. Do read what Virginia says to Paul—no, not that—there's another passage, still more beautiful; I swear! If it didn't make me cry when you read it—and I could give the world to be able to read it in Italian as you do in English. I don't know why, but it seems to me as if it must be a great deal softer and sweeter in the original.

The original is French, my dear.

And do you understand French?

Yes.

You do! Well, I declare!—and maybe you could put that air into French?

Yes.

Oh my! how I do long to hear the sound of that language! Just read over the part I mean—will you?—where poor Virginia gets frightened at herself, and goes to her mother to ask what ails her, after she has been thinking about Paul—and here she leaned forward, and resting her elbows upon my knees, poor child! sat, looking me in the face while I read the following passage to her, first in Italian, and then in French—hardly breathing till I had got through, and then looking as if she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

“Allo splendore della luna, ella recaminala verso la fonte sua. No distingue l'acqua, che ad onta della siccità stillava ancor in argentissimi sampilli su' fianchi buoni della rupe. Immersa nella vasa. Alla prima quel fresco ristoro i suoi suoli, ed ecco mille grade rimbombare affaccarsi—alla di lei monte. Si ricorda, che nella fanciullezza, la sua madre a Margherita si compiacenza di bagnarla con Paolo in quel luogo stesso; che di poi Paolo riserbando per lei sola ceduto bagno; ne aveva scavato il fondo, ed ornato le sponde di odorosi piante. Tra mezzo all'onda sulle braccia ignude e sul suo seno, travede il riflesso delle due palme, piantate alla nascita del fratello, ed alla sua; i veddi intralciati sul suo capo i rami verdeggianti, ed amichevolmente confondere i loro frutti novelli—sopra a questa vista —

Here she leaned more heavily upon me, and her strange me/ancholy eyes lighted up—and her breathing stilled me—and for a moment, a single moment, I felt sure that she understood Italian. But the next, I

changed my opinion of her. She had been carried away by the natural tenderness of the language.

Sospira a questa vista; rammentasi l'affetto di l'aulo piu soave de' perfumi, piu puro del chiaro fonte—piu saldo delle palme unite. Entra nel suo pensiero le notte, la solitudine, ed un fuoco divoratore l'investe. Presto si caccia fuori con l'apavato dalle ombre perigliose, ed insieme da quelle onde piu ardenti del sole. Corré— Here the poor little thing covered her face with her hands and wept— Corré alla madre a dimandare aiuto contro se stessa. Più volte nel volere spiegare gli affari suoi, le scrisse soltanto le mani colle sue. Stette più volte per proferire il nome di Paolo; ma il suo—cuore oppresso lasciò la lingua senza favella, ed inondando la testa sul materno seno non poté far altre che inondarlo di lagrime."

And that is Italian! She whispered, after I had got through.

Yes—but you are weeping. I hope you do not understand the language.

Not a word of it, Mr. Page—but why do you hope so, if it means what you say it does?

Mercy because I could not bear to find that you had been playing tricks with me.

Mr. playing tricks with you?—Me?

But if you understood nothing of the language why did you weep?

You had already translated it for me into English.

Ah, but why did you weep just there—*there* in the most touching part of the whole?

I do not know—perhaps your voice changed a little just there? All I know is, that I couldn't help crying. Poor little Virginia! And thee, to have her die so foolishly.

Foolishly! my dear child! Put yourself in her place—would you have scribbled in the presence of a great multitude, merely to save your life?

And why not? There was Paul swimming toward the ship, and the brave sailor willing to risk his life for her—why shouldn't she have undressed, if nothing else would save her life, and the life of poor Paul? I would!

At your age, perhaps.

And why at my age? But I am glad the poor girl was found with Paul's picture hidden in her bosom. That shows that if she wouldn't do what the poor black wanted her to, it was for the sake of Paul—and so—and so—may be I should have done just what she did, when it came to the pinch—and on the whole—growing very serious and dropping her eyes, just as if some new thought had struck her—I rather think I should.

That you would, my brave girl! I cried, clasping her to my heart.

Well, well—that's enough! that'll do. And now for the French.—Just give me that same passage, will you, that I may see how it sounds; and if you will just write it off for me, I shall be—oh, you don't know how happy 'twill make me!

With all my heart—and I gave the following translation: Elle s'acheminait à la clarté de la lune, vers sa fontaine; elle en approchait la source, qui, malgré la réchèrece, coulait encore en filets d'argent sur les flancs bruns du rocher. Elle se plonge dans son bassin. D'abord la fraîcheur ranime ses sens, et mille souvenirs agréables se présentent à son esprit. Elle se rappelle que dans son enfance, sa mère et Marguerite s'amusaient à la baigner avec Paul dans ce même lieu; que Paul ensuite, recevant ce bain pour elle seule, en avait creusé le lit couvert le fond de sable, et semé sur ses bords des herbes aromatiques. Elle entrevoit dans l'eau sur ses bras nus et sur son sein, les reflets des deux Palmiers plantés à la naissance de son frère et à la sienne, qui entrechoquent au de sa tête leurs vagues vagues et leur joyeux coco. Elle pense à l'amitié de Paul, plus douce que les parfums, plus pure que l'eau des fontaines, plus forte que les Palmiers eux, et elle soupire.

No change was perceptible in her breathing now. It was clear enough she didn't understand French, however it might be with Italian.

Elle Soupire—elle songe à la nuit, à la solitude, et un feu dévorant la saisit. Aussi-tôt elle sort, effrayée de ces dangereux ombrages, et de ses laux plus brûlantes que les soleils de la zone torride. Elle court apres de sa mere, chercher un appui contre elle morte. Plusieurs fois, voulant lui raconter ses peines, elle lui pressa les mains dans les siennes; plusieurs fois, elle fut près de prononcer le nom de Paul, mais son cœur oppressé, laissa sa langue sans expression et se posant sa tête sur le sein maternel, elle ou peut que l'inondation de ses larmes.

And how do you like that; said I?

Not much—to tell you the truth. I don't understand it, somehow—it

doesn't go to the heart—all warm—like the sweet strangeness of that other language. But, stay—maybe you'll be good enough to put the whole of that into English, once more. I long to hear it again.

With all my heart: Only when I want to look into your eyes, don't hide them again, as you did just now.

Did I!—well I declare, I begin to be afraid of you.

Afraid of me! Why so?

Why, to tell you the truth, because you seem to look through and through me—to read my very thoughts.

And what if I do?

Oh my!—I wouldn't have you read mine, for the whole world!

Poh!—

And moreover—she seemed nettled, I thought—and moreover to tell you the plain truth—

Well, well—out with it? Why do you stop.

Because what I had upon my lips to say to you, might appear unkind, or saucy.

Poh, poh—out with it.

I am afraid.

Out with it, I say! I would forgive you for anything but—such pitiable squeamishness!

Pitiable squeamishness! Why not say childishness, and have done with it?

Well then, childishness, if you like—I saw she was growing pale—sounds! what a temper she had!

That'll do—that's enough. You shall have the truth now; if you don't—by!

And the whole truth?

And the whole truth! or my name aint Ruth Elder!

Be it so! I am prepared.

Well then, what I wanted to say, and was almost afraid to say before—and wouldn't say now if you didn't make me—was that—I am afraid of you, among other things, because you seem to know too much for an honest man.

The little vixen! could it be possible! And this was the child I had been playing with—such a gentle and affectionate child—the dear little romp—my poor little Ruth!—Upon my word, my fingers tingled to their very tips when I looked at her, very much as if I had been toying with lighted thunderbolts.

Well done, Miss Ruth! said I.

Miss Ruth again! What did I tell you? and what did you promise me! and how have you kept your promise!—and your temper!—and—escaping from my outstretched arms, and running to the door—how have you borne that frankness you were so well prepared for!

She was gone: say gone! as sure as you're alive, and I saw no more of her for that day.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

BY MISS LONDON.

Not yet—the flowers are in my path,

The sun is in the sky;

Not yet—my heart is full of hope,

I cannot bear to die.

Not yet—I never knew till now

How precious life could be;

My heart is full of love—Oh, Death!

I cannot come with thee!

But, Love and Hope, enchanted twins,

I passed in their falsehood by;

Death came again, and then he said—

"I'm ready now to die!"

AFFLICTING.—"Everything is arranged for your wedding with Susan Tompkins," said a father to his only son the other day; "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair, dispatching a piece of bread and molasses.

His only answer was a sigh, accompanied by a flood of tears.

The parent started, and in angry voice demanded what objections he could have. "Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be some time or another. Your mother and I were married, and I am your command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "That's a different case, you married mother; but I'm sent out to marry a strange gal!"

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.—In Gallucci's Messenger we find the following extraordinary narrative, illustrative of the saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Towards the end of 1841, Signor Antoni Gagnaro, an opulent merchant of Ferrara, disappeared after several days' search, was found dead in a forest, having been, evidently, overcome and murdered after a desperate struggle. Upon some strong grounds of suspicion, two men, Toeti and Reglucchi, who had frequently been employed in his house as porters, were arrested, and, after a short examination, confessed themselves to have been guilty of the crime, but justified themselves by protesting that they had not acted from any personal animosity, but only as the agents for him of the deceased's, sister-in-law, Signora Birgardo, the widow of a rich land owner, and a woman equally remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, of whom they complained for having paid them very inadequately for the deed. This accusation, at first could scarcely be believed from the station and character of the female but it acquired a degree of credibility from circumstances, and particularly from its being known that the deceased had made a will, some years before, bequeathing the whole of his large property to the children of Signora Birgardo, in case he himself should leave no immediate descendants; and had lately manifested an intention of marrying one of his maid servants.

Signora Birgardo was arrested and brought to trial, together with Toeti and Reglucchi, before the Criminal Tribunal of Ferrara. Upon the confession of these two men, corroborated by the strong and powerful evidence of other witnesses, the widow Birgardo and her two accomplices were condemned to death, after standing a certain time exposed with ropes round their necks, in a pillory to be erected in front of the church. Against this sentence the three convicts appealed to the Supreme Court of Bologna. The full confirmation of the sentence was universally expected, and even the three advocates of Signora Birgardo had no other hope than that of inducing the court to reduce the punishment one degree below that already pronounced upon her.

Just which neither the real nor the text of the Signora's counsel, though the most important man from the bars of Rome, Ferrara, and Bologna, could be expected to effect, was brought about by acts of Providence. Out of the four witnesses whose testimony was so strong against her at Ferrara, two died of natural deaths only a few days before the hearing of the appeal. A third, on the very morning of the new trial, was thrown from his horse and killed. The fourth made his appearance in court, and repeated his previous evidence, adding certain extraordinary circumstances, that the Judge could not help making some observations to him on their peculiarity, and recommended to him to reflect and modify his statements, if he found them incorrect or overcharged. But the man, raising his hand to Heaven, exclaimed, "May I die upon this spot, if all I have said be not the truth!" At the instant the words were uttered he dropped dead upon the ground, struck by apoplexy. The effect of this incident on all present may be easily conceived. The President immediately adjourned the hearing till the next day.

On resuming the sitting, the Court pronounced a decree, acquitting Signora Birgardo, but confirming the sentence passed upon Toeti and Reglucchi. The widow was about to retire in freedom, when the public prosecutor interposed, and moved the Court that she should be remanded to prison for six months, that time might be allowed for the discovery of any fresh evidence there might be against her, and, notwithstanding the strenuous resistance of the learned advocates, the Court issued the order required.

Toeti and Reglucchi had not been ordered for execution, and it was generally believed that their punishment would be commuted.

THE COAL MERCHANT.—"Jemmy, my son, just throw into this load o' pine coal a basket of the best maple, birch and alder, and scatter it about well; it needs something to make a jingle. Now I'll start for market. Have some coal to-day, marm!"

What sort have you, sir?

As nice of the kind as you ever saw—the best part of it maple, birch and alder, with a pine stick here and there.

We'll have a dozen bushels.

The bin is filled, the dollar paid, and the merchant drives on to the next door. Soon as the customer gets up, the bin is visited, and the quality discovered. The master smutty-nose is sent for, he comes back and cooly looks into the bin.

Now, sir, I want you to take this pine coal and these brands ends back, and give me my dollar, or I will let the neighbors know what a cheat you are.

A cheat! Why good woman, I never heard such a charge before in all my born days. I told you just what the coal was before you bought it. Did you not say that the best part of it was from hard wood?

No, marm, I said the best part—and so it is.

You did not tell me that it was half brands ends.

Good woman, I told you there was a pine stick here and there, and you see them here and there—if they had been burnt, we should have called it pine coal. No, no, marm, you do us great injustice to say that we sold merchants cheat. "There are tricks in all trades but ours." Good morning marm.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

USEFUL HINTS. Never enter a sick-room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool, your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapour.

SCENE IN AN ARKANSAS COURT.

Sheriff.—"Come into court, Mr. Luce."

The witness walks into court with a very fast and determined stride. He has a small, round head, a forehead about an inch high, and shaggy eyebrows, from under which peep out two eyes about the size of small pens. His nose and chin meet, forming the apex of a triangle, of which his mouth is the base. He is sworn; and, at the top of his rosin, which issues from both sides of the triangle at the same time, he commences delivering his "set" testimony. After declaiming some time he comes to a pause.

Judge.—"We don't wish any of your suppositions: state the facts." The witness turns up very carefully one of his big eyes, and, extending his index finger, says—"O, wait now, Judge! Wait, Judge! Don't be too fast now: I'm bound to go on with this. I'll come it right in the end!" [Laughter from all present, the Judge included.]

Witness.—"Gentlemen, I didn't come into this court to be made an ornament of, no how you can fix it—I didn't. It's hard, 'case I aint larned, I should be made this kind of an ornament of!"

Judge.—"Proceed, Mr. Luce, with your testimony."

Witness.—"Well, as I was going on to tell, the old man was trying to get W. to join him, and they would have their five hundreds and thousands, and would live big, and would tramp everywhere, 'cuz most to Texas and Yucatan; but it seems to me that the feller rhyler couldn't come it."

Prosecuting Attorney.—"Mr. Luce, I wish to know if there was not an agreement between you and others, as to the testimony you are now giving in."

Witness.—(wheeling instantly to the jury, with both arms extended)—"Agreement! me agreement! I gentlemen, isn't this a purty idee—agreement!" A groan among the jury.

Prosec. Attorney.—"Can you write?"

Witness.—"A tittle."

Prosec. Atty.—"Can you write your name?"

Witness.—(with his finger on the palm of his hand, suing the action to the word)—"Much as a bargain, now mind, gentlemen—much as a bargain that I kin write my name; but by any one else was to write it, I couldn't read it; and if I was called on to swear if their was writin' on that piece of paper about which the gentlemen asks, I should rather say 'twas scabbling—'case I knows writin' when I sees it." (Laying his hand on the Clerk's head.) "Now, this old man, he's writing—see him—it's strait up and down and even on. O, I tells you I can tell writin' when it's writ right."

Judge.—"Stand aside, Mr. Luce."

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune is furnishing that paper with a series of spirited sketches, entitled "Heteroglyphics on Havana." In one of these "heteroglyphics," we find the following pleasing sketch of a scene of domestic felicity, which the writer witnessed while at Guines:

The houses in Guines are mostly of one story—are built with barred windows, and after the fashion of those of the same height in Havana. The flooring is made of a mortar as glossy as marble. At one of these houses on the confines of the town, we witnessed what appeared to us to be one of the most perfect pictures of domestic felicity on which we ever looked. The walls of the house were white as "unsunned snow," the roof projected over the banquette, which was of the smooth and glossy substance already described—thus giving it the appearance of a colonnade. A large mango tree threw its leafy branches over the roof from behind, and the housework crept up the wall in front. The red morocco bottom chairs, with their rows of brass nails might be seen opening the window, in the clean, well arranged parlor, and a whole of pretty plumage chirruped its notes of gladness in a small white cage by the door side.

To the right of the door, sat a venerable looking couple smoking their cigars, who, like John Anderson and his "gruid" woman, had seen their "bairns" bairns, "one of whom, a merry looking lad, played with a small dog before them. To the left sat a young woman dressed in white, with strongly marked Spanish features. Her black hair clustered in curls down her neck of whiteaster whiteness.

"Her large dark eye showed deep passion's force,

Though sleeping like a lion near a source."

She sang, in a partially suppressed tone, a Spanish ballad, touching, by way of accompaniment, with her finely tapered fingers, the strings of a guitar. By her side sat a dark looking young man, wretched with the melody of his lady-love, for such she seemed to be.

"Each was the other's mirror, and but read

Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,

And knew such brightness was but the reflection

Of their exchanging glances of affection."

An old blind man came feeling his way along. He would have got tripped up by the rise of the banquette, had not the boy, with instinctive goodness of heart, run from his grandfire, and conducted the poor negro past the house.

The whole scene—its characters and colorings—perfumed more strongly peace, love, and contentment, than anything we had before eyeseen.

"And we said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

THE RIATTO.—What very light impressions do the most solemn events appear to make upon those whose time is devoted to active pursuits, who are engaged in amassing wealth, or in the hard struggle how to live. The mind is so chained to its occupation that it fears to lose a link, the attention so riveted that all else, whether of fate or fancy, is but as a cloud flitting o'er the disc of the sun. No doubt it was the same in the palmy days of argosies and doges, and doubtless will be the case till that blessed period arrives, when war shall cease, and cakes and ale be had for the asking. I was somewhat inclined to this mode of dreaming, by witnessing the meeting of two acquaintances upon the Riatto, between whom the following conversation ensued: "Have you heard of the death of poor F.?" "No; it is possible." "It is true, indeed; poor fellow, he went off about four o'clock this morning." "I'm sorry for it; sad business. I shook hands with him only a few days ago; how much has he left, do you think?" "Why, some fifty, some a hundred, at all events there will be a capital provision for his family." "Well, I'm happy to hear it." (Pause.) "Anything new to-day?" "Nothing, I believe, except an overland mail, from the desert of Zahara; things much as they were; market overdone with sand, and ostriches' eggs scarce." (Pause.) "So poor F. is really dead?" "Aye, its true; I saw young Hydras an hour ago, and he attended him; therefore there can be no doubt." "Well, it is a serious affair." "Dye think young Snopgrace will carry on the business?" "Can't say." (Pause.) "Anything doing to-day?" "Why, there is a little demand for brown paper bags, and Lee is good many of them passing to and fro; but, generally speaking, things are dull. By the bye, have you taken any shares in the new railway from Boute to the Isle of Man?" "Yes, a few hundred for the present; but I am told that he will be as high a premium soon." "Indeed, then I fear I am too late in my application; I don't know something about it." "Why, Sir Sanguine, the broker, (a duced clever fellow,) tells me it will be a third Grand Junction (we have often heard of seconds); he says they have discovered the proper floating sleepers, and that the rails are to be formed of whalebone and olivine, which is to be firmly cemented by cobbler's wax, enabling them to yield to any trifling undulation in the water; the carriages will be ingeniously contrived and formed of couchtough." "Upon my word that sounds very clever. Did you hear anything of the probable cost and traffic?" "Why, Sanguine informs me (for I rely implicitly upon him, and nobody knows the information of some of these gentlemen) that the traffic will be enormous; the number of herrings brought to this port alone will give five per cent, and this they have a right to quadruple; besides the directors have made a contract with the linkeapers, to supply them with system, for a very cheap rate indeed; and the vessels to be sent to America, where they will be almost all converting their iron into tissue paper. In lieu of the old, which is to be repudiated, as it does not answer. Pic-nic sheds on a new principle will be constructed along the line, for the convenience of passengers and parties." "Why, this will indeed be a splendid concern; and the cost?" "Oh, as to the cost, Sanguine tells me it will not be great certainly, but he is not quite so sure, he thinks he is within a couple of millions; they are making arrangements for getting the swells." "Upon my word, the whole thing looks remarkably promising; do you think I am too late?" "Certainly; the shares are almost all taken by the directors and their friends, and I had great difficulty in getting mine; however, I may dispose of a few at a premium, see, (raises up, for the sake of raising the wind; we don't think that advisable.) (Pause.) "When is poor F. to be buried?" "On Friday." "Is he indeed? Poor fellow! Well—, When does your Navesink sail?" "To-morrow. I have only a few letters." "Send them early, but, I say, don't mention this about the third Grand Junction." "No, no; I'll name it to Nobody."

LIFE AND DEATH OF A MINER.—The Carlisle Penn., Repository narrates the history of a Miner thus:

"Mr. B. was of German extraction. His father left him a valuable farm of five hundred acres, in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married a wife and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he preserved so treacherously, that he never gave a dollar for the education of his family. He was never known to spend one dollar for any article he might need; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for a horse, or he would do so conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain.

"He kept a team for the conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore, which, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for necessities for his family and wagon. In this way he amassed an estate worth four hundred thousand dollars. He never was known to lend or credit a dollar to any man. Upon the last mortgage, or security that could be given, he would not lend a cent. He never vested one dollar in any of the public funds. Neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death, his strong box, from whom burn no traveller had ever returned, yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold and silver.

"The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars per bushel for ten bushels of clover seed; but he would not sell it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it sold for seven dollars per bushel, and fifty dollars less than

the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of this sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave various directions to his people. He then went to his wagon-hoove and hanged himself."

ANECDOTE OF CATALANI.—Whoever has visited Cambridge, can hardly fail to recollect Lady—. The leading idea of her life was to do the pretty; to say silly things and make agreeable speeches. But alas! her ladyship was not infallible, and sometimes with the very best intentions would fail desperately. They relate of her at Cambridge, that during a series of concerts which Madame Catalani gave at the last grand commencement, this Queen of Song was staying at the house of her friend Mrs. F. At an evening party at D— Lodge, Lady — was invited to meet her. My dear Madame Catalani! how delighted, how transported I am to see you! When did you arrive? How is Monsieur Vabrique! and your dear little boy? Catalani changed color; her lip quivered, and her fine dark eyes filled with tears, as she murmured: 'Ah! pauvre petit, je l'ai perdu!' What an engaging, interesting, elegant little creature he is! 'Je l'ai perdu!' shrieked the foreigner, in a tone of agony. Lady — had forgot her French. 'Is he, indeed, I am happy to hear it. I always said he would come out something extraordinary.' 'Je l'ai perdu! Je l'ai perdu!' cried poor Catalani, in a more piercing tone, and with increased emotion. 'Do not exert yourself, yes, yes; I understand you, perfectly; well, pray remember me to him very kindly, since he is not with you, and offer him my congratulations.' 'He is dead! he is dead! Lady —, said Mrs. F. impatiently. 'Dearl! Why didn't somebody tell me so? Poor little soul, he's so dead.' Well, I declare, I am very sorry for him! Dead! That's very surprising. On what did he die? Was he taken to another distinguished genus? 'Ah! my dear Mrs. Siddons, what an unexpected gratification to see you at Cambridge! How did y'do? Ah! let me see; you are altered, when one comes to look at you? very much altered! But you see; it must be thirty years ago since Sir Benjamin and I were first delighted with your Lady Randolph. How life ebbs away! What changes we see! It was poor Edwin's night, I think. Surely, that was the Augustan era of the British Theatre! Ah! poor Edwin! he's gone! And Palmer, Gentleman Palmer, he's gone! And Dodd—clever actor, Dodd—he's gone! We live in a world of changes! Mrs. Siddons looked sad, and was silent. 'I've been recollecting when it was I saw you last. It must be about fourteen years ago. You played Queen Catherine, and your gifted brother John played Wolsey. What a heat it was! Dear John Kromble and he's gone!' Mrs. Siddons burst into tears. 'Amiable creature!' said Lady — to the astonished by-standers; 'what an affectionate heart she has!'—Knickerbocker.

AN ELOQUENT PORTRAIT OF THE SAVIOUR.—The following is a description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Jude, to the Roman Senate:—

There lives at this time in Jude, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ.

The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, fall into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large; the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world would believe him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomena may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

SINGULAR TENTRE.—King John, of England gave a valuable tract of land in the County of Kent, to Solomon Attrele, to be held by this singular service: that as often as the King should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs, would be obliged to accompany him, to hold his Majesty's head, if there should be occasion, for it, that is if he should be assenick.—And it appears by the record in the Tower, that the same office of head-holding, was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First.

TRANQUILITY.—Hast thou heard, in deep caverns, the falling of the water, or, with its heavy, unceasing, rattling fall, it was never the ground? Hast thou heard the murmuring of the brook, that flows gaily between the green banks, while the nodding flowers and the bright lights of heaven are mirrored in the wave? Then hast thou seen the images of the two kinds of quiet life, which are as different from one another as heaven from hell.—Eros.

THE FATE OF ALICE.

"I cannot bear," said Dickens, "to paint madness—the picture is so dark, so cheerless." It is true, indeed, that with the maddest hope may be extinguished; but with it old associations are wiped away, and a blank most frequently painful remains. A new habit of the mind is formed—abstractions of ideas become sources of satisfaction, mayhap of pleasure. But for us, who gaze upon the isolated being, and observe the soul, like a chained eagle, fixed to earth; for us pity conjures up a thousand forms of sorrow, and the pang rends our breast alone. Present condition gives a charm to former life, and we hear not without emotion the previous history of the crimeless captive. Let those who like to listen to such recitals, attend to "THE FATE OF ALICE." At sweet sixteen, joyous and happy, just emerged from the crystalline state, and bursting into a brighter butterfly existence, this lovely girl flitted on, a stranger to care or disappointment. Many ailments tempted her to tarry in her career, but love had not yet touched her young heart, and onward, still onward was the road. But month succeeded month she found time having more heavily upon her hands, and those simple amusements that once enlivened, now becoming more and more inviolate. She culled flowers as she had been wont; and tho' these had not lost in sweetness, she sighed because she could not enjoy them alone. She no longer sought solitude, yet wondered at her growing fondness for society. But soon amusements, flowers and the "greenwood tree" regained the favor they had lost. She was no longer alone. Another hung upon her footsteps, and returned the soft loquacity of her eye. He caught her every word as it in rapture, and breathed into her ear tender protestations of love. She was chained she knew, yet she delighted in such charming fetters. Fortune, however, turned her wheel, and the father of Alice was sunk. His fortune gone, as if by desert, saved the grasping creditor, he raised to his grave, and there were none to say "God bless him!" The mother that his wealth had attracted, avoided the darkness of his misfortune. They who could reveal in his prosperity, had still some recollection of the "poor fellow"; but few, however, dared venture even a sprig of pity, because poverty now ruled where fashion once reigned.

One carriage contained the mourners of the departed as his remains were conveyed to the ground of burial. And as the rough cords slipped back from the grave, and the loose cloths rattled upon the coffin, tears bitter tears were shed for them, "poor soul." And along to her mother and sister, and then convulsively threw herself into the arms of her beloved.

How devoted, how confiding is the love of woman. When the whole soul is wrapt up in an overwhelming fondness, in the hour of peril or affliction, she risks all upon the die; and adheres only to the loved object.

Poor Alice, as each succeeding week rendered more and more dim the scene of her father's death, drew from her lover's lip the sweet assurance of happiness to come; that dead union of hearts she had so often sighed for. But his visits became less and less frequent—a month, ay! two had not brought him near her. Each day she died a morsel for the absent one, and at evening sang the songs he loved so well—but he came not. She would woe the evening breeze with dishevelled hair, and call upon his name. For hours would she hold communion with a phantom lover, and stare with eagerness upon vacancy.

The neighbors, early shaking their heads, said one to another: "Poor Girl, she's crazed." True, the stroke that deprived her beauty of its charms, her gentleness of its endearment, had indeed hurried reason from her throne; yet in her ravings was nought heard but lamentations for the destroyer.

"O heart, or a heart at the Baltimore Almshouse, you may see her bright eyes, or hear her whisper, as 'if in gentle chiding, 'John! The arrow that once pierced, has long since left its point, and a settled sadness has fixed upon her. At times she smiles; but the effort seems forced, for immediately covering her face with both hands, she weeps bitterly.—Baltimore Visitor.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him. "Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton looking round and observing neither cloud nor speck on the horizon, joking on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles when a storm suddenly arising, wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, he determined if possible, to know how a boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather of which the wisest philosophers might be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea, if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye sir? I will then," said the boy, scratching his head, and biding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when ye see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, is a sure sign of rain within an hour!" What! exclaimed the philosopher, must I, in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail!" "ye sir!" off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it, or to recommend it to others.

The entire amount of specie in the world is estimated by Jacobs at \$1,900,000,000. In Europe, there is supposed to be \$1,000,000,000. According to the best authorities, it is supposed that the paper circulation in Europe is fourteen times the specie currency.

PUNCHINGS FROM PUNCH.

FLOATING PIER CORTAINT.—At a meeting of the Shareholders the Secretary read the following Report—Your Committee are glad to see you, but they would be gladder if they could offer you a dividend, which they fondly hope they may at some remote period.

Your committee have laid out of your money, and want some more; which, in all events, a pledge of their activity.

Your Committee have observed with great satisfaction, that the traffic of the Pier has not diminished, because it was nothing at your last General Meeting.

Your Committee are in treaty with a gentleman for the sale of a Pictorial license, to permit him to sit on the edge of the Pier, and fish, for which your Pier is excellently adapted, inasmuch as from the shallowness of the water no steamer can approach near enough to disturb it.

Your Committee, observing the general depression, and considering the effect of the Income Tax, are not at all astonished; and confidently looking for better times, your Committee lay before you the Annual Accounts, which your Committee trust you will approve with your usual readiness to co-operate with your Committee in your Committee's efforts.

Signed for the Committee, SAMUEL SARRINGTON,
Life Chairman and Honorary Shareholder

The following are the accounts alluded to in the above Report.

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
By various sums laid out for various purposes.....	2000	0	0
To charwoman for flannel, soap, and brushes.....	0	2	0
To ditto for scouring the Pier.....	0	2	6
By sum transferred to the rest new in the hands of the banker.....	0	0	0
General disbursements.....	1	0	0
Special disbursements.....	1	0	0
Disbursements not included in the above.....	1	0	0
Disbursements partly included in the above, but partly not (the proportion not included).....	1	0	0

Total of expenditure 2004 4 6

INCOME.

Toll taken from a boy, who having got into the water at low tide, was unable to return to the shore.....	0	0	1
Other receipts.....	0	0	0

Deficiency to be made up by call on Shareholders 2004 4 5

£2004 4 6

IMPORTANT TO BANKRUPTS.—A Maryland man has invented a calculating machine by which the science of Yankee bankruptcy—already thought to be perfection, will be even further improved. By putting falsified bankrupts' books in at one end of this wonderful machine they come out unimpeachable balance sheets at the other. The repudiating States have granted the inventor a pension for life.

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, has appointed the 30th day of November for Thanksgiving.

DIED.

- On the 15th inst., Ann Maria Zimmerman.
- On the 15th inst., Sophia Simpson, aged 30 years.
- On the 14th inst., Mrs. Mary Copeland, aged 81 years.
- On Saturday last, Benjamin Wilson Jones, in the 5th year of his age.
- On the 13th inst., Nicholas W. Hoffman, aged 23.
- On the 13th inst., Thomas Evans, aged 42.
- On the 12th inst., James Garret, aged 54.
- On the 11th inst., Frederick Macfarlan, aged about 80.
- On the 14th inst., Miss Ann Knapp.
- On the 14th inst., Mrs. Louisa Knapen, aged 39 years.
- On the 13th inst., Wm. H. Barnham, in his 36th year.
- On the 14th inst., Helen Maria McManney, aged 17 years.
- On the 13th inst., Wm. Henry Clancy.
- At Staten Island, Aug. 13, John Cooper, aged 73.
- At Upright, July 7, Prudence Frost, aged 23.
- At Albany, on the 13th inst., John C. Voss, aged 89.
- At Troy, Aug. 11, Ebenezer Wilcox, aged 67.
- At Madison county, Va., on the 13th July, Gen. Wm. Madison, in the 68th year of his age.
- At Staten Island, on Sunday last, Wm. Vreeland.
- At Pera, Ill., July 27, Frederick Hill, M. D., aged 64.
- At Middlebrook, N. J., on the 13th inst., Nicholas V. G. Garrison, aged 43.

MARRIED.

- At Harlem, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. R. Hoyt, Episcopates Douglas to Matilda Mier.
- At Harlem, on the 23d of July, by Rev. R. Hoyt, Thomas Quinlan to Cornelia Oakley.
- At Rome, N. Y., Aug. 3, by the Rev. Mr. Haynes, W. L. Howland to Miss A. Wood.
- At Rander, Me., Aug. 2, Joana Niatori to Abby West.
- At Boston, Aug. 3, by Rev. Mr. Stone, John M. Whittmore to Mary C. Loud.
- At Beverly, Mass., Aug. 3, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Thordrud to Reed to Hannah P. Nourse.
- At Brooklyn, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Lewis, John Reese to Miss Elizabeth Watts.
- At Jacksonville, E. F., Aug. 3, by Rev. Mr. Ashby, George Grouard to Mary A. Ryan.
- At Newport R. I. July 30, by the Rev. Mr. Vinton, D. Westley Bailey to Harriet L. Goodrich.
- At Brooklyn, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. L. M. Vincent, Benjamin Smith to Mary A. Codner.
- On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Charles F. Stohman George Mohr to Jane Wolf.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The proprietors of this Weekly, the Pioneer of the Mammoth Sheet, in pursuance of their intention to make it the BEST and MOST INTERESTING of its class, in casting about for ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIVE for the coming volume, believe they have fully succeeded and take great pride in announcing the following arrangements:

The editorial department has been confided to
JOHN NEAL, ESQ., OF PORTLAND.

The position which this gentleman holds in the literary world is so universally known and established in both hemispheres, that his claims need no advocacy from us. His vigorous pen, which never touches a subject without bathing it in light, will give that tone of originality to the pages of THE JONATHAN which cannot fail to individualize the paper and prove highly attractive.

Our next strong feature, which we are confident will give as much pleasure to our readers as it does ourselves, is that we have made arrangements to purchase AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL of the most intensely interesting character from the pen of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mary Derwent," "Alice Copley," "Melina Gray," &c., &c., which will be published during the year in weekly numbers of the paper. We have also made an agreement with this popular authoress, by which we secure for the Jonathan any nonvallette tales or essays in her peculiar style, which from their originality or otherwise will not interfere with her engagements with other works. We believe that we could not have secured a higher INTELLECTUAL FEAST for our readers than by making this arrangement with Mrs. STEPHENS.

Those, and their name is "all the world," who laughed over the admirable letters of

Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield

published about two years since in the New York Express, and which caused such an immense sensation in the fashionable world, will be delighted to hear that we have been successful in exhuming him from his rustic seclusion at the old "busted," and that by our liberal offers he has been induced to abandon his "otium," and occasionally minister to the rambles of our readers by coming down to York, from where his mirth-moving and unique epistles on men, women, and manners will be given to the world. Jonathan is a shrewd chap, and his straight-forward pen will throw light on many subjects at present concealed in the mist of pretension and humbuggery.

In addition to these attractions, the various departments requisite to a well conducted newspaper, will be competently filled by writers who have made the subjects upon which they write, their especial objects of study. THE MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, LITERARY, ANTIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC departments will all receive full attention, and in our criticism we shall be, what has been so often unsuccessfully attempted, strictly impartial.

In regard to our facilities for choice selections we can only say that all the Foreign Magazines and Miscellaneous Literature of London and Paris are regularly forwarded to us by the Royal Mail Steam Ships, and the cream of them immediately transferred to the pages of the BROTHER JONATHAN. We also by every mail from Liverpool receive new English publications, Historical Romances, all the popular Novels and Works of Fiction, Books of Travel, and the best Scientific Works. Also, the English Annals in advance of their publication in London. From these we shall cull the flowers and present them to the readers of Brother Jonathan. The literature of all countries shall yield tribute to us, frequent translations from the best foreign writers will enrich our pages.

Proper attention will be paid to the department of

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A condensed summary will be given each week of the important current events of the day, sufficient to keep our readers au fait as to the progress of affairs throughout the world.

To sum up, the proprietors intend that the BROTHER JONATHAN shall, for the coming year, stand unrivalled as the

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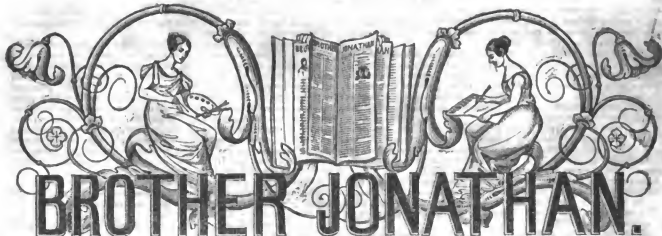
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At a



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VOL. V.—NO. 17.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1843.

WHOLE NO 215.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, Esq. (BOZ.)

Continued from page 240.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOES BUSINESS WITH THE HOUSE OF ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT AND SON,
FROM WHICH ONE OF THE PARTNERS RETIRES UNEXPECTEDLY.

CHUZZLEWIT begins change. Nothing propagates so fast. If a man habituated to a narrow circle of mirth and pleasures, out of which he seldom travels, very beyond it, though for never so brief a space, his departure from the monotonous scene on which he has been so actor of importance, would seem to be the signal for instant confusion. As if, in the gap he had left, the wedge of change were driven to the head, rending what was a solid mass to fragments; things cemented and held together by the usages of years, burst asunder in as many weeks. The mine which Time has slowly dug beneath familiar objects, is sprung in an instant; and what was rock before, becomes but sand and dust.

Most men at one time or other have proved this in some degree. The extent to which the natural laws of change asserted their supremacy in that limited sphere of action which Martin had deserted, shall be faithfully set down in these pages.

"What a cold spring it is!" whimpered old Anthony, drawing near the evening fire. "It was a warmer season, sure, when I was young!"

"You needn't go scorching your clothes into holes, whether it was or not," observed the amiable Jonas, raising his eyes from yesterday's newspaper. "Broadcloth ain't so cheap as that comes to."

"A good lad!" cried the father, breathing on his cold hands, and feebly chafing them against each other. "A prudent lad! He never delirioused himself up to the vanities of dress. No, no!"

"I don't know but I would though, mind you, if I could do it for nothing," said his son, as he resumed the paper.

"Ah!" chuckled the old man. "If, indeed!—But it's very cold."

"Let the fire be!" cried Mr. Jonas, stopping his honored parent's hand in the use of the poker. "Do you mean to come to want in your old age, that you take to wasting now?"

"There's not time for that, Jonas," said the old man.

"Not time for what?" bawled his heir.

"For me to come to want. I wish there was!"

"You always were as selfish as old blade as need be," said Jonas, in a voice too low for him to hear, and looking at him with an angry frown.

"You act up to your character. You wouldn't mind coming to want, would you? I dare say you wouldn't. And your own flesh and blood might come to want too, might they, for anything you cared? Oh you precious old firm!"

After this dutiful address, he took his tea cup in his hand—for that meal was in progress, and the father and son and Chuffey were partakers of it. Then, looking steadfastly at his father, and stopping now and then to carry a spoonful of tea to his lips, he proceeded in the same tone, thus:

"Want, indeed! You're a nice old man to be talking of want at this time of day. B-ginning to talk of want are you? Well, I declare! There's n't time! No, I mustn't stop now. But you'd live to be a couple of hundred if you could; and after all be disappointed. I know you!"

The old man sighed, and still sat cowering before the fire. Mr. Jonas shook his Britannia-metal teaspoon at him, and taking a loftier position went on to argue the point on high moral grounds.

"If you're in such a state of mind as that," he grumbled, but in the same subdued key, "why don't you make over your property? Buy an annuity cheap, and make your life interesting to yourself and everybody else that watches the speculation. But no, that wouldn't suit you. That would be natural conduct to your own son, and you like to be unnatural, and to keep him out of his rights. Why, I should be ashamed of myself if I was you, and glad to hide my head in the what you may call it."

Possibly this general phrase supplied the place of grave, or tomb, or sepulchre, or cemetery, or mausoleum, or other such word which the filial tenderness of Mr. Jonas made him delicate of pronouncing. He pursued the theme no further; for Chuffey, somehow discovering, from its old corner by the fireplace, that Anthony was in the attitude of a listener, and that Jonas appeared to be speaking, suddenly cried out, like one inspired:

"He is your own son, Mr. Chuzzlewit. Your own son, sir!"

Old Chuffey little suspected what depth of application these words had, or that, in the bitter satire which they bore, they might have sunk into the old man's very soul, could he have known what words were hanging on his own son's lips, or what was passing in his thoughts. But the voice diverted the current of Anthony's reflections, and roused him.

"Yes, yes, Chuffey, Jonas is a chip of the old block. It's a very old block now, Chuffey," said the old man, with a strange look of discomposure.

"Precious old," assented Jonas.

"No, no, no," said Chuffey. "No, Mr. Chuzzlewit. Not old at all, sir."

"Oh! He's worse than ever, you know!" cried Jonas, quite disgusted. "Upon my soul, father, he's getting too bad. Hold your tongue, will you?"

"He says you're wrong!" cried Anthony to the old clerk.

"He says you're wrong," said Chuffey's answer. "I know better. I say he's wrong. I say he's wrong. He's a boy. That's what he is. So are you, Mr. Chuzzlewit—a kind of boy. Ha! ha! ha! You're quite a boy to me I have known; you're a boy to me; you're a boy to hundreds of us. Don't mind him!"

With this extraordinary speech—for in the case of Chuffey this was a sort of eloquence without a parallel—the poor old shadow drew through his pallid arm his master's hand, and held it there, with his own folded upon it, as if he would defend him.

"I grow deaf, every day, Chuffey," said Anthony, with as much softness of manner, or, to describe it more correctly, with as little hardness as he was capable of expressing.

"No, no," cried Chuffey. "No you don't. What if you did? I've been deaf this twenty years."

"I grow blinder, too," said the old man, shaking his head.

"That's a good sign!" cried Chuffey. "Ha! ha! That best sign in the world! You saw too well before."

He patted Anthony upon the hand as one might comfort a child, and drawing the old man's arm still further through his own, shook his trembling fingers towards the spot where Jonas sat, as though he would wave him off. But Anthony remained quite still and silent, he relaxed his hold by slow degrees and leaped into his usual niche in the corner; merely putting forth his hand at intervals and touching his old employer gently on the coat, as with the design of assuring himself that he was yet beside him.

Mr. Jonas was so very much amazed by these proceedings that he could do nothing but stare at the two old men, until Chuffey had fallen into his usual state, and Anthony had sunk into a doze; when he gave some vent to his emotions by going close up to the former personage, and making as though he would, in vulgar parlance, "punch his head."

"They're been carrying on this game," thought Jonas in a brown

study," for the last two or three weeks. I never saw my father take so much notice of him as he has in that time. What? You're legging-busting are you, Mister Chuff? Eh?

But Chuff was as little conscious of the thought as of the bodily advance of Mr. Jonas's clenched fist, which hovered fondly about his ear. When he had scowled at him to his heart's content, Jonas took the candle from the table, and walking into the glass office, produced a bunch of keys from his pocket. With one of these he opened a secret drawer in the desk; peering stealthily, as he did so, to be certain that the two old men were still before the fire.

"All as right as ever," said Jonas, popping the lid of the desk open with his forehead, and unfolding a paper. "Here's the will, Mister Chuff. Thirty pound a year for your maintenance, old boy, and all the rest to his only son, Jonas. You needn't trouble yourself to be too affectionate. You won't get anything by it. What's that?"

It was startling, certainly. A face on the other side of the glass partitions looking curiously in; and not at him but at the paper in his hand. For the eyes were attentively cast down upon the writing, and were swiftly raised when he cried out. Then they met his own, and were as the eyes of Mr. Pecksniff.

Snuffing the lid of the desk to fall with a loud noise, but not forgetting even then to lock it, Jonas, pale and breathless, gazed upon this phantasm. It moved, opened the door, and walked in.

"What's the matter?" cried Jonas, falling back. "Who is it? Where do you come from? What do you want?"

"Matter!" cried the voice of Mr. Pecksniff, as Pecksniff in the flash smiled so amiably upon him. "The matter Mr. Jonas!"

"What are you prying and peering about here for?" said Jonas, angrily. "What do you mean by coming up to town in this way, and taking me unaware? It's precious odd a man can't read the—the newspaper in his own office without being startled out of his wits by people coming in without notice. Why didn't you knock at the door?"

"So I did Mr. Jonas," answered Pecksniff, "but no one heard me. I was curious," he added in his gentle way as he laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder, "to find out what part of the newspaper interested you so much; but the glass was too dim and dirty."

Jonas glanced in haste at the partition. Well. It wasn't very clean. So far he spoke the truth.

"Was it poetry now?" said Mr. Pecksniff, shaking the forefinger of his right hand with an air of cheerful banter. "Or was it politics? or was it the price of stocks? The main chance Mr. Jonas, the main chance I suspect?"

"You ain't far from the truth," answered Jonas, recovering himself and snuffing the candle: "but how the deuce do you come to be in London again? Food! It's enough to make a man stare, to see a fellow looking at him all of a sudden, who he thought was sixty or seventy miles away."

"So it is," said Mr. Pecksniff. "No doubt of it my dear Mr. Jonas. For while the human mind is constituted as it is—"

"Ob better the human mind," interrupted Jonas with impatience, "what have you come up for?"

"A little matter of business," said Mr. Pecksniff, "which has arisen quite unexpectedly."

"Oh!" cried Jonas, "is that all? Well! Here's father in the next room. Hallo father, here's Pecksniff! He gets more addle-pated every day he lives, I do believe," muttered Jonas, shaking his hoarse-paired ears roundly. "Don't I tell you Pecksniff's here, stupid-head!"

The combined effects of the shaking and this loving remonstrance soon awoke the old man, who gave Mr. Pecksniff a chuckling welcome, which was attributable in part to his being glad in see that gentleman, and in part to his unfading delight in the recollection of having called him a hypocrite. As Mr. Pecksniff had not taken tea (indeed he had but a hour before arrived in London) the remains of the late collation, with a rasher of bacon, were served up for his entertainment; and as Mr. Jonas had a business appointment in the next street, he stepped out to keep it; promising to return before Mr. Pecksniff could finish his repast.

"And now my good sir," said Mr. Pecksniff to Anthony: "now that we are alone, pray tell me what I can do for you. I say alone, because I believe that our dear friend Mr. Chuffey is, metaphysically speaking, a—shall I say a dummy?" asked Mr. Pecksniff with his sweetest smile, and his head very much on one side.

"He neither hears us," replied Anthony, "nor sees us."

"Why then," said Mr. Pecksniff, "I will be bold to say, with the utmost sympathy for his afflictions, and the greatest admiration of those excellent qualities which do equal honour to his head and to his heart, that he is what is playfully termed a dummy. You were going to observe, my dear sir—"

"I was not going to make any observation that I know of," replied the old man.

"I was," said Mr. Pecksniff, mildly.

"Oh! you were? What was it?"

"That I never," said Mr. Pecksniff, previously rising to see that the door was shut, and arranging his chair when he came back, so that it could not be opened in any way without his immediately becoming aware of the circumstance: "that I never in my life was so astonished as by the receipt of your letter yesterday. That you should do me the honour to wish to take counsel with me on any matter, amazed me; but that you should desire to do so to the exclusion even of Mr. Jonas, showed an amount of confidence in one to whom you had done a verbal injury—"

merely a verbal injury, you were anxious to repair—which gratified, which moved, which overcame me."

He was always a glib speaker, but he delivered this short address very glibly; having been at some pains to compose it outside the coach.

Although he paused for a reply, and truly said that he was there at Anthony's request, the old man sat gazing at him in profound silence and with a perfectly blank face. Nor did he seem to have the least desire or impulse to pursue the conversation, though Mr. Pecksniff looked towards the door, and pulled out his watch, and gave him many other hints that their time was short, and Jonas, if he kept his word, would soon return. But the stranger incident in all this strange behaviour was, that of a sudden—in a moment—so swiftly that it was impossible to trace how, or to observe any progress of change—his features fell into their old expression, and he cried, striking his hand passionately upon the table as if no interval at all had taken place.

"Will you hold your tongue, Sir, and let me speak?"

Mr. Pecksniff deferred to him with submissive bow; and said within himself, "I knew his hand was changed, and that his writing staggered. I said so yesterday. Ahem! Dear me!"

"Jonas is sweet upon your daughter, Pecksniff," said the old man, in his usual tone.

"We spoke of that, if you remember, Sir, at Mrs. Todgers's," replied the coughed-in voice.

"You needn't speak so loud," retorted Anthony. "I'm not so deaf as that."

Mr. Pecksniff had certainly raised his voice pretty high; not so much because he thought Anthony was deaf, as because he felt convinced that his perceptive faculties were waxing dim; but this quick resentment of his considerate benefactor greatly disconcerted him, and, not knowing what to do, to his own surprise, he came upon, and made another inclination of the head, yet more submissive than the last.

"I have said," repeated the old man, "that Jonas is sweet upon your daughter."

"A charming girl, sir," murmured Mr. Pecksniff, seeing that he waited for an answer. "A dear girl, Mr. Chuzzlewit, though I say it who should not."

"You know better," cried the old man, advancing his wizen face at least a yard, and starting forward in his chair to do it. "You lie! What, you will be a hypocrite, will you?"

"My good sir," Mr. Pecksniff began.

"Don't call me a good sir," retorted Anthony, "and don't claim to be one yourself. If your daughter was what you would have me believe, she wouldn't do for Jonas. Being what she is, I think she will. He might be deceived in a wife. She might run riot, contract debts, and waste his substance. Now when I am dead—"

His face altered so horribly as he said the word, that Mr. Pecksniff really was fain to look another way.

"It will be worse for me to know of such doings, than if I was alive: for to be tormented for getting that together, which even while I suffer for its acquisition is flung into the very kennels of the streets, would be insupportable torture. No," said the old man hoarsely, "let that be saved at least, let there be something gained, and kept fast hold of, when as much is lost."

"My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit," said Pecksniff, "these are unwholesome fancies; quite unnecessary, sir, quite uncalled for, I am sure. The truth is, my dear sir, that you are not well!"

"Not dying though!" cried Anthony, "with something like the snarl of a wild animal. 'Not yet!' There are years of life in me. Why, look at him," pointing to his feeble clerk. "Death has no right to leave him standing, and to mow me down."

Mr. Pecksniff was so much afraid of the old man, and so completely taken aback by the state in which he found him, that he had not even presence of mind enough to call up a scrap of morality from the great storehouse within his own breast. Therefore he stammered out that no doubts it was in the power of Mr. Chuffey to turn to evil; and that from all he had heard of Mr. Chuffey, and the little he had the pleasure of knowing of that gentleman, personally, he felt convinced in his own mind that he would see the propriety of expiring with as little delay as possible.

"Come here!" said the old man, beckoning him to draw nearer.

"Jonas will be my heir, Jonas will be rich, and a great catch for you. You know that." Jonas is sweet upon your daughter, Pecksniff.

"I know that too," thought Mr. Pecksniff, "for you have said it often enough."

"He might get more money than with her," said the old man, "but she will help him to take care of what they have. She is not too young or heedless, and comes of a good hard gripping stock. But don't you play too fine a game. She only holds him by a thread; and if you draw it too tight, (I know his temper) all his temper will be in the mood, Pecksniff; bind him. You're too deep. In your way of leading him on, you'll leave him miles behind. Bah, you man of evil, have I no eyes to see how you have angled with him from the first!"

"Now I wonder," thought Mr. Pecksniff, looking at him with a wistful face, "whether this is all he has to say?"

Old Anthony rubbed his hands and muttered to himself; complained again that he was cold; drew his chair before the fire, and sitting with his back to Mr. Pecksniff, and his chin raked down upon his breast, was, in another minute, quite regardless or forgetful of his presence.

Uncouth and unsatisfactory as this short interview had been, it had furnished Mr. Pecksniff with a hint which, supposing nothing further

were imparted to him, repaid the journey up, and home again. For the good gentleman had never (for want of an opportunity) dived into the depths of Mr. Jonas's nature, and any recipe for catolping such a son-in-law (much more, one writes on a leaf out of his own father's book) was worth the having. In order that he might lose no chance of improving so fair an opportunity by allowing Anthony to fall asleep before he had finished all he had to say, Mr. Pecksniff, in the disposal of the refreshments on the table—a work to which he now applied himself in earnest—reverted to many ingenious contrivances for attracting his attention, such as coughing, clearing his throat, clapping his hands, dropping the knives, dropping the loaf, and so forth. But all in vain, for Mr. Jonas returned, and Anthony had said no more.

"What! my father asleep again?" he cried, as he hung up his hat, and cast a look at him. "Ah! and snoring. Only hear!"

"He snores very deep," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"Snores deep?" repeated Jonas. "Yes; let him alone for that. He'll snore for six, at any time."

"Do you know, Mr. Jonas," said Pecksniff, "that I think your father is—don't let me alarm you—breaking?"

"Oh, is he though?" replied Jonas, with a shake of the head, which expressed the closeness of his dutiful observation. "Ecod, you don't know how tough he is. He ain't upon the move yet."

"It struck me that he was changed, both in his appearance and manner," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"That's all you know about it," returned Jonas, seating himself with a melancholy sigh. "He never was better than he is now. How are they all at home? How's Charity?"

"Blooming, Mr. Jonas, blooming."

"And the other one—how's she?"

"Voluble trifler!" said Mr. Pecksniff, fondly musing. "She is well—she is well. Roving from parlor to bed-room, Mr. Jonas, like the bee; skimming from post to pillar, like the butterfly; dipping her young beak into our current view, like the humming-bird! Ah! were she a little less giddy than she is; and had she but the sterling qualities of Cherry, my young friend!"

"Is she so very giddy, then?" asked Jonas.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Pecksniff, with great feeling; "let me not be hard upon my child. Beside her sister Cherry she appears so. A strange noise that, Mr. Jonas."

"Something wrong in the clock, I suppose," said Jonas, glancing towards it. "So the other one ain't your favorite, ain't she?"

The fond father seemed about to reply, and had already summoned into his face a look of the intensest sensibility, when the sound he had already noticed was repeated.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jonas, that is a very extraordinary clock," said Pecksniff.

It would have been, if it had made the noise which startled them; but another kind of time piece was fast running down, and from that the sound proceeded. A scream from Chuffey, rendered a hundred times more loud and formidable by his silent habit, made the house ring from roof to cellar; and, looking round, they saw Anthony Chuzzlewit extended on the floor, with the old clock beside him.

He had fallen from his chair in a fit, and lay there, battling for each gasp of breath, with every shrivelled vein and sinew starting in its place, as it were bent on bearing witness to his age, and sternly pleading with Nature against his recovery. It was frightful to see how the principle of life, shut up within his withered frame, fought like a strong devil, mad to be released, and rent his ancient prison-house. A young man in the fullness of his vigor, struggling with so much strength of desperation, would have been a diabolical sight; but an old, shrunken body, endowed with preternatural might, and giving the lie in every motion of its every limb and joint to its enfeebled aspect, was a hideous spectacle indeed.

They raised him up, and fetched a surgeon with all haste, who bled the patient, and applied some remedies; but the fit held him so long, that it was past midnight when they got him—quiet now, but quite unconscious and exhausted—into bed.

"Don't go," said Jonas, putting his ashy lips to Mr. Pecksniff's ear, and whispering across the bed. "It was a mercy you were present when he was taken ill. Some one might have said it was my doing."

"Your doing?" cried Mr. Pecksniff.

"I don't know but they might," he replied, wiping the moisture from his white face, "be wiser as witnesses for a thousand pound."

Mr. Pecksniff shook his head.

"I used to joke, you know," said Jonas; "but I—I never wished him dead. Do you think he's very bad?"

"The doctor said he was. You heard," was Mr. Pecksniff's answer.

"Ah! but he might say that to charge us more, in case of his getting well," said Jonas. "You musn't go away, Pecksniff. Now it's come to this, I wouldn't be without a witness for a thousand pound."

Chuffey said not a word, and heard not a word. He had sat himself down in a chair at the bedside, and there he remained, motionless; except that he sometimes bent his head over the pillow, and seemed to listen. He never changed in this. Though once in the dreary night Mr. Pecksniff, having dozed, awoke with a confused impression that he had heard him praying, and strangely mingling figures—not of speech, but of sentiment—with his broken prayers.

Jonas sat, too, all night; not where his father could have seen him, had his consciousness returned, but hiding, as it were, behind him, and only reading how he looked in Mr. Pecksniff's eyes. He, the coarse upstart, who had ruled the house so long—that craven cur, who was

afraid to move, and shook so that his very shadow flattered on the wall! It was broad, bright, stirring day when, leaving the old clerk to watch him, they went down to breakfast. People hurried up and down the street; windows and doors were opened; thieves and beggars took their usual posts; workmen bestirred themselves; tradesmen set forth their shops; bailiffs and constables were on the watch; all kinds of human creatures strove, in their several ways, as hard to live, as the old sick old man who combated for every grain of sand in his fast-emptying glass, as eagerly as if it were an empire.

"If anything happens, Pecksniff," said Jonas, "you must promise me to stop here till it's all over. You shall see that I do what's right."

"I know that you will do what's right, Mr. Jonas," said Pecksniff.

"Yes, yes, but I won't be doubted. No one shall have it in his power to say a syllable against me," he returned. "I know how people will talk. Just as if he wasn't old, or I had the secret of keeping him alive!"

Mr. Pecksniff promised that he would remain, if circumstances should render it in his esteemed friend's opinion desirable; and they were finishing their meal in silence, when suddenly an apparition stood before them, so ghastly to the view, that Jonas shrieked aloud, and both recoiled in horror.

Old Anthony, dressed in his usual clothes, was in the room—beside the table. He leaned upon the shoulder of his solitary friend; and on his livid face and on his bony hands, and in his glassy eyes, and traced by an eerie finger in the very drops of sweat upon his brow, was one word—Death.

He spoke to them—in something of his own voice too, but sharpened and made hollow, like a dead man's face. What he would have said, God knows. He seemed to utter words, but they were such as man had never heard. And this was the most fearful circumstance of all, to see him standing there, gabbling in an unearthly tongue.

"He's better now," said Chuffey. "Better now. Let him sit in his old chair, and he'll be well again. I told him not to mind. I said so, yesterday."

They put him in his easy-chair, and wheeled it near the window; then setting open the door, exposed him to the free current of morning air. But not all the air that is, nor all the winds that ever blew 'twixt Heaven and Earth, could have brought new life to him. Plunge him to the throat in golden pieces now, and his heavy fingers should not close on one.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE READER IS BROUGHT INTO COMMUNICATION WITH SOME PROFESSIONAL PERSONS, AND SEES A YEAR OVER THE FILIAL PIETY OF GOOD MR. JONAS.

Mr. Pecksniff was in a hackney cabriolet, for Jonas Chuzzlewit had said "Spare no expense." Mankind is evil in its thoughts and in its base constructions, and Jonas was resolved it should not have an lock to stretch into all against him. It never should be charged upon his father's son that he had grudged the money for his father's funeral. Hence, until the obsequies should be concluded, Jonas had taken for his motto—"Spare no expense!"

Mr. Pecksniff had been to the undertaker, and was now upon his way to another officer in the train of mourning—a female functionary, a nurse and watcher, and performer of nameless offices about the persons of the dead—whom he had recommended. Her name, as Mr. Pecksniff gathered from a scrap of writing in his hand, was Gamp; her residence in Kinggate Street, High Holborn. So Mr. Pecksniff, in a hackney cab, was rattling over Holborn squares, in quest of Mr. Gamp.

This lady lodged at a bird-fancier's; next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's meat warehouse; the renown of which establishments was duly beralded on their respective floors. It was a little house, and this was the more convenient; for Mrs. Gamp being, in her highest walk of art, a monthly nurse, or, as her sign-board boldly had it, "Midwife," and lodging in the fish-storeroom was easily accessible at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco pipe; all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed.

It chanced on this particular occasion that Mrs. Gamp had been up all the previous night, in attendance upon a ceremony to which the usage of gossip has given that name which expresses, in two syllables, the curse pronounced on Adam. It chanced that Mrs. Gamp had not been regularly engaged, but had been called in at a crisis, in consequence of her great repugnance, to assist another professional lady with her advice; and thus it happened that, all points of interest in the case being over, Mrs. Gamp had come home again to the bird-fancier's, and gone to bed. So when Mr. Pecksniff drove up to the hackney cab, Mrs. Gamp's curials were warm close, and Mrs. Gamp was fast asleep behind them.

If the bird-fancier had been at home, as he ought to have been, there would have been no great harm in this; but he was out, and his shop was closed. The shutters were down certainly, and in every pane of glass there was at least one tiny bird in a tiny bird-cage, twittering and hopping his little ballet of despair, and knocking his head against the roof; while one unhappy goldfinch who drew outside a red ribbon in his name on the door, drew the water for his own drinking, and mutely appealed to some good man to drop a farthing's worth of poison in it. Still, the door was shut. Mr. Pecksniff tried the latch, and shook it, causing a cracked bell inside to ring most mournfully; but no one came.

He found that example to bereaved sons and pattern in the eyes of all performers of funerals, moving over a fragment of writing-paper on the desk, and scratching figures on it with a pen. The old man's chair, and his walking-stick, were removed from their accustomed places, and put out of sight; the window-blinds, as yellow as November fog, were drawn close; Jonas himself was so subdued, that he could scarcely be heard to speak; and only seen to walk across the room.

"Pecksniff!" he said, in a whisper, "you shall have the regulation of it all, mind. You shall be able to tell anybody who talks about it that everything was correctly and freely done. There isn't any one you'd like to ask to be the funeral, is there?"

"No, Mr. Jonas, I think not."

"Because if there is, you know," said Jonas, "ask him. We don't want to make a secret of it."

"No," repeated Mr. Pecksniff, after a little reflection. "I am not the less obliged to you on that account, Mr. Jonas, for your liberal hospitality; but there really is no one."

"Very well," said Jonas; "then you, and I, and Chuffey, and the doctor, will be just as careful. We'll have the doctor, Pecksniff, because he knows what was the matter with him, and that couldn't be helped."

"Where is our dear friend, Mr. Chuffey?" asked Pecksniff, looking round the chamber, and winking both eyes at once—for he was overcome by his feelings.

But here he was interrupted by Mrs. Gamp, who, divested of her bonnet and shawl, came sidling and bridling into the room; and, with some sharpness, demanded a conference outside the door with Mr. Pecksniff.

"You may say whatever you wish to say here, Mrs. Gamp," said that gentleman, shaking his head with a cold, whole expression.

"It is not much as I have to say, when people is a mourning for the dead and gone," said Mrs. Gamp, "but what I have to say is to the pint and purpose, and no offence intended, most to be considered. I have been at a many places in my time, gentlemen, and I hope I know what my duties is, and how the same should be performed: in course, if I did not, it would be very strange, and very wrong in such a gentleman as Mr. Mould, gentle as the highest families in this land, and given every satisfaction, so to recommend me as he does. I have seen a deal of trouble my own self," said Mrs. Gamp, laying greater and greater stress upon her words, "and I can feel for them as has their feelings tried; but I am not a Roobson or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer Spies to be set over me."

Before it was possible that an answer could be returned, Mrs. Gamp, now growing redder in the face, went on to say:

"It is not a easy matter, gentlemen, to live when you are left a widder woman; particular when your feelings woe upon you to that extent that you often find yourself a going out on terms which is a certain loss, and never can repay. But in whatever way you earn your bread, you may have rules and regulations of your own, which cannot be broke through. Some people," said Mrs. Gamp, again entreaching herself behind her strong point, "if it were not assailable by human ingenuity, 'may be Roobson, and some may be Prooshan, they are born so, and will please themselves.' Them which is of other nature thinks different."

"If I understand this good lady," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning to Jonas, "Mr. Chuffey is troublesome to her. Shall I fetch him down?"

"Do," said Jonas. "I was going to tell you he was up there, when she came in. I'd go myself and bring him down, only—I'd rather you went, if you don't mind it."

"I am sure," she said, "that if it wasn't for his own happiness, I should no more mind his being there, poor dear, than if he was a fly. But them as isn't used to these things, thinks so much of 'em afterwards, that it's a kindness to 'em not to let 'em have their wish. And even," said Mrs. Gamp, probably in reference to some flowers of speech she had already strown on Mr. Chuffey, "even if one calls 'em names, it's easy done to roast 'em."

Whenever epithet she had bestowed upon the old clerk, they had not roused him. As he sat beside the bed, in the chair he had occupied all the previous night, with his hands folded before him, and his head bowed down; and neither looked up, on their entrance, nor gave any sign of consciousness, until Mr. Pecksniff took him by the arm, when he meekly rose.

"Three score and ten," said Chuffey, "ought and carry seven. Some men are so strong that they live to fourscore—four times ought—an eight, four times two's eight—eighty. Oh! why—why—why—didn't he live to four times eight's eight, and four times two's eight—eighty?"

"Ah! what a wale of an ogre!" cried Mrs. Gamp, possessing herself of the bottle and glass.

"Why did he die before his poor old, crasy servant?" said Chuffey, clapping his hands and looking up in anguish. "Take him from me, and what remains?"

"Mr. Jones," returned Pecksniff, "Mr. Jonas, my good friend."

"I loved him," cried the old man, weeping. "He was good to me. We learn Tere and Tret together, at school. I took him down once, six boys, in the arithmetic class. God forgive me! Had I the heart to take him down?"

"Come, Mr. Chuffey," said Pecksniff, "come with me. Summon up your fortitude, Mr. Chuffey."

"Yes, I will," returned the old clerk. "Yes, I'll sum up my forty—How many times forty—Oh, Chuzzlewit and son—Your own son, Mr. Chuzzlewit: your own son, Sir?"

He yielded to the hand that guided him, as he leaped into this familiar expression, and submitted to be led away. Mrs. Gamp, with the

bottle on one knee, and the glass on the other, sat upon a stool, shaking her head for a long time, until, in a moment of abstraction, she poured out a dram of spirits, and raised it to her lips. It was succeeded by a second, and by a third, and then her eyes—either in the sadness of her reflections upon life and death, or in her admiration of the liquor—were so turned up as to be quite invisible. But she shook her head still.

Poor Chuffey was conducted to his accustomed corner, and there he remained, still and quiet, save at long intervals, when he would rise, and walk about the room, and wring his hands, or raise some strange and sudden cry. For a whole week they all three sat about the hearth and never stirred abroad. Mr. Pecksniff would have walked out for a minute, the evening time, but Jonas was so averse to his being absent for a minute, that he abandoned the idea, and so, from morning until night, they brooded together in the dark room, without relief or occupation.

The weight of that which was stretched out stiff and stark, in the awful chamber above stairs, so crushed and bowed down Jonas, that he bent beneath the load. During the whole long seven days and nights, he was always oppressed and haunted by a dreadful sense of its presence in the house. Did the door move, he looked towards it with a livid face and starting eye, as if he fully believed that ghostly fingers clutched the handle. Did the fire flicker in a draught of air, he glanced over his shoulder, as almost dreading to behold some shrouded figure fanning and flapping it with its fearful dress. The slightest noise disturbed him; and once, in the night, at the sound of a footstep over head, he cried out that the dead man was walking—tramp, tramp, tramp—about in his coffin.

He lay at night upon a mattress on the floor of the sitting-room; his own chamber being assigned to Mrs. Gamp, and Mr. Pecksniff's room was similarly accommodated. The howling of a dog below the house, filled him with a terror he could not disguise. He avoided the reflection in the opposite windows of the light that burned above, as though it had been an angry eye. He often, in every night, rose up from his fitful sleep, and looked and longed for dawn; all directions and arrangements, even to the ordering of their daily meals, he abandoned to Mr. Pecksniff. That excellent gentleman, deeming that the mourner wanted comfort, and that high feeding was likely to do him infinite service, availed himself of these opportunities to such good purpose that they kept quite a dainty table during this melancholy season; with sweetbreads, stewed kidneys, oysters, and other such light viands for supper every night; over which, and sundry jorums of hot punch, Mr. Pecksniff delivered such moral reflections and spiritual consolation as might have converted a Heathen—especially if he had had but an imperfect acquaintance with Cato's tongue.

Nor did Mr. Pecksniff alone indulge in the creature comforts during this sad time. Mrs. Gamp proved to be very choice in her eating, and repudiated hashed mutton with scorn. In her drinking too, she was very punctual and particular, requiring a pint of mild porter at lunch, a pint at dinner, half a pint as a species of stay or holdfast between dinner and tea, and a pint of the celebrated staggering ale, or Real Old Brighton Tipper, at supper; besides the bottle on the chimney-piece, and such cases as invitations to refresh herself with wine as the good-brooding of her employees might prompt them to offer. In like manner, Mr. Mould's men found it necessary to drown their grief, like a young kitten in the morning of its existence; for which reason they generally fuddled them selves before they began to do anything, lest it should make head and get the better of them. In short, the whole of that strange week was a round of dismal joviality and grim enjoyment; and every one, except poor Chuffey, who came within the shadow of Anthony Chuzzlewit's grave, feasted like a Ghoul.

At length the day of the funeral, pious and truthful ceremony that it was, arrived. Mr. Mould, with a glass of generous port between his eye and the light, leaned against the desk in the little glass office with his gold watch in his unoccupied hand, and conversed with Mrs. Gamp; two mutes were at the house-door, looking as mournful as could be reasonably expected of men with such a thrilling job in hand; the whole of Mr. Mould's establishment were on duty within the house or without; feathers waved, horses snorted, silks and velvets fluttered; in a word, as Mr. Mould emphatically said, "everything that money could do, was done."

"And what can do more, Mrs. Gamp?" exclaimed the undertaker, as he emptied his glass, and smacked his lips.

"Nothing in the world, sir."

"Nothing in the world," repeated Mr. Mould. "You are right, Mrs. Gamp. Why do people spend more money"—here he filled his glass again—"upon a death, Mrs. Gamp, than upon a birth? Come, that's in your way; you ought to know. How do you account for that now?"

"Perhaps it is because an undertaker's charges come dearer than a nurse's charges, sir," said Mrs. Gamp, uttering, and smoothing down her new black dress by her hands.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Mould. "You have been breakfasting at seven this morning, Mrs. Gamp." But seeing by the aid of a little shaving glass which hung opposite, that he looked morose, he composed his features and became sorrowful.

"Many's the time that I've not breakfasted at my own expense along of your kind recommending, sir; and many's the time I hope to do the same in time to come," said Mrs. Gamp with an apologetic curtsy.

"So be it," replied Mr. Mould, "please Providence. No, Mrs. Gamp; I'll tell you why it is. It's because the laying out of money on a funeral—conducted establishment, where the thing is performed upon the very best scale, binds the broken heart, and sheds balm upon the wounded

spirit. Hearts wend binding, and spirits wend belming when people die: not when people are born. Look at this gamelute-day! look at him!"

"An open-banded gentlemen!" cried Mrs. Gamp, with enthusiasm.

"No, no," said the undertaker: "no an open-banded gentleman in general, by any means. There you mistake him: but an afflicted gentleman, an affectionate gentleman, who knows what it is the power of money to do, in giving him self, and in testifying his love and veneration for the departed. It can give him," said Mr. Mould, waving his watch-chain slowly round and round, so that he described one circle after every item; "it can give him four horses to coach vehicle; it can give him velvet trappings; it can give him drivers in cloth cloaks and top-boots; it can give him the plumage of the ostrich, dyed black; it can give him any manner of walking attendants, dressed in the latest of funeral fashion, and carrying banners tipped with brass; it can give him a handsome tomb; it can give him a place in Westminster Abbey itself, if he choose to invest in such a purchase. Oh! do not let us say that gold is dross, when it can buy such things as these, Mrs. Gamp."

"But what a blessing, sir," said Mrs. Gamp, "that there are such as you, to sell as let 'em out on hire!"

"Ay, Mrs. Gamp, you are right," rejoined the undertaker. "We should be an honored calling. We do good by stealth, and blush to have it mentioned in our little bills. How much consolation may I—even I!"—cried Mr. Mould, "have diffused among my fellow-creatures by means of my four long-tailed prancers, never harnessed under ten pound too!"

Mrs. Gamp had begun to make a suitable reply, when she was interrupted by the appearance of one of Mr. Mould's attendants—his chief mourner in the fastidious use of his waistcoat a closer connection with his legs than is quite reconcilable with the established ideas of grace; with that cast of feature which is figuratively called a bottle-nose; and with a face covered all over with pimples. He had been a tender plant once upon a time, but from constant blowing in the fat atmosphere of funerals, had run to seed.

"Well, Tacker," said Mr. Mould, "is all ready here?"

"A beautiful show, sir," rejoined Tacker. "The horses are prouder and fresher than ever I see 'em; and tuss their heads, they do, as if they knowed how much their plumos cost. One, two, three, four," said Mr. Tacker, bending that number of black cloaks upon his left arm.

"Is Tom there, with the cake and wine?" asked Mr. Mould.

"Ready to come in at a moment's notice, sir," said Tacker.

"Then," rejoined Mr. Mould, putting up his watch, and glancing at himself in the little mirror that he might be sure to see his own face with the right expression on it: "then I think we may proceed to business. Give me the paper of gloves, Tacker. Ah! what a man he was! Ah! Tacker, Tacker, what a man he was!"

Mr. Tacker, who from his great experience in the performance of funerals, would have made a magnificent pantomime actor, winked at Mrs. Gamp without at all disturbing the gravity of his countenance, and followed his master into the next room.

It was a great point with Mr. Mould, and a part of his professional tact, not to seem to know the doctor—though in reality they were near neighbors, and very often, as in the present instance, worked together. So he advanced to fit on his black kid gloves as if he had never seen him in all his life; while the doctor, on his part, looked as distant and unconscious as if he had heard and read of undertakers, and had passed their shops, but had never before been brought into communication with one.

"Gloves, eh?" said the doctor. "Mr. Pecksniff, after you."

"I couldn't think of it," returned Mr. Pecksniff.

"You are very good," said the doctor, taking a pair. "Well, sir, as I was saying—I was called up to attend that case at about half-past one o'clock. Cake and wine, eh? Which is port? Thank you." Mr. Pecksniff took the cake.

"At about half-past one o'clock in the morning, sir," resumed the doctor, "I was called up to attend that case. At the first pull of the night-bell I turned out, threw up the window, and put out my head. Cloak, eh? Don't tie it tight. That'll do."

Mr. Pecksniff, having been likewise induced into a similar garment, the doctor resumed.

"And put my head—hat, eh? My good friend, that is not mine. Mr. Pecksniff, I beg your pardon, but I think we have unintentionally made an exchange. Thank you. Well, sir, I was going to tell you—"

"We are quite ready," interrupted Mould in a low voice.

"Really, eh?" said the doctor. "Very good. Mr. Pecksniff, I'll take an opportunity of relating the rest in the coach. It's rather curious. Really, eh? No rival, I hope?"

"Quite fair, sir," returned Mould.

"I was afraid the ground would have been wet," said the doctor, "for my phas felt yesterday. We may congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune." But seeing by this time that Mr. Jonas and Chuffey were going out at the door, he put a white pocket-handkerchief to his face as if a violent paroxysm of grief had suddenly come upon him, and walked down side by side with Mr. Pecksniff.

Mr. Mould and his men had not exaggerated the grandeur of the arrangements. They were splendid. The four horse-boxes especially, roared and pranced, and showed their highest action, as if they knew a man was dead, and triumphed in it. "They break us, drive us, ride us, lift, treat, abuse, and grieve us for their pleasure—But they die! Hurrah, they die!"

So through the narrow streets and winding city ways, went Anthony

Chuzzlewit's funeral; Mr. Jonas glancing stealthily out of the coach window now and then, to observe its effect upon the crowd; Mr. Mould as he walked along, listening with a sober pride to the exclamations of the bystanders; the doctor whispering his story to Mr. Pecksniff, without appearing to come any nearer the end of it; and poor old Chuffey sobbing unregarded in the corner. But he had greatly scandalized Mr. Mould at an early stage of the ceremony by carrying his handkerchief in his hat in a perfectly informal manner, and wiping his eyes with his knuckles. And as Mr. Mould himself had said already, his behavior was indecent, and quite unworthy of such an occasion; and he never ought to have been there.

There he was, however; and in the churchyard there he was, also, conducting himself in a no less becoming manner, and leaning for support on Tacker, who plainly told him that he was fit for nothing better than a walking funeral. But Chuffey, Heaven help him! heard no sound but the echoes, lingering in his own heart, of a voice for ever silent.

"I loved him," cried the old man, sinking down upon the grave when all was done. "He was very good to me. Oh, my dear old friend and master!"

"Come, come, Mr. Chuffey," said the doctor, "this won't do; it's a clayey soil, Mr. Chuffey. You mustn't, really."

"If it had been the commonest thing we do, and Mr. Chuffey had been a Bearer, gentlemen," said Mould, casting an imploring glance upon them, as he helped to raise him, "he couldn't have gone on worse than this."

"Be a man, Mr. Chuffey," said Pecksniff.

"Be a gentleman, Mr. Chuffey," said Mould.

"Upon my word, my good friend," murmured the doctor, in a tone of stately reproof, as he stepped up to the old man's side "this is worse than weakness. This is bad, selfish, very wrong, Mr. Chuffey. You should take example from others, my good sir. You forget that you were not connected by ties of blood with our deceased friend; and that he had a very dear and dear relation, Mr. Chuffey."

"Ay, his own son," cried the old man, clapping his hands with remarkable passion. "His own, own, own son!"

"He's not right in his head, you know," said Jonas, turning pale. "You're not to mind anything he says. I should'n't wonder if he was to talk some precious nonsense. But don't you mind him, any of you. I don't. My father left him to my charge; and whatever he says or does, that's enough. I'll take care of him."

But when you think of the mourners (including Mr. Mould and his merry men) at this new instance of magnanimity and kind-feeling on the part of Jonas! What Chuffey put it to the test no farther. He said not a word more, and being left to himself for a little while, crept back again to the coach.

It has been said that Mr. Jonas turned pale when the behaviour of the old clerk attracted general attention; his discomposure, however, was but momentary, and he soon recovered himself. But there were not the only changes he had exhibited that day. The curious eyes of Mr. Pecksniff had observed that as soon as they left the house upon their mournful errand, he began to mood; that as the ceremonies proceeded he gradually, by little and little recovered his old condition, his old looks, his old bearing, his old agreeable characteristics of speech and manner, and became, in all respects, his old pleasant self. And now that they were seated in the coach on their return home; and more when they got there, and found the windows open, the light and air admitted, and all traces of the late event removed; he felt so well convinced that Jonas was again the Jonas he had known a week ago, and not the Jonas of the intervening time, that he voluntarily gave up his recently-acquired power without one faint attempt to exercise it, and at once fell back into his former position of mild and deferential guest.

Mrs. Gamp went home to the bird-fancier's, and was knocked up again the very night for a birth of twins; Mr. Mould dined again in the bosom of his family, and passed the evening facetiously at his club; the bearers, after standing for a long time at the door of a roystering public-house, repaired to its stables with the feathers inside and twelve red-nosed undertakers on the roof, each holding on by a dingy peg, to which, in times of state, a waving plume was fitted; the various trappings of sorrow were carefully laid by in process for the next burial; the tiny steeds were quickly and quietly put in the stable; the doctor got very much wine at a wedding-dinner, and forgot the middle of the story which had no end to it; the pageant of a few short hours ago was written nowhere half so legibly as in the undertaker's books.

Not in the churchyard? Not even there. The gates were closed; the night was dark and wet; and the rain fell silently, among the stagnant weeds and nettles. One new mound was there which had not been marked high Time, but it lay like a white cloud below the ground, hearkened its rest by throwing up another heap of earth. And that was all.

CHAPTER XX.

IS A CHAPTER OF LOVE.

"Pecksniff," said Jonas, taking off his hat, to see that the black crape band was all right; and finding that it was, putting it on again, complacently: "what do you mean to give your daughters when they marry?"

"My dear Mr. Jonas," cried the affectionate parent, with an ingenuous smile, "what a very singular inquiry!"

"Now, don't you mind whether it's a singular inquiry or a plural one,"

retorted Jonas, eyeing Mr. Pecksniff with no great favour, "but answer it, or let it alone. One or the other."

"Hum! The question, my dear friend," said Mr. Pecksniff, laying his hand tenderly upon his kinsman's knee, "is involved with many considerations. What would I give them? Eh?"

"Ah! what would you give 'em?" repeated Jonas.

"Why, that," said Mr. Pecksniff, "would naturally depend in a great measure upon the kind of husbands they might choose, my dear young friend."

Mr. Jonas was evidently disconcerted, and at a loss how to proceed. It was a good answer. It seemed a deep one, but such is the wisdom of simplicity!

"My standard for the merits I would require in a son-in-law," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a short pause, "is high one. Forgive me, my dear Mr. Jonas," he added, greatly moved, "if I say that you have spoiled me, and made it a fanciful one; an imaginative one; a prismatically tinged one, if I may be permitted to call it so."

"What do you mean by that?" growled Jonas, looking at him with increased disfavour.

"Indeed, my dear friend," said Mr. Pecksniff, "you may well inquire. The heart is not always a royal mint, with patching machinery, to work its metal into current coin. Sometimes it throws it out in strange forms, not easily recognised as coin at all. But it is sterling gold. It has at least that merit. It is sterling gold."

"Is it?" grumbled Jonas, with a doubtful shake of the head.

"Ay!" said Mr. Pecksniff, warming with his subject, "it is. To be plain with you, Mr. Jonas, if I could find two such sons-in-law as you will one day make to some of our daughters, capable of appreciating a nature such as yours, I would—forgetful of myself—bestow upon my daughters, portions reaching to the very utmost limit of my means."

This was strong language, and it was earnestly delivered. But who can wonder that such a man as Mr. Pecksniff, after all he had seen and heard of Mr. Jonas, should be strong and earnest upon such a theme; a theme that touched even the worldly lips of undertakers with the honey of eloquence!

Mr. Jonas was silent, and looked thoughtfully at the landscape. For they were seated on the outside of the coach, at the back, and were travelling down into the country. He accompanied Mr. Pecksniff home for a few days' change of air and scene after his recent trials.

"Well," he said, at last, with captivated bluntness, "suppose you got one such son-in-law as me, what then?"

Mr. Pecksniff regarded him at first with inexpressible surprise; then gradually breaking into a sort of incredulous, faintly, said:

"Then well I know whose husband he would be!"

"Whose?" asked Jonas, drily.

"My eldest girl," Mr. Jonas," replied Pecksniff, with moistening eyes. "My dear Cherry's; my staff, my scrip, my treasure, Mr. Jonas. A hard struggle, but it is in the nature of things! I must one day part with her to a husband. I know it, my dear friend. I am prepared for it."

"Good! you're well prepared for that, a pretty long time, I should think," said Jonas.

Many have assumed to hear her from me," said Mr. Pecksniff. "All have failed. 'I never will give my hand, papa,'—those were her words, 'unless my heart is won.' She has not been quite so happy as she used to be, of late. I don't know why."

Again Mr. Jonas looked at the landscape; then at the coachman; then at the luggage on the roof; finally, at Mr. Pecksniff.

"I suppose you'll have to part with the other one, some of these days?" he observed, as he caught that gentleman's eye.

"Probably," said the parent. "Years will tame down the wildness of my foolish bird; and then it will be caged. But Cherry, Mr. Jonas, Cherry—"

"Oh, ah!" interrupted Jonas. "Years have made her all right enough. Nobody doubts that. But you haven't answered what I asked you. Of course, you're not obliged to do it, you know, if you don't like. You're the best judge."

There was a warning stillness in the manner of this speech, which admonished Mr. Pecksniff that his dear friend was not to be trifled with or fenced off, and that he must either return a straight-forward reply to his question, or plainly give him to understand that he declined to colligate him upon the subject to which he referred. Mindful in this dilemma of the caution old Anthony had given him almost with his latest breath, he resolved to speak to the point, and so told Mr. Jonas—enlarging upon the communication as a proof of his great attachment and confidence—that in the case he had put, to wit, in the event of such a man as he proposing for his daughter's hand, he would endow her with a fortune of four thousand pounds.

"I should sadly pinch and cramp myself to do so," was his fatherly remark; "but that would be my duty, and my conscience would reward me. For myself, my conscience is my bank. I have a true investor there—a mere trifle, Mr. Jonas—but I prize it as a store of value. I assure you."

The good man's enemies would have divided upon this question into two parties. One would have asserted without scruple that if Mr. Pecksniff's conscience were his bank, and he kept a running account there, he must have overdrawn it beyond all mortal measure of computation. The other would have contended that mere fictitious entries of a perfectly blank book; or one in which entries were only made with a peculiar kind of invisible ink to become legible at some indefinite time; and that he never troubled it at all.

"It would sadly pinch and cramp me, my dear friend," repeated Mr.

Pecksniff, "but Providence—perhaps I may be permitted to say a special Providence—has blessed my endeavours, and I could guarantee to make the sacrifice."

A question of philosophy arises here, whether Mr. Pecksniff had or had not good reason to say, that he was specially patronised and encouraged in his undertakings. All his life long he had been walking up and down the narrow ways and bye places, with a hook in one hand and a crook in the other, securing all sorts of valuable odds and ends into his pouch. Now, there being a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, it follows (so Mr. Pecksniff might have reasoned, perhaps), that there must also be a special Providence in the alighting of the stone, or stick, or other substance, which is aimed at the sparrow. And Mr. Pecksniff's hook, or crook, having invariably knocked the sparrow on the head and brought him down, that gentleman may have been led to consider himself as being specially assisted and possessed of all the birds he had got together. That many undertakings national as well as individual—but especially the former—are held to be specially brought to a glorious and successful issue, which never could be so regarded on any other process of reasoning, must be clear to all men. Therefore the precedents would seem to show that Mr. Pecksniff had good argument for what he said, and might be permitted to say it, and did not say it presumptuously, vainly, or arrogantly, but in the spirit of high faith and great wisdom meriting all praise.

Mr. Jonas, not being much accustomed to periphrase his first theories of this nature, expressed no opinion on the subject. Nor did he receive his companion's announcement with one solitary syllable, good, bad, or indifferent. He preserved this taciturnity for a quarter of an hour at least, and during the whole of that time appeared to be steadily engaged in subjecting some given amount to the operation of every known rule in figures; adding to it, taking from it, multiplying it, reducing it by long and short, dividing it, working it by the rule of three, first with direct exchange or barter; practice! simple interest; compound interest; and other means of arithmetical calculation. The result of these labours appeared to be satisfactory, for when he did break silence, it was as one who had arrived at some specific result, and freed himself from a state of distressing uncertainty.

"Come, old Pecksniff!"—such was his jocose address, as he slapped that gentleman on the back, at the end of the stage—"let's have something!"

"With all my heart," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"Let's treat the driver," cried Jonas.

"If you think it won't hurt the man, or render him discontented with his station—certainly," faltered Mr. Pecksniff.

Jonas only laughed at this, and getting down from the coach-top with great alacrity, cut a cumbersome kind of caper in the road. After which he went into the public house, and there ordered spirituous drink to such an extent that Mr. Pecksniff had some doubts of his perfect sanity, until Jonas set them quite at rest by saying, when the coach would wait no longer:

"I've been standing a treat for a whole week and more, and letting you have all the delight of the season. You shall pay for this, Pecksniff." It was not a joke either, as Mr. Pecksniff at first supposed; for he went off to the coach without further ceremony, and left his respected victim to settle the bill.

But Mr. Pecksniff was a man of meek endurance, and Mr. Jonas was his friend. Moreover, his regard for that gentleman was founded, as we know, on pure esteem, and a knowledge of the excellence of his character. He came out from the tavern with a smiling face, and even went so far as to repeat the performance, on a less expensive scale, at the nextle-bous. There was a certain wildness in the spirits of Mr. Jonas (not usually a part of his character) which was far from being subdued by these means, and, for the rest of the journey he was very buoyant—it may be said, boisterous—that Mr. Pecksniff had some difficulty in keeping pace with him.

They reached the village, and expected—no, Mr. Pecksniff had proposed in London to give the girls a surprise, and had said he wouldn't put in word to prepare them on any account, in order that he and Mr. Jonas might take them unawares, and just see what they were doing, when they thought their dear papa was miles and miles away. As a consequence of this playful device, there was nobody to meet them at the finger post, but that was of small consequence, for they had come down by the day coach, and Mr. Pecksniff had only a carrying bag, while Mr. Jonas had only a portmanteau. They took the portmanteau between them, put the bag upon it, and walked up the lane without delay Mr. Pecksniff already going on tiptoe, as if, without this precaution, his fond children, being then at the distance of a couple of miles or so, would have some filial sense of his approach.

It was a lovely evening, in the spring-time of the year; and in the soft stillness of the twilight, all nature was very calm and sedate. The day had been fine and warm; but at the coming of night, the air grew cool, and in the mellowing distance, smoke was rising gently from the cottage chimneys. There were a thousand pleasant accents diffused around, from young leaves and fresh buds; the cuckoo had been singing all day long, and was but just now hushed; the smell of earth, newly-turned—first breath of hope to the first laborer, after his garden withered—was fragrant in the evening breeze. It was a time when most men, cheerful good resolves, and sorrow for the wrongs of past, when most men, looking on the shadows as they gather, think of that evening which must close on all, and that to-morrow which has none beyond.

"Precious dull," said Mr. Jonas, looking about. "It's enough to make a man go melancholy mad."

"We shall have lights and a fire soon," observed Mr. Pecksniff. "We shall need 'em by the time we get there," said Jonas. "Why the devil dost you talk? What are you thinking of?" "To tell you the truth, Mr. Jonas," said Pecksniff with great solemnity "my mind was running at that moment on our late dear friend, your departed father."

Mr. Jonas immediately let his burden fall, and said, threatening him with his hand:

"Drop that, Pecksniff!"

Mr. Pecksniff, not exactly knowing whether allusion was made to the subject or the portmanteau, stared at his friend in unaffected surprise.

"Drop it, I say!" cried Jonas, fiercely. "Do you hear? Drop it—now and for ever. You had better, I give you notice!" "It was quite a mistake," urged Mr. Pecksniff, very much dismayed, "though I admit it was foolish. I might have known it was a tender string."

"Don't talk to me about tender strings," said Jonas, wiping his forehead with the cuff of his coat. "I'm not going to be cowed over by you, because I don't like dead company."

Mr. Pecksniff had got out the words "Crowned over, Mr. Jonas!" when that young man, with a dark expression in his countenance, cut him short once more:

"Mind!" he said, "I won't have it. I advise you not to revive the subject, neither to me nor anybody else. You can take a hint, if you choose, as well as another man. There's enough said about it. Come along!"

Taking up his part of the load again, when he had said those words, he hurried on so fast that Mr. Pecksniff, at the other end of the portmanteau, found himself dragged forward in a very inconvenient and ungraceful manner, to the great detriment of what is called by fancy gentlemen "the back" upon his shins, which were most numerically bumped against the hard leather and the iron buckles. In the course of a few minutes, however, Mr. Jonas relaxed his speed, and suffered his companion to come up with him, and to bring the portmanteau into a tolerably straight position.

It was pretty clear that he regretted his late outbreak, and that he mistrusted his effect on Mr. Pecksniff: for as often as that gentleman glanced towards Mr. Jonas, he found Mr. Jonas glancing at him, which was a new source of embarrassment. It was but a short-lived one, though, for Mr. Jonas soon began to whistle, whereupon Mr. Pecksniff, taking his cue from his friend, began to cough in a most malicious manner.

"Pretty nearly there, ain't we?" said Jonas, when this had lasted some time.

"Close, my dear friend," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"What'll he be doing, do you suppose?" asked Jonas.

"Impossible to say," cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Giddy transports! They may be away from home, perhaps. Was going to be it: he—! was going to propose, I think, Pecksniff, that we should enter by the back way, and come upon them like a clap of thunder, Mr. Jonas."

It might not have been easy to decide in respect of which of their manifold properties, Jonas, Mr. Pecksniff, the carpet-bag, and the portmanteau, could be likened to a clap of thunder. But Mr. Jonas giving his assent to this proposal, they stole round into the back yard, and softly advanced towards the kitchen window, through which the mingled light of fire and candle shone upon the darkening night.

Totally Mr. Pecksniff is blessed in his children—in one of them, at any rate. The prodigal Cherry—stiff, and scrip, and treasure of her dotting father—there she sits, at a little table white as driven snow, before the kitchen fire, making up accounts! See the neat maid, as with pen in hand, and calculating look addressed towards the ceiling, and bunch of keys within a little basket at her side, she checks the housekeeping expenditure! From flask, dish-cover, and warming pan; from pot and kettle, fag of brass footman, and black-headed steward; bright glances of approbation wink and glow upon her. The very onions dangling from the beam mantle and shining like cherubs' cheeks. Something of the influence of those vegetables sinks into Mr. Pecksniff's nature. He weeps.

It is but for a moment, and he hides it from the observation of his friend—very carefully—by a somewhat elaborate use of his pocket handkerchief in fact: for he would not let his weakness know him.

"Pleasant," he murmured—pleasant to a father's feelings! My dear girl! Shall we let her know we are here, Mr. Jonas?"

"Why, I suppose you don't mean to spend the evening in the stable or the coach house," he returned.

"That, indeed, is not such hospitality as I would show to you, my friend," cried Mr. Pecksniff, pressing his hand. And then took a long breath, and tapping at the window, shouted with stentorian blindness:

"Boh!"

Cherry dropped her pen and screamed. But innocence is ever bold—or should be. As they opened the door, the valiant girl exclaimed in a firm voice, and with a presence of mind which even in that trying moment did not desert her, "Who are you? What do you want? Speak 'or I will call my Pa."

Mr. Pecksniff held out his arms. She knew him instantly, and rushed into his fond embrace.

"It was thoughtless of us, Mr. Jonas. It was very thoughtless," said Pecksniff, smoothing his daughter's hair. "My darling, do you see that I am not alone!"

Not she. She had seen nothing but her father until now. She saw Mr. Jonas now, though: still blushed, and hung her head down, as she gave him welcome.

But where was Merry? Mr. Pecksniff didn't ask the question in reproach, but in a vein of mildness touched with a gentle sorrow. She was upstairs, reading on the parlor couch. Ah! Domestic details had not been forgotten. "But call her down," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a placid reiteration. "Call her down, my love."

She was called and came, all flushed and tumbled from peeping on the sofa: but none the worse for that. Not at all. Rather the better if anything.

"Oh my goodness me!" cried the sick girl, turning to her cousin when she had kissed her father on both cheeks, and in her frolicsome nature had brushed her hair, a superannuated lady, upon the tip of his nose, "sister, fright! Well, I'm very thankful that you won't trouble me much!"

"What! you're as lively as ever, are you?" said Jonas. "Oh! You're a wicked one!"

"There, go along!" retorted Merry, pushing him away. "I'm sure I don't know what I shall ever do, if I have to see much of you. Go along for gracious' sake!"

Mr. Pecksniff striking in here, with a request that Mr. Jonas would immediately walk up stairs, he so far complied with the young lady's adjuration as to go at once. But though he had the fair Cherry on his arm he could not help looking back at her sister, and exchanging some further dialogue of the same bantering description, as they all passed to the parlor; where—for the young ladies happened, by good fortune, to be a little later than usual that night—the tea-board was at that moment being set out.

Mr. Pinch was not at home, so they had it all to themselves, and were very snug and talkative, Jonas sitting between the two sisters, and displaying his gallantry in that engaging manner which was peculiar to him. It was a hard thing, Mr. Pecksniff said, when tea was done and cleared away, to leave so pleasant a little party, but having some important papers to examine in his own apartment, he must beg them to excuse him for half an hour. With this apology he withdrew, singing a careless strain as he went. He had not more than five minutes, when Merry, who had been sitting in the window, apart from Jonas and her sister, burst in to a half-smothered laugh, and skipped towards the door.

"Hello!" cried Jonas. "Don't go."

"Oh! Idem say!" rejoined Merry, looking back. "You're very anxious to stop, fright, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am," said Jonas. "I'll on my word I am. I want to speak to you."

But as she left the room notwithstanding, he ran out after her, and caught her back, after a short struggle in the passage, which scandalized Miss Cherry very much.

"Upon my word, Merry," urged that young lady, "I wonder at you! There are bounds even to absurdity, my dear."

"Thank you my sweet," said Merry, purring up her rosy lips. "Much obliged to it for its advice. Oh! do leave me alone, you monster do!"

This entreaty was wrong from her by a new proceeding on the part of Mr. Jonas, who pulled her down, and breathed into her ear, in a low, bold tone, and upon the sofa, having at the same time Miss Cherry upon the other side.

"Now," said Jonas, clasping the waist of each: "I have got both arms full, haven't I?"

"One of them will be black and blue to-morrow. If you don't let me go," cried the playful Merry.

"Ah! I don't mind your pinching," grinned Jonas, "a bit."

"Pinch him for me, Cherry, pray," said Merry. "I never did hate anybody so much as I hate this creature, I declare!"

"No, no, don't say that," urged Jonas. "and don't pinch either, because I want to be serious. I say—Cousin Charity!"

"Well! what?" she answered, sharply.

"I want to have some sober talk," said Jonas. "I want to prevent any more of those kind of things, and to put everything upon a pleasant understanding. That's desirable and proper, ain't it?"

Neither of the sisters spoke a word. Mr. Jonas paused and cleared his throat, which was very dry.

"She'll not believe what I'm going to say, will she cousin?" said Jonas, timidly squeezing Miss Charity.

"Really Mr. Jonas I don't know, until I hear what it is. It's quite impossible."

"Why, you see," said Jonas, "her way always being to make game of people, I know she'll laugh, or pretend to—I know that, beforehand. But you call tell her I'm in earnest, cousin; can't you? You'll confess you know, won't you? You'll be honourable, I'm sure," he added persuasively.

No answer. His throat seemed to grow hotter and hotter, and to be more and more the result of cotton.

"You see, Cousin Charity," said Jonas, "nobody but you can tell her what pains I took to get into her company when you were both at the boarding house in the city, because nobody's so well aware of it, you know."

Nobody else can tell her how hard I tried to get to know you better, in order that I might get to know her without seeming to wish to; can they? I always asked you how her, and said where had she gone, and when would she come, and how lively she was, and all that: did I, cousin? I know you'll tell her so, if you don't tell her so at once, and—

I dare say you have, because I'm sure you're honourable, ain't you?"

Still not a word. The right arm of Mr. Jonas—the elder sister sat upon his right—may have been alive of some tumultuous throbbing which was not within itself; but nothing else apprised him that his words had had the least effect.

"Even if you kept it to yourself, and haven't told her," resumed Jonas,

THE WALNUT-TREE CABINET.

Oh then I see Quere Mah hath been with you.
She is the furrow's midwife.—ROMEO and JULIET.

He who quits London in the spring, leaves balls, socialistic societies, dinners and other eating carous; for he flies also from those exhausting and too often suicidal labors that corrode the brain, and weigh upon the heart.

The first puff of the gallant old roarer of a locomotive, as it pants to rush off with its comet-like train, is music to the ear of him who longs for the country. The breezy hills, the low land, the broad silver winding river, the lawns and hedges, the glorious green cultivated patches, the flocks, the herds, the trim gardens with their lilacs and isbournums, and the snowy guelder-rose, just tossing its fiery bloom above the foliage; the rest of the cottage with its wreath of misty blue smoke, rising against the sheltering wood, the village church, and, above all, the lovely hanging orchards, forming one sheet of apple-blossom, pass in rapid succession—and a charming moving panorama it is. The eye has no time to tire; the quick succession of beautiful pictures comes in a stream of perpetual novelty. Blessed be the man who invented railroads.

Well, here we are, scores of miles from the mighty metropolis; and the steady companion of a life, he, who more than brother, has shared our pleasures and sorrows from childhood to ripe manhood, says, as we look from the traced garden on the toiled wood that overhangs the trout stream gliding below, and as if he instinctively divined my thought,—

"Yes. We will have some of them out; the mill-rail and the tumbling bay had not a few handsome, silvery-sided and margoild-bellied ones; but—don't be angry—it is, I grant, sounding the bare gold of humility."

"But, no pond fishing have I had since we were boys. I do long to see the boats dancing up and down the river, and go after the carp and tench in 'Broadwater.' It has not been fished for years."

New this "Broadwater" was a temptation. Besides the grey-headed carp and the tench sailed with age, there were stores of noble perch and huge pike that I was sure never could resist a well-spun minnow or gudgeon.

"Agreed," replied I.

"To-morrow, then."

"With all my heart."

The resolution was no sooner taken than I felt carried back to the freshness of youth, to those supremely happy days when the very odour of the cobbler's wax, that made all right and tight in the tackle, was redolent of meadows spangled with kingcups, cowslips, daisies, and orchids; and raised visions of crimson spotted trout, and the most bright-eyed and brilliant-finned perches. Talk of "Triton dye" indeed! 'twas a faded red mark to set me to boys once more, and go after the carp and tench in "Broadwater."

The ground and spinning-tackle, patent *hoisters* (as a knowing old Thames fisherman terms *Paternoster* lines) and all, in order set, and every thing ready for an early start, the hour arrives for turning in.

At such times what a phantasmagoria upriseth in the dreamy state which precedes slumber—one sense, so to speak, going to sleep after another; some awake while others are steeped in oblivion.

First, as you gradually drop into a doze, there comes suddenly on the retina of your fancy a lovely quiet picture by Wynants last seen by the eye of flesh, long, long ago, with its angle intent upon the float on which the light glances brightly, as it rests on the unfluffed clark of deep, dark water, not without lilies, beneath the richly festooned trunk of a tree, such a trunk as Wynants alone knew how to place before the spectator. This gradually dissolves into the vision of a real scene. There lies the broad lake-like expanse curled into brightness at a distance by a gentle breeze—just that which makes the perch bite and the pike run—up to the boundary where the thick set floating leaves of the water-plants carpet the surface. Beyond this, with here and there a huge lily, spreads a calm, unbroken space of deep water bordered by the tall whispering bulrushes, and yellow irises, and almost blackened, though quite transparent, by the ragged arms of the old fantastic oak that overhangs it. There sits the well-cooked flaut. It vibrates. Down, down it goes till it is lost in the depths—travelling as it runs the line, cutting a furrow as it is, at last, carried out towards the middle.

The indelible mark of the writ is given, and as you strike, up springs into the air a monster of a yellow-sided, well-barrelled up carp, with scales like new half sovereigns, making all bend again, and as the tightened line goes singing from the reel, dancing arabians on the foamy surface, till you quickly wind him up in just such a fenny, reedy place, as would make the best of all ballrooms for the *Waltz*, and are not at all surprised when you find that he wears a well-powdered, felt-bottomed wig, nor that as you stoop to put him into your capacious rabbit-basket, he is metamorphosed into a fascinating young whale whom you, nothing loath, lead out to the wild tune of the wind and the water-fowl, among a select assembly of seals and mermaids, while whole benches of dowager penguins look admiringly on—and so you awake.

You sleep again, and see a well-known spot that has not crossed your vision for years—the haunted rill that formerly would catch your eye far away among the morning mist, as you plied your boyish rod, ever and anon, pulling out a bashed trout.

This had been a mill too; but let no one picture to himself the rural scenery of some lily-throated reed. Although it was far from any town, and stood completely isolated, it was a naked, desolate shell, built near the shore on a melancholy inlet of a tidal river. There was not a tree, nor a bush near it. When the tide was out—and it always seemed to be out—the sickly looking, yellow mud banks lay spread out, with

nothing to break the blank, but now and then, a sea-mew screaming as it flitted past. Within, the hearth was covered with grass and hemlock, and the deadly nightshade drooped where the gladsome fire once went crackling and leaping up the ample chimney.

From this wretched place a miserable human being, after prowling about the ruin two long dreary days, during which he had merely covered the bare walls with a few scraps of paper, with lines traced with a pencil expressive of the agonies of his last dark hours, had rushed into the presence of his maker.

This accused spot now appears itself before you in your troubled sleep. You see it in all its horrors, in a night of darkness and tempest, and from it come mingled curses and shrieks—human in their utterance, but, too loud and fendish for this world—and you start up at the bark of little Clinch, who bears your companions stirring, and see the glorious sun just streaking the east, and soon away you go to witness belated Bismarck, the best of ponies that ever trotted before a fisherman's *skanderbeg*, and who always makes it a point to rear perpendicularly three times at least, not out of vice, but to show that he is up to everything, and that he knows he is under weigh for the comfortable stable of the to him well known public, rejoicing in the sign of the *Troust*, upon which (availing picture the liberal painter has bestowed spot for six.

After a morning's sport of the most satisfactory character came the "good, honest, heavy" luncheon, and the discourse rolling, as we waited for the evening fishery, on dreams and the strange coincidences that have been known to attend them, one of the party who, for his sins, had a reputation as a story-teller, was called upon to relate some instance in support of the theory which he had been weak enough to broach, that dreams come true more frequently than most people are willing to allow.

"Though I do not mean to assert," said the challenged story-teller, "that dreams always descend from *Jah*," as I heard a respectable member of the Malaprop family once express it, those who laugh to scorn the notion that there is something in them more than mere imagination, will if they take the trouble to seek far enough, see reason to allow that in some instances at least they have done good service, as is proved by the well authenticated narrative of

THE WALNUT-TREE CABINET.

M. Francois de Tourrel, of Toulouse, is the person to whom the event happened, and I shall relate it as it appears in his hand writing.

I was twenty years of age, says M. de Tourrel, when I first came to Paris with one of my uncles, the Abbé du Pelestrat. I left at Toulouse one of my intimate friends. He was my fellow collegian, and belonged to the better class of citizens of that town. His name was Paul Ydumarc. His father, who had been long dead, had left two sons who were rich, and his wife, who did not marry again.

My friend, who thus became possessed of a good fortune early in life had one prevailing fault: he was very fond of money. He laid out his wealth in traffic, lent sums at heavy interest, and, at the same time, lived on no good terms with his mother and brother. I thought to add that he was six years my senior, and that, in his sixteenth year an attachment to a poor peasant girl procured for him the honors of paternity. He never would own this child, who was, however, named Paul after him, nor provide for it, so repugnant was it to his nature to make the smallest pecuniary sacrifice.

I then left for Paris, where I had been two years, when I suddenly received two letters from Ydumarc, dated Toulouse.

He anxiously inquired whether I should not soon return, spoke of his son, and added,

"I am most unfortunate in not having any one here worthy of my confidence: I miss you very much. These are things that one can mention to a friend which prudence forbids us to write. Return hither, my dear Francis, I wait you sorely."

I replied to these letters, and there our correspondence dropped.

One night I had been to a ball at the hotel of the Marquis de Sorecourt, and returned home at late that having an appointment with M. Dunoyer; at seven that morning, I thought it best not to go to bed as I threw myself into an arm-chair, and was soon asleep. I then had a dream.

In my dream I saw a wall rise before me. It was pierced by a cabinet with two folding doors, made of walnut-wood like the rest of the wainscot. On the right door, of a frame of black wood, was the portrait of his majesty, Henry the Fourth, with two verses which I could not read below it, and on the left door, in a similar frame, was the likeness of the king then reigning, Louis the Thirteenth.

I know not why, but so it was, that when I awoke this dream haunted me: I could not succeed in shaking it off: it recurred again and again, as if to impress itself on my memory. On the next day, however, I thought of it no more.

About six months afterwards Chabret, one of my cousins, arriving from Toulouse, inquired whether I had not much regretted the loss of poor Paul Ydumarc.

"What! Is he dead?" said I.

"I thought you had been informed of his death," replied he. "Six months ago—let me see—yes, it was in last January—a villain who had differences with him about some money transaction, settled his accounts with a brace of bullets. The nocturnal assassin, to make sure, gave poor Paul the contents of both barrels of his fasil."

I was greatly shocked. After deploping the fate of my unhappy friend—

"And his son?" inquired I.

"Minister under Louis XIII. He dattered himself that he should succeed Cardinal de Richelieu, but finding his own hopes, sent in his resignation indignat

"Having no reason to believe that his end was near, our friend had made no will. His mother and brother not finding their inheritance what they, and indeed all of us expected, have not given a denier to Paul's poor child."

"The best wretches! But what have they lost?"

"They pretended that they only found in their relation's chest a sum very far below what they ought to have found, and out of the notes or other securities that his debtors must have put into his hands; for you know how careful Y'dumarc was of his money."

Having thus become acquainted with the affairs of this family I remained two years more at Paris, and then returned to Toulouse. I had been there eight months, when I was invited to pass some days at Castelnau with my cousin de Trévillat. I left Avignon on horseback, having nearly a three hours' ride before I reached my relations.

During this ride a violent storm arose, and my servant proposed that we should take shelter in Y'dumarc's house, which was situated hardly fifty paces from the road.

Notwithstanding my intimacy with the elder brother, I did not even know his mother, who was an ordinary woman enough. In truth, I cared not to go near them; it was making a sort of acquaintance with persons of whom I had no good opinion, on account of their infamous conduct. Paul's natural child, who had been to see me, poor fellow! and I had done him all the good I could.

At this moment of hesitation, vivid lightning and loud thunder-claps announcing an increase of the storm, and combining with the terror which had seized my horse, determined me to seek refuge under the roof of this family.

I arrived at the gate, gave my name, was recognised by the mother and son, and received with open arms. They offered me refreshment, and while at table, the deceased was the subject of conversation. Then I learnt all the details of the case, and was informed that his cash and portfolio, the whole valued at fifty-five or sixty thousand francs, were not to be found. Each supposed debtor, standing on the defensive said, "If I am in your debt, you hold my security;" and as it was impossible to produce any such thing, the charged heirs were obliged to be content with this answer, and had now despaired of recovering any of their credits.

"It looks," said I, thinking aloud, "like a punishment from heaven for the abandonment of Paul's child."

At these words both mother and son loudly denied that my friend was the child's father; they could prove, said they, that the mother had deceived him, and that it was no other than his father.

"How can you," replied I, "talk thus to me, when nature, as if to furnish irrefragable proof, has given to the child not only a resemblance to my poor friend, in which there may be nothing extraordinary, but the strongest family likeness. He has the very expression of his uncle's features. Ay, sir," continued I, turning to the brother, "the unhappy boy is your living portrait."

This conversation was not to the taste of my hosts. To arrest it they proposed to conduct me to the chamber in which I was to pass the night. I acquiesced, finding little to interest me in their company, which I had only sought from necessity. The mother and son led the way; the first as far as the corridor, the second into the room.

I entered; it was still broad day. I threw around a rapid glance, and instantly my heart beat quick, my imagination was roused, a vanished recollection rushed again upon my memory, and turning to my host, I said

"Monsieur Y'dumarc, will you consent to give two thousand pistoles to Paul, your brother's son, if I put you in possession of that part of the inheritance which you believe to be lost?"

He whom I addressed stood like one planet-struck at my proposal, and eagerly demanded if I had been made the depositary of my friend's secret or of his treasure.

"Of neither," was my reply. "Nevertheless I am certain—yes, very certain, that I can increase your fortune, if you consent to be a good brother and a kind relative."

We spoke loud; Madame Y'dumarc, who heard us came forward, bringing with her the curé of the neighboring parish, whom the storm had also driven to entreat their hospitality. He was of a noble family at Langue-doc. The mother was as much surprised as he was at my proposition, and begged an explanation. My answer was that I could be of no service, if they had no pity for the unfortunate boy whom I protected. Fontaine-Vandomois, for that was the name of the good priest, supported me, saying to them—

"You regret the loss of some sixty thousand livres which have been as nothing to you for many years, you will come at once into two-thirds of that sum, and one who has your blood in his veins will enjoy the rest. Take my advice: do what M. de Tourville requires."

One might now see that a conflict was raging in their bosoms between two kinds of avarice, that which would engross the whole, and that which would be satisfied with the greater portion. The lost conquered. They gave me their word that they would comply with my request in the presence of the curé.

Then I said, "On the night of Paul Y'dumarc's murder, I saw in a dream a walnut-tree cabinet open to the midst of a waistcoat of the same wood. On one of the doors was the portrait of Henry the Fourth, and on the other, in a frame of black wood, was that of Louis the Thirteenth. 'Well! what does that signify?' cried all three.

"Look," I answered, "there stands the cabinet, there are the two portraits, and there the treasure is."

Their countenances fell.

"Alas! we have so often searched that piece of furniture."

"Tiy again."

The brother whose strength seemed to be ruled by his avidity to twice its natural power, broke up the planks which composed the cabinet, and from the inside of them—for their substance had been hollowed out, leaving a superficial shell—fell on all sides, bonds, bills payable to the bearer and gold; and these in such quantities, that instead of the so-much-regretted sixty thousand livres, they gathered up property to the value of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand livres.

The wild and indecent joy of these two persons, who at that moment forgot both son and brother, scandalised me not less than the curé. Suddenly they looked blank—it evidently crossed their minds that I should demand a portion of the treasure for myself.

I put them at that ease, however, on this score, and for their praise I ought to state, that each of them literally added five thousand livres to the orphan's portion. I did not suffer their enthusiasm to cool, and the worthy ecclesiastic and myself, took from the mass two thousand livres in gold and ten thousand in good securities.

"A very marvelous story," said one of the auditors, "which, I suppose, I may believe or not at my option."

"Undoubtedly; and to assist your choice, here is the attestation of the narrator."

"Tel est l'événement extraordinaire dans lequel j'ai joué un premier rôle, et dont des certifiés l'attestent, en tous les points, sur ma part de paradis, comme chrétien, et sur mon bonheur, comme gentil-homme."

Paris, ce 23 Septembre, 1687.

"Noble FRANÇOIS DE TOURVILLE,
"Cuyer et ancien capitoul, signé."

"But see, the tale is over: one more turn at the lake, and then home." The evening was closing: the precious minutes were not misused; and as evening as if every finny thing in the water was on its feed. The pike and perch too and hit as if they had been men, and it was Rhamman that that had just set, whilst the moon was rising, to usher in the Balaam-feast. It was a scene such as none but Byron could paint on the page, and Turner only can realize on his atmospheric canvases. Merrily did the floats dance in the varying light as the carp and perch were taking their last evening's refreshment.

All that's bright must fade;
and soon the floats were no longer visible; but enough light remained to show the long row of goodly fish laid out on the sward, and glittering in the moonbeams. The well-filled baskets were now packed and received by the Bhandarika aforesaid, the party were stowed away, somehow, in that accommodating carriage, Samgher reared four times as if conscious of the noble spoil behind him, and in honour of the vanquishers, and went off at the rate of ten miles an hour. One silvery gannet shower fell as we descended the last hill, and saw the home-lights twinkling beneath us, and called up a most perfect rainbow rainbow by way of a flash.

LORD NORBERTY.—So ferocious an expounder of the law was this judge, that scarcely a line can be found to show that he had any thing of the better elements of humanity in him. Under such circumstances we take pleasure in recording the following anecdote, which we have never seen in print, showing as it does that he did not in every instance deserve the character which his blood thirsty demagogue towards the lamented Emmett has woo for him.

During the time that Norberty was on the bench in Ireland, there happened, what is by no means rare, a season of great scarcity. A man, who was one of the poorest of the middle class of farmers, found himself surrounded with a family of eight children—no bread, no money, no employment. In such a state of distress, the poor proprietor here, and another there, represented his situation to them, asking a loan of means till the pressing times were over. But in every instance he met with rejection. What was he to do? work there was none. Beggary found no success. "There is enough upon the earth," said he, "God in mercy and love will forgive me. My children shall not die." That night he drove from the enclosure of a neighboring baron, two fat beavers—skinned in prison before he was taken—then, the day the Seward discovered the loss which was at once reported to his master, and a search warrant obtained, and every place in the vicinity inspected. But so well known and so universally respected was the integrity of this man, that though all were acquainted with his poverty and his necessities, his house was left unsearched. The search, meeting with no success, £100 reward was offered for the offender. For a time no development took place. Still one day a traveller of the house, who was acquainted in the neighborhood, called to light his pipe. The good woman offered him one of the stools which make the seats of the Irish Cabins. In stepping back the stool fell over and the traveller thrown upon the floor, was amazed to behold the hides of two crows cecily rolled up and stowed under the bed. He recognized the brand upon the horns. Without apprizing the occupants of his discovery, he immediately proceeded to claim the reward, and an examination of the master of the house was had before a magistrate, which resulted in his being bound over to await the Westford assizes. But so strong was the belief in his innocence, that bail, though for a large amount, was readily obtained. His sureties paid on regard to him, suffering him to go whither and when he chose.

Before the commencement of the term and notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, he started on foot to the assize town, determined to be there before the opening of the Court. In his way, coming

to a point in the road where it was intersected by another, he met several carriages, preceded by an escort of bailiffs, police officers, &c., and which were following the same direction, a personage dressed in a scarlet robe, whom he observed was the most important functionary in the procession, had left his carriage and was walking leisurely behind. This individual, observing the haste with which his friend was measuring the distance, so unusual was it upon a day so intensely warm, accosted him.

"What is your haste, my good man?" said he.
 "I am going to Wexford to take my trial!" replied our pedestrian.
 "Don't you know there is to be an assize there. Old Norbury, the walking gallows, is coming down. I suppose there is no hope for us, as he never lets a prisoner go if he can hang him."

"Indeed, my friend, what is your crime?"

"I stole two cows."

"You stole them? Why do you admit it? deny it? Do you know the punishment is death! By all means deny it!"
 "No, Sir, I shall not. I stole them and I won't buy my life with a lie. I did steal them and I'll say so. I had a reason though." Here the honest fellow repeated the story we have given, and as he left, the last advice of the stranger was for him to plead not guilty. "It will go hard enough with you then," said he, "but there is no chance for you if you confess."

Functional to the hour, the prisoner surrendered himself to the sheriff at the opening of the Court. Conceive his astonishment when he saw upon the bench the very man he had conversed with on the road. It struck him then that it made slight odds what he pleaded or what was proved. It required no great exercise of the imagination to consider himself already a dead man. The prisoners were arraigned, and after the indictment against him was read, the judge recapitulating the specifications, addressed him.

"You are here charged with stealing on such a night, from such an enclosure, two cows of such a size and color, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Oh, you big villas, why do you ask me? you know all about it yourself!" Bar, jury and spectators were amazed. Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the king's Bench, charged with condescension at a felony! But it flashed upon the ready mind of Norbury that a way to the prisoner's deliverance was providentially opened.
 "Mr. Sheriff," said he in a voice of thunder, "take that man away! Why do you bring a lunatic here? Take him to the mad-house, take him any where! Never let a case of this kind occur again. A maniac brought here! If it ever happens again I'll have the whole county punished for contempt of this Court."

This was at once done, so implicitly were the commands of the arbitrary Judge obeyed; and thus did Norbury's presence of mind save the life of an honest man, and furnish material for the only story that can be told to his credit.

THE MARRIED MAN AFTER THE HONEYMOON.—Will wives always continue the same to their husbands as during the honeymoon? This is a serious question, but one which is rather out of place here, as we are writing of married men, and not their better halves. But we shall merely remark, *en passant*, that women do not grow weary of love and tenderness with the same rapidity as our noble selves; therefore, it is not the wife who would hasten this most eventful of the changes of the moon.

When a man has been married some six weeks, it is astonishing how peculiarly prosing his business suddenly becomes. He no longer idles the furnace at home, in frivolous conversation with his *care span*, but busily follows himself time to throw down his coffee, bolt his buckwheats, be in late his boots in a twinkling, and off like a rocket run mad. Perhaps his wife seeks to detain him an instant, but the man of business begs to be excused, saying:

"Mrs. Sneeves, business is business, and must be attended to. I am half an hour behind my time now. I should like to stop to talk to you, but can't possibly do so. I must go to his father's hotel to pursue the morning papers and regale himself with a regalia."

When Mr. Sneeves comes home to dinner, Mrs. Sneeves runs smiling to meet him, pats him on the cheek, and very likely salutes him, but all this is very annoying to our worthy married man.

"Let me alone, my love," he exclaims pettishly, "I have no time for fooling. There, there,—you're very pretty, but, if you do wish to do me a pleasure do go away, and let me be."

They sit at the table, and our pattern of a husband is no longer found, as in the early days of their marriage. "Neglecting his dinner to gaze on her face," and if Mrs. Sneeves, in the fullness of her affection, tenders him a delicate titbit from her own plate—a terridillo for instance,—Mr. Sneeves pretends not to notice her, but to be intently occupied in thought, or perhaps he snappishly observes:

"Do stop your nonsense, Mrs. Sneeves, and don't annoy me. I don't like that stuff—eat too fast, or do too less," as the case may be.

When Mrs. Sneeves buys a new bonnet and comes to exhibit it to Mr. Sneeves, with an insane idea of affording him pleasure, saying:

"How do you like this, dear? Do you think it becomes me?"

Mr. Sneeves replies without imposing upon himself the fatigue of even casting his eyes upon his wife.

"Yes, yes! very pretty, very pretty; you're a charming creature, Mrs. Sneeves—charming; but, in regard don't annoy me, there's a dear!"

Whereas Mr. Sneeves is quiet, kind, and invariably resolves never in the least bit to put himself out endeavoring to please his husband again.

When Mr. Sneeves accompanies her to a party, he leaves her at the

earliest opportunity, in the corner of the drawing room, to amuse herself as she may, and off he goes to do the amiable to a lady in blue; or perhaps to a dozen different ladies, in a dozen different colors. No matter who the lady is, provided she is not his wife. He dances—but not with his wife. His wife indeed! the very idea is an absurdity.

After a while Mr. Sneeves takes a hand at whist—time passes; he is interested in the game, and never bestows a thought upon poor Mrs. Sneeves, who is "weary with dancing," adding to go home. At length Mrs. Sneeves summons resolution to speak to her lord, and accordingly, approaching the card-table, she says in a mild tone: "my dear isn't it late for us to think of retiring?"

"Yes, yes, directly! Go, dance a little and then we'll go. Let me see what's trumps I play."

"I do not wish to dance any more. I'm fatigued out."

"Well, sit down and rest yourself; but don't bother me. Confound it; you've made me lose that trick!"

Poor Mrs. Sneeves is silent, and retiring from the table, waits patiently for half an hour, and then returning to the whist-players, coquishly addressed the gentleman with "Come Mr. Sneeves, it is very late; are you going to come?"

"Yes, yes, in five minutes; not more than five minutes, and then I am at your service."

And, miraculous to observe, these five minutes occupy five and thirty minutes in passing. At length our married man gets up from the table, and unfortunately for Mrs. S., a loser. He starts out as he takes her arm.

"Devilish annoying act to be able to do as one pleases—to have some one stay without cessation, ding-ding you go, when you would stay, or to stay when you would go; women are the most unreasonable beings! Ah! when I was a bachelor, I did as I pleased. What a fool I was to throw my neck into a halter!"

As they leave the house, Mrs. S. ventures to remark:

"My dear, don't you think we had better ride?"

"Foh! no," he replied; "it's not far. Do you good to walk; fine bracing air; besides these are hard times; we must economise in everything."

Mr. Sneeves has lost ten dollars at whist, and Mr. Sneeves is not of humor and—Well, the Honey-moon can't last forever.

A HARD CUSTOMER.—The Wetumpka Argus contains an offer of one thousand acres of land, made by Obadiah Langston, of Bibb county, Ala., for the arrest of a man named Mark W. Doss, and his delivery into the custody of any keeper of a jail in Texas. Said Doss is represented as having deserted his wife, stolen a wagon and team in Alabama, and gone over to Texas, where he turned to preaching to the people, making a great outward show of sanctity. He ingratiated himself into the good favor of a widow lady, and then stole her gold watch and decamped. He then reappeared in another part of Texas, represented his wife in Alabama to be dead, turned to preaching to the people again, married a yellow woman, quarrelled with the brother of his first wife, and waylaid and shot him. For this he was thrown into jail, but broke out twice, and the last time made good his escape. He is now supposed to be in Tennessee or Mississippi, but not without serious or pranking as before. The fellow sings well, and when a resident of Bibb county, Ala., used to teach in singing schools. Editors are requested to pass him round, that, if in the United States, he may be rooted out and returned to Texas. We accordingly annex a description of his lovely person:—"He is six feet one inch high; has a thin sharp looking face, a sharp looking nose, and is about forty-five years of age. One of his big toes has been broken, and it turns up as it is to be plainly seen with a shoe on."

HEAVY DAMAGES REJECTED.—Paine, pig-raiser, vs. Murray, teamster, for the price of two pigs. In this case, a colored lad testified that, on the date named in the writ, he saw the plaintiff and defendant standing talking together at the plaintiff's pig-pen, where there were four pigs. He left them talking together, but when about fifty rods off he heard some pigs squeal, but did not look round or prying at the cause of the high outcry.

He returned an hour after, and found but two pigs in the pen. On this evidence the plaintiff claimed to have made out a prima facie case, and maintained that the squealing proved that the two pigs had been taken off at the time by Murray.

The counsel for the defendant objected to the admission of the squealing, upon the ground that it was *hearsay* evidence. So the court thought, and gave judgment for the defendant.

The greatest pedestrian and runner in the world was Messen Ernst. He died lately in Egypt from a dysentery. He was born at Bergen, in Norway, and died while on a walking trip to find out the source of the river Nile, and was buried near the great Cataract of that famous river. At Mayence, he once ran on the frozen Rhine at the rate of six leagues an hour; and at Frankfurt he once started with the mail in full gallop, and arrived two minutes before the same.

LOVE OR OFFENSIVE.—A German paper relates that a pair of storks had built their nest close to a brewery at Smolen, near Radon in Poland. The brewery recently caught fire, and the flames threatened to catch the tree, yet the mother bird would not stir, and remained firm in her seat, covering her brood with her wings. At length the tree was involved in the conflagration, and burnt with the poor stork and her young. During the whole time the male bird kept flying round the scene of destruction, uttering cries of distress.

LACCOON.

Most persons have seen an engraving of the group called the Laocoon. Here is an attempt at a literal translation of the passage in Virgil which relates to it:

Hereon, another greater, and, by far
More fearful sight, us wretched meets, our minds
Improvident disturbing. Laocoon,
By lot, selected Neptune's priest, a hull
Was sacrificing, vast of size, beside
The solemn altars; when, from Tenedos,
Lo! serpents twain, through ocean's tranquil depths—
(I shudder while I tell)—with orbs immense,
Swept forth upon the sea, and side by side
Stretch for the strand. Their breasts, midst billows reared,
And crests of blood-red hue, tower o'er the waves;
Their other part behind, gath'ring the deep,
While their huge backs in many a fold entwined.
A sound is made, the salt sea foaming high;
Now too the land they gained, their hissing eyes
Suffused with blood and flame, with darting tongues
Licking their hissing mouths. At such a sight,
With bloodless cheeks we scattered, flee. But they
Laocoon seek with sure approach, and first
His two sons' tender bodies, twining round,
Each serpent binds, and on their wretched limbs
Gnawing, doth feed. Their sire himself with aid
Arriving, weapons in his grasp, instant
They seize, and with huge apical fangs fast bind;
And now twice round his waist entwined, and round
His neck, both given with scaly backs, above,
With heads and lofty necks they tower; while he,
To rear the knots asunder with his hands
Still strives, his fillets smeared with venom and
With gore, and ever up unto the stars
Raises his herid shrieks.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

"Shade of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward at that time manager for Jefferson Mackenzie, Baltimore; "here it is past 7 o'clock, and crook'd back'd Richard not in his dressing room."
"My dear sir!" said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Gardner, "do not be precipitate. When the late Daniel Read—"

"And you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the devil!" and then the poor manager chafed, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holiday street stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir?" inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

"Ring! You red headed imp of Satan—our juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight, or I'll wring your neck off."

A way went the call boy, and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar room in the vicinity of the theatre for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay loft in front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story; and there he saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth!" said the manager impudently, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces."

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth,

"I am seated on my throne!"

As round a one you distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand?"

"Come, my dear fellow, let's go; we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come, please come."

Booth descended gracefully from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tips of his fingers, replied with a smile, "I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex. To the Tower—to the tower."

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger covered with dust, rushed be-

hind the stage and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth as he pressed his long fingers on his brow, while temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, "dread, say you? My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one!" And then seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing,

"She has health to progress as far as Chertsey,

Though set to bear the sight of me," &c.

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloster was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all," when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told that his mind was not upon the character. Still, the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on; but Booth was nowhere to be found!

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie, as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak, and as it opened disclosed a glittering dress beneath, ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his Richard costume! Madness had seized him, and regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight, he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon, until the animal snorted in pain. The tall dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword, and cursed them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country grave-yard, and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the idle horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment, (and the listener is cuning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed gibbering in idiotic madness, and caressing the corpse of his little one!

The LONDON LANCET for this week (No. 14, Vol. 2d) contains a very interesting and learned examination of the case of Mr. BAUNEL, by the London Medico-Chirurgical Society. Our readers will recollect that a few weeks since, in the foreign department of this paper, it was stated that Mr. BAUNEL, the great projector and architect of the THAMES TUNNEL, while playing with some children, had accidentally passed a coverglass down his windpipe. The particulars of the case, together with its successful mode of treatment, will be found in the LANCET of this week.

ANECDOTE OF CAPE ISLAND. The correspondent of the U. S. (Phil) Gazette, in some pleasant sketches of that watering place, Cape Island, which he gives under the title of "Surf Rolling," makes mention occasionally of sly jokes which he describes as "the episodes in the gay and healthful routine of festivities at that island." In the course of this kind of narration, he relates the following, the truth of which must necessarily for its relish, be taken for granted:

A novel practice prevails at one of our Hotels, at which I hardly know whether to smile or frown. In operation it is something like that of the ancient "Folkers," but more harmless in fact. It is a trick, and tried only upon green ones, or those uninitiated. A person becomes acquainted with the intended victim, and casually remarks in reference to some article of his own dress, that its nature is widely different to what it really is. Of course the stranger denies the assertion; a wager is laid of drinks for the company, a dozen champagne, or some such trifling bet, which is left to the bystanders to decide, when, of course, the verdict one has the bet to pay, or be satisfied. At one occurrence, however, we could not resist a hearty laugh. A shrewd Jew, who had been victimized to a heavy extent, resolved to repay his tormentor, who will call F., in his own coin. An opportunity was not long wanting. A group, among whom was the Israelite, were standing in the main saloon in promiscuous conversation. F. came up, and exhibiting a slip of paper, remarked: "boys I can show you a curiosity: here is a certificate that I have paid for my last coat." It was handed round to look at, when F. being called suddenly away, left the paper with them. The Jew with a quiet snicker slipped it into his pocket, and after a few moments stepped up to F. and remarked: "I think you said you had a certificate of payment for your last coat."

"Yes I have," was the prompt reply.

"I'll bet you a dozen champagne you haven't."

"Doubt the bet and I'll take it."

"Do the bet and Levi."

Quietly put his hand into his pocket and exhibited a duplicate certificate, to the inexpressible mortification of Levi, and the uproarious gratification of the thrifty bystanders.

Brother Jonathan.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1843.

TO OUR READERS.—The present number completes the fifth volume of 'Brother Jonathan.' We mention the fact to remind those of our friends whose subscriptions now expire, and others who are contemplating subscribing, that the present is the proper time to forward their favors. We would remark, however, that we are prepared to furnish the back numbers to those who may be desirous of commencing with any previous volume.

We might be forgiven a little egotism in respect of the merits of our paper, since not only the press, generally, laud us, but scarcely a post arrives that does not bring a flattering compliment, and a proof, too, that it is sincere. Of the quality of the contents, however, we say nothing—they speak for themselves—but of the quantity, we may be permitted to say a word. Each number of 'Brother Jonathan' contains thirty-two large octavo pages—the fifty-two numbers comprise three volumes of 544 pages each; consequently the subscriber has upwards of sixteen hundred pages of valuable and interesting matter for three dollars,—the whole forming a work at once a fund of amusement—a source of instruction, and valuable as a reference.

In order to meet the convenience of those who may feel disposed to subscribe for one or two volumes only, we endeavor to make each one complete in itself. We have been prevented doing this lately, having commenced the republication of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but when that is completed, we shall so arrange our matter as to effect this desirable object.

The first number of our sixth volume will appear on Saturday next, but we shall be unable to carry out by that time all the improvements we contemplate. We shall from time to time, however, add such improvements as cannot fail to make 'Brother Jonathan' the best, as it is the most popular journal in the country.

THE YANKEE TONGUE—AND ITS CORRUPTIONS.

It is wonderful how knowing men are about all sorts of things when they're very hard pushed. A fellow now will undertake to tell you a story in Irish, or to read Irish aloud, for example, in a company made up of Irishmen and others who well know what Irish is, when they heard it on the stage, though they could neither read it nor speak it—a fellow who couldn't, for the soul of him, repeat the simplest Irish phrase with the genuine *twang*, as they call it du East. We have been guilty ourselves in this way, to oblige a friend—who never forgot nor forgave us. And so with the Scotch, the Yorkshire, the Welsh, and the other dialects of English—of course, we do not mean the Gaelic, the Welsh, nor the Saxon—but merely the Scotch-English, the Yorkshire-English, &c. &c.

But of all the gibberish on earth, when misunderstood or misrepresented, the Yankee is the least bearable. Uncorrupt and fairly written, or spoken with the true flavor, homely and rough, it is equal to the Irish, and far superior to the Scotch and the Yorkshire. Witness full three-fourths of all you hear from Hacket and Hill—the other fourth being sheer barbarism, and no more characteristic of a New Englander than 'by your leave' would be.

But surely Yankees ought to know. Granted—Yankees ought to know many things they never did, nor ever will know. A Yankee may know, when he *hears* it, what real ankiee is; but, take our word for it, there is not one Yankee in ten thousand, able to speak Yankee—unless he has been brought up in a part of the country having little to do with

seaports or strangers; and talked Yankee all his life long without knowing it. Then, too, he must have gone abroad, or lived elsewhere for a while, or he would not be able to *see*, much less to remember, the peculiarities of speech that are to be met with in Yankeeedom. Few indeed are the New Englanders who know what is Yankee, till they *hear* it spoken: fewer still, when they only see it written—because few indeed are they who ever think of writing it, even when they may talk it habitually; and they have no clear notion of the orthography. For example—none but a Yankee who has thought much upon the subject, would be able so to write the phrase *that air book*—or the word *pretty*, as they say it in New England, so as to convey to a stranger any true idea of the sounds. The English way of writing that *'ere*, won't do: *putty*, or *pooly*, or *putty*, are all absurdly wrong. The unchanged, unchangeable New Englander sounds *pretty* so as to rhyme with *duty*, giving to the *s*, in *duty*, not the long sound of *oo*, but a short sound, such as you hear in *full*, to distinguish it from *fool*.

What can be more absurd, therefore, than to take it for granted, because a man was born, or brought up, in New England, that he can speak Yankee, or even understand it. And so with the Irish—how many Irishmen do you see, and upon the stage, too, who are never able to talk half as good Irish as Matthewa did? Even the sharpest and shrewdest of our Yankees were no match for him in the *naturalness* of their speech, after he had studied them well—though he blundered, at times, as no Yankee ever did, or could.

But, although very few New Englanders may know what Yankee is—all of them know what it is *not*, when they hear it, or see it—just as we may all know at a glance, that Milton or Shakspeare did not write certain things which we see laid at their door, though we may never be able to say what either of them did write. In other words—because you read *Lear*, the *Paradise Lost*, or the *Fudge Family* in Paris, and not only enjoy, but understand them all, it does not follow that you could have written either—whatever you or other people may imagine to the contrary: any more than it follows, because a man may be able to say what is *not* Yankee, though he should be able to say what *is*. To understand when a shoe fits you, or a hat is well made, is one thing: to be able to make a shoe, or a hat, is another.

Simple and self-evident as these propositions may appear, when so stated, they are nevertheless far from being clear to the People; and are never acknowledged, if *seen* by the few that pretend to think for the People—heaven help them both!—else we should not see so many persons undertaking to write Yankee, or to judge of Yankee, who never saw New England; nor so many more setting themselves up for assayers of Yankee, simply because they happened to be born and brought up there. Many are the Irishmen who cannot speak Irish—but more the New Englanders who have wholly forgotten, or lost the power of distinguishing, their native speech—or have no idea of Yankee, till they hear it spoken upon the stage, or seen it written, and have it read to them out of a book.

To the point, therefore. Have you read *Sam Stick in England*? That, now, passes for first-rate Yankee, over-sea, and even here, among people who have no more idea of Yankee than of Catabaw; it is in everybody's mouth, and copied into all the newspapers. We are not very much astonished at this—we are only vexed; but we understand the whole *why* and wherefore. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was never out of sight of land in all his life, bought Dabney's picture of a sunset at sea—one of the hugest blunders ever perpetrated by mortal man—because he had never been out of sight of land, and was rather unwilling to have it known. So, the people of London, who couldn't relish Barn Hacket's Yankee, (but why barren?

who is more fruitful then?) nor even that of Matthews, when it was offered *neat*—preferring the half-and-half Yankee of the stage to the genuine article of the highway, are running wild about Sam Slick's Yankee, and Jim Crow's Poetry of Motion.

Now, we are not in the humor to gainsay all that has been fobbed off upon the English people for *Yankee*, by Judge Halliburton: for somewhat about five per cent. of the whole is Yankee, and capital Yankee, and may be depended upon by those who are no judges—not more. But how are they to know where to look for that five per cent., if they are no judges? Ay—there's the rub. Still, we do not mean to say that ninety-five per cent. of the whole are not Yankee—by no means—but only that it is not *pure* Yankee. Five per cent. is pure, and well worth smelting: fifty per cent. about as good as the average you see in the newspapers: twenty-five per cent. uncharacteristic, and wholly worthless; and the other twenty per cent. (stop—how many have we got?) anything in the world rather than Yankee—much of it being never heard from the mouth of a New-Englander. Let us give a few examples from a chapter just published in that clever and pleasant par, the *Albion*.

"Now considerin' it wan't an *overly* large one!" Pshaw! The Yankees do say *over large*; and why should they not? being hearty old English, sound and wholesome to the core; but no mortal man ever heard a Yankee say "*overly* large."

"Wall I hardly got well housed *a'most*, afore it came on to rain." A very good phrase, except in one particular. A Yankee would no more think of using *a'most* in that way, than he would of using *nor* after the fashion hereafter set forth, or "I *thought as how*," one of the absurd phrases eternally put into his mouth every day, by writers trying very hard to be funny, at a dollar or two a page, upon a subject they are wholly unacquainted with.

Again. "It warnt just a roarin', racin', *sneezin'* rain." *Just* is never so used by a New Englander. It is rather Irish or Scotch, however, than English; though you may hear it in the North of England; and as for "*sneezin'* rain," fudge! tho' a Yankee may have used the word, it is no more characteristic, or individualizing, than the word *lollipop* would be. We have heard a Naiyve complain of the *roaring* of a mosquito—not of *mosquitoes*, mind you; for that, one might well do, in the mosquito season, where they are bred by the township, filling the air as high up as you can see, and literally overpowering your voices in ordinary conversation after nightfall; but of a single mosquito; and this, he would repeat over and over again, till somebody took notice of it, when his object being attained, he would *lay himself out* for another bit of Yankee drollery, or extravagance; pretty soon it would find its way into the newspapers, and perhaps would have his name to it in the long run.

"I hadn't no notion what *was in store* for me next day," (pure English that, instead of Yankee,) "no more *nor* a child." There! that is swallowed for Yankee; and puffed for Yankee; not only over sea, but here—*here*—in the land of the Yankees!—Why, man alive! no Yankee ever heard of such an application of the word *nor*, in all his life! It is Irish—English—Scotch—Yorkshire—anything and everything but Yankee; and comes from the German *nur* (only, but.) It is never heard in our country from the mouth of an American; *let alone* a New Englander.

"So here goes for a sound nap!" continues the Judge; and that goes for Yankee! Bravo! One might as well say, Bear a hand there! Stand by to let go! and call it Yankee.

"Well, I was soon off again in a most beautiful of a *snore*." And that's another! "And the most *horrid* noise I ever heard since I was raised." A Yankee never says *horrid*, but *dreadful*, or *terrible*; and *raised*, instead of being a New England pe-

culiarity, is never heard there in that sense—although you may hear it every day at the south, where they *raise* children, pretty much as the Yankees do their potatoes—leaving them to come up of themselves, after they are planted. The Yankees say *brought up*, and sometimes *brung up*.

"I strapped and strapped away *untill*." A Yankee never says *untill*, but *till*. "And I sows till I got them to look considerable *jam* again." A Maryland phrase that, and one you may hear all along the eastern shores of Virginia; but never so applied, even there. They say *jam up*, for close up, very near.

"It had a real first chop flavor, *had* that cigar." "They had breakfasted, *had* the old folks." "She was a very polite old woman, *was* Aunt." This repetition of the verb is *peculiar* to the English. It is never heard in this country—never, except from an Englishman. Cooper saw this long ago, and in one of his trumpery English novels, he puts the same phraseology into the mouth of a pompous Englishman, which wasn't so bad; and Mr. Willis, we see, occasionally wanders that way. "He's my weakness—is Tom," or something of the sort, we have caught him writing—though never saying. But, after all, it is not characteristic of any people on earth.

And then too, such phrases as the following—that they should be foisted upon us for Yankee!—the thing is quite too ridiculous. "I got a crack on the *pate*." A Yankee never says *pate*—an Englishman always does, when he means to be satirical or jocular; *dunderpate*, *addeppate*, &c. &c., are never heard here; in England you may hear both, any hour of the day—and properly enough applied too, we promise you. "Here was I, to clean and *groom* up again." To *groom* is so thoroughly English, that no native Yankee would know what was meant by it.—We have no *grooms* in New England. If you were to order a stable-boy to groom your horse or yourself, he would be sure to ask whether you wanted to be rubbed down with straw, or led to water. "I pulls foot for dear life." I *pulls foot*—is capital Yankee; for *dear life*, capital English, but unheard of in Yankee land. "It was tall walking, you may depend." A western-country phrase, hardly yet naturalized north of Mason and Dixon's line.

But enough. The letters of Sam Slick, apart from the language or dialect, are worthy of all the praise they get, and more; and even the language is equal to the best Yankee we get in our story-books and newspapers—barring always what we ourselves write—and that which our friend, Jonathan Shek, furnishes for the Brother Jonathan—which, barring the orthography and a little too much repetition of particular phrases, is by far the best that has ever appeared on earth.

THE IRISH REPEAL.—This question still continues to agitate Ireland, and England is of course not free from its effects. By the latest news, it would appear that O'Connell, blood-guiltless as he is, and as he intends to be, according to his own account, still exercises his dangerous power over that peculiarly excitable people—but whether for good or for evil, we say not; the result is hid in the "womb of time," but if the present indications are the shadows of "coming events," then we fear it will be evil for Ireland, and the soil yet reek with the blood of her sons.

Foreign sympathy will not aid her—foreign money will not supply her with material to withstand her powerful opponent; if the question is to be decided by force of arms. America has echoed her wish to be free, and France is now raising subscriptions on behalf of the oppressed Irish. At a public dinner in Paris, a short time since, the following language was used:—

"Let an extensive subscription be opened throughout the whole of France; let the mite of the poor man be added to the large offering of the rich, and let an abundant supply be paid into the fund of the Repeal, to support that great politician, that powerful orator of Ireland, to main-

tains him in the calm and defensive position which he has taken up.—(Cheers.) Let England also know that if she attempts to overcome legitimate rights by violent and coercive measures, France is ready to lend an oppressed people, in their deplorable struggle, experienced hands, revivified hearts, and sturdy arms. (Cheers.) Let her remember that the same causes led to the independence of the new world, and that her children, simple citizens, courageous volunteers, won at the sword's point that liberty which they maintain, and which, I trust, they will maintain to the world's end. (Cheers.)

This is all very well so far as the sentiment goes, but how does it benefit Ireland? What is the effect upon the British ministers?—they view the agitation of this question in the light of a rebellion, but so long as no overt act takes place, they act on the defensive merely—they cannot, or at least they will not, interfere—but they watch every movement there and elsewhere with untiring vigilance; silently but surely their means are being provided; and should the time arrive, (which God forbid!) who can doubt that England has the power, if she has the desire, to crush rebellion at the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth.

It is fearful to contemplate the slaughter of human life that must ensue, if a collision takes place; and that it must ultimately result in this, the most rabid repealer must see; indeed the interference of foreign countries will hasten that dreadful catastrophe, by infusing into the hearts of the Irish people a hope—a delusive hope, that never can be realized—and its delusion once discovered, desperation succeeds, and madly they will rush upon destruction.

Whether the repeal of the Legislative Union would be beneficial to Ireland, or whether they have a right to demand it from the justice of England, we are not prepared to discuss; but of this we are quite sure—that she will never yield it to appease the agitating spirit of an unprincipled demagogue. The reply of Mons. Guizot in the Chamber of Peers, when questioned on the subject of Irish affairs, was worthy of the man, and shows the views of the French Government upon this question.

As to Ireland, he did not conceive himself justified in saying a word on the subject. He sincerely desired the perfect tranquillity of the United Kingdom, and he felt confident that it would be everywhere maintained or re-established. During the last twenty years, the English Government had done a great deal for the welfare of Ireland. "The chiefs of the present Administration," said M. Guizot, "gave emancipation to the Catholics of that country; and I have every confidence—and I here speak as a mere spectator of human occurrences—that they will reconcile, in the management of this great affair, what is due to the dignity and unity of England with what behoves the country, and the benevolence which a good and wise Government owes to all its subjects."

THE STEAMBOAT KNICKERBOCKER.—Messrs. Drew & Newton, of "The People's Line" of Albany steamers, have just started the most magnificent boat that ever floated on the bosom of the Hudson, or indeed of any other waters.

The Knickerbocker is 315 feet long, 31 feet in width, 9 feet 10 inches deep, and measures about 1000 tons, and propelled by a low pressure engine of 65 inch cylinder, and 10 feet stroke of piston, having wrought iron shafts, and water wheels 33 feet in diameter, with 12 feet surface of bucket, built at the Phoenix Foundry. Her main cabin below is 290 feet in length, containing 26 state rooms, with two births each, well ventilated, besides 100 berths. Her Ladies' Saloon is 90 feet in length, and fitted up on an entirely new plan, combining comfort and elegance, having 12 state rooms, besides berths where ladies can be as retired as in their own parlors, each state room being furnished with mirrors, dressing tables, chairs, &c. On her promenade deck, 240 feet in length, she has a range of elegant single and family state rooms, 65 in number, furnished and fitted with everything that can conduce to comfort; besides other sleeping rooms on her main deck, giving her ample accommodation for sleeping with ease, 600 passengers. Her furniture throughout, is of the richest and most appropriate style.

The decorations are highly tasteful, and the pictures are characteristic of the olden time of the Knickerbockers; indeed, all that belongs to the boat is in perfect keeping with her name, if we except her speed, which would certainly astonish old Diedrich, who considered a voyage to Albany a great undertaking; and so it was, when it occupied more than a week in the performance.

She is placed under the command of Capt. St. John, formerly of the Rochester, one of the most attentive and gentlemanly Captains on the North River, and to him we are greatly indebted for a most delightful trip to Albany on Friday last, when she made her first (not regular) passage. Some 70 or 80 persons were invited, and nothing was left undone on the part of the Captain or his subordinates, to make the company happy and comfortable; it is needless to say they quite succeeded—a universal feeling of satisfaction prevailed.

The speed of the Knickerbocker was not fairly tried on that occasion, but even with the power of steam then on, and taking into consideration the delays experienced, she made the trip in seven hours fifty minutes, the quickest on record, except one—7 hours 27 minutes—by the South America last Spring. We feel assured that without delays, she will yet run from New York to Albany in less than seven hours.

Time from New York to Yonkers, 20 miles, 50 minutes.

" Newburgh to Po'keepsie, 18 " 46 "

" Catskill to Hudson, 6 " 14 "

From Hudson to Albany, the rain fell so thickly, the night was so dark and the channel so full of vessels that the Knickerbocker was forced to slacken her speed.

She commenced her regular trips on Monday night, and will, we feel confident, become the most popular, as she is now the most elegant and commodious boat on the river.

REFORM OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—There has been as much outcry for this as for "Police reform," but thanks to the efficient chief engineer, an improvement has taken place, though there is still room for more, which we think might, since the introduction of the Croten water, be promptly and easily effected. The late murder in a grog-shop, by a 'runner' to one of the engines, presents a melancholy instance of the operation of the system as at present organized, and of the reproach such fellows bring upon a class of men who, generally speaking, deserve the thanks and gratitude of their fellow-citizens, and who earnestly desire the necessary reform. Let there be a purifying of the department—separate the chaff from the wheat; follow the example of the Baltimoreans, and organize a police force from your own ranks, and thus increase the usefulness of the department, and considerably benefit the community. It is said to work well there, and we see no reason to doubt its practicability here.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—It will be remembered that about a twelvemonth since, several officers who had been detached from the expedition by Commander Wilkes, were tried by a court-martial here, and sentences more or less severe passed upon them. The results of those trials, as well as that to which Mr. Wilkes was subjected, were unsatisfactory to many, and judging from the conduct of the present head of the Navy Department, he must have been among the number, as we perceive he is returning most of those officers to employment. Dr. Gillou is appointed to the new brig Lawrence, and Lieut. Pinckney to the Savannah. Lieut. Eld has been ordered to Washington, to assist in the preparation of the charts intended to illustrate the forthcoming account of the voyage and discoveries of the expedition.

CHRISTINA COCHRANE.—A large number of documents relating to the case of this woman, were received by the Hibernia, which, if received in time, might probably have caused a further investigation here. They will, however, be forwarded to Scotland, and may possibly aid her on the trial. The result has given general satisfaction, although much sympathy was felt for the unhappy woman, the story of whose love and sufferings is painful in the extreme, and excels in interest many similar tales of fiction.

We learn that applications for passage were made to the captains of the *Garrick* and *Acadia*, and refused. She ultimately embarked in the *Liverpool*, and will continue to receive the same kind treatment she invariably met with during the progress of the case here.

We have great pleasure in referring our readers to the advertisement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this day's paper, and assure them that we act *advisedly*, in bearing testimony to the great and well-deserved popularity of that Institution. The faculty have reason to be proud of the estimation in which they and the school over which they preside are held by the members of their own Profession, who can but appreciate the efforts which have been made in the College for some years past, to elevate the standard of Medical Education. That the Graduates of the School come up to this standard, is satisfactorily evinced by the fact, that at a recent examination for assistant Surgeons in the Navy, while graduates of almost every other school in the country were rejected, all those from the College of Physicians and Surgeons were passed with honor. Indeed, not a single case can be brought forward, in which a graduate of this school, under its present organization, has been rejected by the Board of Examiners either of the Army or Navy. The public as well as the Profession will appreciate the value of this criterion, when informed, that of the persons presenting themselves for examination before these Boards, from one half to two-thirds are rejected.

During the past year, this College has received an important accession of strength, by the appointment to the Presidency of that eminent and scientific surgeon, Dr. Alexander H. Stevens. We trust that for the future not only will the school secure in Dr. Stevens an efficient head, but that its pupils and the junior practitioners of our city will have the benefit of occasional classical Lectures on Surgery from him—a mode of imparting instruction in which he confessedly stands unrivalled.

[Correspondence of the Brother Jonathan.]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST, 1843.

DEAR SIR—I have arrived at this Mecca of Dyspeptics, and agreeable to promise, sit down to communicate the result of my observation. The most imperfect optics, suffering under an obliquity of vision equal to that which sees double before dinner even, cannot escape ample food for thought and contemplation in this grand Bazaar of folly and fashion. All is bustling and breezy—the old trees are greener—the crowds come to their shade merrier—the birds twitter with a livelier tone—smiles are dispensed with a readier impulse—matters made with less fawning—bucks “take horns” with an easier air of reciprocal favor, than we ever recollect to have observed before.

It is a dominant principle of the female visitants to drink the least possible quantity of water. The spring, however, is a place of general resort for these levies of beauty; when their adroit proficiency in the art of *hussydandy* is a sufficient explanation for their choosing their favorite lustime, in preference to drinking the nauseous beverage. Were our taste consulted, we had sooner drink a spring dry than favor such coquettesses on a daughter or female relative as we have seen pass the hyemal mist of both sexes here. It's a way they have however, and indigne for excitement, I presume. This is a funny definition of marriage, but is apparently the only assignable incentive. A declaration acting as an accessory necessity, or spoken as a prologue to the tragedy which follows—a *coup sur*!

The dusky Creole—the buxom Brunette—the voluptuous Blonde—the fragile beauty of the *southern* South, and all here—evidently vying with each other in their designs upon us Bachelors, but as Meddle says, “cause to come off.” The writer is, or should be, wedded to his folio;

his thoughts there embodied, are to bridal affinity to the mind's nuptials with immortality—any other affiance is downright bigamy—Longfellow to the contrary notwithstanding. At least, so said West, on hearing of Alston's dereliction.

I attended Castellan's Soiree at the United States last evening. In person she is all simplicity and grace, with a contour of figure fit for an houri. But her singing—ah, sir, her singing!—God never attuned a soul more imbued with harmony; you have only to shut your eyes and listen, to imagine her voice the low, mournful wail of a fallen angel.

Mr. Van Buren is staying at the above house. His bold, powerful eye still burns with an undiminished lustre, though his frame is bowed with the load of accumulated years. Time's withered finger has scored his diplomatic brow with many a wrinkle, and wrote its signet, perhaps, upon his ambitious heart—goaded him on to struggles which will never cease, until it cease to throb with a sense of either pleasure or greatness, in eternity.

I think it may be maintained upon tenable grounds, that D'Oraay and Lady Blessington have not been here at all. At all events, I failed to recognise our “Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,” and Metemich of prose, who is said to comprise one of their suite. If the contrary be insisted on, however, there was no occasion for an *inocento*, as there are no men here who would arrest attention in a cabbage-garden. This is a good exemplification of the truth of man's insignificance before he has created an interest for himself. Where there is no antecedent of greatness, everything falls flat; but let them have done something,—being viably engaged before our eyes to some action which has roused attention,—and we are curious to learn all respecting them.

The rain is falling in torrents, and a life of languid insanity is the result. The day breaks and wanes, and night comes with its quiet and its shadows. The hushed and sublime repose of nature sinks deeply into the heart; while the solemn splendor of the skies seems to solve the riddle of our destiny. How perceptible is the unconscious irony of nature to the deafening whirl of giddy mirth, but just ceased! So this shall be, and still the crowd shall come and go, and teach but the solitary truth—forgetfulness.

H. H. C.

LITERARY.

THE TRUE PATH FOR THE TRUE CHURCHMAN.—Cassery and Sons, 108 Nassau street.—In these troublesome times of religious dispanity, this little work will be read with interest.

It is two letters written by R. W. Sibthorp, B.D., of Oxford, explaining the reason of his secession from the Protestant to the Catholic Church. The subject is treated in masterly style, and is well worth the perusal. If it will not convince, it will at least instruct.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for August, is no our table. Mr. Minor the new editor and proprietor, has buckled on his armor, as though he intended something, and judging from his address to his patrons, and the appearance of the present number, he has done so to some purpose. We are bound to confess, however, that it lacks interesting matter. Mr. Minor must obtain contributors if he wants subscribers.

GRANHAM'S MAGAZINE for September has been forwarded to us by Messrs. Graham & Christy, 2 Astor House. The engravings of this number are “My First Love,” Fitzgreen Halleck, an admirable likeness, and “May Flowers.” Its contents are furnished by Pambury, Willis, Coniad, John W. Wilde, P. M. Palmer, Mrs. Sigourney, Smith, &c.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for September has also been furnished us by Graham & Christy. The embellishments consist of “The Fair Artist,” Sir Roger de Coverly, “Going to Church &c.,” Colored Rose and Butterfly, and a plate of the Fashions. The contributors are Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, Anna Fleming, Willis, Tuckerman, H. Hastings Weld, and a host of others.

SERIAL WORKS.—J. Winchester, 30 Ann-street, has issued the following new works during the week. A serial supplement to the New World, consisting a continuance of ‘Arrah Nial,’ ‘Modern Chivalry,’ ‘Tom Burd of Ours,’ ‘Chuzzlewit,’ ‘L. S. D.,’ and ‘Letterings of Arthur O'Leary.’

Six John Froisart's Chronicles, No. 6, price 25 cents.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for August, a reprint, 18¢ cents.

THE FERNET'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—Carey and Hart, have issued the thirteenth number of this excellent and valuable work. Price 25 cents.

DEATH; OR MEDORUS' DREAM, by the author of "Absolverus."—Harper and Brothers. This poem has just been laid upon our table.—We shall review its merits hereafter.

THE CLOCKMAKER, OR THE SATIRES AND DOINGS OF SAM. SLICK.—Burgess & Stinger have issued a reprint of this popular work, price 18¢ cents.

LADS' MUSICAL LIBRARY for September, is issued and may be obtained of Burgess & Stinger. It contains five songs or ballads—a set of cotillions, waltzes, allemandes, &c.

FORTHCOMING WORKS.

Mr. Richard Willis, youngest brother of one of the editors of the New Mirror, is residing at Frankfurt, in Germany, and preparing a book on the land of beer and the domestic virtues. N. P. Willis has a work in press in London, to be called "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil."

The Harpers have put to press the Sketches of George W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, partially written by this gentleman during his tour to the city of Mexico. The work will be published in two large octavo volumes. It will, undoubtedly, have a wide circulation.

It is announced that "The Poets and Poetry of Connecticut," edited by C. W. Everett, will be published in September.

Mrs. C. Field, of New Orleans, will shortly give the world the results of the expedition he is now upon, in the north-west, in company with Sir Drummond Stewart and others. It will be an interesting work, and cannot fail of being most popular.

It is stated that a new edition of D'Israeli's well known "Curiosities of Literature," to which is added, "The Curiosities of American Literature," by Rev. R. W. Griswold, will soon be published.

The following was not intended for publication; but, coming as it does, from a strong, healthy man, who, after living as others live in our crowded cities, for the greater part of a long life, at the mercy of all sorts of accidents in the shape of men, pulled up stakes, and journeying into the far wilderness, planted himself there, so that the very staff he carried in his hand took root and flourished, and he has become both distinguished and wealthy,—wealthy in the best meaning of the word. We think we have a right to do what we please with it, for the encouragement and help of others who are toiling as he toiled, and suffering as he suffered, to no purpose.

Greenville, Bond Co., Ill., July 20, 1843.

My much esteemed friend—You have a good memory and have not forgotten me, yet it is certainly a large portion of our short lifetime since I have seen or heard from you. Do you make any attempts now to enlighten this benighted world by your tongue or your pen? I am so far in the wilderness that I scarcely hear anything of politics, and the literature of the day is a dead letter to me. I swing my axe and hoe, and walk between the handles of my plough; watch and tend the growth of my grove, my trees, and my children, and have become, in fact, that model of usefulness and virtue which I have in time past so ardently recommended to public attention,—a *working-man*. Don't you envy me?

Tell me how the world uses you, and, what is a matter of no less interest, how you use the world. Tell me of your wife, your children, and yourself. Write to me, if you can spare such an exertion for one who lives so far off, whom you will probably never see again, and who can be of no possible use to you in this world nor the next. You have been to Europe and seen the lions there, why do you not come out to the great West, and see the lions here? Perhaps as much ailment for useful reflection might be gathered amongst the hills and prairies of the West, as among those regions of the old world which have been desecrated by bad government since the founding of the Roman empire.

Moreover, so far as the human family is concerned, we are all lions here. I am a lion myself, and so also are my neighbors, and many hundred thousand independent men, who cultivate their own soil, who are in themselves the root and principle of all government, and, in fact, kings; yes, better than kings, since they are neither upstarts nor tyrants.

Be assured, however, my dear friend, that although now a king, I have not forgotten those who had a place in my heart when I had no house over my head, nor foot of land to stand upon that I could call my own—when I belonged to that wretched train of menials who daily awaited the nod of a bank director, or whispered their tale of woe and

woe into the sympathising ear of that last resort of the afflicted, a money-broker.

I cannot now look back upon those dark days of servitude without a shudder. May God protect you and me, and all our friends from such a degradation of humanity for the future.

With unabated good will and best wish for you and yours.

I remain your friend,

W. S. W.

[Original.]

OUR FATHER-ISLE.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

[The Isle of Skye has within the last forty years furnished for the Public Service 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals; 45 lieutenant-colonels; 600 majors, captains, lieutenants and subalterns; 10,000 foot soldiers; 120 pipers; 4 governors of colonies; 1 governor-general; 1 adjutant-general; 1 chief baron of England, and one judge of the supreme court of Scotland. The generals may be classed thus:—8 Macdonalds, 6 Macleods, 2 Macallisters, 2 MacCaskills, 1 MacKinnon, 1 MacQueen and one Elder.—*English Paper.*]

Shout for the brave old battle Isle! its glens and mountains bare;
Whose every wind's a clarion note, whose blast a pibroch air.
And may her sons where'er they go, say to themselves the while—
God's blessing rest upon thy shores, our brave, old battle Isle!

Our old Norwegian fathers flung canvas to the breeze,
And bade their warrior-frighted ships go bounding o'er the seas.
They raised the ancient war-chaunt, as they riveted the mail,
And at the broadsword's severing edge they won thee from the Gael.

The surf broke on the wild rock shore, loud piped the storm-wind's tone;
Thou flung his thunder-hammer down from off his cloudy throne.
The gaunt wolf bayed within his lair, the hawk soared high the while,
And screamed our Fathers' welcome to their brave old battle Isle!

Thy sons were in the plaided ranks that bade King Edward turn,
When Bruce's stalwart battle-axe gleamed over Bannockburn,
Round Flodden's James they clustered with biring spear and target;
And their good claidmors flashed readily when Montrose led on the charge.

For "Charlie" marshalled readily, to fall but not to yield,
Their blood made fat the healthy soil of Carlisle's field.
At Balaclava and Waterloo they led the stern advance,
And pealed the slogan shout that shook the cuirassiers of France.

For thee their heart-beat lives, where'er, by foreign clime or side,
Thy memory their fondest love, thy fame their brightest pride;
For thee, to battle and to death they march, saying with a smile—
"God's blessing be upon thee still, our brave old battle Isle!"

A story is told of a Greek, who, as he was turning from the bath, entered the school of a philosopher with a garland on his head in order to create a laugh; but being rebuked by the philosopher, he soon drew his hand within his garment after the Grecian manner of showing attention.

With the Arabs it is always a mark of respect for an inferior to let his long sleeves drop over his hands when in the presence of a superior, or at any rate to conceal them.

It is ungentle to walk in Broadway without gloves.

Is there such a thing as inherent gentility, or are these facts merely accidental coincidences of custom?

RYTH ELDER.—In consequence of the length of the present number of Martin Chuzzlewit, we are compelled to crowd out the continuation of this story, until next week.

THE CONCORD TRIAL.—The trial of Wyman and Brown, for embezzlement, terminated on Friday, but the jury, after a long consultation, could not agree upon the verdict as regarded Wyman, and were discharged. They found Brown not guilty.

TRIAL OF TWO SLAVES.—Two slaves were tried at New Orleans on the 8th inst., before the Recorder and two citizens, charged with robbing Jas. Raney of \$435. One was found guilty and sentenced to receive seventy-five lashes well laid on, twenty-five a day—and to wear a three pronged iron collar for six months!

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA AND GREAT WESTERN. SIXTEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet *Hibernia*, arrived at Boston on Thursday night at 10 o'clock, making the passage in 13 days, 5½ hours. She brought 15 passengers to Halifax and 67 to Boston.

The *Great Western* arrived here on Monday morning, after a boisterous passage of 15 days and a half—having had her yards down and topmasts struck during the whole voyage. She brought 12 cabin passengers. By these arrivals we are in possession of foreign papers to the 5th inst. inclusive.

The principal subject of interest is the repeal question—O'Connell is still haranguing large assemblages of persons in his usual strain. He has invited the best of Ireland's landlords to become repealers, and in an exposition of his views, holds the following language:—

"The stain of blood must be effaced by obliterating its causes, and that can be done only by an arrangement consented to, and concurred in, by the best class of landlords, and rendered sufficiently protective of the occupying tenants. Nothing can be more absurd than to accuse the repealers of a desire for separation or revolutionary violence. What we want is to preserve and improve the social state—not to injure it. What we desire is to consolidate the connection with England upon a popular basis—not to sever it."

The following report was made by O'Connell at a large meeting held at the Dublin Exchange Rooms, July 5th.

Amount of all monies received for the National Repeal Treasury for the quarter ending the 4th of July, 1842, and the corresponding quarter ending 3d July, 1843.

1842. Received from 5th April to 4th July, inclusive £299 9s. 7d.
1843. Received from 4th April to 3d July £15,399 11s. 3d.

Increase on quarter £14,789 1s. 8d.

£10,000 of that would be funded, and he would hand the scrip to Mr. Rey, for 10,000. (Hear.) £1,000 had been already paid towards the building of the new hall, and there were other expenses.

Mr. O'Connell read letters, enclosing the following sums: £20 from New Brunswick, £30 from New York, £100 from New Providence and £100 from Albany.

The rent for the week was £2199 19s. 6d. and for the following week £2504 0s. 6d.

In the House of Lords, rigorous speeches have been delivered by the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst and Brougham, upon Irish affairs. It is evident that the policy of the Duke and his colleagues and supporters is to "very brave."

The Naval and Military Gazette says:—"The Duke of Wellington is prepared to concentrate the troops in Ireland, and all the small detachments will be called in. Barracks, long unoccupied, are ordered to be furnished for the accommodation of troops, and stations, where of late only a company was quartered will have a complete regiment. Far more is doing towards placing the country in a state to be defended than merely leads the eye. Troops are at the most convenient points for transmission; and we know that arms and ammunition are disposed of at safe places in this country for their being sent over when required."

Several anti-repeal movements have also taken place in Ireland, and resolutions passed condemnatory of the repeal agitation. It was likewise agreed to hold a meeting in September, "for the purpose of devising a plan for organizing the Protestants of Ulster, and of adopting measures for the defence and support of their common faith, their property and their lives."

The Grand Juries of Down, Antrim, and Westmeath, have petitioned Parliament against the repeal of the Union.

The Dublin Monitor reports a meeting of Irish Members which was held in the month of July: Lord John Russell presiding. The Irish Members wished an appeal in the constituencies on the subject of Ireland; but Lord Palmerston opposed the project, and it was relinquished. A Committee, however, was appointed to draw up a statement of Irish grievances, to be submitted to a future meeting. In the Commons on the 3d inst. Lord John Russell, in allusion to Ireland expressed the opinion that O'Connell's repeal meetings were illegal, but that any conviction would now be impossible, and that the agitation could not be suppressed without a "redress of grievances."

THE RIVERSTOCK RIOTS still continue—many of the rioters have been arrested and committed for trial, but the result is to show the wantonness of their power and their utter contempt of the very large military and police force assembled against them, actually destroyed three gates, and broke in the doors and windows of a toll house, as soon as the examination of the prisoners had taken place.

The business during the interim of the sailing of the *Acedia* and the *Hibernia* was quite light. Money was abundant, but the funds were depressed in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of political affairs. In the Manufacturing and Iron districts there continues to exist the greatest depression. The Liverpool Cotton market was very healthy during the fortnight, and the business on an extensive scale at firm prices.

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY. In a parliamentary paper, recently issued, a special clause is inserted in reference to the late treaty: i

is the opinion amongst merchants, says *Wilmer's News Letter*, that the imports will not be confined to the produce of the *State of Maine*, but of the *United States* generally. The river St John will be considered henceforth as a free river, and consequently, there will be a mutual understanding to introduce the produce and manufactures of the United States and Britain upon a perfect system of free trade.

SPAIN.—The Regency of Espartero has at last been brought to a close. He has given up the contest without a struggle, and taken refuge in Portugal. Cadix has pronounced against his government.

Madrid has been surrendered unconditionally.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The *Overland Mail* arrived at Malta on the 24th inst. and at London on the 1st inst. The latest date from Macao was April 16th. There is little news from China, the new Commissioner Ke Ying not having arrived to treat with Sir Henry Pottinger. The province of Szechwan was recently quiet, Sir Charles Napier having made terms with most of the chiefs. Dost Mohamed had arrived at Cabul and assumed the government without opposition.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—A letter from Constantinople of the 7th July, announces the termination of the Serbian question. Prince Alexander Kara Georgevitch has been re-elected unanimously, and his Ministers, Petrowitch and Wutawitch, whose banishment was so emphatically demanded by Russia, have been permitted to remain in Serbia. The only results, therefore, of the Serbian question have been, the humiliation of the Porte, and the establishment of Russian influence, and over-flaw of British influence at the Porte.

FRANCE.—A French squadron sailed from Toulon on the 9th, to observe the movements of a Turkish fleet which had arrived off Tripoli.

The Monitor contains a royal ordinance promoting the Prince de Joinville to the rank of Rear Admiral. This ordinance is followed by the marriage act of the Prince with the Princess of the Brazil, which was signed on the 31st ult. in the palace of Nemilly, in presence of the royal family, Marshal Soult, M. Guizot, the minister of the Brazil, Baron Pasquier, (Chancellor of France) and the Duke de Caes, (Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers) acting as the civil officers. We learn from the *Journal des Debats*, that the princess brought her husband, as dowry first, 1,000,000 francs in specie; secondly a revenue of 180,000 francs arising from Brazilian stock; thirdly, 25 leagues of territory, in the province of Santa Catarina, at the choice of the Prince; fourthly, a yearly income of 25,000 francs, together with jewels to the amount of 200,000 francs; fifthly, a present from the Emperor of the Brazils of 300,000 francs for her outfit. Independently of these advantages, she is to succeed to the throne of the Brazil, to the exclusion even of her eldest sister, if the emperor Dom Pedro II, and the Princess Januaria, the presumptive heiress to the crown, should die without issue.

A letter from Brest gives the following description of the Princess de Joinville: "The Princess has an agreeable expression of countenance; she is young and graceful; her hair is of a clear chestnut color, and she has all the freshness and beauty of her years. Her figure is elegant, slender, and she possesses both grace and elasticity."

The iron steamship *Great Britain* was launched at Bristol on the 19th ult. at half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Steamship *Hibernia*, hence, arrived at Liverpool on the 27th ult. after a passage of eleven days including the detention at Halifax. The Steamship *Great Western* which left New York three days before the departure of the *Hibernia* from this port, only reached Liverpool the day before her. The arrival of the two vessels in Liverpool was coincident within twenty-four hours of each other. The *Hibernia's* mails were landed in Liverpool in nine days from the time of her departure from Halifax. It is remarkable that the London papers of the day on which her news was printed contained also that of the *Great Western*.

The Steamship *Margaret* with the passengers of the *Columbia*, reached Liverpool on the 23d of July.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOSS OF THE *PEGASUS*. HULL STRUCK, AND FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE.—Another appalling steamboat disaster has taken place, near the place where the *Forfarshire* was wrecked a few years ago and where the late Grace Darling so heroically distinguished herself by saving five lives, at the imminent risk of her own. By the present disastrous occurrence no fewer than fifty to sixty human beings have been suddenly deprived of life. The *Pegasus*, which has plied between Liverpool and London, left Lethbr Harbour on Wednesday afternoon, the 19th ult., and at midnight struck on a sunken rock just inside Fern Island, near what is called Golden Rock. She immediately filled and sunk. Only six persons who were on board were saved. Elton, an actor of some celebrity perished.

CAPT. N. SHANNON, OF THE *COLUMBIA*.—The passengers who were on board the *Columbia* when she was wrecked on Fern Island, since their arrival in Liverpool, have presented a handsome piece of plate to Captain Shannon, as a mark of their respect towards him, both as a gentleman and an officer. It bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Capt. Neil Shannon, of the Steamship *Columbia*, by the passengers who sailed with him in that vessel from Liverpool to Halifax, on the 4th June, 1843, as a mark of their respect for his uniform urbanity of manners and abilities as commander."

The Times asserts that a person named Loose has proposed the formation of an Iron balloon of 5,122 tons weight, arising from a shell of wrought iron, which, having the air exhausted from it, would rise from the earth with the rapidity of an arrow!

During his recent visit to Liverpool, the Rev. Theobald Mathew administered the pledge to upwards of 30,000 persons. After his journey to Manchester, where he made 80,000 converts, the revered gentleman returned to Liverpool, where he increased the number of teetotalists to nearly 60,000. He has since paid a visit to the metropolis, privately, for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out more effectively hereafter his plans; and next year he intends, it is said to visit the United States.

A contract has been entered into by two influential firms—one in London, the other at Liverpool—to convey out 5000 poor emigrants to Australia.

In the county of Cornwall there are 370,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of whom are miners, and 70,000 teetotalists; and of this large body there were but five prisoners for trial at the last assizes: Thus abstinence lessens crime and abates misery.

There are at this time constructing in Liverpool sixteen or seventeen vessels of iron, but not one new ship of wood is building on the stocks.

The directors of the Belgian railroads are building a diligence with two floors. The upper part will be a glazed gallery, from which an extensive view of the country will be commanded.

The property of the Duke of Sussex, lately sold by auction, realized £37,643 9s. 11d. The pipes, tobacco, and cigars brought £3617 7s. 6d.; the clocks and watches £1994 3s.

The *Universal German Gazette* states that a new sect of Jews has been formed at Leipzig, openly abandoning the doctrines of Judaism without embracing those of Christianity, but obliging the members to have their children baptized and educated as Christians.

The Royal Navy at the present time consists, says the *Hampshire Telegraph*, of 230 vessels of all descriptions, mounting 3471 guns; viz, 3 yachts, 14 sea-going line-of-battle ships, 31 frigates, 35 sloops of war, 34 smaller vessels, 63 steam vessels, 24 surveying vessels, (including 9 steamers,) 9 troop ships, 1 hospital ship, and 10 stationary guard-ships. The force at home consists of 780 guns; Mediterranean, 633; Brazil, 451; East Indies, 566; Cape and Coast of Africa, 293; North America and West Indies; Particular service, 332; Surveying, 190; Troopships, 46; Lakes, 3—total 3471. This is an augmentation of 8 vessels, but a reduction of 384 guns, since the commencement of the year.

The quantity of tobacco imported last year from the United States was 39,691,012 lbs.

Mlle de Haber, a lady of the Jewish persuasion, grand-daughter of W. Worms de Romilly, President of the Central Consistory of the Jews in France, has just changed her religion, and been married to M. de Grouchy, Sub-Prefect of Montargis, and nephew of Marshal Grouchy.

The sale of the effects of Mlle Lenormand, the prophetess, which has closed at Paris, has excited great interest. A portrait of Josephine, presented to the sibyl by the Emperor himself, fetched 4750 francs.

The Prussian Government has published a notice in Cologne, reminding the population of the Rhenish Governments that neither popular fetes nor meetings of any descriptions can be held without previous permission from the police.

The marriage between his Imperial Highness the Archduke Albert of Austria, and her Royal Highness Princess Hildegard of Bavaria is finally settled and will take place in the early part of September next.

The *Universal German Gazette* says, the Russian Government has given notice that every Prussian subject who shall enter Russia, or Russian Poland, without a regular passport, shall be sent to Siberia if a civilian, and to a fortress if a soldier.

The King of Prussia has presented to his Majesty Louis Philippe a pair of can-caniers of Berlin memorabilia, most beautifully wrought. The King has ordered them to be placed in the Louvre, in the gallery appropriated to the display of furniture of the middle ages.

The Berlin Gazette announces the death of Prince Augustus of Prussia, at Bromberg, on the 19th ult. He was the youngest son of Prince Ferdinand, brother of Frederick the Great, and of the Princess Louise, daughter of the Margrave of Schwedt. The Prince was in his 64th year.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

The Clementine check, or carreau, is a novelty which gives additional elegance to the piques. Taffetas d'Italie are much in fashion and vary in their patterns: the prettiest are checked green and Parma violet, or violet and orange, a mixture much in vogue this season in every article of dress. For evening dresses, the robes opale, caméleon, or en ciel, are decidedly the most elegant and suitable; the names are derived from the effect produced by a skirt of blue muslin underneath, embroidered in white, worn over another skirt of pink gauze, which gives the tints above implied.

A new style of make for dresses of caméleon, or opal silk, is with both body and skirt open, and laced with braid in the Tyrolean style; the open sides of both body and skirt are edged with a bouillon à la vieille; the are à la Médici. For travelling dresses, or country wear, couille is in favor, trimmed with several rows of narrow velvet of the color of the dress. White muslins are trimmed with lace and lined with colored crepe, which still preserves their transparency.

White is much in favor this season for bonnets, and *fenillage* is a favorite ornament: a bonnet of *paille de riz*, with shaded green, and white ribbon and a bunch of *magnolia*, is very pretty; shaded *vetivete*

or *chovez* are also used, imitating the rose, formed of ribbon from the palest tint of pink to the China rose.

Cravats, lace, *taille d'Alton*, *paille de riz*, sewed Leghorns, and fancy stanzas, are all fashionable. Flowers and feathers are of every variety, but flowers of *marabout*, with leaves of shaded velvet, *panaches zéphir* and *plumets rasses*, are the favorite ornaments. The round caps à la *paysanne* à la *Bahet*, à la *Bretagne*, are frequently trimmed with dark ribbons, deep blue or *crisse shaded*.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 25.—The import of the week is 39,573 bags, viz: 23,713 from the United States, 3759 from Pernambuco and 3100 from Bombay. The sales of the week are 23,370 bags, of which there are taken on speculation 3600 American, and for export 1670 American, 70 Pernambuco, 190 Surat, and 60 Madras. Prices are maintained with steadiness.

August 3.—The sales since Friday amount to 24,000 bags, of which 6000 are sold to-day. There is no alteration in prices. Arrived since Friday, 6 vessels from the United States, 2 from Egypt, and 1 from Brazil. The quotations, according to the standard now adopted by the Brokers Association are, fair Uplands 4½, fair Mobils 4½, and fair Orleans 4½ per lb.

August 4, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Cotton.—The merchants of Liverpool are making a movement to induce government to allow a drawback upon duty-paid cottons exported. At present, foreign buyers are limited to the quantity in bond, but under the new system they will have the free choice to choose from. It is a fortunate circumstance that the Commissioners of Inquiry into revenue affairs, and the President of the Board of Trade are favorable to this plan. The market to-day maintains a steady appearance, and there is no alteration whatever in any description of American cotton; a fair demand continues to be experienced. The sales will reach about 5,000 bales.

Corn.—In consequence of heavy rains which have fallen this morning, our market has sustained more firmness, and the speculations in Wheat today, though on a limited scale, have generally been at rather high rates.

LIVERPOOL AMERICAN PROVISION MARKET, August 2.—There is a steady business doing in provisions, prices are firmly supported, and although the imports are extensive, the stock is fast reducing. New Beef continues in good demand at full prices, the finest qualities being most sought after. Old is still occasionally inquired for. Not much New Pork coming forward, and very little Old now left; prices have again gone up. Good Dressed would fetch the same as the former. For Corn there continues a good demand, and all the late arrivals have become very scarce, and the new make of such is anxiously looked for. With large arrivals of Lard prices have been well supported, and all that has been offered has been readily taken. The market is now firm. There is a good inquiry for Grease Butter at the quotations. The stock is light.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS, &c.

LONDON, August 1st.

"Her Majesty's Theatre" is just closing one of the most brilliant seasons on record. Of the actors familiar to you, the following account is correct. Fanny Elssler has been achieving new triumphs at the Opera House, and is about taking a tour to Bath, Liverpool and Dublin, with Sylvain. There has been a great struggle between the divine Fanny and her younger rival, Cerito—youth has had a little the best of it. *Brabant* is still giving concerts with varied success, excepting that he plays on Saturday next at the Princess's Theatre. *Buckstone* remains at his old quarters, the Haymarket, sending the audience home nightly in excellent good humor, from his efforts in farces. *Madam Calceus* appears at Norwich next Monday, and takes a short tour previous to her return to the Haymarket. *Fanny Fitz* is in the Provinces doing well, as usual. "*Old Rosie the Bow*," is becoming very popular here. *Maywood* is struggling on with his little theatre in the Strand, but appears to rely more on what the newspapers say of him, than the actual talent of his company, consequently the patronage he receives is very small, and he must close soon. The Minors with their cheap prices manage to fill pretty well, but the salaries given to the poor actors are miserable in the extreme. *Balls* is nowhere—*Browne* ditto,—and *Simpson* of the Park is bustling about to get novelty. He has engaged *Maccready*, the *Wallack*, *Mrs. Nibbett* with many others which must insure success to the Park Theatre, he leaves on the 19th with all the new pieces, both printed and in manuscript that have been produced during the past season in London, and will have them ready for the Park.—I fear nothing can be done with *Abbott's* papers, the poor fellow, was told he had not sent matter enough when he died to enable any publisher to propose for them.

Yours &c.,

A new comedy by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. The boxes it is said were taken for the first three nights of the performance.

The Brighton Tinsman was taken open and robbed on Tuesday night. The treasury being empty the thieves only obtained two gold seals and tenpence in coppers.

We hear that Miss Fautel, has received offers from the American managers, with which it is likely she will close. We are selfish enough to regret this, for we have none to fill her place—all we can do is, to wish for her speedy return.—*Britannia*.

Fanny Essler has settled her long-outstanding differences with M. Leos Pilet, of the *Académie Royale* at Paris. It is said that the fair *Sylphide* has paid 30,000 francs damages to the *directeur*, who, however, had 60,000 awarded to him by the Tribunal at the period he entered the action against Mlle. Essler.

Tamburini not having been able to come to terms with the manager of the theatre at Marseilles has left there and is gone to Toulouse.

Conti, the tenor at present engaged at her Majesty's Theatre, proceeds to Amsterdan, where an Italian Opera is going to be established.

Liszt is at Nonnewitz, near Bonn, where he will pass a part of the summer.

Staudigl is engaged at Vienna for eight months. His engagement commences in August.

The proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, have published a long report, and severely animadvert on Mr. Macready's statement.

The Committee assert that his offer for continuing the management was of a kind that they could not accept. They state that the whole amount received from Mr. Macready for rent during the last year and three quarters was £5,199, while the outlay of the committee amounted £8,774, leaving a deficiency of £3,575. They also dispute Mr. Macready's assertion that the appointments of the theatre were in so ruinous a state as he represents.

Belle, Camillo Sivori, Albertazzi and Mlle. Howson (her sister) are making a provincial tour.

Ernst has started the musical world of London—he is said to be the most marvelous violinist, since the days of Paganini—the greatest of instrumentalists. One cadenza at the conclusion of a piece of his own, appears to have been astounding. Moscheles was heard to say "that it took his breath away"—the whole band were bewildered and joined the audience in the tremendous applause that followed this wonderful cadence.

Spohr has left London for Cassel.

The Birmingham festival takes place next month, and the first week in October will be the grand festival in Edinburgh under the management of Sir Henry Bishop.

Thalberg, the Pianist, was married on the 29th ultimo, to a daughter of Lablache, Madame Buchaud.

The fruitloists of Paris have given but a very qualified admiration to M. Dumas' new comedy of *Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*. It is a combination of Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*, and the old operetta of Adolphe de Beloeil.

Mr. Macready leaves London on the 4th of September to fulfil an engagement at the Park Theatre.

Fanny Essler is engaged for the Carnival Season at Milan.

Dionisetti and Meyerbeer are expected at Paris, the former to superintend the production of his new opera, "Don Sebastian."

Rossini has a new work in store, but whether opera, requiem, or cantata is yet a mystery.

A Mr. Joseph Culkin, a promising bassoon, and Mr. Charles Field, a tenor, from Bath, have made successful debuts in London.

THE LIBRETTO OF "DER FREYSCHUTZ"—Herr Kind, the author of the opera "Der Freyschutz," expired a few days since, at the age of seventy-six. Some months ago, on the occasion of the one hundred and first representation of that opera, which has made the round of the world, Herr Kind published a new edition, to which he joined the history of his work. The recent death of the poet adds to the interest it presents, and we extract from it the most curious details:—

During the year 1816, Herr Schmiedel, chamber musician at Dresden, introduced to me a stranger dressed in black, with a pale, but sensible countenance, and who, by his long arms and extended hands, I took at first for a pianist. It was Carl Maria von Weber. I was delighted to make his acquaintance. He had then already some reputation, having just to music some popular songs for the collection of the poor, W. Herderich, Koerner, and myself, at which I feel much flattered, having never before that moment been in any way connected with him. I knew, however, that a place as chapel-master was destined for him at Dresden. The conversation soon became animated. We spoke on several subjects; at last Weber said to me, "You must write me an opera." This proposal made me smile. I had already tried many different styles, but it never entered my head to compose a libretto. The project pleased me enough; moreover, in my opinion, not anything ought to be impossible to a poet. I candidly confessed to him that I hardly knew the notes. He told me that was of no consequence. We agreed that we should understand each other, and left the remainder for another opportunity. We parted as if we had been old friends. Some time after Weber established himself at Dresden, and paid me a second visit. We spoke again about my libretto, and I consented to write his opera. The difficulty then existed was to find a subject. I wished it to be a popular one, and suitable to the talent of both Weber and myself. We consulted some collections of favourite novels, and at last we paused at "Freyschutz," by Apel, and then renounced it, as the subject might have been considered dangerous, and tending to propagate superstitious ideas, the authorities at that period being very severe. Besides, in the novel by Apel, the two lovers die, and I consented to write his opera. These difficulties discouraged me, and I separated without depending on anything. But the ball had struck me—my heart beat. I walked up and down my room, pleasing myself with the thought of fresh poetry of forests

and popular legends. At last the mist disappeared, and the horizon became clear. Early the next morning I ran to Weber—"I shall write you 'Der Freyschutz.'" I will attack the devil himself. We will reverse the game—nothing modern. We will live at the end of the thirty years' war in the recesses of the forests of Bohemia. A pious hermit has appeared to me. The white rose will defend itself against the infernal hunter. Innocence will come in aid of the weak. Hell will succumb, and Heaven will triumph. I have developed my plan. We fell into each other's arms, exclaiming, "Long live our Freyschutz!"

LOCAL NEWS.

THE DELUGE.—One of the severest rain storms within the memory of the present generation certainly, commenced here on Monday evening, continuing throughout the night, and on Tuesday morning coming down in such torrents, as threatened at one time to deluge the city. The damage here and elsewhere must be immense—indeed we are continually hearing of fresh disasters. The basements and cellars in every part of the City are completely flooded. At Staten Island, houses have been swept away, and it is feared several lives have been lost. Brooklyn has also suffered severely. A portion of the heights was washed away, and fell into Furman street, covering it to the depth of two or three feet. The turnpike road to Jamaica is under water, indeed the whole neighborhood for a considerable distance has more or less suffered.

The Hon. Lucas Elmdorff, of Kingston, Ulster county, took passage on Monday afternoon in the steamer Empire, for Albany, but died just before reaching that city, or within a few moments after landing. He was a respectable citizen, and had been one of the valiant public senators. He was a member of the Senate of the State about thirty years ago, and was probably eighty years old.

LONG ISLAND ROAD.—Some malicious scoundrel put some sticks and rails upon the road on Sunday, this side Jamaica. The weight of the train, however, severed them without any damage or inconvenience.

The ship Memphis, which ran ashore recently on our southern coast, has been got off, but little damaged.

PEW-REVIEW.—A number of churches in this city are adopting the principle of few pews—admitting persons indiscriminately into the pews during divine service. This is Christian. Per se.

ATTENT TO ROB AND MURDER.—About eight o'clock on Friday evening, 13th inst., as Mr. Bolen, who keeps a grocery on Throg's Neck, Westchester county, was on his way home from this city, in his wagon, and had reached within half a mile of Harlem Bridge, a man leaped from behind a willow tree on the road side, and ordered him to stop. Mr. B., instead of stopping, struck his horse, swearing at the same time that he would shoot the highwayman, if he attempted to stop him again. The horse sprang from the blow, knocking the fellow down, upon which another robber, at a signal from the first, leaped into the road from the other side, presented a pistol at Mr. Bolen's head, and fired. He, however, made his escape unharmed.

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR.—Mr. John B. Haskin, of No. 64, John-street, has received from the Governor, during the recess of the Senate, the appointment of Recorder of Deeds for this city.

STEAMBOAT MISFIRE.—The *Swallow* broke the pie which fastens the piston to the beam, on Saturday night last, about ten miles from the city, on her way up. The Rochester returned to her assistance, being a short distance ahead, and took off her passengers.

CASE OF MELINDA HOAG.—The Recorder decided yesterday that the judgment of Justice Parker, releasing this notorious female to six months imprisonment in the Penitentiary, is valid; the evidence of Smith as to her vagrancy being sufficient testimony for her commitment. The motion of a writ of certiorari to the Supreme Court, therefore, was not allowed. The counsel for prosecution moved to have her committed for perjury, in swearing that no testimony had been presented before Justice Parker, but the motion was overruled.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A dreadful accident occurred on the Elmsbeth-ton and Somerville railroad on Saturday morning last. From some defect or giving way of the sleepers the weight of the Engine turned up the end of one of the rails, which was forced through the bottom of the forward passenger-car, and passed through the roof, literally transfixing one of the passengers, a young man, in a dreadful manner. The end of the rail entered his neck, just under his chin, and piercing through to the back, nearly severed his head from his body, killing him instantly.

It is but fair to state that this is the first accident that has occurred since the completion of the road, five years ago.

YET ANOTHER.—An accident occurred on the Stonington railroad on Saturday, which fortunately was not attended with any serious consequences. The cars after leaving Providence, and when within three miles of Kingston, were proceeding with the usual speed, when the Engineer perceived a cow on the track, reversed the engine, but being on a declivity it could not be stopped, but caught the cow in the cow-catcher, from whence it got entangled beneath the engine and by its struggles, precipitated it from the track to the side of the road and turned it bottom upwards. The Engineer and assistant were slightly burned.

STILL ANOTHER.—An estimable young lady, named Mary Miller, aged about 21 years, was killed while walking upon the Columbia road, on Sunday evening about 7½ o'clock, a few squares beyond Broad street, in consequence of being run over by one of the Lancaster train of cars. At the time of the accident she was in company with another young lady and a gentleman, who fortunately escaped.

For the Brother Jonathan.

REVELATIONS.

NUMBER ONE.

He kneels;

But passionless his look, and calm his brow,
As the smooth Sea unvisited by summer's breath,
As lightly on her heart his hand he presses—
So! dreamest thou!

I see, by the soft smile upon thy lips,
The trembling of thy lids, the delicate hue,
Just melting into rose upon thy cheek;
And the quick pulse, grown quicker at my touch,
That I am imaged in thy breast, O Woman!
That henceforth and forever, unto thee
I'm all the brightness of this desert life—
The sunshine of thy world!—Still burning here,
And lighting up thy pathway with a glow,
Which *Truth* would blacken with one touch to gloom;
Yet still I kneel—I linger—and betray!
Not here, the idol of my soul, that bears,
Will bear its rich affections to the tomb!
Not here, the plant that blossoms in my heart,
Bound to its tendrils by its Maker's hand;
With ties, that bursting, would be death to twain!
Not here my sunlight, and my earthly goal!—
And yet *thou lovest me!*

I've probed thy heart.

And I e'en I, with all my boasted might,
Can scarce peuse it to its wondrous depths;
So full, yet proudly high—and *all mine* was!
How have I erred, O God! to garner up
The full affections of thy gushing heart,
And lur'd thee on, still Heaven itself would prove,
Without my presence, but a prison-house,
And naught proffer to thy boundless love.
But the poor casket emptied of its gems!
I dare not break the dream, yet *soft—she stirs!*
Blushes that crimson lip anew—and lo!
The woman wakes—and weeps—and now again
She whispers in her sleep—Forbear! And now
She breathes another language—hark!
Thy first tones fell like music on my ear,
But O! the words are burning in my heart;
There, take my hand once more within thine own;
Look in mine eyes, and say that for my love
Thou wilt not proffer hate. And thy bright Idol!
Canst thou enwrap her gentle heart with gloom—
With the tendrils—scorch to dust the core—
Nor find upon her brow one frown for thee,
One look within her eye, that thou must bear,
Till deep remorse hath visited thy soul?
Nay, start not thus, nor tremble! I can bear,
And still must love thee, perjured though thou art—
Not as they love, whose pulses come and go
With every breath that trembles on the lip;
But with a power that thou hast never felt,
Nor e'er canst know nor prize. And now, Farewell!
One word—thou dost not hate—one kiss—enough—
Once more thy hand upon my heart!—farewell!
God bless thee with his sunlight evermore,
My first, my last, my only love,—farewell!

And then they parted;

He, but to worship at another shrine,
And she, poor child! to journey to the tomb.
How could she live, when her life's sun was quenched!
And her poor heart crushed, bleeding, and alone!

Love in France is an opera; in England a tragedy; in Italy a comedy;
and in Germany a melodrama.

[Original.]

THE ALFENSTEIN

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

[Continued from page 455.]

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

CHAPTER III.

Grouped round the ingle side they work away
Wi' their quaint auld worldy stories o' the day,
O' goblin knights and holy friar.—FERGUSON.
Where blood ran free as festal wine
And the sainted air of Palestine,
Was thick with the darts of death.—HALLACK.

THE SERVANTS' HALL—THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

In the hall, that night, the servants of the house of Alfenstein gathered round the huge fire, and passed the flacons of spiced ale and Rhine wines right merrily. Carl Western, the Baron's own squire, led the wassail, and many a wonderful story of Palestine, and lay and legend of Troubadour and Jongleur, were exchanged with the admiring servants for fairy tale and legend of Rubensal and the Wild Huntsman. To these latter, the Squire would listen with an air of quiet superiority, which intended to say "Aye, aye, this is all very well. These good people like to tell their little stories, and feel quite flattered when a man of any mind listens to them. Good honest folks!"

There had been a pause in the intellectual entertainments of the evening which was at length broken by one of the servants saying.

"You seemed in hot haste this morning, Master Carl, when the young Count came. You rode as fiercely as the Wild Huntsman, Heaven bless us! till you were quite out of our sight, and came back soon with our Lord. I trow, there must have been a goodly work upon stairs, for the Baron loves not the Count Rudolph."

Carl had sat with his brows bent, and his eyes fixed upon the servant, and when he had fully delivered his opinion, thus answered.

"It will be safer for you, my friend, to keep your eyes to yourself and your tongue quiet, lest perchance it should become my duty to drive in the former, and cut out the latter."

"I have no fear of either, Master Squire," hastily replied the other, grasping the handle of his woodknife, "I can keep them both with my dagger."

The old jolly-looking butler interposed, crying out in a hearty voice, "Nay, nay, let us have no quarrelling over our drink; good ale like this was meant to warm and cheer the heart, and not to set the bitter blood on fire. Come Master Carl; none can tell so good a story as you, and it is fairly your turn now."

"Nay," quoth the squire, "I wish never to be called a mar-mirth; and as for my stories they are indifferent good; but I am even tired of telling them; so Trudchen, my girl, fill up my cup again, and I'll give thee a kiss and sing thee a song."

Now Trudchen was a very pretty girl and own foster sister as well as tiring-maid to the lady Ada; and Carl Western was a low, swarthy man, who had left one eye in the Holy Land, and, as Trudchen was wont to say, "He might as well have left the other one there too, for all the beauty there was about it." He had a heavenward nose and a wide mouth; in short, to quote from the Squire, "he was the ugliest man that had ever been within thirty miles of Alfenstein." And therefore, taking into consideration the Squire's ill favor, Trudchen turned up her nose, but taking into consideration his excellent stories, she filled his cup and handed it to him, although she declined his proffered salutation. So the Squire began his song and right lustily did he roar it.

THE SQUIRE'S SONG.

Oh! the Knight wouldn't do, the lady said,
When a Knight told his love's warm story;
For his brain was light as the plume on his head,
Yet heavier far than his glory.
But down in the court, where the charger stood,
She cast a glance of fire;
For she saw beneath the mailed hood,
The face of the gallant Squire.

But her father vowed she should die a maid,
In a Convent's dim seclusion.
"I'll tutor thy haughty heart," he said,
"To work in my house confusion!"
So he bade a duenna, strict and old,
And a wised, shaven friar,
The closest guard n'er her lips to hold,
That she should out o' e'en smile on the Squire.

But he bribed the maid with a kiss and purse,
Though her lips were sour and thinish;
And he made the poor Friar's case still worse,
With a flagon of high-spiced Rhenish.
And the maid was left in an amorous dream,
And the holy man in the mire;
While the lady rowed o'er the moonlit stream,
Away with the gallant Squire.

"Bravo! Sir Gallant Squire!" shouted the jolly butler, "A brave song, and as bravely sung!" and then turning to Trudchen who leaned on the back of his chair, he informed her confidentially that "Carl sung a capital song, although he was the ugliest man who had ever been within thirty miles of Alfenstein."

The Squire was so much elated with the applause he received and the good wine he drank, that he branched off inconspicuously into a story.

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

"It has always been my opinion," said the Squire, "that when a man begins to tell a story, he should be sure, in the first place, that he knows what he is going to talk about; then, he should select a tale suited to his auditory; and, lastly, having arranged his characters and got his incidents all ready, he should go straight on till he comes to the end. For the first, I have chosen the good knight Sir Jacques D'Avesne; for the second, ye are servants of Alfenstein, and therefore a story of chivalry will suit you well; and third and lastly, I am all ready; and so, here goes."

"A gallanter knight than Sir Jacques D'Avesne never set foot in stirrup, or buckled on a gambut; and a better troubadour never came out of his land, bright, sunny Provence. Poor knight! neither lance nor lute could keep his heart. He had fought well beneath the Oriflamme, against those wild English Islanders, who had everything in the world but contentment, and who were always for adding to their empire. It is said some of them found their way to Heaven, or some warmer place—for I am told they went stop in Purgatory at all—by the aid of the good sword of the gallant D'Avesne. He had sung himself through the chains of Spain and his own province in perfect safety, till it came to be said that Sir Jacques was unconquerable, either by lance or knight or eyes of lady. Well, when the good king Philip Augustus married, he bade all the world to a great tournament, and the knights came gathering from all Christendom, and among the number was our Lord's ancestor, Eberhard, Baron von Alfenstein. Well, you may be sure that when such gay doings were going forward, Jacques D'Avesne did not lag behind. He was among the first; and many a time did his court-yard sound to the squire's voice, as, polishing his armour, he chanted in praise of his lord—

Oh! the stoutest arm in the tourneys's throng,—
In lady's bower the sweetest song,—
And the shield that never knew blood or stain,
Belong to the gallant Jacques D'Avesne.

Oh! woe to the knight in the battle's chance,
Who dares the shock of his saltwater lance;
Nor stood nor rider may a'er maintain
Their ground at the charge of Sir Jacques D'Avesne.

He took a poor knight on the battle-ground,
Whose ransom would strip of all he owned;
So he freely restored him all his gain
'Till he prayed God's blessing on Jacques D'Avesne.

Thus first in the bower, and first in the field,
To whose bright eyes shall his spirit yield!
Whoever they may be, they're sure to gain!
Earth's noblest heart in Sir Jacques D'Avesne.

"Well, the first day was to be a grand tilt between all who entered the lists, and the best Knight was to name the Queen of Beauty and of Love;" and the next day was to choose him out six friends, and they were to hold the lists against all comers, in honor of Philip and his young wife, and the Queen of Beauty. So they charged and charged again and again, and lance-splinters flew around, and poor knights were rolled into the sand, and shield and helmets and heads were battered and cracked in great quantities; and largesse was showered on the heralds, who trumpeted and shouted most lustily. And at length there were but two whole knights on the ground, and they were Eberhard Baron Alfenstein and Sir Jacques D'Avesne. My father's great-grandfather was Baron Eberhard's own squire, and therefore I know all about it—for many a time I have heard it repeated. Well, these two gallants must tilt at each other, and decide which was the best, and so end the day.

"So they each rode about the lists, and as Sir Jacques passed beneath where the Queen was sitting, a small, broidered glove was thrown, and fell upon his charger's neck. He caught it, and fixed it upon the crest of his helmet, and looked upward at the galleries, and found a large pair of the most beautiful black eyes he had ever seen, looking down upon him; and as there was a blushing cheek very near them, he justly concluded that they must have something to do with the glove. And from that instant his heart was gone; but he made a very low bow, and drew up his proud form, and spurred and curbed his charger till he made him canoodle all the length of the lists. So they sat, motionless as stone, till the trumpets pealed, and the herald's voices cried, "On! brave knights! ladies' eyes are on you! Strike home, brave hearts! and glory to the victor!" and then they started. At the first shock their lances struck fair and true, and shivered like reeds, up to the very gauntlets. But at the second charge, just as the Baron Eberhard was raising his lance, it touched the bride, and the charger swerved; but Sir Jacques raised his lance above the Baron's head, and, riding past him, wheeled and returned to his own end of the lists. All the assembly stood in admiration of his courtesy; and the lord of Alfenstein declared himself conquered by the nobleness of the action, and proclaimed his adversary "matchless in courtesy as in the field."

"The wreath was placed upon his spear point, and the gallant Sir Jacques laid it at the feet of the Lady Matilde du Crocy, and hailed her Queen of Beauty and of Love! And when she placed the wreath on his brow and kissed his forehead, he vowed inwardly to live and die but for her; then bending and taking from his Squire's hand the barbet cap, he showered it full of gold pieces and flung it among the people, and loud were their shouts, "Hail to the flower of Chivalry! Honor to the high heart and the open hand!"

Well, all the next day Sir Jacques and the Baron Eberhard, with four other gallant knights, held the lists against all comers; and at night the most gracefully stepped galliard was that wherein figured Sir Jacques D'Avesne and the beautiful Matilde du Crocy. And so things went on; and the old Count du Crocy was delighted at the idea of possessing such a son in law; and the young Countess was just as much delighted, because she could oblige her father; and the good Knight was delighted, for he loved his betrothed heart and soul; so all the ladies envied the Lady Matilde, and all the men envied Sir Jacques D'Avesne, for his Love was not only the most beautiful, but the wealthiest maiden in all France. Well, all was ready for the celebration of their marriage, when there came news that the Paynim forces had taken Jerusalem; and the clergy preached and the Troubadours and Trouvères sang; till all Christendom was mad for a crusade; and the lion-hearted Richard of England made a truce with Philip Augustus. They met at Nonancourt and exchanged vows to live for so long a time in peace and amity, and to go hand in hand, like brothers, to the rescue of the holy city. So they set off, and in their train followed of course Sir Jacques D'Avesne. The Lady Matilde remained at home to pray for his safety and success. Well, King Richard had given his lion-heart, for safe keeping, into the hands of the beautiful Berengaria; and while he tarried at Sicily in consummate his marriage, the French fleet sailed for Palestine, and the army of Philip joined the Crusaders under the walls of Acre. But they lay perfectly idle and nothing was done to help along the reduction of the city. Now such inactivity would not suit the quick soul of Sir Jacques D'Avesne, and so he and a few other gallant hearts like him would be continually riding about and skimming

* *Le Royne de Beaulieu et Des Amours.*

[ORIGINAL.]

AMBITION VERSUS AFFECTION.

BY MRS. LOUISA C. TUTTILL.

"Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

"TO MRS. HEATH."

ing with the Infidels: many a one of them had felt the weight of his good sword; but none on whom his blow lighted was ever known to complain thereafter. Well, one day, with a party of five or six knights, he met a troop of the Sons of Mahound, about four times as great in number as his own, but as it was one of his rules never to count the enemy, he gave the word, and with lances in rest they charged the Paynim. Alas, just as they neared them, an arrow was seen to pierce his charger's knee: the good steed stumbled, and as his master fell forward, a Saracen sabre was seen to descend upon his neck, and he fell to the ground. Four of the other knights fell, but the fifth cut his way through, and regained the Christian camp. They sent out a troop under his guidance, and on the battle-ground they saw many of the Moslems slain, and four of their own army stretched beside them. They raised them, but the form of the noble Sir Jacques D'Avenne was not found among them.

"Heavy was the grief of the Crusaders: and when the news reached France, it was feared that the old Count du Crotoy must needs become a childless man. But the Lady Matilde recovered in health, but it was only to take her broken heart and give it to her God. She entered a convent.

"Then the lion heart arrived, and set down before the beleaguered city; and his part was not of rest. Although the Syrian fever smote him, still he was ever active, encouraging, directing, and fighting with his own hand. He gave a new soul to the warriors of the cross, and ere long, the banners of England and of France floated from the towers of Acre. Lo! from among the Christian captives stepped forth Sir Jacques D'Avenne—who had been only stunned by the fall and the sabre-stroke. Then all was joy again in the camp; but the two kings must needs quarrel; and in the end Philip returned to France, and Sir Jacques with him. But all was dark for him there. The old count was cold in the grave: sorrow had borne the old man down. The Lady Matilde was bound by vows that might not be broken. So the lips of the noble D'Avenne never were smile again. He immediately returned to Palestine.

"The army of the Crusaders marched for Jerusalem, but at Azotus they were met by the Paynim host under Saladin himself. They prepared for fight—the right wing being commanded by Sir Jacques D'Avenne, the left by the Duke of Burgundy, and the centre by King Richard himself.

"The Saracens charged full upon the right wing, and it broke; but the left, under Burgundy, diverted the slaughter; but he, too, was hard pressed. The infidels were as numerous as their own locust-swarm; and Richard sat quietly upon his war-horse, and looked upon the fight.

"Count Herbert, of Ivry, rode up to the King. 'Sire, the noble duke is too hotly pressed; he wavers; he must fall unless we aid him.'

"'To your post, Sir Herbert of Ivry!' said Richard, sternly.

"Again an English knight rode up and implored leave to go to the rescue of the duke.

"'To your post, Sir Thomas Erpingham!' was the only answer.

"The Duke was resting, but Richard had observed that the arrows of the Moslem were exhausted, and their light steeds wearied; then his lance waved above his head, and his thunder-voice pealed out 'Saint George for merry England! Gallant knights, to the rescue—charge!'

"Then the horses leaped to the dashing in of spurs, the battle-ground rung again as the lances were caught into rest, and, like the autumn swollen Rhine over a harvest field, the army of the cross swept down upon the Moslem host. In vain did they strive to rally or resist the fearful shock. The form of the Lion Heart was everywhere, his voice was heard over the whole field, his awful mace dashed through the Moslem brains like a thunder-bolt. The Infidels reeled, broke and fled; but among the Christian knights who had fallen, lay Sir Jacques D'Avenne upon a heap of slaughtered Saracens.

"Christendom hath lost her noblest heart this day," said the Monarch, and the tears fell down his stern face.

"Such, my masters is the story of Sir Jacques D'Avenne and the Countess Matilde du Crotoy. Peace to the souls of both."

"Amen!" said the servitors.

"A brave story and gallantly told," cried Carl's old woman.

"What a pity the squire is so ugly!" whispered Trudchen, when she saw his face deep in a shadow.

"Yes!" replied the butler, "for it cannot be gaisneyed that he is the ugliest man that ever came within thirty miles of Alfenstein."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Mr. Frankson, presents his compliments to Mrs. Heath, and begs the favor of an interview of an hour or two to-morrow morning, at his house, 178,—street. Mr. F. has been for some weeks past, confined by illness at home, or he would do himself the pleasure to wait upon Mrs. Heath, at her lodgings."

The recipient of this note, read, and re-read it with increasing perplexity. She had just returned to this country, from a long residence in Europe. Mr. Frankson, she had known in early life as one of the most elegant and agreeable young men of that day, but newer acquaintances, foreign scenes, and absorbing personal interests, had obliterated him from memory. Handling the note over to her husband, Mrs. Heath enquired, "What does this mean? Do you know Mr. Frankson? I am sure I do not." Mr. Heath read the note and replied, "You must know Mr. Frankson by reputation, as one of the most distinguished lawyers in the United States, and a very influential member of the Senate. I am not personally acquainted with him myself."

"No, indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen his name in the papers; that is the only medium through which his fame could have reached me. Ought I to go?"

"By all means. I shall answer the note, saying you will call to-morrow!"

"If you please, Mr. Heath, but I cannot conjecture why he should not have sent for you, as it is doubtful, for the purpose of making some enquiry about friends abroad."

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Heath folding and sealing his brief reply.

That night curiosity, the meddlesome vexatious sprite, drove "balm sleep," from the pillow of Mrs. Heath through weary hours, maintaining the content till morning dawn. She arose, with a strong conviction that she had once been acquainted with Mr. Frankson, but when and where, was still a mystery.

As early as etiquette would permit, her carriage was ordered, and soon stopped at 178 — street.

The exterior of the house was not imposing, to one accustomed to the splendor of Neapolitan villas and palaces of Genoa—yet it was built of granite, and was one of the finest mansions in the city of —.

On entering, an exquisite bust of the Apollo, in the centre of the circular hall, greeted her eye, like a familiar living presence. While waiting a few moments in the drawing-room, Mrs. Heath admired the perfect taste which reigned there. The pictures were few, but exquisite gems, that none but a connoisseur could have chosen. The statuary that adorned the corners of the spacious apartment, was such as Mrs. Heath had supposed, to have its locale only on the other side of the Atlantic. Even the color of the walls, the carpet, and the damask hangings, evinced the same refined taste. Before she had time for a full survey, a well-dressed servant-man led the way up a light, beautiful stair-case, to the library of Mr. Frankson.

On a couch, supported by cushions and pillows, reclined a tall emaciated man, who had grown old and grey, beneath the burden of less than fifty years. His broad and ample forehead was as pale and smooth as that of his favorite Apollo; the thin nose and dilated nostril of the invalid, might in other days have strongly resembled the same glorious model. The lines about the compressed lips had been fixed by intense thought; the dark, deep-set eyes had a sifful brilliancy, and a wildness that told fearfully of mental or physical agony. Making an ineffectual attempt to rise, Mr. Frankson, extended his hand to Mrs. Heath, saying,

"It is very kind in you Madam, to come to me. William, draw that bergere near my couch, and leave till you hear my bell. Mrs. Heath, pray be seated."

The lady had "stood before Kings," unobscured: she was habitually self-possessed, but there was something so unaccountable in all this, and Mr. Frankson looked so unlike a denizen of earth, that she trembled as

if in the presence of a supernatural being; she however, soon rallied and said,

"I am exceedingly sorry to find you so ill sir."

"I think my poor frame is almost worn out—it may hold the tired spirit a few days longer. Should you have known me?" earnestly enquired the invalid.

Mrs. Heath was constrained to say that she should not, but kindly added, "It must be that many years have passed, since we met, and I am quite sure you would not have recognised me."

Mr. Frankson had been intently perusing her face and replied, "I am happy to say, that I should have known Caroline Hanford. From girlhood to womanhood, you have ripened, retaining the same countenance, bearing the same impress of benevolence, and good sense, with which the Divine Maker stamped it—your voice too, retains its sweetness—the world has not spoiled you; I can open my heart freely. Do you remember our early friends?"

"I remember many of our early friends, to which ones do you allude?" enquired Mrs. Heath.

Mr. Frankson spoke in a shrill startling voice, "Mary Lee."

The quick blush, and the sudden dropping of the eye-lids that followed, proved to the invalid, that this name had been to the memory of Mrs. Heath, the "open sesame." It had been indeed of talismanic power, penetrating the deep cells, that had seemed closed for ever. She replied, "Certainly, I remember Mary Lee, she was in early days, my dearest friend."

"I loved Mary Lee!"—said the invalid in a low mournful tone, as if the words were frozen within his heart. Mrs. Heath, doubting if this were not a soliloquy, made no reply—again he repeated, "I loved Mary Lee."

"Is it possible!"—exclaimed Mrs. Heath: "she never knew it."

"I think you are mistaken—I never told her so—but did I not win her love? Did not my every action for a whole year demonstrate that I loved her? Did you doubt it?"

"To believe it, would have been to doubt your honor!"

"There spoke the noble friend of Mary Lee! and yet, my attachment was founded upon the most exalted respect, arising from a just appreciation of her character. Do you remember her animated countenance?"

Her dark and lifted eye had caught
Its lustre from the spirit's gem,
And round her brow the light of thought
Was like an angel's diadem.

You know, my dear madam, that I had won the love of that sweet girl!" Mrs. Heath slightly bowed assent.

"I knew it too, for I drew the confession from her,—and then told her, that I only esteemed her—that I honored her as a very dear friend! I suppressed and smothered the pure and holy affection in my own bosom, that might have been the blessing of my life."

"Why did you act so cruelly towards yourself, sir?"

"You may well ask that question, Madam. I was ambitious—ambitious as 'archangel' ruined." How could I soeest mount the path of glory? Not by clogging my eager footsteps with wife and children, dependent upon me for daily bread. I must wed some one, who could give golden spurs to my ambition. Mary Lee was rich in everything but sordid mammon. Never shall I forget the indignant blush—the glittering tears of wounded delicacy, that followed her frank and innocent avowal—an iceberg might have melted, but my heart was petrified. It was the last evening that I ever passed in her sweet society. I bade her a cold farewell, and we parted forever. The night of agony that followed that parting, convinced me, that no struggle equals that of two master-passions in the human heart. Ambition prevailed—and who now will bring to my burning heart, 'sweet waters from affection's spring?' There was a long pause. At length Mr. Frankson resumed—"How my whole soul yearned for sympathy, after that parting. Accustomed to communicate every pleasing thought to Mary, there was a continual seeking—a going forth of feeling, to be sent back to my desolate bosom. God had gifted me with susceptibility, and the power of loving intensely. I spurned the holy gift—and the Shechinah departed from the temple for ever."

The invalid, completely exhausted, rang a little silver bell that lay upon his couch; the servant appeared with a glass of medicine. After

taking it, Mr. Frankson motioned him to leave the room—and soon resumed—"You must remember, Mrs. Heath, my sudden departure from your village; you know how that lovely girl had wasted her wealth of affection upon one utterly unworthy, and you know how she bore his absence." Mr. Frankson looked earnestly for a reply.

"Mary Lee remained but a short time in our village after you left, Sir; her father removed to one of our Western cities. I know that she possessed too much self-respect and strength of principle, to nourish a hopeless passion."

"She acted nobly," exclaimed the invalid—"my meanness, effected her entire disenfranchisement. In about five years from the time that I tore myself from Mary, I married a wealthy foreigner, with whom I had not the slightest sympathy. Fashion was her adored tyrant. But I wish not to dwell upon the misery of our married life—she is gone—and I am alone, for no children blessed our wretched union."

I devoted myself to my profession with untiring zeal, and success followed, but whose excellent heart bounded at my triumphs? Often when some new honor was conferred upon me, I thought, what would Mary Lee have said to this? When reading some glowing passage in a favorite poem, I have recalled the speaking face that once responded to similar sentiments; when I chose some beautiful achievement of art to decorate my house, I grieved that it could not be enjoyed with one whose exquisite taste it would have charmed. In short, it became a fixed habit of mind acquired from want of sympathy with those around me, to refer everything that pleased, or grieved me, to this ideal presence.

When I saw other men happy in their wives and children, envy gnawed at my heart, taunting me thus, 'you might have enjoyed life felicitly, if you were formed to love and to be loved.' Fool! you made a shipwreck of your own happiness, and ambition has had its reward! The first winter that I passed at Washington I became acquainted with a Mr. Morton, a member of the Senate, from a Southern State. We were in the same house, and sat side by side at table. Throughout my professional career I had not made a single intimate friend; my isolated heart gave some tokens of vitality towards Morton.—He was so ardent, so kindly, in his own nature, his affections were in such habitual exercise, that they seemed to gush forth spontaneously. The cause of this universal benevolence I discovered while we were on a jaunt together in Virginia. We were obliged one night to occupy the same apartment at a small country Inn. Before we retired we sat for some time silent before the dying embers of a wood fire. Morton drew from his bosom a plain gold locket, that was suspended about his neck, and gazed upon it with an expression of deep and tender affection, such as I had never before seen on the face of man. At length his eyes filled with tears,—one large drop rushed down and sparkled like a diamond upon his black coat—the twin drop he brushed hastily from his eye, exclaiming, 'I shew! this is too boyish—don't laugh at me Frankson; if you knew my wife, you would excuse this weakness. She married me when I was a poor scrub of a lawyer, not worth a farthing, and to her influence I owe all that I am. This is our first separation and I feel it keenly!

Though unused to the melting mood, there was a warm moisture in my eyes and a throbbing sensation at the throat;—even thus, thought I, might a glorious event have been accomplished with the aid of Mary—even thus might I have loved her. A few days after this occurrence Morton came to my rooms one morning; bounding in like a boy, he grasped my hand exclaiming, 'congratulate me Frankson, my wife and children have come and I have taken lodgings for them, where they can have more spacious apartments. I just came to say good bye to you—good bye!'—and he was off.

Morton was my rival in the Senate. The next day I was to take part in a debate on a question of great moment, and I had prepared myself with more care and thought than I had bestowed upon any previous effort. The fact was, Morton's impassioned eloquence was more than a match for my solid intellectual efforts. That day he commenced with more than his usual flow of 'words that burn.' A Senator at my elbow, whispered, 'Morton is inspired by his wife's presence to outdo himself.' 'His wife?' I exclaimed, anxious to see the woman who possessed the warm affections of my friend. 'There, in the front seat of the gallery, she sits, with her daughter beside her,' said my neighbor, 'do they not look more like sisters than mother and daughter?' I looked up; there was Mary Lee, just as I had left her twenty years before!"

"Mary Lee! just as you had left her, impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Heath.

"The daughter, was the perfect resemblance of Mary Lee at our last parting, and the mother, as she listened entranced to the thrilling eloquence of her husband, was the most splendid woman that I ever beheld. She was beautiful in her matronly dignity, and bright, with something of an angel light." So entirely was I absorbed in my own sad thoughts, that I lost the whole of Morton's speech, and did not observe that he had finished, till my neighbor reminded me that I was to take the floor. I sprang up and in my confusion addressed the clair 'gentlemen of the jury'—a loud laugh followed. I seized my hat and rushed out of the Senate Chamber. A fine display, for my first appearance before Mary Lee.

The next day Morton called to enquire if I were ill. I complained of nervous head-ache. 'Come,' said he, 'the air will do you good. My wife says you are an old acquaintance of hers. Let me drive you over this morning to pay her a visit. I never saw her more agitated than when she beheld you rushing out yesterday.' I made no reply—he continued—'you do not remember her perhaps—her name was Mary Lee—there is the miniature that I was blubbering over the other night.' I could have pressed to my lips the beautiful picture, but assuming more than my usual coldness, I said, 'I was once acquainted with Miss Lee, but it is very long since, I am surprised that she should have remembered me. I am much occupied at present, and beg you will make my apology.' Morton's dark eyes flashed, he bowed stiffly and left the apartment. From that time our intimacy ceased. In his surprise and anger at my coldness he had left the miniature with me. I cannot describe the emotions of the hour during which I gazed at it. Twenty years were annihilated; I was again kneeling at that shrine where my purest affections had been offered. A sudden knock aroused me—it was a servant, sent for the miniature.

After this I was more desolate than ever—changed—crushed—I often heard Mrs. Morton and her daughter spoken of, as the most intelligent and interesting women at Washington. Then, there were boys, with their mother's glorious intellectual beauty—bright, spirited boys; I shunned them all, as I would a siren. The mournful truth was, that I had all my life loved Mary Lee—a deep, undying affection lay at my heart's core. Fool that I was, I had flattered myself that she could never have a successor. It was now a crime to indulge the strange infatuation—she was a wife, devoted most enthusiastically, to a husband vastly my superior. But could I part away from my heart the idol of the inner sanctuary that I had so long worshipped? Never! God forgive me—never. As soon as I heard of your arrival, Mrs. Heath, I sent for you, knowing that you were the only person to whom that innocent heart had been revealed. I could not write to Mrs. Morton, at the risk of having my letter read by her husband. I therefore sent for you to bear my dying testimony. Tell Mary that I wrung from her that confession—tell her I loved her then, and have never ceased to love her. Neither time, duty, gratified ambition, pride, reason, nor shame, could conquer that affection. Tell her, that if I wronged her, I doubly wronged myself, and have been justly punished by a life without sympathy, and with a perpetual yearning for her lost affection. I am wearing away under a slow decline, with no 'ministering angel' to soothe the pining spirit."

Mr. Frankson seemed entirely exhausted by the violent effort he had been making, and gasped for breath. Mrs. Heath alarmed, rang the bell, he convulsively grasped her hand and faintly articulated, "Do you promise to fulfil my request?" "Most solemnly," was her earnest reply.

A few weeks after this interview, the gentleman was followed by a long train of mourning carriages to his final resting-place. Not a tear fell upon his splendid coffin; not a sigh of affection breathed over his narrow home.

Mrs. Heath soon after visited her early friend Mrs. Morton, and faithfully fulfilled the singular request of Mr. Frankson. Tears of sorrow were shed at the sad recital, and entire forgiveness flowed from the heart whose first love had been given to the departed one.

The current of Mrs. Morton's domestic happiness was for a brief space disturbed, but soon resumed its quiet course as peaceful and bright as before:

"Life would roll on, one calm and blossoming spring;

But, if the tempest come, they will but cling

With arms and hearts the closer, till 'tis o'er,

Life a long joy, and death a pang no more."

Roxbury, Mass., August, 1843.

OLD LETTERS.—LOVE AND MURDER.

—TO G. W. July 15, 1820.

And so you are "as good as married"—as *bad*, you mean; actually engaged! Upon my word, my dear fellow, I have no patience with you, nor with her. In the very outset of an adventurous life, with hardly another shift to your back,—to engage the faith of a noble-hearted girl you may not live long enough to marry, and who may not live long enough to marry you, even though you have prepared much better than you had any reason to hope, and much better than you deserve, let me tell you, is downright desperation.

But have you so engaged yourself—sounds!—that I should have to write such a word about you and her, under the circumstances of both—have you so engaged yourself, that neither of you can fall back without pettily? If so—you have both done wrong. If so—you are as *bad* as married; and must live so, and may die so, without the privileges or comforts, or hopes and joys of marriage—a dreary widowhood for both.

But the bargain is hardly fair at the best. Your happiness, my friend, will be in a most holy keeping. Of hers, I have some doubt. I doubt your steadfastness—I never doubted hers, after the conversation I had with her in the window. Mark me! You do not know yourself. What is there to be depended upon, I ask you, in the love of man—or rather, of man's love, till it has been tried in the furnace of temptation, and sorrow, and wrong, and slight?

You shake your head—you smile—I can see you rubbing your hands together, and chucking over the strange absurdity of my fears. At any rate, however true my doctrine may be as a general thing, you fancy yourself an exception. I doubt you. In good faith, I doubt you, my friend.

Understand me, however. I am sure you love; and, I think, if you both outlast the trials of a few years, you will marry that charming woman. But I do not feel sure. These will be many revolutions of feeling with you; and some with her: many of judgment,—many of opinion between you both. Be prepared for all this. You do not deserve to escape untouched—untroubled. Be prepared for the worst, therefore. It is indeed wisdom to look for the worst; but sheer folly to give up, at any time, the striving after that we have set our hearts upon, because we may fail.

Keep this letter. Keep it as a monitor; and when you are able to put it into my hands, with a solemn assurance that the day of trial is over, and that you have no further occasion for it—I will take it back from you with all my heart; and no questions asked.

But the time may come, when a sight of these very words may startle you: when they may seem like prophecy, or inspiration, instead of being what they are, only the words of truth and soberness,—the offspring of some little experience, and a tolerable share of common sense. I hope not, my friend; but such things are possible.

Be it so then. You are absolutely, and forever engaged. Make haste and pray to have another clause inserted in your treaty of alliance—offensive and defensive: for of such are always engagements in the season of courtship. Defensive on the part of the high contracting parties, they are offensive to everybody else, if the woman be beautiful, or the man worth having.

Be it henceforth agreed by and between you, that you shall deal frankly with one another: that you are to have no concealments hereafter; neither grudges nor piques,—neither huffs nor miffs,—without an immediate explanation,—no misunderstandings, to last over a day, or a day and a night, at furthest. Let there be no claim of authority, or privilege; and no submissiveness to be hoped for,—nothing you would be sorry for, begged, borrowed, or stolen. Meet at man and woman—with hearts full of high and generous thought, and holy faith. If you cannot do this, and all this—overflowing with tenderness, and watchful and anxious—and always fancying that you are going back, if you do not feel that you are going forward at every interview—thee soon, ter you begin to look upon the fair girl you have chosen for your wife, as a married woman—yours for ever and ever—a creature for whom God will hold you answerable—the better it will be for you, and for her. If you claim indulgences—if you give yourself a holiday—grant the same to her. Keep your faith—and remember that she is your wife. Would you lower her in her own estimation—yourself in hers? There is one certain way. May you never find it out!

Be altogether hers, if you would hope to have her altogether yours. There is a cruel and vast difference, however, let me tell you, between the privileges claimed, and the privileges granted, by these preliminary treaties of marriage. Ours trifles, flirts, romps, coquettes,—plays off the most beautiful, or offensive tyranny, (according to the sex of the party)—while the other is known and expected to withdraw from the world—to moan—and sigh—and languish for the unattainable presence, till ready to drop out of the chair.

Never trifle yourself, unless you are willing to be trifled with. Play no tricks. Put the woman you love to no trials of her temper, her faith, or her love. Never pretend to be melancholy or sorrowful, for example, when she happens to be mirthful; or mirthful, when she looks down-hearted and melancholy, just to see how she will bear it, or whether she will sympathize with you. I have seen such things; and I have watched the issue—always fatal to the happiness of both; sooner or later—before marriage or afterwards.

Women are changeable by nature. They cannot always love—whatever they may pretend, or believe to the contrary. They cannot even love two days a week—it is not in their nature—where they themselves are worth loving. I mean. Be prepared for all this. If to-day, you happen to see something less of warmth or tenderness, than you have yesterday—so much the better. To-morrow, if you manage wisely, it will be only by so much the pleasanter. Wait till the evening is over, and, shy to one, you go to bed in a transport, thinking over all she has been saying and doing, for the last four and twenty hours, and wondering what she will do next—the dear creature!

Love, to be enjoyed, must not only be changeable, but positively unreasonable and capricious. Otherwise it were not love. There must be cloud and sunshine. "The heart is like the sky," you know, "a part of Heaven." It changes night and day, too—like the sky.

"Now 't is clouds and darkness must be driven,
And darkness and destruction, as on high."

And then, my dear friend, what is there on earth so delightful as a reconciliation—where both are able to acknowledge themselves in the wrong,—and with truth! as they almost always may; for it takes two to quarrel.

Once more. Hide nothing—conceal nothing. Have you infirmities of health, or of temper: if you have done wrong, and are truly sorry for it—acknowledge the whole—and never doubt that you will be forgiven. I never did—and here I am, you see—alive and hearty! Conceal a fault, or an error,—and when it happens to be found out, as it most usually will, one day or another, you will be set down for much more than you are; and there will be no help for it. You will have smothered your own witness—you will have strangled your very advocate—yourself. Not being able to believe you—who can she believe, henceforth and forever? Whom trust!

But if you are not so engaged—then have you other duties to discharge; another path to follow. Visit, dream, trifle, flirt—as much as you like—but remember that after this comes the judgment. Your own, perhaps—that of the world, most assuredly. Expose yourself—and her—to the most fiery trials. Let her be waylaid and beset by those you are most afraid of. Down with your gaudium in the face of day; and fling your banner to the wind—a snow-white lily on a field of error. And go yourself, where, if you fail to be touched, fascinated, and made all but faithless, it may seem almost wonderful. Show her that you have come off conqueror, and more than conqueror—and what henceforth can she have to fear?

In the first case, avoid temptation: keep her away from it. In the second, seek temptation; and let her seek it. In the first place, you are to consider yourself as a married man—a creature betrothed forever and ever to one like yourself—immortal: for that moment you have taken upon you all the sacred and awful obligations of married life; undergoing quarantine for a while, before you can taste of its blessings—but, under every other point of view, a married man. But, in the second place, you are never to look upon yourself or her as married, or quite certain to be married hereafter. In a word—as your wife—treat her as the future mother of your children—with reverence and affection, and the greatest possible delicacy. As a woman—let her go through the trials of womanhood, with yourself, or another, it matters little which, if her heart comes out all the stronger and the purer for such trials.

Julia ———, one of the dearest girls I ever met with. It were indeed a luxury to fall in love with her: if one had nothing better to do; but I

am too old—I cannot spare the time—I have had too many—and I must overtake the rearward of the mighty who have gone before—or be found where I am not willing to be found hereafter, among the dwellers of the wayside and the ditches, or the missing. When the trumpets blow, I want to be there: and not as a looker on, you may be sure, but in person complete, and ready for all emergencies—hit or miss! I can I stop to make love by the wayside, or while they are trying on my harness; and the charger I have bespoken stands neighing and pawing at the door!

But enough. "Sono dieci anni! due mesi! dieci giorni! e tre ore e 1 dal fatal punto," as you find it in poor Pamela.

Mrs. D—— the beautiful! Yes, I do remember her, and I have a sort of a notion that she may be at this hour a sort of a confused recollection of me! Her husband—the handsome husband of the beautiful Mrs. D—— what a well-bred simpleton it is! and what a startling tool!

Hutton and Hull are no more. This moment (11½ a.m.) they are both turned off. Hull struggles and trembles a long while; Hutton dies without a sign. What a horrible affair!—a mere boy deliberately stabbing an old man to death—at dead of night—in a thick wood—with his hands tied to two saplings, and the body lying against his knife. The bare teeth of the old man shows how much he suffered, and how deliberately the knife was driven through his heart.

For the Brother Jonathan.

THE MYSTERIOUS NATION.

BY A MEXICAN LADY.

Will no devout and adventurous Christian arm himself with cross and steel and go forth, the Columbus of the Church to discover, and subdue the mysterious and Volcano-enslaved realm beyond Yucatan? Surrounded by desert and impassable mountains lies a lovely and richly cultivated garden, in which an unknown but civilised race have locked up the story of the noble and warlike tribes, who first conquered our magnificent Mexico. Stupendous edifices of strange architecture reared on vast pyramids remain testimonies of their power, and emblems of their character, the marvel of prattling tourists and shallow philosophers, but none can read the date of their erection or relate the history of their decay. If those *Sabios*, who after spending a few weeks in running from one ruined temple to another, teasing down and defacing the wonders, which time has spared, perplexing the ignorant natives with strange questions, and on their inability to reply, draw conclusions, settle theories and write astonishing books; if those learned persons would with greater patience and more modesty, seek authentic information where it truly exists—if it exists at all—many of their beautiful ideas which are now floating hither and thither on a sea of conjecture, might soon find a resting place on firm and known ground. When those extensive cities, whose colossal ruins strew the plains of Southern Mexico, were built, may be difficult to ascertain with precision. We may decide with certainty, however, that they are the work of a people fearless of danger from without, and under peaceful rule from within, since they are so deficient in warlike defences. A nation subject to foreign wars, or domestic revolutions, would have left amid its innumerable temples and palaces, more traces of military precaution—unless indeed we are to count each pyramid a kind of citadel, and that opinion the gorgeous sculpture and general disposition of the surrounding edifices would seem to contradict. It is surprising that few or none of these stately buildings were calculated for prison houses. In Christian Europe almost every old and massive building speaks of outrage and defence, of captivity and death. Pagan Mexico lavished the choicest and most generous industry on the temples devoted to the ministrations of religion and the law, or to the education of youth. Those who built them probably were not in their possession—unless as a subjugated people, when Cortez—a hero, but a desolator—swept away the victors and mingled in one abject mass the conquerors and the conquered. This much the best collateral evidence seems to substantiate—these overthrown and defaced monuments of the original inhabitants, were still intact—honored and occupied when Cortez came. A previous conquest had sent the flower of the ancient nobility and priesthood to seek an asylum in the hidden central Eden which is yet to be explored, but the mass had reaped in quiet vassalage in their original homes, to witness the advent of a still more restless conqueror, and by their inertia to help the Spaniard to bind their native masters with a chain yet more heavy than those masters imposed on them.

If a thorough and patient scholar would search the archives of the missionary stations and older convents of Mexico, Yucatan, and Guatemala, before they are quite given to the winds by the restless and unbelieving patriots of the day, the history of a great people—rich, numerous, and civilized—might be rescued from the utter darkness which is fast closing around it. In the writings deposited from time to time in the monasteries and convents, in the earlier legal documents, and in the records of the missionary enterprises, there yet exists a mine of precious circumstantial evidence, not in a connected chain perhaps, but in innumerable bright, individual links, which a candid, judicious hand would unite into a most interesting whole. In this way only, may we hope for justice to the memory of the elder lords of America. Manuscripts of rare value, have been swept away in the destruction of convents, during the unceasing revolutions of Spanish America. Others have been thrown aside but may yet be restored to the light, if careful search is made, while others still, of no light interest, have been pilfered or mutilated by foreigners, from no motive it would seem, but wanton destructiveness. Such was the fate of a singular manuscript which my dear kinsman and godfather the late Padre Ezequiel Romero disinterred from a mass of old archives in the convent of the Landeria. It was imperfect from the beginning, many pages were missing altogether, and many more so faded and time-worn as to be illegible, to say nothing of a most uneven distribution of its component parts. The most perplexing difficulty of all, perhaps, was the occurrence of sentences, and sometimes whole pages, in characters which bore resemblance to the sculptured tablets on the ruined temples of Southern Mexico. Chance or Providence, threw in the way of the excellent Padre a key to those singular characters, which enabled him to decipher most of the mysterious passages. This manuscript which was always spoken of as an "Old Indian story" and was so labelled on the wrapper, was written on loose sheets of paper, of different qualities, sometimes on one side, sometimes on both, evidently at various intervals, probably just when and how the humor of the writer prompted. There was a little or no attention to the order of events; incidents seem to have been ~~recorded~~ just as they occurred to the memory of the narrator, and it appears extremely uncertain whether they were intended for any other eye or were merely set down for the private gratification of the writer. It purported to be, (with other matters) an account of the hidden Nation between Guatemala and Yucatan, by one who was of their blood, yet from some unexplained cause, did not live among his people until he attained the age of manhood, and who after a long interval is found again the inmate of a convent. It was warmly debated by the half dozen who had taken the trouble to read the old manuscript whether it was a veritable history or merely a plausible romance. My kinsman held to the former opinion, believing it contained intrinsic evidence of authenticity. The manuscript itself is now among the things that were; and (considering its dubious, imperfect character) would never have received even this notice, had not all our data on these points been involved in equal obscurity. It is only in the hope of eliciting something more reliable that these fragmentary comments on the old manuscript are offered.

Norman and Stephens, like true Americans have dashed boldly into the arena, but their stay was too brief, and their knowledge of the language too limited, to well examine the ground. With all their courage, candor and abilities, it would require as many years as they devoted months to the work, to do it well. They have brought away a rich treasure of facts, and some theories which time may ripen or explode. Norman thinks those cities of carved stone were "old before antiquity began," because they are ruined and overgrown with immense trees. Stephens thinks they can be but little older than the conquest of Cortez, because soon after, some now buried in the destroying vegetation, were yet inhabited, or inhabitable. Truth lies between: They might have been old yet as Cortez found them in boned up use, "kept very clean, except the pollution of sacrifices, painted with fresh and gay colors, and no injury offered to approach them," this care would have preserved them—strongly built as they were—for many centuries. Without such care; the astonishingly rapid, insidious, and destructive vegetation of that tropical climate but slightly aided, or aided not at all—by human rapacity, would be amply sufficient, in the space of time, since Cortez, to bring those stately edifices into the ruinous condition in which we find them. But with any conceivable possible population, it would take centuries of quiet and propitious rule to erect all the cities and palaces, whose ruins cover the face of Yucatan. Were it not for the enshrouding foliage, one could see

from almost every temple crowded summit, in whatever direction the eye turned, still other ruins startling in extent, and elaborate in ornament. How durable and magnificent must have been the sovereignty of the Red Man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRAMA.

We have little to say upon this subject—the theatres, with the exception of Niblo's, being closed. The Bowery is said to be open, but we cannot vouch for the fact.

The Obispo was suddenly closed on Saturday last, by some novel process of exorcism, and has, we understand, passed into the hands of Mr. Duverna, a gentleman with means, who has been formerly connected with a Theatre in Nova Scotia. We learn that some great alterations will take place, and the best company that can be formed will be engaged. It will probably open on Monday next.

The Park, we are assured, will positively open on the 4th of Sept., by which time Mr. Simpson will have returned with his forces from England. The budget has arrived, but all is "solemn secrecy" with regard to the contents.

The weather during the week has affected Niblo's, nevertheless the attendance has been good particularly on the Ravel nights. No novelty has yet been produced by them.

The English Vandellies do not attract as we predicted—the Sefron took a benefit on Wednesday last, and selected the part of Jeremy Twitchee. We confess we were surprised by the announcement—Jimmy Twitchee to the refined audience at Niblo's! Tell it not in any city of the Union. It was however for a benefit, and we suppose all's fair on such occasions.

MOVEMENTS.—Barton closed an engagement at the Albany Museum, on Saturday night, and proceeded to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Messop are at the Museum—the lady does not return to the Olympic, she is engaged at the Walnut, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Brougham has returned to the city from the west, where she has been very successful.

Mr. Field returns to the southern theatres.

Ribbs, the obon player, goes to New Orleans after Niblo's season, and from thence to Havana, where he intends to settle down.

The Segula has been very successful at St. Louis.

At Cincinnati they are doing badly. Chippewale must come home.

The French company are not doing well, we presume, at Montreal—we judge so from the fact of their having reduced the price of admission.

Miss Rock is giving lessons on the lute there. The widow Caron and Tom Thumb are also there. Castellan is also there. Wallace is in Toronto.

Rufus Welch, Esq., and his equestrian troupe, by the last accounts received by the Great Western, arrived at Algiers on the 25th July.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—News has been received at New Orleans, from Galveston, to the 9th instant.

Both Com. Moore and Captain Lathrop have been dismissed from office by order of President Houston, the reasons given for the discharge of the Commodore being disobedience of orders in the case enumerated in the proclamation, and Captain L. being dismissed for refusing to take the command when the Commodore was suspended and ordered to report himself to the Department of War and Marine in arrest. The remaining officers, with two exceptions, have resigned.

Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, has been hung in effigy at Galveston! In consequence of the course of action pursued by him in relation to Com. E. W. Moore. They talk of sending the Commodore to Congress from Galveston county.

It is denied that the British Government made the abolition of slavery in Texas, the condition of their interference, to compel Mexico into terms of peace.

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst., by the Rev. Herman Bangs, Anthony Thies to Maria Washington, both of this city.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. J. C. Green, John Clark to Mrs. Susan Corbally; Al Flaming, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Valentine, John P. McElroy to Elizabeth Barker.

On Sunday last, by Rev. Wm. Berrian, P. H. Berkley to Julia Lawrence, both of this city.

On Sunday, 20th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Fies, Francis Claude Baragato to Ursula A. De Ceire.

By the Rev. Enoch Jacobs, James Melrose to Hannah Maria Parker,

DIED.

On the 21st inst., Mrs. Thomas Haddock, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 21st inst., Mary Brennan.

On the 21st inst., Margaret Brown, aged 35 years.

On Monday the 21st inst., Mary Beck, in the 71st year of her age.

On Sunday, the 20th inst., at Canterbury, Orange county, Sally Ann Smith, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 19th inst., Elizabeth Ryan, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 19th inst., James Moore, in the 40th year of his age.

In this city, Aug. 20, Michael Hyers, aged 74.

On the 20th inst., Elizabeth C. Brand, aged 86.

On the 20th inst., Wm. B. Swann, aged 50.

At Quaker's Hospital, Capt. John Spears, of Thompson, Me.

At Pease, N. J., on the 18th inst., Caroline Hinchey.

At Philadelphia country, on the 12th inst., George Wilson, aged 81.

On the 14th June last, Edward S. Judson, of this city, while on a voyage from N. Orleans to Trieste.

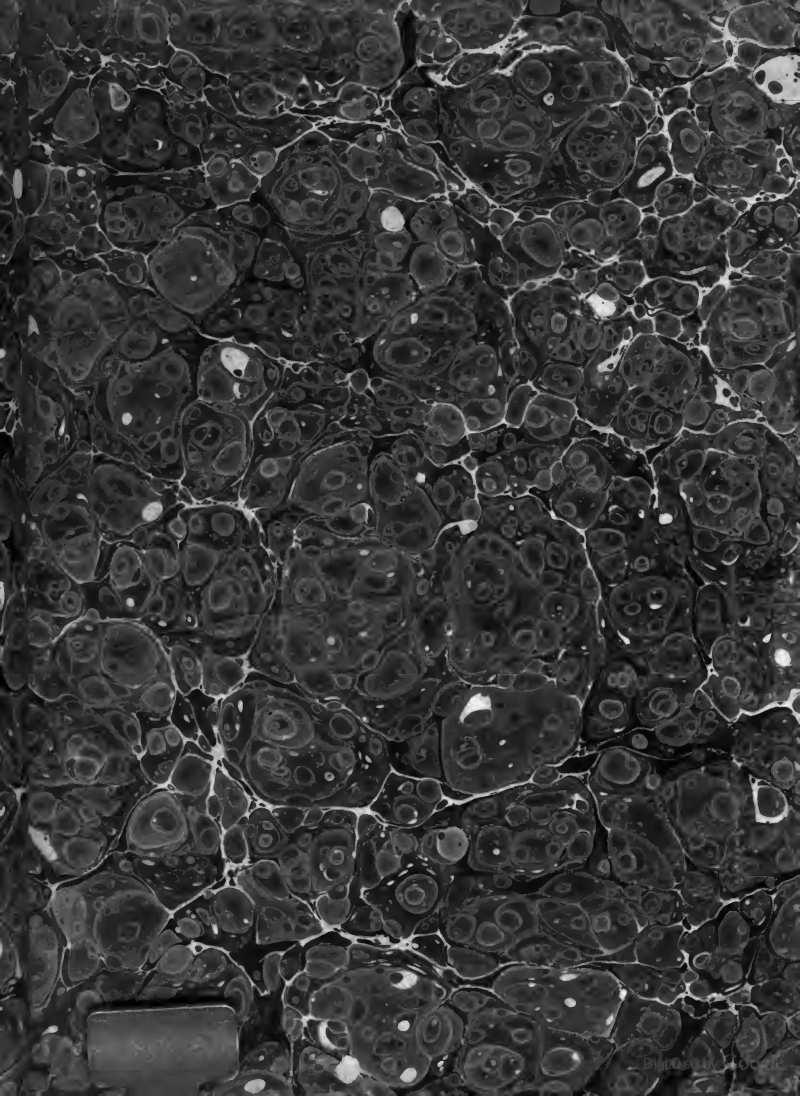
At Uxbridge, Mass., on the 12th inst., Mary Howard, aged 73.

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